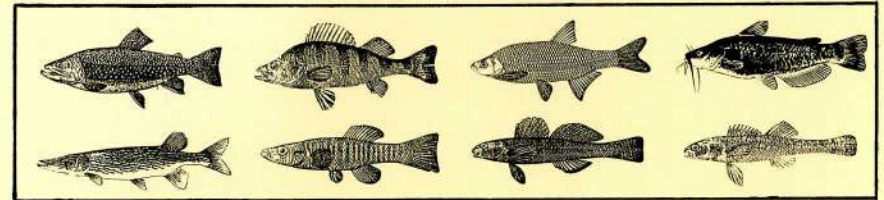




THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 39, NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1997



The eight native fresh-water fishes on the Island that swam here in fresh-water streams when the glacier melted 10,000 years ago and have been here ever since.

Origin of Fresh and Brackish-Water Ponds and Fishes on the Vineyard

by

CLYDE L. MacKENZIE, Jr., and THOMAS J. ANDREWS

When a Jail Was a Gaol, Not a House of Corrections

by

ARTHUR R. RAILTON

Hattie and Henry, Sailing to Alabama, Survive Storms, "Pirates" and a Shipwreck

by

HENRY BAYLIES

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AMPLIFICATION

In the dairy farming article by Clyde L. MacKenzie Jr. in our August 1997 issue, there were several photographs with less than complete identifications. Member Edo Potter of Chappaquiddick has written to correct and add some of the missing information:

"On page 37, the man in the suit and hat is indeed Tom Dexter, then Dukes County Sheriff, who came to Chappaquiddick to hunt and shoot skeet with my father, Charles A. Welch, owner of the land then being cleared [*the caption incorrectly stated that Mr. Dexter was owner*]. Behind the saw, left to right, are Charlie Harding, who worked for my father, next is Derby Weston from off-Island, next, an unidentified man, and, at the right, Ralph Harding, cousin of Charlie. Both Hardings worked for my father. Ralph did so for 63 years.

"On page 39, the photo shows the Cletrac tractor that my father bought in 1930. Charlie Harding is driving it. It was the first tractor on Chappy, but I am not sure about it being the first on the Vineyard. It often got stuck in the sandy soil on Chappy and my father kept a pair of work horses to help pull it out. He also used the horses to mow the salt meadows around Poucha Pond where the tractor couldn't go. It was a very noisy machine, but the pride and joy of Pimpneymouse Farm. . . "

Our thanks to Mrs. Potter.

We have also learned from Craig Kingsbury that the boy in the photograph with the animal on page 21 is his son, William, then 13. The animal is not a bull as the caption states, but an ox. Mr. Kingsbury's daughter, Kristen, adds, "my father says it would be very dangerous to handle a bull with a rope. . . a 6-foot long pole, called a bull staff, with a clip that snapped onto the nose ring was used. This offered control from a respectable distance." The photograph was taken by John Farrar in 1961.

At a meeting of Alley's Porch Research Associates, the editor was informed that the large house pictured on page 164 of the May 1997 *Intelligencer* belonged, as did the boathouse, to Jim Look. He built the house to accommodate members of the Tisbury Great Pond Gunning Club, of which he was manager. The boathouse was moved away in about 1925. The house is still there.

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Editor: Arthur R. Railton

Founding Editor: Gale Huntington (1959--1977)

The Dukes County Intelligencer is published quarterly by the Martha's Vineyard Historical Society (formerly the Dukes County Historical Society). Subscription is by membership in the Society. Copies of all issues may be purchased at the Society's library, Cooke and School Streets, Edgartown, Massachusetts.

Memberships are solicited. Applications should be sent to P. O. Box 827, Edgartown, MA, 02539. Telephone: 508 627 4441. Fax: 508 627 4436. Authors' queries and manuscripts for the journal should be addressed there also.

Articles in *The Intelligencer* do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Society or its officers. Every effort is made to confirm dates, names and events in published articles, but we cannot guarantee total accuracy.

ISSN 0418 1379

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The Martha's Vineyard Historical Society was founded in 1922 as the Dukes County Historical Society. The name was changed by the members at the annual meeting in Edgartown, August 1996. A non-profit institution supported entirely by members' dues, contributions and bequests, its purpose is to preserve and publish the history of Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands.

The Society maintains the Thomas Cooke House, circa 1740, a house museum of Island history, open to the public from mid-June to mid-October. Open all year on the Society's grounds at Cooke and School Streets, Edgartown, are the Francis Foster Gallery, the Capt. Francis Pease House and the Gale Huntington Library of History, as are the Gay Head Lighthouse exhibit with its 1854 Fresnel lens and the Carriage Shed containing an 1854 Button fire engine and many 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 fee. Research assistance is provided at the Gale Huntington Library.

You are invited to join the Society. With membership you will receive this journal four times a year. To join, write to the Society, P. O. Box 827, Edgartown, MA 02539.



Origin of Fresh and Brackish-Water Ponds and Fishes on the Vineyard

by
CLYDE L. MacKENZIE, Jr.,
and
THOMAS J. ANDREWS

Nearly all the fresh and brackish-water ponds and streams of Martha's Vineyard have fishes in them. Yet, compared with the attention paid to salt-water varieties, we have virtually ignored these "cousins," which have a fascinating history of their own. On the Island are eight "native" fresh-water fishes, meaning those that arrived before humans, having found their way here naturally. There also are four native brackish-water fishes. The authors describe where these fishes came from and how they managed to end up here on an island surrounded by the salty Atlantic.

ABOUT 17,500 years ago, planet earth was a much colder place than it is today. An ice cap or sheet covered today's Canada and parts of northern United States. So much of the planet's water was stored in the ice, lowering the sea level, that the east coast Continental Shelf, including Georges Bank, was dry land dotted with ponds and streams. The portion of this land area that was to become Martha's Vineyard was then partially under the ice cap. As the ice pushed slowly down from the north, it forced the ranges of plants and animals, including the fishes, farther to the south.

During these cold years, most ancestors of the "native"

CLYDE L. MacKENZIE, Jr., is a Vineyard native and Research Biologist at the Northeast Fisheries Center, Highland, N.J. His research focuses on marine molluscs, particularly oysters, although his interest are wide-ranging as evidenced by his many professional publications and his contributions to this journal.

THOMAS J. ANDREWS, emeritus affiliate of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, retired from the faculty after 35 years with the Zoology Department. His work has been in the field of vertebrates, especially fishes. Collections of Massachusetts fishes by Professor Andrews and his collaborators are preserved and catalogued at the University to confirm the distribution of such species in the Commonwealth. This is his first contribution to this journal.

fishes¹ of the Vineyard lived in two areas with many fresh-water ponds and streams on the glacial Continental Shelf. The first was east of southern Virginia and northern North Carolina, the other on glacial Georges Bank, east of today's Cape Cod.² Centuries later, the earth began warming and over the next 8000 years or so, the native fishes slowly expanded their ranges outward along various streams until eventually they swam into the fresh-water streams and ponds of Martha's Vineyard as well as into other bodies of fresh water in New England.³

This range expansion ended between 3500 and 5000 years ago when the migration routes were closed by the rising salt-water level caused by the melting ice. As the ocean waters rose, Vineyard Sound, Nantucket Sound and Buzzards Bay were formed and Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands and Nantucket became islands, isolated from the continent (Milliman and Emery, 1968). The fresh-water fishes in the ponds and streams of the islands were locked in place, unable to leave, "imprisoned" behind a salt-water moat, the Atlantic.

Among the fresh-water fish isolated on the Vineyard at this time were the chain pickerel, brown bullhead, yellow perch, brook trout, golden shiner, banded killifish, tessellated darter and swarm darter. Also isolated were brackish-water fishes which included white perch, striped killifish and mummichog. The alewife (herring) found a habitat in some Vineyard fresh-water ponds, those with passages from the ocean (mainly Squibnocket and Edgartown Great Ponds), in which to spawn and use as "nurseries" for its young. These young would soon leave to spend most of their lives in the ocean, returning to the ponds to spawn when mature.

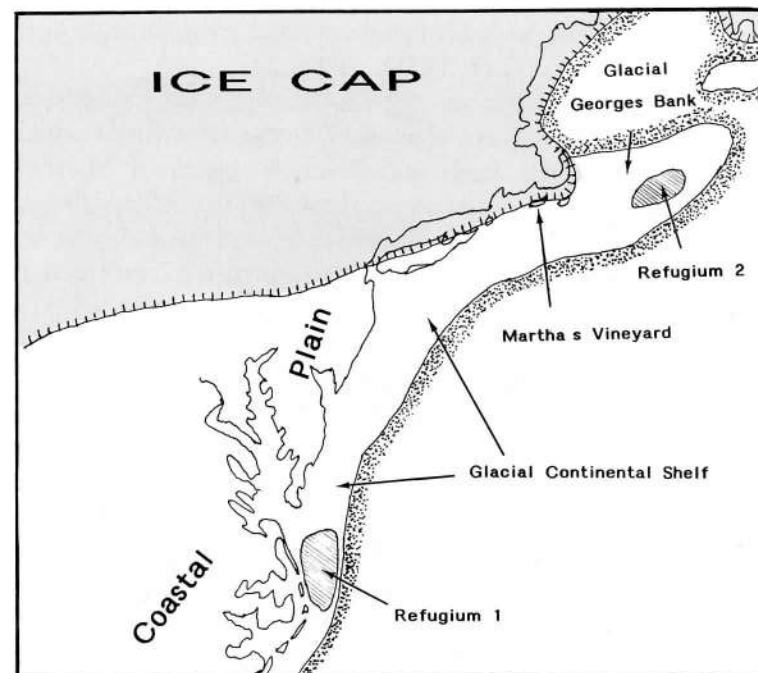
The Earth's Last Ice Age

The earth's most recent ice age which brought this all about began between 50,000 and 70,000 years ago, when the Wisconsin ice cap moved southward very, very slowly from

¹ They were, of course, not native to the Vineyard, but emigrated here, like the ancestors of "natives" who live here today. However, they came very early, even before it was an island.

² See map on opposite page.

³ Some emigrated into New York state and south as far as North Carolina.



Ice cap 17,500 years ago ended on a line with today's Long Island and the Vineyard. The Continental Shelf was dry, except for two fresh-water refugia.

the Arctic region (Strahler, 1966). It reached as far south as a line from today's Long Island to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket about 17,500 years ago (Borns, 1973). The ice was at least 1500 feet thick on top of Cape Cod and a mile thick over northern New England (Oldale, 1992). The water stored in the ice lowered the sea level by about 200 to 300 feet, exposing the Continental Shelf as dry land and pushing the ocean's shoreline about 65 miles out from today's location.

Any freshwater fishes and other wildlife that survived had to have emigrated from those habitats later covered by the approaching ice. Immediately to the south of the glacier, the land became similar to Arctic tundra (Sirkin, 1967) and the climate probably was too severe for fish (Fuller, 1914). The tundra belt, which consisted of sedges, grasses, sage, dwarf willows and birches (Davis and Jacobson, 1985) might have extended as far south as Cape May, New Jersey. Below that, a

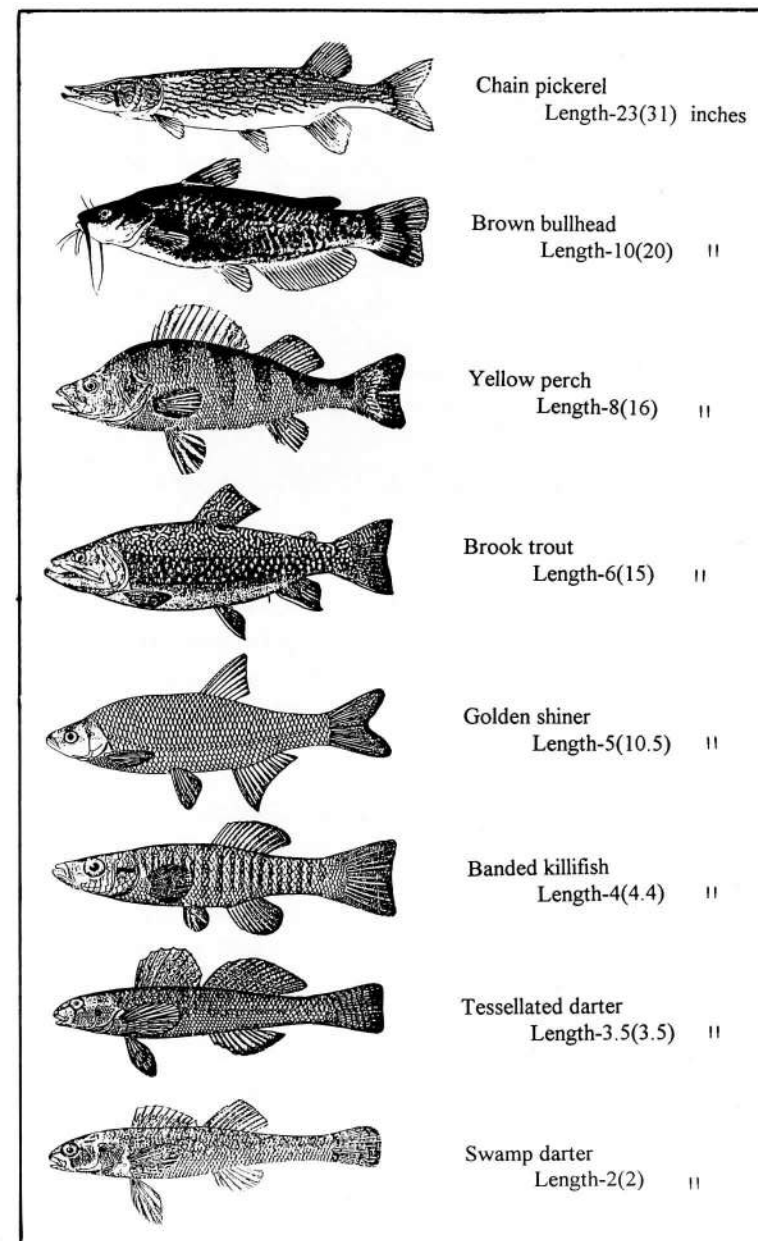
spruce-pine forest probably extended southward through most of North Carolina (Flint, 1971).

Many experts in the science of fish geography (zoogeographers) believe that most fresh-water fishes which later inhabited the fresh and brackish waters of Martha's Vineyard and other areas along the Coastal Plain southward through North Carolina probably survived the Ice Age in the ponds and streams of the exposed Continental Shelf east of southern Virginia or northern North Carolina in what is known as a refugium (see Refugium 1 on map). The fresh-water ponds and streams provided a refuge from the harsh conditions to the north. Evidence for this belief is that several fish species now found in southern New England and on Long Island are identical to those on the Atlantic Coastal Plain States from New Jersey through Virginia. Farther south, below North Carolina, the fish are of different species.

One zoogeographer, Robert E. Schmidt (1986), believes the brown bullheads, killifish and mummichogs of Vineyard waters may have survived the Ice Age in another refugium (Refugium 2 on the map) east of today's Cape Cod on what is now Georges Bank, then above sea level.

When the ice cap receded, the "native" fishes of the Vineyard and other northeastern regions dispersed from the refugia. This began when earth started to warm and the ice to recede between 12,000 (Strahler, 1966) and 14,700 (Borns, 1973) years ago. As fresh-water streams flowed from the melting ice cap across the United States and the Continental shelf, the fishes swam north and west in them, expanding their ranges and numbers as the environment improved. Drainage streams from the melt flowed south and parallel. At first, they were isolated from one another, but it is probable that as the melt continued the streams overflowed and the high water created connecting links (Berra, 1981), allowing greater dispersal of the fishes. This dispersal continued for about 8000 years (Strahler, 1966).

Certain environmental conditions had to be met for the fishes to migrate. The streams had to have vegetation



Fresh-water fishes native to the Vineyard, having been here since the Ice Age. First number is length of the Vineyard fish, second is maximum for the species.

along their shores to reduce erosion, keeping the water free of suspended silt or mud, deleterious to fish, during rains. There also had to be food available for the fishes. Juveniles typically feed on algae, tiny swimming crustaceans, as well as on immature aquatic insects. As they grow, some fishes, such as the pickerel and yellow perch, feed on smaller fishes. Another requirement was that the waters had to be sufficiently warm for fishes to breed and also to support rooted plants on which some species, such as the tessellated darter, could deposit their eggs. These plants also provided cover for juveniles from predator fishes. Not all fishes used such plant roots for their eggs. The swamp darter, for instance, deposits its eggs on the underside of gravel or stone shingle.

Vegetation

As the ice left the Vineyard, the earliest vegetation produced pollen which settled into ponds, swamps and bogs. Today, this pollen provides a historical record wherever it was preserved in undisturbed sediment. By studying the pollen, scientists can determine which plants occupied the landscape at the time it was deposited. Major changes of pollen types in the vertical stratification of sediments imply a succession of plants over time. Such sediments have been found on Martha's Vineyard at Duarte's Bog, West Tisbury (Ogden, 1959), and at Squibnocket Cliffs, Chilmark (Ogden, 1963). The floral composition of pollen in the lowest stratum is tundra-like. This is succeeded by a boreal woodland, followed by a pine-hardwood forest, and finally by the deciduous forest that exists today. The transition from tundra to boreal woodland on the Vineyard occurred between 11,000 and 13,000 years ago, according to radiocarbon-dating of the pollen.

The return of the forest to Martha's Vineyard was not by a mass migration of all tree types into areas vacated by the wasting ice. As soil and climate became favorable, the earliest tree migration began, the types being influenced by the rate and mode of their seed dispersal. Spruce and larch re-entered southern New England about 12,000 years ago, balsam and white pine about 11,000 years ago, hemlock and elm 10,000 years ago, followed by oak 9,750 years ago (Davis, 1983).

U. S. Geological Survey photo.



Formation of a kettlehole pond. Slow-melting ice blocks in the moraine leave a hole, which if deep enough, fills up with groundwater to become a pond.

Aquatic plants probably followed a comparable time table. Present among the earliest tree pollen at dates from 12,700 to 12,310 years ago were microspores of quillwort (*Isoetes*) and moss (*Sphagnum*) together with pollen of several aquatic plants, such as pond weed (*Pontamogeton*), milfoil (*Myriophyllum*), water lily (*Nuphar*, *Nymphaea*), arrowhead (*Sagittaria*) and the green alga, *Botryococcus* (Ogden, 1963).

The Kettlehole Ponds

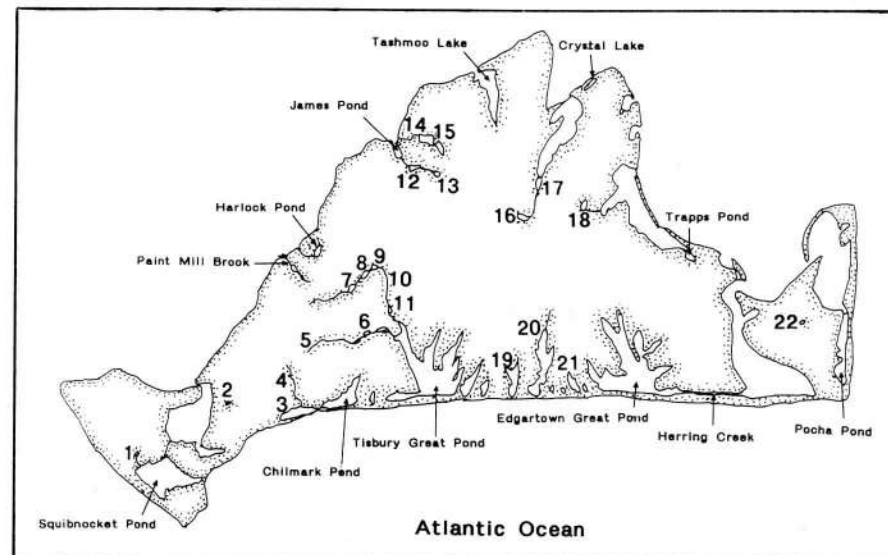
When the Wisconsin ice cap retreated, the Vineyard took on the triangular shape it has now. The northwest side of the Island (the farthest penetration by the glacier) was a broad hummocky ridge of earth and stones, known as a moraine. In some parts of that ridge, huge blocks of ice had been left behind in the glacial till. As these blocks melted, large depressions were formed in the ridge. Where the depressions went below the water table, small ponds were formed. Geologists call them kettlehole ponds. Prominent kettlehole ponds on the Vineyard are Uncle Seth's, Old House, Harlock and Duarte in West Tisbury, Duarte's and Fresh Ponds in Oak Bluffs.⁴

⁴ With one exception, the kettlehole ponds are not visible from the main roads of the Vineyard. The exception is Uncle Seth's Pond, which lies alongside Lambert's Cove Road in West Tisbury. See map, p. 67 for pond locations.

Some of these ponds are as deep as 17 feet. In addition, there are within a half-mile circle of Uncle Seth's Pond eight shallow, dry kettleholes. Each of the Vineyard's kettlehole ponds has a stream flowing from it (or a dry gully, the remnant of a former stream) which now runs into salt water, but which, before Martha's Vineyard became an island, was connected to a fresh-water stream on the dry Continental Shelf.

Access by fresh-water fishes to the streams and ponds of Martha's Vineyard was through along-shore streams, running parallel to the shoreline. These ancient-stream beds are now below the ocean waters north and south of the Elizabeth Islands and under Vineyard Sound and lower Buzzards Bay. This over-all drainage pattern was southward, down-gradient, and more-or-less parallel to the present shore as can be observed by the deeper waters shown on navigation charts. The principal tributary in this system branched to opposite slopes of a ridge midway between Martha's Vineyard and Nashawena Island. The tributary branch aiming toward the Vineyard shore leads into the present James Pond (O'Hare and Oldale, 1982). This pond was fed by a short stream flowing through a vale from Uncle Seth's Pond (elevation 43 feet) and another stream flowing into Uncle Seth's Pond from Old House Pond (elevation 83 feet). The stream connecting Uncle Seth's Pond to James Pond was interrupted by the construction of Lambert's Cove Road and is now only a dry gully. Other tributaries led into Witch, Harlock, Duarte (Blackwater Brook) Ponds in West Tisbury, into Duarte's (this is now a mostly dried-up stream leading into Upper Lagoon Pond), and Fresh Ponds (a dry gully leads from it into Major's Cove, Sengekontacket Pond) in Oak Bluffs. One stream led through what is now Tisbury Great Pond into the Tiasquam River, into Looks Pond and then into Davis Pond. A branch of that stream ran northward through Mill Brook into Old Mill Pond, and finally into Priester, Crocker and Fisher Ponds.

It is likely that fresh-water fishes approaching Martha's Vineyard followed this drainage system, then swam upstream into the brooks flowing from the Vineyard. They swam into the ponds and survived in the ones suitable for them. In water



Fresh and Brackish-Water Ponds and Streams

- | | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Witch Pond | 6. Davis Pond | 11. Old Mill Pond | 16. Duarte's Pond (O.B.) |
| 2. Tiny Chet's Pond | 7. Fisher Pond | 12. Uncle Seth's Pond | 17. Upper Lagoon Pond |
| 3. Upper Chilmark Pond | 8. Crocker Pond | 13. Old House Pond | 18. Fresh Pond |
| 4. Fulling Mill Brook | 9. Priester's Pond | 14. Blackwater Brook | 19. Watcha Pond |
| 5. Tiasquam River | 10. Mill Brook | 15. Duarte Pond (W.T.) | 20. Oyster Pond |
| | 21. Job's Neck Pond | 22. Brines Pond | |

where some ice remained, the fishes may have lived beneath it and between it and the shores. During the thousands of years when ponds and streams were still connected to those on the Continental Shelf, the fishes could have traveled back and forth among them. Today, the fishes inhabit ponds with a warmer temperature than long ago when they were chilled by ice; they must have once been colder-water species, slowly evolving to tolerate the warming water.

The Barrier-Beach Ponds

The south side of the Vineyard, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, is an outwash plain created by the streams from the melting ice which cut valleys (now called "bottoms") into the outwash. The mouths of these valleys in time became filled with salt water and, as sand was carried across the mouths by the waves, they were closed off from the sea, creat-

ing barrier-beach ponds. Some have since become fresh-water or brackish ponds as they were opened to the sea by people who dug ditches several times a year through the sand barriers. On rare occasions, hurricanes have broken through the barriers, adding salt water to the ponds. The barrier-beach ponds are Chilmark Pond, Tisbury Great Pond, Long Cove, Big Homer, Watcha, Oyster, Job's Neck and Edgartown Great Pond.⁵

In the May 1997 *Intelligencer*, John W. M. Whiting described the formation of one such barrier-beach pond. He reported that sediments taken from the bottom of a 22-foot vertical core in West Tisbury Pond were laid down 10,000 years ago, the age being determined by carbon-dating. He explained that a major change in the amount and type of sand occurred about 4500 years ago. This may have been when the sand barrier formed, creating Tisbury Great Pond. Shells of marine mollusks in the core are evidence that it was a salt water bay prior to its becoming a pond. The other barrier-beach ponds along the south shore most likely have a similar history.

Staggered Arrivals of Fishes

Native fresh-water and brackish-water fishes may not have all arrived at the same time; those most tolerant of cold could have arrived first. Since adult pickerel feed mostly on juvenile fishes, local prey fishes, such as the yellow perch and the minnows, probably were already present when the pickerel arrived or it seems unlikely that they could have survived. The brackish-water white perch probably arrived later than the fresh-water fishes. They could have inhabited zones where salt and fresh waters became mixed and moved northward as the sea level rose across the Continental Shelf. Eventually, they inhabited Squibnocket Pond, the barrier-beach ponds along the Vineyard's south shore, and Trapp's Pond.

The abundance of brook trout in Vineyard streams was marveled at more than 160 years ago by Dr. Jerome van Crowninshield Smith, an early Massachusetts ichthyologist. The doctor visited Martha's Vineyard in the 1830s researching

⁵ Tisbury Great, Oyster and Edgartown Great Ponds have brackish water in them.



Herbert "Bert" Mixer of Edgartown, fishing in Fresh Pond about 1948.

his book, *Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts*. His report includes this observation of Island brook trout:

At no place have we seen [brook trout] in such abundance as in Dukes County. It was here November last [1832], and of course in their spawning time, while returning home from a ramble among heaths and hills of Chilmark and Tisbury, that crossing the principal brook of the Island, our attraction [was drawn] towards the agitated state of the waters, as its being "alive with fish."⁶

Although the physician does not identify the "principal brook" where he saw the fish, it must have been either Tiasquam River or Mill Brook. Nelson Bryant, who brought this quotation to the authors' attention, also offers an interesting insight into the trout population of Roaring Brook on the north shore of Chilmark. He recalls fishing there a half century ago and catching tiny brook trout, two or three inches long. "Unlike many trout streams in the rest of the state," Mr. Bryant comments, "this one, to my knowledge, has never been

⁶ Quoted in Nick Karas, *Brook Trout*, Lyons & Burford, N. Y., 1997, pp. 104-05.

stocked. Its population has not been tampered with and the tiny trout are still there today, a pristine strain of brook trout that might be unique in the state."

An expert fisherman who for many years has written a fishing and hunting column in *The New York Times*, Mr. Bryant also recalls catching "big, big brook trout in excess of two pounds in Seven Gates Mill Pond above Priester's Pond in the years before World War II."

Fishes Brought by Humans

During recent decades, people have transferred at least seven species of non-native sportfish to Vineyard ponds from mainland waters. Included are the large-mouth bass, small-mouth bass, goldfish, at least three species of trout, and blue-fills. The trout were introduced by the State of Massachusetts and by private groups in their stocking programs. Both basses initially occurred in the Midwest and have been spread eastward and eventually to the Vineyard, mostly by fishermen.

Present Locations of Native Fishes

Fishes found in kettlehole ponds:

Old House Pond: chain pickerel, yellow perch, banded killifish and swamp darters.

Uncle Seth's Pond: chain pickerel, yellow perch, brook trout, banded killifish and swamp darters.

Harlock Pond: chain pickerel and yellow perch.

Duarte Pond (West Tisbury): brown bullheads and brook trout.

Duarte's Pond (Oak Bluffs): chain pickerel and yellow perch.

Fresh Pond: chain pickerel, brown bullheads and yellow perch.

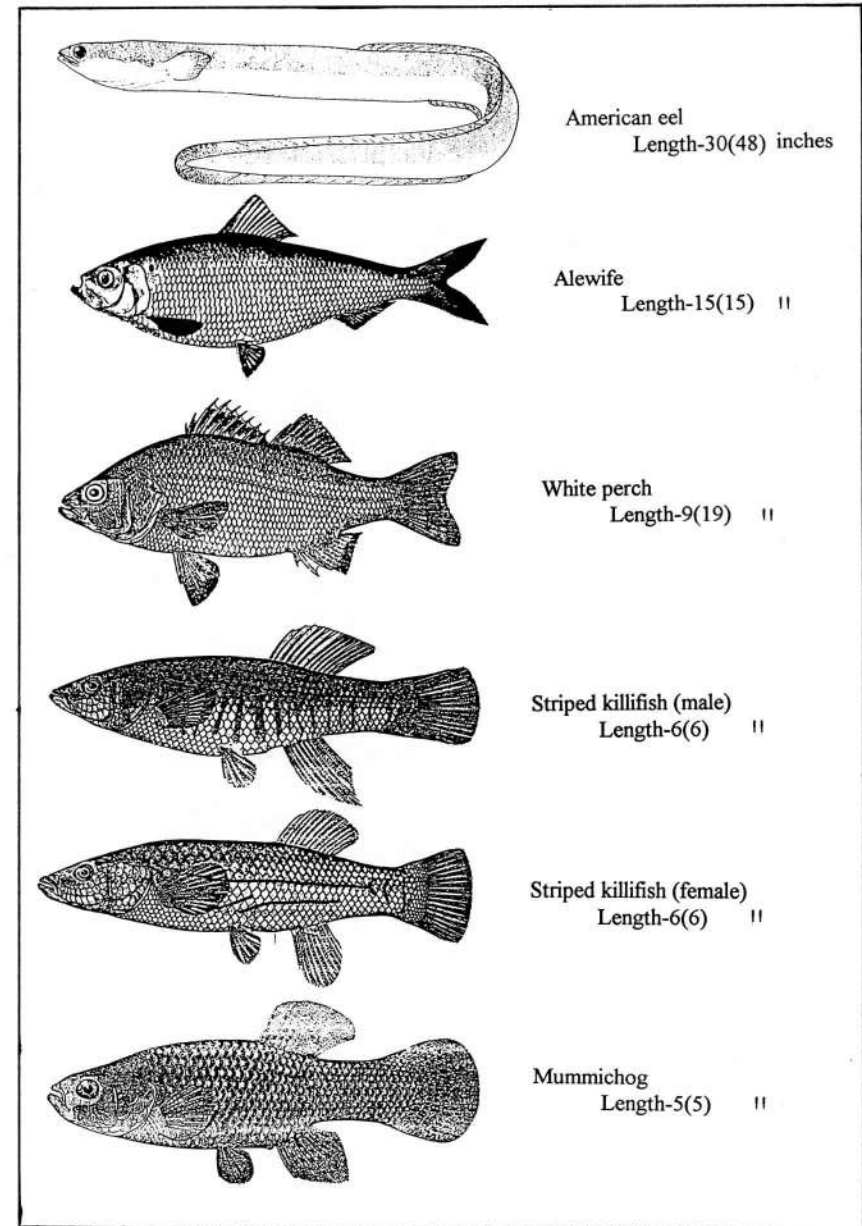
Witch (Black) Pond: yellow perch.

Tiny Chet's Pond: yellow perch.

Fishes found in ponds at lower elevations, some of which may have been formed when streams were partially blocked by dams, and also in the Island's streams:

Old Mill Pond: brown bullheads, yellow perch and brook trout.

Fisher Pond: brook trout and banded killifish.



Brackish-water fishes found in barrier-beach ponds of Martha's Vineyard.

Crocker Pond: brook trout.

Preister's Pond: brook trout

Davis Pond: chain pickerel, brook trout and banded killifish.

Fulling Mill Brook: brook trout.

Mill Brook: golden shiners, banded killifish and tessellated darters.

Paint Mill Brook: brook trout.

Roaring Brook: brook trout.

Tiasquam River: brook trout, tessellated darters, American eels and alewives.

Fishes found in the Vineyard's barrier-beach ponds:

Squibnocket Pond: white perch and alewives.

Chilmark Pond: American eels, alewives, brook trout, banded killifish and mummichogs.

Tisbury Great Pond: white perch, American eels, striped killifish, mummichogs, alewives and brook trout.⁷

Watcha Pond: chain pickerel and white perch.

Job's Neck Pond: yellow perch and chain pickerel.

Edgartown Great Pond: white perch, American eels and alewives.

Pocha Pond: yellow perch (before opened to Cape Poge Pond, becoming salt water in the 1940s).

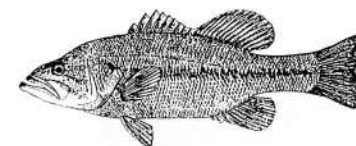
Trapp's Pond: brook trout and white perch.

Crystal Lake: yellow perch, white perch, chain pickerel.⁸

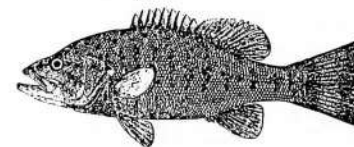
Those barrier-beach ponds on the south side of the Vineyard that have remained open to the sea for extended periods have had many salt-water fishes in them at times. For example, Kendall (1906) seined 85 species of fishes, including banded killifish, white perch and American eels in Tisbury Great Pond.

⁷ Nelson Bryant of West Tisbury told the authors: "From time to time, when I was a young man we caught salters (sea-run brook trout) of 2 or 3 pounds where Mill Brook enters Tisbury Great Pond. Brook trout are still present in the upper end of Town Cove."

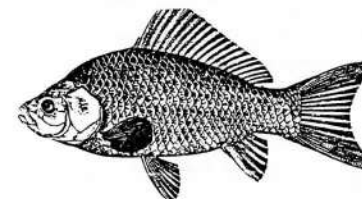
⁸ Sources for the above are Thomas J. Andrews' surveys and interviews by MacKenzie with fishermen. The Crystal Lake data is from Nerney, 1985 (1976); MacDonald (1988).



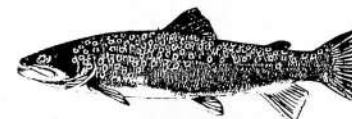
Largemouth bass
Length-14(23.5) inches



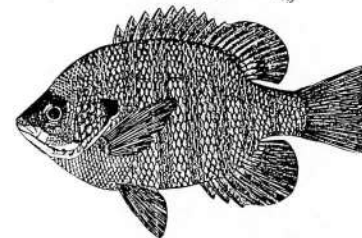
Smallmouth bass
Length-14(22.5) "



Goldfish
Length-13(16) "



Brown trout
Length-12(27) "



Bluegill
Length-5(11.7) "

Species of fish imported to Vineyard fresh-water ponds and streams by humans.

Locations of Imported Fishes

Imported fishes have been found in several ponds:

Large-mouthed bass: Brine's, Fresh, Old Mill, Uncle Seth's and Upper Chilmark Ponds.

Small-mouthed bass: Fresh, Uncle Seth's and Upper Chilmark Ponds.

Goldfish: Crystal Lake (Nerney, 1985 [1976]; MacDonald, 1988).

Brown and rainbow trout: Fresh, Old Mill, Uncle Seth's and Upper Lagoon Ponds.

Locality MILL BROOK, WEST TISBURY, DUNES CO., MARTHA'S VINEYARD.
Downstream of PALESTER POND, near junction RD. and SCOTTS RD. Elev. 40 (ft.)
 Water Chemistry Tests (Ruby, Godfrey & Zajicek, 1988)

Date	pH	Alkalinity (mg./l. as CaCO ₃)		Water temperature 20°C (68°F) at 1030 (VI: 9:54)
		SET	DET	
OCT 1984	6.25	6.50	4.00	

Species	Museum Cat. No.	Date of Collection	No. of Spms.	Collectors
<i>Etheostoma olivaceum</i>	UMR 411-1-40	JUNE 9, 1954	5	T. ANDREWS & C. MACKENZIE
<i>Notropis phaeocheilus</i>	UMR 239-26-8	Same date	5	Same
<i>Fundulus diaphanus</i>	UMR 240-3-14	Same date	2	Same

Associates in Collection

Note: Underside of Rd bridge, examined for egg clusters of *E. olivaceum*, but none were encountered on June 9, 1954

Rana palustris adult; near along stream bank; not retained

1 *Anguilla rostrata* young; common

E. olivaceum was rated "adult"; rare

N. phaeocheilus was rated "rare", juvenile" (S.L. 24.2-55.6 mm)

F. diaphanus recorded as "adult" (S.L. 40.6 and 45.7)

Sample sheet recorded by Professor Andrews at West Tisbury's Mill Brook in 1954. His assistant in the field trip was his co-author, Clyde L. MacKenzie.

Brown trout: Upper Lagoon Pond.

Bluegills: Fresh, Old Mill, Uncle Seth's, Tiny Chet's and Upper Chilmark Ponds.

The surveys of Vineyard fresh and brackish waters have been fairly exhaustive, but it is possible that a few unmentioned species may be present. Also, some species in locations listed may have changed with time as individuals, especially anglers, have moved them in bait buckets from pond to pond.

Craig Kingsbury reminds us that in addition to the natural ponds, there are a number of small artificial ponds on the Island that have been stocked with bass, blue gills, golden shiners and hornpout. Here are some of these artificial ponds:

Mink Meadow Pond (Vineyard Haven); R. D. William Pond, Obed Daggett Pond, Ice House Pond, Stan Murphy's

Pond and Mill Pond (West Tisbury); Cagney's Pond, Gaymark Pond and Straight Pond (Chilmark); and Alvin Lane's Pond (Gay Head).

In addition, Mr. Kingsbury says, "There may be others as the state was very strong on pond building in the sixties for flood control, water supply for fire-fighting and sportfishing. Right after World War II, fresh-water fishing was popular every spring. Nowadays, everybody's out for the big fish in the ocean, fish to put on the wall not in the frying pan."

Sportfishing

Pursuit of the Vineyard's fresh and brackish-water fishes by anglers has been relatively minor compared with the pursuit of its salt-water varieties, striped bass, bluefish, scup, flounders, sea bass and others. Before the 1970s, perhaps 20 Vineyard fishermen caught trout every spring, but fishing for pickerel, yellow perch, the two basses, brown bullheads and white perch was light. In the 1940s and 1950s, the senior author of this article (MacKenzie) fished in Fresh and Watcha Ponds a few times each year and rarely saw anyone else fishing unless he went with companions such as Bert Mixer, Jimmy Ripley or Kenny Osborn of Edgartown.

Bert and the rest of us fishermen took our catches for granted. We would have been astonished if someone had told us about the Ice Age origin and the centuries-long journey taken by the ancestors of the pickerel, yellow perch and white perch we caught and ate so matter of factly.

Acknowledgments

The authors thank the many persons on the Island, including Percy Burt, Milton Jeffers, Edith Potter, George W. Manter and Edward Landers, who told us about the species of fishes they caught in Vineyard ponds. Unfortunately, the names of the some of the interviewed fishermen were not recorded, but we greatly appreciate the information they provided and are sorry not to be able to name them. Eulalie Regan, librarian of the *Vineyard Gazette*, was most helpful, looking up numerous historical articles. Duane Raver, wildlife illustrator in Cary, North Carolina, furnished the drawings of the chain pickerel, brown bullhead and brown trout, for which we are grateful.

The authors also thank Nelson Bryant, Craig Kingsbury, Edo Potter and John Hughes for reading the proofs and offering suggestions.

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When a Jail was a Gaol, Not a House of Corrections

(PART ONE)

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

It was 1789. The nation was still aborning; citizens hardly knew what to expect of democracy. The first presidential election had been in February, but not until the electoral votes were counted on April 6 did the country know that George Washington was its first president by the unanimous vote of 69 electors. A week-long celebration followed his inauguration, climaxed on May 7 by an Inaugural Ball.

There was one Vineyarder who was not celebrating. He was William Rotch of Lambert's Cove, who had been locked up as a debtor in the Dukes County Jail on May 6th by Sheriff Benjamin Smith.

In the Society archives are three volumes of Dukes County Jail records. The first covers the years 1789 to 1822. Rotch, who married the widow of Elisha Lambert, is the first prisoner in the book.

The book is small, about 6 1/2 by 8 inches, with 40 pages inside a faded cardboard cover. It seems to have been locally made and is remarkably well preserved. It is, we are told in a statement on the first page, "A Calendar or Register of Prisoners that have been Committed to Prison in the County of Dukes County, in the Prison under the Care of Benjamin Smith, Sheriff of Said County, since the 21st day of February 1785, as [sic] also the names and Description, the time when, and by what Authority they have ben Liberated, with the time and manner of Escapes. (viz^l)"

Sheriff Smith, who was married to Love Coffin, died in 1821, age 81, and was succeeded as Sheriff by Isaiah D. Pease.

An article covering the years from 1822 to 1873 will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Nobody knows where the Dukes County Jail was located in 1789, but wherever it was, it was certainly not a maximum security facility.¹ Few prisoners served out their terms. During the first year of Sheriff Smith's jail record, 1789, only three prisoners were committed to jail and two of

¹ The earliest record of a County Jail is in 1699 when His Majesties Court in Edgartown, ordered that "whereas great dammage hath been sustained in this County" by the lack of a "common goall," one be built "att Edgartown" paid for by County taxes. R.L.P., ms. 4, p. 109.

ARTHUR R. RAILTON, editor of this journal, is grateful to Jay Segel for suggesting that these early jail records deserved more exposure.

them escaped, one after 16 days, the other after ten weeks. The third was released after only two days behind bars. All had been imprisoned for non-payment of debts:

May 6th, 1789: William Rotch of Tisbury, Committed . . . for Debt. . . on a Judgement of the Supreme Court.

May 22nd: William Rotch broke Goal, and made his Escape by the Locke being Broke. . .

July 24th: Hezekiah Joel Committed . . . for Debt. . . Hezekiah Joel in the Night following ye 2nd of October. . . by the assistance of Some Person unknown, Broke through the uper part of the Goal and made his Escape.

Dec'r 23rd: Calo Pon Committed by Jeremiah Stuard on mean Process.

25th: Calo Pon Discharged by the Creditor.

And so on Christmas Day 1789, the County Jail was empty. In February, Sheriff Smith locked up Abraham Long, another debtor. His stay was brief:

Feb'y 8th: Abraham Long Committed. . . for Debt. . . The Same day broke through the uper part of the Goal, and made his Escape.

Soon after Long's escape, Collector of Taxes Temple Philip Cooke¹ began a campaign against delinquent taxpayers. The state had started to levy property taxes, something that had not been done under the British, and there seems to have been a reluctance by some Vineyarders to pay them.

Tax Collector Cooke, in ten days in April 1790, put three men in prison for failing to pay taxes: Elijah Arey, Judah Norton and Jethro Donham. On April 10th, Benjamin Vinson joined them in prison as a debtor. That brought the jail population to four. The crowding didn't last long:

in the Night following ye 19th instant the above named Judah Norton, Benjamin Vinson, and Jethro Donham Broke out of Goal and made their Escape, by meens of the Lock being Broke, by some Persons unknown.

The next day, April 20th, Sheriff Smith lost his remaining prisoner:

20th: Elijah Arey, who was Committed by Execution by Frank Weeks, and also for State, and Town Tax, made his Escape by Breaking through the uper Floor.

Collector Cooke was not discouraged. In June, he re-

sumed his drive to keep Sheriff Smith's jail occupied:

June 2nd: William Roberts Committed by Execution for Debt, by Temple P. Cooke.

The stay by William, like the others, was a brief one: William Roberts in the Night following the 2nd day of June Broke through the uper part of the Goal and made his Escape.

Again, the jail was empty. Sheriff Smith probably didn't mind. He had less time now to act as Jailer, having been on April 5, 1790, voted in as Town Clerk, succeeding Thomas Cooke, Temple's father. Then on June 4, he was given two prisoners, both debtors:

June 4th: John Marchant, Committed by Execution for Debt by Frank

Weeks of Falmouth. . . Thomas Pease Juner Committed by Exe'n for Debt by Frank Weeks of Falmouth.

The parade of prisoners, in and out, continued:

June 5th: Thomas Pease Juner Broke through the uper part of the Goal and made his Escape.

ye 7th: Remand Thomas Pease Juner back to Prison.

ye 15th: Thomas Pease Juner Discharged by Thomas Cooke, Esq'r. attorney to Frank Weeks [the creditor].

ye 26th: William Roberts Remanded back to Prison.

July 9th: John Marchant Committed by Temple P. Cooke, Collector, of No. 6 and No. Taxes, also for Town Tax for 1788 and 1789.

the Night following, ye Said John Marchant broke through the uper part of the Goal and made his Escape.

That meant that William Roberts was the only prisoner for Sheriff Smith to worry about. A few weeks later, Roberts had company from up-Island:

July 27th: Nathaniel Mayhew of Chilmark, Committed by Exec'n for Debt on a Judgement . . . before Nathaniel Sprague, Esq'r.

the Night following ye 27 instant, Nathaniel Mayhew made his Escape through the uper Part of the Goal.

July 29th: William Roberts, who was Committed by Execution for Debt by Temple P. Cooke was Liberated to two Justices of the Quorum.

Despite Collector Cooke's dedication, the County Jail again was without a prisoner. Certainly, this must have been the worst example of how a prison should be run in history. Out of 13 men imprisoned so far in 1790, 11 had escaped. The frustrated Cooke called for a special Town Meeting. He told the assembled citizens he had decided to leave town. Nobody objected. No wonder, he had been too busy putting them in jail! That was on September 21, 1790:

² Charles E. Banks, *History of Martha's Vineyard*, v, III, p. 104fn, says Temple was Constable of Edgartown in 1789-90. The jail record describes him only as Collector of Taxes.

Voted that whereas Mr. Temple Philip Cook [sic] one of the late Constables of the said Town, has represented to the Selectmen that he is about to remove himself out of this Commonwealth, that there be a Committee Chosen to settle with the said Temple P. Cooke agreeable to Law. . . {It was} Voted. . . the Committee. . . consist of seven, [including] the Selectmen for the time being, with Messrs. William Jernegan, Richard Whellen, John Pease and Sam'l Smith be the Committee. . . ²

Temple's father, Thomas Cooke, Esq., a short time earlier had resigned as Town Clerk. He had still not turned over the town records that he had been keeping at home through the years, so a committee was named to go to his house and get them. The committee reported:

Committee [met with Cooke]. . . Requested the Town Records, he had in his hands; his answer was, that they were on Sheets, and it was not convenient to deliver them at this time. ³

Two weeks later, the townspeople were shocked to hear who was now in the County Jail -- on orders from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Clearly, Collector Cooke had a reason "to remove himself" out of the state:

Oct'r 8th: Temple P. Cooke Committed by Execution from the Treasurer of the Commonwealth for No. 6 Tax.

Temple Philip Cooke, former Constable and Tax Collector, who had been sending Islanders to jail for tax evasion, was in jail himself -- and on the same charge. But, like the others, he didn't stay long. The next day, the sheriff's jail records tell a familiar story:

Oct'r. 9th: Temple P. Cook worked himselfe of [sic] out of Goal with a hand Saw, and other instruments, and made his Escape.

The Thomas Cooke family, one of the Island's most respected, must have been in shock. But Sheriff Smith wasn't sympathetic. He tracked down the former Collector and three days later Cooke was again a prisoner:

ye 12th: Remanded Temple P. Cooke back to Goal.

Having one of its sons in jail was too much for the Cooke family. Former Town Clerk Thomas Cooke, father of the prisoner, decided to take matters in his own hands. The

²Edgartown Town Records, v. II, p.6. The records don't report the settlement.

³Ibid., p. 7, Sept. 23, 1790. Apparently, Cooke never did turn over the records as there is a six-year gap in the Town Records from March 25, 1784, until February 16, 1790. The house where Thomas Cooke lived is now a museum owned by the Society.

jail record tells us what happened next:

The Same 12th day of Oct'r., the County Goal was Demolished by Thomas Cooke Esq'r. and his Sons Thomas Cooke Juner and Littleton Cooke.

Sheriff Smith doesn't describe how it was possible for the three Cooke men to demolish the County Jail apparently without interference. It must have been done by hand, presumably in daylight. No word of explanation is in the record. Nor is there anything to indicate that the three men were charged with any crime.⁴ They were not imprisoned. But how could they be? There was no jail. They had seen to that. With no jail, there are no jail records. The next page in the Sheriff's book was left blank. Not until January 6, 1806, fifteen years later, did he resume the record.⁵

Edgartown's official records say nothing about the jail's demolition. Nor do the records of the county court. There also is no further mention of any action against Temple Cooke for failing to pay Tax No. 6. The episode seems to have been erased from the records.⁶

Some time before 1806 a new jail was built. Whether on the same spot or not is not recorded. There was a wooden jail and jailer's house on the site between today's Court House and Church Street in 1850. This may have been the replacement jail, built after the demolition.

When the jail records resume, January 6, 1806, the first entry is a serious one. The prisoner, an off-Island man and probably a mariner, was charged with murder, apparently of a shipmate. It is the first murder charge in the record. The events that followed are puzzling:

Jan'y 6th, 1806. Then was Francis Joseph, a Trancient man, Committed upon a Suspision of Murder, on ye Complaint of Prince, Gorham.

⁴ Although it was a prominent family, few details are known about the Cookes. The father, Thomas, remained in Edgartown in various town offices, but Thomas Junior left soon after this incident and served in the War of 1812. Temple also left, supposedly going to Virginia.

⁵ It doesn't seem possible that for 15 years the county went without a jail. But Sheriff Smith's record book is blank for those years. If there was another book, it has not been discovered.

⁶ Additional research should be done to determine the resolution of the Temple Cooke matter. Surely, there must have been some court action following his imprisonment and escape. And it would seem there would must have been some action taken against the Cookes, father and sons, for demolishing the jail. No record has been found by the author. The Town Records do show that Melahia Pease Jr. was named Collector April 4, 1790, replacing Temple.

Jan'y 9th Haddan & Esq'r. Cooke, Justice, Supplied him with one Pint of Gin.

In the Night next following ye 12th day of February 1806, Francis Joseph, with the assistance of Some Person or Persons at Present unknown made his Escape by Cuting or Parting the Chain where with he was fastened.

Why would Esquire Thomas Cooke, the same man who demolished the jail some years before, supply an accused murderer with a pint of gin? Who would have helped a transient, accused of murder, to escape by cutting the chain? A puzzle. Equally puzzling is this entry, undated, at the top of the following page:

Rec'd. of Capt. Haden one Guinea in advance of Francis Joseph's Wages. Also one English Blanket.⁷

This first book of jail records covers more than 30 years from 1789 to 1822 with a gap of 15 years after the jail was demolished. The murder charge is the most serious in it. Yet, we are not told how it was concluded. The record keeping was very casual with no standard form for entries. Most prisoners were jailed for minor infractions, the most frequent being indebtedness.⁸ Of the 111 persons imprisoned, averaging about four prisoners a year, 42 were debtors, about one-third. Second most frequent was theft with 20 prisoners. Assault and non-payment of taxes followed with 7 and 6 imprisonments. More than 30 were imprisoned without specific charges.

In 36 percent of the imprisonments, no place of residence is listed. Nearly 10 percent were "transient." In entries with the prisoner's residence given, Edgartown, the largest village, had the most, with 54 percent; Tisbury had 24 percent; Chilmark, 18 percent. Length of sentence was often not recorded. Of those prisoners whose length of imprisonment could be determined (83 out of 111), 29 percent spent less than a week in jail; another 28 percent spent from one week to a month; and 43 percent were imprisoned more than a month.

The prisoner's age was recorded only once in the years

⁷ Had Joseph been returned to jail? Was he ever recaptured? No explanation is given. We learn nothing more about this case, the most serious to be booked by the Sheriff.

⁸ It was not until some years later that imprisonment for debt was abolished.

covered by this first book. The prisoner was an Indian girl and her case is most poignant:

Oct'r 4th, 1808: This day Mary Setoum aleas Mary Cash an Indian Girl fifteen years of age five feet high belonging to Farm Neck in Edgartown was Committed to Gaol in Edgartown for theft from Lear Larcoms of Edgartown.

Nov'r 8, 1808: Marry Cash Indian Girl whom stood committed for theft was bound to service by two Justices of the Quoram for 56 weeks to pay her fine, Expences and prison charges as the law points out.

Nov'r 12, 1808: Mary Cash was Sold for 56 Weeks to Josiah Hussey Esq. of Nantucket for the Sum of 16 dollars 72 cents on the 16th of the same month, the Said Mary was taken out of Prison by the said Hussey.

Miss Cash was the youngest of 14 female prisoners during those years. Five of the 14 females were Indians. Eight were non-Indians but "of color." Only one was white and she was arrested in 1821, the last full year of record of this first book. Her name was Susanah Worth of Edgartown, a widow who spent eleven days in prison for robbery, being released after paying fine and costs. Mary Cash, the 15-year-old Indian girl, was also arrested for theft and spent five weeks in jail before being "sentenced" as an indentured servant for 56 additional weeks to Mr. Hussey of Nantucket.

Non-whites, Indian and black, made up a tiny percentage of the Island's population during these years, but they accounted for 47 percent of the prisoners. In 1776, a dozen years before the jail records begin, there were 2881 persons in Dukes County, and only 59 were listed as Blacks.¹⁰ That was only two percent of the population. Yet, in 10 of the years recorded in this first book, more "colored" persons were imprisoned than whites; in 2 years, the same number of whites and colored were imprisoned; in only 8 years were more whites imprisoned than persons of color, and 4 of those 8 years were the first years in the record: 1789, 1790, 1806 and 1807, when no "person of color" was imprisoned.¹¹ During those 20 years,

¹⁰ R. L. P. Ms. #1, MVHS, p. 65. It is unlikely that Indians were included among the Blacks. In fact, not being entitled to vote, they were not counted in the Census until the late 1800s.

¹¹ The terms used in the record include "person of color," "mulatto," and "Indian." In four cases, the word "Negro" is used. Sometimes, rarely, a "colored" person is not so identified, but the name appears in another entry with that description.

there were 111 persons imprisoned, 59 of them white and 52 "of color." Only one of the 59 white prisoners was female; 14 of the 52 non-whites were females (5 were Indians; no Indian males were imprisoned). The one white female, mentioned above, spent eleven days in prison. Many of the 14 non-white females were imprisoned for longer periods: four served for one week; three for one month; two for six months; one for seven months; and one, the Indian girl mentioned earlier, was "sentenced" to involuntary servitude for 56 weeks in Nantucket. For three women of color no record of their discharge appears in the record, only of their imprisonment, so we don't know how long they served.

Nancy Michael (spelled variously), an Edgartown woman of color, was in 1809 and 1818 listed as a complainant against other non-whites. She seemed to have been one of the more prosperous blacks, perhaps running a rooming house. We know little about her:

July 31, 1809: This day Luis Davis a Transient man of Collour was Committed to Goal for debt at the Suite of Nancy Michael a woman of Collour of Edgartown.

August 18, 1809: This day Joseph Williams a man of Collour of Edgartown was Committed to Goal at the Suit of Nancy Michael a woman of collour of Edgartown for debt.

November 6, 1809: This day Joseph Hussey a Transient man of Collour was discharged from Gaol by Nancy Michiel & Nathaniel Chadwick at whose Suit he Stood committed. [No record of his imprisonment.]

Twice, Nancy Michael caused her daughter, Rebecca, to be imprisoned, at least once for theft:

July 6, 1818: Rebaca Ann Michael was Committed on Complaint of Nancy Michael her mother for theft, boath of Edgartown and people of Colour, discharged July 25, 1818.

October 12, 1818: Rebecca ann Mikel [Michael] was committed to Goal on Complaint of Nancy Michael boath People of Colour of Edgartown.

There is no case of a person of color bringing suit against a white person. Others of color besides Nancy did sue colored persons:

February 1, 1810: This day Fereley Bows [?] was committed to Goal, a woman of collour of Edgartown, on Execution at the Suite of John Wayman and Wilthan his wife both of Edgartown and

people [of color].¹¹

December 11, 1810: This day Lydia Weeks Indian woman of Tisbury was Comited to Goal for theft on complaint of Hosea Oppeaney a man of coller of Tisbury.

July 22, 1813: This day Lydia Doge, a woman of Colour of Chilmark, was Committed to prison for an asalt on the complaint of Dorcas Pond of Chilmark, a woman of Colour, and escaped from prison on the 28th of September following.

October 16, 1817: This day Isaiah Hawooswee was committed to prison on Complaint of Elizabeth Howooswee boath of Chilmark and people of Color for Burning their House.

April 13, 1814: This day George Johnson, John Francis, Zadock Simson & Wm. Maderson of Edgartown, men of Collour, was Committed to prison on the complaint of Railley Swasey [?] a Woman of Collour and was discharged on the 19th of the same month by paing charges.¹²

One of the longest series of entries in the Sheriff's record book involves one Abraham Kelley of Edgartown. It is not known if he was related to the Edgartown innkeeping family headed by William Kelley, who was alive at the time but about whom very little is known. The imprisoned Abraham Kelley seems to have caused a disturbance in Rev. Joseph Thaxter's church twice in 1809:

September 24, 1809: This day Abraham Kelley of Edgartown was Comited to Goal by order of William Jernigen Esq. for disturbing the publick worship of God in the meetinghouse and discharged by order of the Same on the Same day.

October 3, 1809: This day Abraham Kelley of Edgartown was Committed to Goal by order of William Jernigen Esqr. for disturbing the publick Worship of God in the meetinghouse.

October 3, 1809: This day Abraham Kelley of Edgartown was taken out of Goal and caried before William Jernigen & Cornelius Marchant, Jr. Esqrs. Attorney for the County and was recommitted on the Judgment of the above Justices.

January 7, 1810: This day Abraham Kelley was discharged from Goal by William Jernegan and Cornelius Marchant Jr. Esqrs.

January 7, 1810: This day Abraham Kelly was committed to Goal by order of Wm. Jernigen and Thos. Cooke Esqrs. and on the 8th day of the Same month Special orders was given by the Said Wm. and Thos. to hold the Said Abraham for further orders.

¹¹ The entry was left unfinished, but it seems obvious what was meant.

¹² As the reader must have noticed, there are frequent misspellings in the Sheriff's record, so many that the editor decided not to insert the "scholarly" [sic] in every case.

There is nothing in the jail records to show why Abraham was discharged and recommitted on the same day, January 7. He had already served three months for the church incidents and now was in jail under special orders, orders never detailed. The record doesn't state when he was released.

One of the oldest families in Edgartown was the Dunham family, founded by the Rev. Jonathan Dunham, pastor of the Congregational church from 1684 to 1717. His great-grandson, Uriah Dunham, born in 1753, according to historian Charles E. Banks, probably never married. At the age of 57, he was committed to jail by Benjamin Allen of Tisbury as a vagabond, among other charges:

April 9, 1810: This day Uriah Dunham of Edgartown was Committed to Gaol on Complaint of Benjamin Allen Esqr. of Tisbury as being a disorderly, lewd person and a vagabond.

November 7, 1810: This day Uriah Dunham was discharged from Prison by orders of Court.

Uriah's seven months' imprisonment was one of the longest served during these years. Another member of a well-known Edgartown family, Elijah Vinson, spent five days in jail for what today is no crime. Elijah was 50 years old:

June 17, 1816: Elijah Vinson of Edgartown was committed to Prison on complaint of Daniel Coffin for profane Swearing and discharged the 22nd of the Same month by order of Law.

Six months later, Elijah was back in jail; this time with his wife. No charges were listed in the record. She served three months; he served two. Both were released at the same time after giving bail:

January 27, 1817: Lydia Vinson was Committed to prison on Complaint of Jesse Pease, Boath of Edgartown.

Feb'y 22, 1817: Elijah Vinson was Committed to Prison on Complaint of Jesse Pease, boath of Edgartown.

April 22, 1817: Elijah Vinson and Lydia Vinson were discharged from prison by Giving Bail for their appearance at the Circuit Court of Common Please at May time 1817.

At about this time, religious revivals were starting on the Vineyard, with the Baptist reformation being the first. Among the early Baptists was Jesse Pease, who later became a preacher. The court records for that year are not available in

the County Courthouse so we were unable to determine what the complaints brought by Jesse Pease against Lydia and Elijah were. There were frequent disruptions of revival meetings during this period and with Elijah's previous imprisonment for "profane swearing" such might have been the case here, although that is pure speculation.

The epidemic of jail breaking subsided with the construction of the new jail, but occasionally a prisoner made his escape, as John Luce did:

July 26, 1814: This day John Luce of Tisbury was committed to prison on complaint of Sally Whellden of Tisbury for an asalt and Broke Goal on the 17th of April following.¹³

The small, fragile record book from which these pieces of history were taken ends with this entry:

May 1st, 1822: Peter Coffin of Tisbury was Committed To Prison on the Complaint of Moses T. Cromwell of Tisbury for Threatning Him the Said Cromwell to Do him Some Bodily Injury.

Today, this would have been filed under the heading of "domestic violence." Moses T. Cromwell had emigrated to Tisbury from England ten years earlier. He married Jedidah Coffin, Peter's sister. The unhappy brother-in-law was threatening Moses for some undisclosed reason.

The Society has another book of jail records that begins in June 1822, a month after the above entry. In it, we learn that a new Deputy Jail Keeper had just been appointed by the newly elected sheriff, Isaiah D. Pease. The jailer and record keeper was James Banning whose records will be examined in a forthcoming issue.

¹³ This entry, and many others, seem to indicate that the record book in the Society archives was copied some time after the events occurred. Otherwise, on July 24th the Sheriff could not have written "broke Goal on the 17th of April following." Such recopying, no doubt, was done to make the official record more legible and, perhaps, better organized. We must hope it did not make it less accurate.

Henry and Hattie, Sailing to Alabama, Survive Storms, "Pirates" and a Shipwreck

Documents

Running Account Of Matters & Things by HENRY BAYLIES

THE five weeks covered by this installment of the journal of Henry Baylies (1822-1893) are, without any question, among the most exciting of his life. He and his ailing wife, Harriette, are heading south, seeking a warmer climate to improve Hattie's health. After an overnight sail from Providence, they board the brig Alabama at South Street in Manhattan. The 16-day voyage to Mobile, Alabama, is punctuated by a violent storm, an imminent piracy, ending in a shipwreck. Just when it seems they have safely reached their destination, the brig runs on a reef at the entrance to Mobile Bay and breaks up in 15 hours.

All passengers and crew are safely removed, being transferred to a Pilot Boat in the brig's Jolly Boat. Miraculously, Hattie survives the ordeal, despite being so weak she must be carried from the cabin and handed over the rail to a man in the small boat tossing in the enormous swells.

Henry's account is laden with excitement and suspense. Because of the sweep of the narrative, it was decided that it should not be interrupted, so this installment describes the entire trip, making it much longer than usual.

When this dramatic story begins, the couple is still in the Providence home of Harriette's parents. The final days with the Buddongs are unpleasant. Henry is happy to leave. Perhaps Hattie is also.

Wednesday, October 30, 1850. [Entry continued from the previous installment.] Yesterday just before noon brought a newly painted trunk into the room which affected Hattie very unfavorably. At least, we think it was the trunk paint. Soon after noon she began vomiting which continued severely all the P.M. & at intervals till 12 night. This morning she vomited once or twice, but today has vomited none. We did not discover the cause till last evening.

She has become very weak & languid, with pulse 130 to 140. This P.M. & evening she appears better, yet very feeble. Poor girl, she suffers greatly. Her reward shall be great in heaven if our afflictions are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us. Thank God there is a place whose inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Where the wicked cease from troubling & the weary are at rest.

I have often of late felt exceedingly cast down, yet, I trust, not entirely forsaken. I need abundant grace to keep me in my numerous & continued afflictions. I often fear that in my distresses I shall charge God foolishly & after all miss of Heaven. I am sometimes convinced I need some affliction, but I find myself not infrequently saying or thinking I could get along with less. How foolish this is in me. God's ways are not as my ways. He doeth all things well. Would I could always believe it.

My own health suffers from so much watching & anxiety of mind. I get no whole night's rest & have not had half a dozen for three months. My weight is

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now only 129. I weighed while in College 142.¹

Well, I'll try to make a long night of this & possibly I may get a fair portion of sleep. I have this week received a great many blessings for which I thank my Heavenly Father.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1850. On Board Packet Sloop Pointer, Capt. H. Fowler from Providence.

And what a caption for another entry in my journal! Well, so it is & I thank God it is so. I have now a moment's peace & some assurance of better days. The last week or ten days has been one of severe trial & cruel affliction. Notwithstanding my unwearied attention to Hattie, my dear wife, I have been blamed, in no measured terms, by father & mother Budlong, with abusing her, not taking proper care of her nights, etc., etc., etc. The first tirade of abuse was at the breakfast table Tuesday morning.

Again yesterday P. M., after I had engaged passage to N. Y., a hack to take us down & a waggon to take our goods, they began again. During an hour's absence down street to arrange for our voyage, they, as I have no doubt, wrought upon Hattie's feelings & weak nerves so that when I returned she was in quite a fever & considerable delirium. They said H. did not wish to go South, that she knew nothing of it till then, etc. They said I was dragging her away, that she should not be ruled by any man;² that I ought to get a room somewhere & furnish it & take

care of H. "Somewhere" is not in their house. I have ever felt since I carried H. into the house that they did not like to have us; that we were not welcome. I answered their abuse as briefly & cautiously as possible & kept right on in the course I had marked out in accordance with Physician's advice. I said to the old gentleman that I acted in accordance with the advice of Physicians, then he replied I had better gone South from Edgartown not come there, etc. Their charges amounted so near to slander & were all so perfectly false as they themselves knew that I would not condescend to answer them.

The fact is just this:-- They have treated us both with the utmost coldness & neglect, never once showing the least sympathy or interest in our welfare & now they attempted to retreat & smother their consciences by making me the scapegoat. The mouth of the wicked & the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me; they have spoken against me with a lying tongue. The[y] compassed me about also with words of hatred; & fought against me without a cause. For my love they are my adversaries [here Henry inserted two superscript x's, as though planning to write a footnote, but none is on the page] and they "have rewarded me evil for good & hatred for my love." Ps. CIX 2-3-4-5.

The question of going South has been agitated for a long time -- more than a month -- & I have been a long time preparing for the voyage. The subject has been talked over with them & in Hattie's presence many times & she has ever expressed a willingness & a desire to go South. This forenoon I asked her if she liked to go & she was

¹ Our diarist is a slender man. Too bad we don't know his height. Does any member have a picture of him?

² Isn't this an enlightened position for 1850?

quite surprized I should ask such a question. Not wishing to agitate her mind with the conversation which led me to the question I waived the subject. So unpleasant a subject I will dismiss.

O Lord, "deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me & such as breathe out cruelty. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Teach thy way, O Lord, & lead me in a plain path because of mine enemies." "The troubles of my heart are enlarged. O bring thou me out of my distresses."

We were to have been on board the *Pointer* last evening at 5 1/2 o'clock but in consequence of an ill turn about that time we did not take H. down till 7 1/2 o'clock. At about 9 the vessel hauled down near the ferry. Hattie was of course very much exhausted by the ride & moving from house to hack & from hack to vessel & yet not so much affected as I feared she would be. She fainted a little just as we got aboard. After recovering a little from her fatigue she slept as comfortably as for a long time & suffered very little from pain.

This morning she is quite bright. We are having a fine passage, promising to be rather too quiet to form a very accurate judgment of effects on H's health

Friday, Nov. 8. At 8 o'clock this morning we were off Pier 6, East River, N. York, looking for our "birth." [sic]. After making a turn or two, the Capt. "put her in" & we were amidst the bustle & confusion of the Metropolis of this New World. Thus in 24 hours we had made the passage of 200 miles

from Prov. to N.Y. We had not [yet] entered the Hell Gate at daylight so that we had a fine view of the delightful scenery on either side of the passage & the East River. I have somewhere in one of my Journals . . . sketched a brief description of this scenery but as ~~it is~~ with the scenery itself will convey a better idea than any description I can give I beg leave to refer myself & my grandchildren to the 17th generation to the original.³

We passed the night -- very comfortable night for us, sleeping quite as much as for some time. Hattie suffered as little as for some days & today has appeared as well or better than usual, especially considering the exceedingly unpleasant weather. The wind has been N.E., blowing severely with chilly rain.

As soon as possible after breakfast I started in quest of a passage for Mobile. I visited every vessel I could see advertised on South St., i.e., at the Piers on E. River & was sadly disappointed in finding their accommodations very mean. The Brig *Alabama*, Capt. Westfall, was the last visited & presented the least objectionable accommodations, if they might be so called at all. I looked at the N. Orleans packets & found those I visited fitted up in good & some in elegant style.

In the P.M. I again went out to reconnoiter & walked up as far as "point of the Hook" without meeting any other Mobile Packet. Accordingly I returned to the *Alabama* and got the "refusal" of the birth [sic] I preferred till tomorrow 12 m. This has been a very

³ This suggests that he had made this trip before and has made a sketch of it. He is confusing here.

unpleasant day & my peregrinations have given me a very unpleasant idea of the adjacent marine portion of N. York. South St., was quite impassable by reason of the hosts of loafers & loungers. The bar-rooms & tippling shops were crowded with sorry looking fellows trying to get happy. On one of them I observed a sign "Pilots for Hell Gate." This appeared to me to have a double meaning.

This evening Hattie set up nearly two hours. She was likewise up & ate her breakfast & tea at the table.

Saturday, Nov. 9. A very pleasant day. In the morning the wind was high & rather cool; in the P.M. mild & still -- a very great change from yesterday. Was out again this morning looking at vessels, etc., & at length paid our passage \$35 each = \$70, quite a sum for a poor fellow to pay out at once. I have beside laid in a few fancy "stores" for Hattie during the voyage. About 4 1/2 o'clock took a walk up on Broadway as far as the Park & did not get back till 6 1/2 o'clock. Thus have passed Saturday in New York.

Hattie had quite an uncomfortable night. The fire went down & the cold chill N.E. wind quite shivered [shivered?] her nervous. She was somewhat convulsed. Today, she has been more than usually comfortable. The change in the weather is favorable.

One year ago this even, so Hattie says, we were married. According to my reckoning, it was a year yesterday. This matter must be settled before another anniversary. What changes in a year! What unforeseen sorrows & afflictions! How different our place tonight than a year ago!

Well, it is all right. The future may be more apparently prosperous. As the

Lord will. Tired & sleepy, I must seek my pillow.

Sabbath, Nov. 10. A delightful day & by reason of unusual sleep last night I was better prepared to enjoy it. Hattie went to sleep about 8 o'clock last night & slept refreshingly without requiring attention till 5 1/4 this morning. Such a night's sleep she has not enjoyed for three months, I should think. Today she has been very comfortable.

Feeling a strong interest in the mission at Five Points established by Rev. Bro. Pease, under the auspices of the Ladies Missionary Society of the M. E. Ch. in N. York City, I went up this forenoon. On reaching the Points my ears were delighted with the singing of children, to me an unusual sound in that wicked place.⁴

I entered the Hall & found assembled about 50 children with their teachers & Superintendent & other visitors, probably parents. The singing was charming. The answers to Scripture questions generally ready & pleasingly accurate. After witnessing these exercises a short time with unusual delight I mistrusted [?] there was another part & so went out & found in the "Parsonage" an Infant Class of about 40. The exercises of this class were if possible more pleasing than of the other. I introduced myself to Bro. Pease & took a seat with them. Sister P. is all engaged in the enterprise. By her request I addressed the children, or rather asked them a great number of questions which were answered very readily. The answers of some who mis-

⁴ Does anyone know more about Five Points? Is the Bro. Pease mentioned from the Vineyard?

apprehended my meaning were quite amusing.

At the close of the school I was introduced to Miss Brush who has been missionary in Africa three years. Sister B. is a very interesting young lady. From her I learned to my sorrow that Sister Lornin [?] Johnston, a colored girl who went out from Wilbraham to Africa a Missionary, is not so useful as she promised to be.⁵ Sister B. remarked that the Colored missions are of but very little service. Mingling among their own Kind they become ineffective. The climate too is such as seriously to effect their disposition, rendering them much more excitable than in this country & so less useful. She expressed the opinion that colored missionaries will not answer for Africa. Has the time for the Evangelizing of Africa fully come?

At the Mission House or Parsonage I enjoyed a very pleasant call. Bro. Pease is a very efficient man & is making thorough reformation of this worst sink of Sin in the world. He has established a Meeting, Sabbath School, Day School, Work Shop, Hospital, Temperance Grocery, etc. He has hired four of the largest houses on Little Water St., which he occupies & tenants to pious or respectable families. 300 Prostitutes have been sent to the House of Correction & 150 others have been scattered to different parts of the city & to other places. Thus the work of reformation is most thorough.⁶ The Lord bless him & his enterprizes.

Presbyterian Minister -- Electro-Biology or Magnetism. Hattie.⁷

I have this evening written to Sewall⁸ & finished a letter to Parents Baylies.

Well this is probably my last record in the city of N. York. Tomorrow we go on shipboard & seek the balmy South. The Lord go with us. Amen & Amen.

Monday, Nov. 11, 1850. Up early this morning & packed what few things were out of trunk preparatory to leaving Sloop⁹ & going on board Brig. Got my trunks, etc., over to Brig about 9 o'clock & engaged hack to take us over at 9 3/4. The hack failed me as the driver attempting, refused to go down on the pier as it would be at risk of his carriage, the pier being crowded with draymen. I accordingly procured another, an old hack which would not be injured by a few thumps of loaded drays. After half an hour's delay in getting down on the pier, he succeeded in getting within two vessels length of us. 'Twould wake up a countryman's ideas considerably should he attempt to drive a team down this pier & back.

The Steward, Wm. Johnson, a colored man, whose kindnesses to Hattie are deserving of record, took H. in his arms & put her in the hack. She rode over to the Brig with very little fatigue comparatively. We were thus delayed nearly an hour & arrived at the pier just as the Brig was casting off her last

⁷ This seems to be a note to himself.

⁸ Sewall, as regular readers know, is Hattie's brother and the only member of the family Henry likes.

⁹ They had been using the sloop as a hotel since Saturday.

⁵ Henry went to Wilbraham Academy also.

⁶ Not thorough enough to reform the 450 prostitutes, however.

fast.¹⁰ We were however providentially in season & no sooner on board than we were off. Altogether with the labor & excitement of getting ready, riding & getting on board, H. became rather exhausted. Breathing the cool air likewise affected her rather unfavourably. Although the vessel sailed away from her place yet she did not get out of the dock till P.M. & then was towed down harbor to wait wind & tide. With the boat for the shore, the Capt. & Pilot left us so that H. & self were the sole occupants of the Cabin that night. While laying at anchor the Georgia Steamer for Chagres passed us & the Florida Steamer from Savannah, both splendid boats.

Tuesday, Nov. 12. On board Brig Alabama, Capt. L. R. Westfall, from N. York for Mobile, Ala.

At an early hour we were awakened by the cheery singing of the "hands" as they loosened their sails & took in some of the chain preparatory to sailing. The Capt. & Pilot were soon aboard & at 8 o'clock we were under way with light fair wind & fair tide. We had however scarcely started when the wind breezed in from the North East & promised a regular "Nor-Easter." At 10-20 o'clock the Pilot left us just outside Sandy Hook. By him I sent on shore letters to Parents & to Sewall. Yankees are charged with being money collectors beyond all men living, but so far do I know Yorkers are much more worthy the charge. The Pilot would take the letters ashore for a six pence or a shilling.

¹⁰ He seems relaxed about almost missing the vessel, after have paid \$70 to the Captain! But then the brig remained just off the pier till afternoon, so they would have been taken to her, no doubt.

The Wind breezed on & I prepared for bad weather by putting up my medicines, etc., in "get-at-able" order. At 1/4 to 11 I felt squeamish & immediately "hove ahead." With this one offering, old Neptune was by no means satisfied for he made demand and demand till I concluded to lay down & fight him off. In this I succeeded very well for so long as I kept my horizontal position. I defied him with success but the instant I arose he demanded his fee.

Meanwhile, Hattie was feeling very nice & called me an Invalid going south for my health, etc.¹¹ She bathed my temples, offered to feed me from her soup at dinner & sundry other kindnesses. She seemed to rejoice in the motion of the vessel. I lost my breakfast in sacrifice to Nep & refused my dinner & supper, preferring to leave it with the steward than by throwing it up to amuse the Ocean God.

Eight hours out of N. Y. & we had shortened sail to the lowest amount & were tossing about amid a terrible sea. The Barometer had fallen so low that the Capt. swore it could fall no lower unless it went through the bottom. No supper had been cooked for the stove had been turned over by the tossing of the brig. Mysterious movements by invisible hands were as common & remarkable as at the house of the venerable Dr. Rev. Phelps at Stratford, Conn., a short time since.¹² An ----[?] stand was thrown on the floor & thrown "hither & yon" & has not yet been seen by

¹¹ Dearest Hattie still maintains a sense of humor. She must have relished her role as nurse!

¹² Does any reader know more about Phelps?

mortal eyes. The rocking chair rocked violently & no one near it -- now throwing itself over against the stove & now on its side. Commode stools danced in horrid glee. Dishes were swept from the cabinet and rolled across the floor without breaking. The stove flew from its feet & turned topsy turvy. The large oaken[?] table which a strong man would find difficulty in overturning reared up on its legs & finally stood upright notwithstanding the precautions taken to keep it steady.

The Brig rolled from side to side so that I verily thought we should capsize. Here was a perfect illustration of Scripture[?], reeling to & fro like a drunken man. But seriously, this was a serious time. [Eight illegible words are crossed out.] The wind blew a hurricane & the sea was mountains high. 'Twas chilly & cold, the water dashing out the scuppers & the privy swept across the cabin floor, no little to our discomfort.

Poor Hattie, I feared, would get her death of cold, if we did not go to the bottom. We prayed & committed ourselves to the God of the storm & the Sunshine & felt secure & slept.¹³ I felt perfectly calm, ready & willing to go & only feeling for my dear parents who love me as their own lives. Toward morning I heard one of the hands tell the Capt. it was fine weather & ask if they should put on sail. I looked out of my birth to the open door & saw the Stars & rejoiced.

Wednesday, Nov. 13. The Steward began to set the table this morning be-

fore I dare get up. I ventured out & looked upon the sea, not yet quieted but raging in terrible fury. I have heard of seas before & thought I had seen them, but was mistaken. They were kind of ripples along the shore comparatively.

A vessel not far off was completely hidden by the seas. They came dashing after us as if to overwhelm us but we rode them over. I ate no breakfast & yet vomited violently. At dinner, I ventured a sweet potato, but lost it. At tea was rather more successful & kept down some tea, dried beef & crackers.

Hattie has appeared quite sick since about 12 o'clock last night in consequence of taking too large potions of medicine designed to warm her during the chill & cold N'Easter. Otherwise I think she would be quite comfortable.

The weather today has been delightful. I attempted to sleep on a kind of Sofa-tee, a mongrel of settee & sofa & made out quite well.

Thursday, Nov. 14. Another delightful day. Have dared to eat my breakfast & dinner & shall take some tea when ready. I find myself quite over seasickness notwithstanding our vessel rolls violently all the time. I have written the preceding six pages [with] the vessel rolling from side to side tremendously. Hattie is getting over her spell.

This morning we struck the Gulf Stream which is greenish on its northern border -- black towards the Center & bluish towards southern border. We still have fair wind & are making some headway. The first day out we made 220 miles. Second day 150 miles. It is getting dark in the cabin & I must cease writing for the present.

Friday, Nov. 15. After closing my Journal last evening I went on deck. The Capt. called my attention to the change in the weather from the balmy summer air of the Gulf Stream to the chill air before entering the Gulf. This was owing to our having passed quite across the Stream which the Capt. thinks is here about 70 miles wide. The sky just after sunset presented a novel & interesting appearance -- the clouds skirting the eastern horizon were detached & fleecy & of a lead hue unlike any clouds I ever before noticed. The sky itself, amid which these clouds were floating, was delightfully mellow, of a beautiful purple & orange. This appearance, the Capt. assures me, is peculiar to latitudes South of the East Gulf Stream.

This has been a delightful Summer's day. Mercury ranging in the cabin from 65 to 70 Far. The wind has been very light so that our sails have been flapping almost uselessly. Not a wave [he struck out wave, wrote sea and added wave above it] has broken the long & majestic undulations of the waters. But one sail has appeared in sight: A Topsail Schooner which lingered in the distance till near sunset. I amused myself awhile in catching some of the Gulf weed with a kind of hook, formed by a pin driven into a long pole. This weed resembles, if it is not identical, with the rock weed of Massachusetts.

I had the promise yesterday of seeing today some flying fish & probably a dolphin. The nearest approach to this however was the seeing a shark some 12 ft. long which played around our brig just after tea. The bright, clear moon revealed his majesty in all the beauty & terror of his Sharkship. A

line was towing astern baited with pork, I suppose for dolphin. Thinking the huge visitor might like a "bit" of "poke" for supper I hauled the line when I was sure I had him, but no sooner was I sure I had him than I was sure he had the pork & hook too. After this fete, he played alongside a moment & disappeared.

Hattie has been quite comfortable today most the time. She has set up twice & borne her weight & walked two or three steps. Her limbs do not pain her yet feel sore or rather sensitive. This P. M. we have both felt rather uneasy in our stomach & bowels. Rather a sinking faintness with inclination to diarrhea. I am suspicious it is owing to our dinner. H. is certainly no worse for the voyage so far but evidently better, however it may result. I have recovered from sea sickness & eat my allowance.

I find the comparative solitude of shipboard favorable to religious meditation & growth in grace. May God sanctify this voyage & the entire enterprise to our spiritual as well as physical [an illegible long word is here crossed out] health & prepare us for more extended usefulness in his church & the world. Amen.

Monday, Nov. 18. Since Friday till today I have felt quite unlike writing in Journal or elsewhere. The sickness I complained of on Friday remained upon me till today. With Hattie, it terminated rather more summarily & severely. She was seized with Diarrhea & strong symptoms of Dysentery. By administering Choline & Morphine to allay the pain & then Castor Oil, we effected the revival so that Sat. Morning she ate her full meal. Yesterday I

¹³ In a published account, some years later, Henry wrote: "Myself and wife lay in our berths, secured by a rope. . . What a night!" *Zion Herald*, May 12, 1870.

felt miserably in mind & body, but today am somewhat better.

Last evening & Sat. Evening H. was seized with spasms like those she suffered at Edgartown owing probably to the bracing atmosphere of the sea. The wind was blowing very strong and chilly. Today, H. appears in several respects improved. She has more use of her limbs.

Saturday we encountered a violent head wind, amounting quite to a gale against which we stood all day with close reefed topsails and canvas & jibs. Yesterday (Sabbath), we encountered a very high & violent gale moving from N.-E. South East to N. W. -- most of the time fair. The sea frequently broke over the vessel -- even swept over the poop deck. Several of the chickens were drowned and the cook's galley and the house for steerage passengers¹⁴ was moved from its place. The heavy wind, terrible sea & cruel rolling of the Brig wrenched [?] her so the pumps were kept working all day. By some fault in the loading of the vessel she rolled incessantly, wind or no wind. It fatigues one all day to hold on and keep upright and all night to keep from rolling out of the birth [sic]. Today we have had fair wind, but not much of it. Today about 9 o'clock we passed the track of [he inserted "& near"] a ship from the West Indies for the North. I tried to persuade the Capt. to speak her that we might be reported, thinking our folks would feel exceedingly anxious about our safety as we were just out in the terrible storm of Tues-

day. We were but a mile or two off, but he would not consent.

Yesterday was Sabbath -- my first Sabbath at sea -- and far from being an "emblem of Eternal rest." Light with nausea, rolling of vessel & excited waves & terrible sea, the day passed gloomily enough. I thought of friends at home & wished myself at Church with them.

Well, the Capt. says we have had a good run & so fast -- not one in a hundred as good.

[The ink on the preceding two pages of the journal has faded almost to illegibility. Much effort was required to decipher Henry's words, words written under great stress because of the weather. The editor feels confident it is an accurate reading. The next journal page is devoted (in dark, readable ink) to recording the brig's daily positions from November 12 to 27. See map in this issue for the approximate daily plottings.]

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1850. The motion of our vessel yesterday & today has been quite endurable -- very little rolling. For five days out the Capt. says we had very unusual sea & head winds & gales. However that may be, I am certain I had become heartily sick of sailing & the ocean. During the last two days, [however,] I have become quite reconciled & pleased with a sea voyage.

This morning we "made land," Abaco, one of the little Bahamas. We have however been contending all day with strong current & scant wind. Just before dark we were off the "Hole in the Wall" Light. This has its name from a narrow promontory one or two hundred feet wide & three or four miles long, extending into the sea with

a hole through it, through & beyond which the ocean may be seen. The height of this narrow wall, which is of coral lime stone, is, I should judge, 100 feet high. It is quite a curiosity in its way. This Island appears to be very barren, its wood principally a kind of pine. As we were distant four to eight miles I could of course determine little with accuracy. Thus we have been 8 days at sea out [of] sight of land. Our run so far has been remarkably good, e.g., for time. The dangerous part of the navigation is just entered upon.

The temperature has become quite changed from N. England November. The mercury ranges not far from 80 degrees Far. This noon I observed a heavy dew laying upon deck & spars which gathered so abundantly as to form drops, pendant. This notwithstanding the Sun was shining out bright & hot. Capt. Westfall said it was an indication of Southerly wind. This evening is very pleasant here but just beyond the Island in the Gulf Stream there is the appearance of a severe tempest & strong wind.

The Light at the "Hole in the Wall" is the most brilliant I ever saw. Its flash -- it is a revolving light -- is almost or quite dazzling.¹⁵

Night before last Hattie suffered from a severe nervous convulsion. Perhaps these attacks might be called nervous fits. The one on Monday night was among the most severe from which she has suffered. She was yesterday

morning very weak but during the day recruited considerably. The spasm seemed to be excessively violent in her throat, causing choking which threatened her life for some time. Last evening, the attack was not so violent. She rested better during the night. Today she has appeared quite "Smart" much of the time. Yesterday I felt very miserable in health -- today better. My Spiritual health is somewhat improved by meditation, reading scripture & prayer. I have still abundant trial of my faith & patience. The Lord grant me grace to conquer.¹⁶

Thursday, Nov. 21. A delightful summer's day with light & scant wind. In the morning we were in sight of some of the innumerable "Keys" of these waters. These Keys I am told are little else than rock islands. What kind of rock I am not informed but presume it is lime or coral rock. All day we have been sailing across the Bahama Banks, the water deepening from three to six fathoms. The bottom is of a clear white coral sparsely overgrown with sponges. So brightly does the coral reflect the light of the sun that the water appears quite transparent whatever the depth. Always, I am told, the water on this bank is very smooth, even while during a storm the billows may be seen breaking mountains high but a short distance off.

We have scarcely seen a vessel since leaving N. Y. & today where usually there is a large fleet only one has been seen. It is cheering to catch glimpse of sails just rising above the horizon & watch their gradual progress [he inserted: "advance"] for then one feels he

¹⁵ This light, installed by the British, probably had prisms and lenses, plus a single, concentric-wick lamp, making it far brighter than those in the U.S. Within four years, such lights were installed in this country, including in the 1854 Gay Head lighthouse. Is anyone familiar with the "Hole in the Wall" Light?

¹⁴ His first mention of other passengers. The "house" on the afterdeck is where steerage passengers ate and relaxed. He and Hattie are "First Class" and occupy the main cabin.

¹⁶ Henry seems to be having doubts about his total faith in his God.

is not alone on the wide waste of waters. The social feeling manifests itself in human heart on land or sea. Such is the pleasing emotion while the kindred emotion of safety occupies the bosom, but when fear, from social contact, is once aroused give me the wings of the wind & the wide blue sea unwhitened by aught save crested waves.¹⁷ In the morning, a small schooner appeared off our weather [*above "weather" he placed a question mark*] quarter, steering on the same course with ourselves. My first impression in looking at her was of an unpleasant character. She stood on her course while we tacked ship & the Capt. pronounced her a trader going I forget where. At about three (3) P.M., Stirrup Keys bearing E'ly distant 15 miles, she came down near us & tacked, standing on the same course with us about a mile off. When she came down, she showed but three or four men, but on tacking sixteen men appeared on her deck. On stepping out of the Cabin at this time I was met with the remark, "There is a Pirate" & on looking at her sure enough there was every indication that the assurance [*assertion?*] was correct. The men were of uncommon size -- "a set of giants." Fourteen of the Sixteen were blacks, the other two whites. The schooner fell astern, the wind being very light, & soon after launched & manned her boat which for a while pulled directly towards us. Two men of huge dimensions -- even unmagnified by fear -- stood, one in the bow, the other in the stern, of the boat. Indeed, they looked so large dressed in white that without

my glass I could scarcely believe they were not sails set.¹⁸

My eyes alone were not of magnifying habit for on mentioning the fact to the Capt., he said he had already observed it. What the design of launching the boat was I knew not for soon they hauled up to the schooner & boarded. The wind springing up at the N.E., I believe, they hauled close by the wind & at sunset dark were probably ten miles off. That this schooner was a Pirate we can not positively affirm, that she is a Piratical looking craft, with a piratical looking crew is certain.

My feelings on learning a Pirate was near us & on seeing the vessel with her crowd of crew were of peculiar cast. All the stories of my boyhood of Pirates came crowding before my vision & received new hues of blood & death from the fact we were amidst those very Keys where many of these crimes were performed. I thought first of my dearest Wife & the brutal outrages to which she might be subjected & probably death. The "plank," the sabre, the pistol & dirk seemed now the probable fate of us all. Our vessel is culpably destitute of means of defense. The only weapons I saw or could learn of on board are a sabre, a sword belonging to the Capt., a pair of pistols belonging to the 2nd mate & two spears for catching porpoises which the mate fitted up after the Pirates neared us.

The Capt. expressed his purpose should they attempt to board us with a boat: to sink their boat alongside. To do this he would have two barrels of Beef on each side of the brig; his men

below the railing or bulwarks; let the boat come quietly as they chose along side & the instant this was affected two or three men were to take a barrel of the Beef & throw it into the boat.

This looks very well in plan but in execution I fancy would be another thing. Through the infinite mercy of God -- the God of kindness -- we were spared the use of sabre, pistol, spear or Barrels of Beef -- at least we are at the present spared although we cannot consider ourselves yet entirely out of danger.

The Providence which should bring us, both invalids, away from home & friends in search of health to be massacred by Pirates on the ocean seemed mysterious beyond mystery. We both committed ourselves & the crew into the hands of Our Father to do with us as He should see best. I have laid down stricken by ----[?] & felt happy in prospect of death. When our vessel some nights since was in imminent peril, I felt calm & serene with the assurance of faith in Him who would bear me up amidst the "Dwellings of Jordan." But when the prospect of butchery -- cruel, brutal, horrid butchery -- lay before me I found it exceeding difficult to feel composed -- indeed my excitability was scarcely controllable. I felt I could, by grace given, "walk the plank," but to see my Hattie outraged or butchered & submit to have my throat cut, poor human nature, shrank from with almost agonizing dread. I attempted to conceal my feelings & probably succeeded very well. I was much encouraged by Hattie, who appeared perfectly calm when I announced to her the proximity of the Piratical Schooner, expressed her confidence in an overruling Providence & directed my faith

to Him who watcheth over all his children.

Hattie has been quite comfortable today, yet the protracted suspense of ~~our~~ attending our fate could but excite her weak nerves unpleasantly & painfully.

Yesterday I bathed her with salt sea water which brought out a humor thickly over her chest & abdomen.¹⁹ Finding this result, she wished to be bathed again today & performed the ablutions herself.

Her days are very much more comfortable than while at Providence & her nights not less so. The spasms, it is true, of which she had a touch last night, she was free from at P. M., yet the pain in her limbs is less severe & her strength is improving.

Thus with the Pirate story, I have made into a very long entry of five pages & will now bid this, my "Running account of matters & things" good night. 9 1/2 P.M., wind breezes from the East promising a safe flight.²⁰

Friday, Nov. 22. Another delightful Summer's day, yet such an [*sic*] one as a sailor desiring quick passage would prefer to avoid. We have just moved along today with the very light wind & current. This has given me a fine opportunity to view the Great Bahama Banks, this marble ocean floor. The part passed over today is called the Milky Way, which is a kind of Bay making up into the Banks about 20 miles wide. The Banks is about 60 miles wide. My authority for most of

¹⁷ This sentence is bewildering until one reads what follows. It was obviously written *after* the encounter.

¹⁸ In the margin, Henry wrote boldly, "Pirates."

¹⁹ Humor: "any of the four fluids formerly considered responsible for one's health. . . : blood, phlegm, choler (yellow bile), or melancholy (black bile)." *Webster's New World Dictionary*.

²⁰ Flight, as in fleeing from the pirates.

my statements is the Capt. or mate, Mr. Campbell.

The water of the Milky Way is a color very nearly like that of water with a little milk in it. Not having my microscope²¹ at hand I did not examine if there were *animalculae* staining the water. It is possible, yet I am rather inclined to believe it is owing to the color of the limestone of the Bottom. I have nothing to verify my supposition.

Perhaps at 4 P.M., our vessel was brought to anchor, as likewise [were] two Barques & two Brigs in sight & company. We are just on the border of the Gulf Stream & an experienced pilot will not venture off the Banks into the Gulf Stream without a good wind with which to stem the current. It is sometimes the case that vessels going off the Banks with light wind are drifted North & are obliged again to come round the "Hole in the Wall" & over the Banks, lengthening their passage many days. We can see the anchor as it lies on the bottom 4 1/4 fathoms deep, while the water is as smooth as a Mill Pond.

In contrast with out unpleasant visitors of yesterday -- the Pirates -- we have today been cheered with respectable company, the Brigs & Ships mentioned. A little friend who has strayed some 40 miles or more away from his mates, came chirping happily around us, lighting now on this yard & now on that. This pretty little friend was a tiny yellow bird, not unlike the little yellow birds of the North.

Took a cigar²² after tea & sat down on deck in company with Capt. &

Mate. The evening is delightful. The Mate soon left & conversation turned with the Capt. on swearing, Religion, etc. He is a very ungodly man & as little of a gentleman as is often[?] met with. He is unsparing of oaths & not very particular to whom he uses them. More than once he has addressed me with the worst style of oath. I expressed in conversation that I have yet to learn the benefit of an oath -- that swearing is ungentelemanly, that if a gentleman in a gentlemanly manner makes a request of me or advises me I respect him & will comply with his wishes, but if a man rips out an oath at me I may comply with the request yet I turn up my nose at him in disgust & consider his oath as the growling of a dog. He took my remarks very pleasantly, probably feeling they were meant & that they were appropriate.

Harriette has today appeared & says she has felt better than for months. She had no spasms last night & today has felt quite free from pain, save occasional twinges in her feet. She walked by my assistance out & looked at the water & the coral bottom. The warm weather seems very favorable to her. The mercury has stood this P.M., 86 degrees in the shade -- quite a change from a New England November.

Saturday, Nov. 23. At sunrise this morning our vessel was under way with a nearly fair wind to cross the Gulf Stream. At about 10 o'clock we were quite off the Bahamas & contending with the strong current. The wind breezed up finely from N. E. & at just after dark we were in sight of "Double Headed Shot Key" Light. The current is so strong here that notwithstanding we pass over many miles of water we

make little progress over the bed of the water.

This forenoon we were visited by a Cuba or Providence Plover, a bird excellent for eating, weighing sometimes 6 or 7 lbs. This bird flew very near us and it resembled in appearance the "Shite Poke" or "Stake Driver."

This evening I was greatly delighted with the appearance of the water of the Gulf. It was exceedingly phosphorescent -- not as a sheet of fire as is sometimes the case, but with luminous spots varying in size from a pea to that of a Hat-crown. One luminous spot was oblong, perhaps 8 inches by 2 or 3 inches. The appearance was one time as if the stars had fallen down & were floating on the waters. The light was so bright that as I was looking forward my first impression was that someone was throwing coles [sic] of fire over board.

Hattie sat up some time this A.M. & P.M. & by my assistance walked to the door of the Cabin & stood some minutes looking at a Ship near us under full sails. The atmosphere however becoming very bracing she was suffering at 4 o'clock from considerable pain.

We were very near striking on a reef this morning just on the edge of the Gulf. The Capt. says the reef is laid down on no chart, that it is not much larger than his brig, that we had not more than two feet of water to spare when we passed over it. Certainly these are perils by sea.

The roughness of the water & sailing in the trough of the Sea made me feel a little sick today. A Lemon seems to quiet it.

Sabbath, Nov. 24. We have had a fair wind with which to cross the Gulf

Stream. At about 10 A.M., made Gun [?] Key on the Florida Coast. After crossing the Gulf we sailed for some time over the Quick [?] Sands which gave the waters a light greenish appearance. During the afternoon we were off the "Tortugueses" [Tortugas]. Government is establishing on one of these Keys a Naval station. A large building said to belong to Gov. was plainly visible, together with the Light House. Near one of the Keys were a number of "wreckers" loaded with cotton from a large ship which they were trying to force off the shore.

After passing the Tortugueses, the Capt. expressed himself relieved of a great burden -- gave his course to the Helmsman & laid down. We had a fair wind bearing us swiftly forward toward Mobile on a clear road.

This forenoon we were visited by a small hawk, which lighted several times on our royal yard & accompanied us several miles. Several hawks of much larger size floated around us in the distance while sea gulls were quite plenty. A porpoise whose body was plainly visible in the transparent water followed along a short distance.

I have not felt very well today. The motion of the vessel makes me a little dizzy & light stomached. Except that we have been making fine progress on our voyage this has been a very disagreeable Sabbath, like the last.

The change in the weather from the heat of the Bahamas to the temperature of 70 degrees & less in the Gulf Stream has affected Hattie rather unpleasantly. By advice of the Capt., she gave up drinking tea & took molasses & water some days since, since which time she has had none of those violent

²¹ Henry, a curious person, apparently had a microscope in his luggage.

²² Another interesting tidbit about our man Henry -- he's a cigar smoker!

spasms. She still however suffers considerably from pain in her limbs.

Monday, Nov. 25. We have been making our course all night & all day with a glorious breeze which promises a speedy arrival in Mobile. Have been studying some French & copying some extracts from my Journal to forward home on our arrival in port. This has been a day without incident. The air is quite cool so that thick clothes are very comfortable buttoned up.

Tuesday, Nov. 26. Tuesday passed as Monday with a cool fair wind & rough sea. We made fine progress with promise from the Capt. of seeing Mobile on the morrow. Tues. night most uncomfortable.

Wednesday, Nov. 27. At 4 1/2 o'clock Wednesday morning "made" Mobile Point Light, distant 'twas supposed, 10 miles. I was on deck at 5 o'clock for I found it impossible to sleep because of the terrible rough seas & rolling of our vessel. On going on deck, the Brig was "laying too" [sic] drifting with the wind & sea sideways towards land. A signal - a lantern -- was set in the rigging for a Pilot & at day light a signal -- a flag -- was Set, but none appeared. The weather was exceedingly thick & hazy, especially at daylight, so that the light appeared some miles off.

At 7 o'clock we "wore ship" within a stone's throw of the outer breakers!! How near destruction! Once ashore there & our fate was inevitable. But God saw fit to spare us for a more safe shipwreck.²³

After "waring ship" we "stood off" for some time, but the Capt., thinking

²³ Again, he's writing with hindsight -- after the next exciting event!

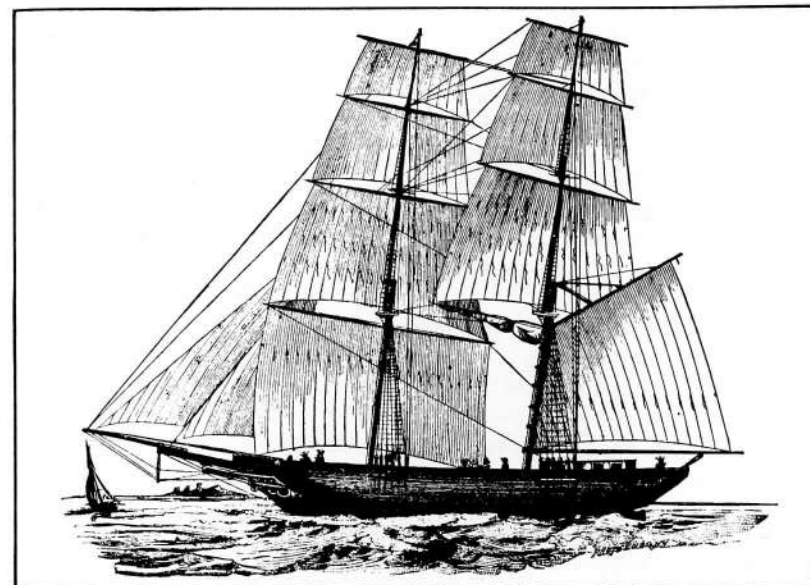
it impossible to escape a lea shore, again "stood in." It was so thick that land could not be seen at a mile's distance although the "trees" lining the shore could be seen a greater distance.

After making land we ran in, the mate giving directions from the mast head. We found ourselves between breakers on either hand & ahead. The Capt. supposed the "bar" ahead & ~~chose the same~~ but that the high sea would & did break on the bar as well as elsewhere: therefore selecting the place with apparently the least breakers, he put the Brig in.

The man in the chains throwing the lead, faithfully noted the depth of the water -- "Seven fathom," "Six fathom," "five" & "four" & "three," "1/4 less three," "1/2 two," "two fathom," & at that instant the Brig struck with an alarming thump upon the reef & the next instant the sea dashed clear over us. I stood on deck the instant she struck with my heart lifted in prayer to God for deliverance from our immediate peril. I went immediately below & found Hattie very much composed. I had previously handed H. her clothes that she might dress & be in readiness for whatever fate awaited us.

Just as we were coming on the reef, a Pilot boat appeared but too late to save us. It was about 12 o'clock A.M. our Brig struck. The boat was immediately lowered to get soundings so that if possible to get out anchor & warp the Brig off. Find only 1 1/2 fathoms water with a tremendous sea, the plan[?] was abandoned.

The Pilot Boat did not approach within half a mile of us on account of the reef. I immediately began to pack what things were loose & got in readi-



A brig similar to the one Henry and Hattie were on as they sailed to Mobile.

ness if possible to escape. The vessel struck so severely that I every moment feared she would separate[?] & leave us at the mercy of the waves. At two o'clock the Capt. said he should be obliged to send Mrs. Baylies & myself on board the Pilot Boat in his Jolly Boat. We were instantly ready.

Mr. Nason, the 2nd Mate, took her in his arms & carried her midship & passed her to Fred who was lashed over the side in the "main chains." Fred held her a minute or two till the boat rose up on the wave so that those in the boat could reach her. It was rather a frightful position for her, yet she cried out[?] not once. I then got into the boat, having first tied money belt & life preserver about me & took H. firmly in my embrace. Four vigorous oarsmen & one at the Tiller & we put forth for venture through the Breakers.

Every moment it looked as if our little boat must founder & have us rising & falling upon the surging billows to perish almost in sight [of] our port.

Through Divine mercy we safely passed the perilous reef & landed safely on the Pilot Boat's deck. How grateful we were then for deliverance. Soon after, the Steerage Passengers, 4 in number, came on board²⁴ & we were all crowded into the little cabin scarcely large enough to admit one. But at such a time we were heartily thankful to escape our foundering Brig & feel comparatively safe anywhere & anyhow.

My trunks during the P.M. were brought on board, one of them 6

²⁴ Now we learn that there were only four steerage passengers aboard. Henry, a bit of a snob, must spend several days jammed in a tiny space with "steerage" people! He was, no doubt, too grateful for life to complain.

inches deep in salt water. Capt. Westfall as a gentleman rose in the market above par, the instant his vessel struck. He showed us every attention in his power. Indeed in his way he has showed Mrs. Baylies every attention during our voyage. He endured his loss of vessel very poorly. His courage failed him & he was as subdued[?] as a whipped child.

On the Pilot Boat we received every attention which could be rendered. We remained at anchor nearby half a mile, during this time taking in goods from the Brig. The last boat load was brought after dark at the insistence[?] of those on board -- indeed so high & dangerous were the billows that they dare not return to the Brig.²⁵ Our Boat

²⁵ The brig "bilged 15 hours after she struck and is now given up by the wreckers," Henry wrote in a letter to his parents, Friday morning, aboard the Pilot Boat, where they remained until Saturday, nearly three days after their rescue, because of the terrible storm.

was then pitching, bowsprit under, so that the Pilots thought prudent to weigh anchor & make for safe anchorage.

We ran up to Navy Bay where the Pilots have residences along the sand beach. It rained on our arrival & we remained on the Boat during the night.

Such are some of the facts of our shipwreck. The feelings & reflections on such an occasion I cannot record -- human pen can not record -- only human heart can experience. I thought that the climax of our afflictions -- perhaps the ----[?] conclusion of our pilgrimage.

Hattie's courage was matter of remark by the Capt. & officers. I told her I thought she was designed for great occasions.

Publication of Henry Baylies's diary is made possible by the generosity of Joanne Coffin Clark.

Sixteen Days at Sea, Ending in a Shipwreck

Journal of the Latitude & Longitude of Brig Alabama from Feb. 26 to March 9th
 Tuesday 1st 22 Off Sandy Hook 10 AM
 Wednesday 2nd Lat. 37-10 = at 7M. (220) Long. 74-25 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 74-24 = 4 PM
 Thursday 3rd Lat. 37-10 = at 7M. (220) Long. 78-12 3/4
 at 3 PM struck by heavy E by 10 AM
 a suspicious schooner reconnoitered us.
 Friday 4th Lat. 34-49 = at 7M. (150) Long. 78-59 = 1:30 PM.
 - 74-51 = 3 PM
 Saturday 5th Lat. 33-7 = at 7M. (150) Long. 82-46 1/2 = 2 PM.
 - 75-2 1/4 = 10 AM
 Sunday 6th Lat. 32-46 = at 7M. Long. 82-46 1/2 = 2 PM.
 - 76-05 = 9 AM
 Monday 7th Lat. 30-39 = at 7M. Long. 84-47 1/4 = 10 AM
 - 75-38 1/4 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 8th Lat. 28-31 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 9th Lat. 27-25 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 10th Lat. 26-9 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 11th Lat. 25-9 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Saturday 12th Lat. 24-46 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Sunday 13th Lat. 24-31 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Monday 14th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 15th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 16th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 17th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 18th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
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 Sunday 28th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Monday 29th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 30th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 31st Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 1st Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 2nd Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Saturday 3rd Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Sunday 4th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Monday 5th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 6th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 7th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 8th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 9th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
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 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
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 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 13th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 14th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 15th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 16th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Saturday 17th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Sunday 18th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Monday 19th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Tuesday 20th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Wednesday 21st Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Thursday 22nd Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Friday 23rd Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Saturday 24th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Sunday 25th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 - 76-8 1/2 = 10 AM
 Monday 26th Lat. 24-26 = at 7M. Long. 86-8 1/2 = 10 AM
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 Monday 27

CHART
of the
ATLANTIC
OCEAN.

NEW YORK
PENNSYLVANIA
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
CUBA

Philadelphia
Washington
Annapolis
Edenton
Charleston
Savannah
St. Augustine
Havana

New York
Providence
Rhode Island
Long I.
Delaware B.
Chesapeake B.
Charles
Cape Fear
Port Royal
St. John's R.
St. Augustine
Pensacola
Apalachicola
Sp. Antonio Bay
San Juan de los Rios
Key West
C. Key
C. Key
C. Key

The Trade Wind
Setting of the Current

GULF of MEXICO.

Daily plots of the 1850 voyage of Henry and Hattie, which ended on the 16th day when the brig was wrecked on a reef off Mobile. No fix was given on the 15th day (shown as an empty circle). The map is from Bowditch's 1845 edition.