



# THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 42, NO. 3

FEBRUARY 2001



*Palmetto  
Whaler  
Capt.  
Robinson*

Henry's sketch, a rarity in a  
merchant log. See p. 114.

Whaling: The Vineyard Connection

## Capt. Henry Manter Of Holmes Hole: A Lifetime on the World's Oceans

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

## Oklahoma, the Grand Plan of 1872

## Innisfail: When Irish Eyes Were Smiling on the Lagoon

by BRENDA L. HARRIGAN

Documents

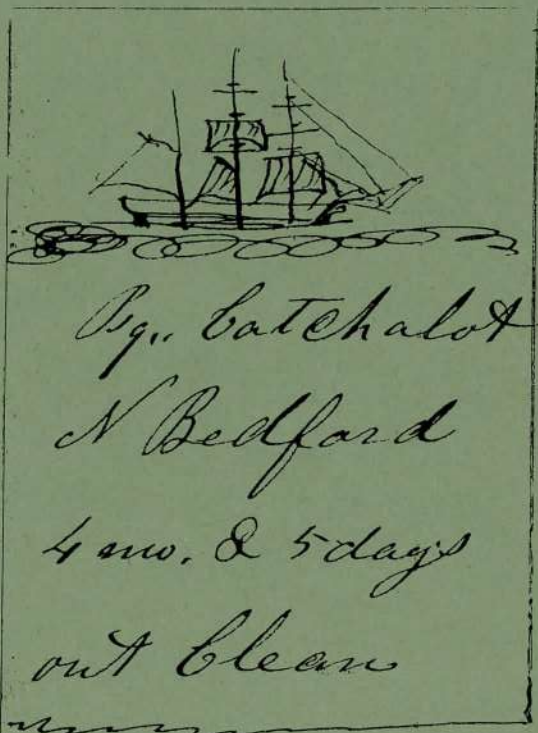
## A Running Account Of Matters & Things

(Conclusion)

by HENRY BAYLIES

# MEMBERSHIP DUES

Student .....	\$25
Individual .....	\$45
(Does not include spouse)	
Family .....	\$60
Sustaining .....	\$100
Organization/Business .....	\$150
Patron .....	\$250
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Tax deductible except to \$15,	
*\$25 and **\$35	



From the log of the ship America.

Captain Henry was a talented artist, but merchant logs are not decorated like those on whalers. His quick sketch of a New Bedford whaler was an exception. "Clean" means she had killed no whales, after four months at sea.

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## Whaling: The Vineyard Connection

- Capt. Henry Manter of Holmes Hole:**  
**A Lifetime on the World's Oceans** 99  
 by ARTHUR R. RAILTON
- Oklahoma, the Plot Plan of 1872** 120
- Innisfail: When Irish Eyes**  
**Were Smiling on the Lagoon** 122  
 by BRENDA L. HERRIGAN

## Documents

- A Running Account**  
**Of Matters & Things** 138  
 (Conclusion)  
 by HENRY BAYLIES
- Special People** 145
- In Memoriam:**  
**Marjorie E. Railton** 148

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## Capt. Henry Manter of Holmes Hole: A Lifetime on the World's Oceans

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

AS WOULD BE EXPECTED of an island community, Vineyard history is sprinkled with mariners. Families shipped sons off to sea (or saw them go without permission) at an early age. Best known mariners are the Cottles, Jernegans, Osborns, Peases and Worths. Rarely mentioned are the Manters of Tisbury, among whom was Capt. Henry Manter (1816-1878).

Henry's seafaring career began at the age of 11. At 20, in 1836, he was master of whaleship *Pocahontas* from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, taking her on a two-year voyage in the South Atlantic. Commanding a whaleship at 20 was not routine. Whaling masters needed experience, as one historian wrote:

The Old Man, as he was called, actually ranged in age from 25 to 70-odd years. Typically, he was a tough, resourceful New Englander in his mid-thirties who had signed aboard his first whaler in his early teens as a lowly cabin boy or foremasthand, and had gradually worked his way aft 'through the hawsehole,' as sailors put it, to the officers' quarters. He had become a harpooner and then a mate before winning a command of his own.<sup>1</sup>

From eleven on, Henry sailed the world, tied to the sea as a whaling master and then a merchant captain. We don't know why he gave up whaling after three voyages, but it wasn't for money. Merchant captains earned only half as much.

Fast, sleek clipper ships had just come down the ways, bringing a jolt of excitement. Perhaps Henry was responding to that. Or he may have wanted to be home more. He had been away four years on his final whaling voyage. If that was his reason, it didn't work out. His last merchant voyage took three years.

More likely, it was Henry's love of sailing, of driving a ship

<sup>1</sup> A. B. C. Whipple, *The Whalers*, Time-Life Books, 1979, p. 64.

ARTHUR R. RAILTON is Editor of this journal. He is grateful to Edwin Ambrose, Catherine Mayhew and James Norton for their help with this article.

through the water, a bone in her teeth, as fast as she would go. Merchant captains had to get to their destinations fast. Speed was profitable. Whaling masters cared not about speed, but about finding and killing whales, a slow exercise in sailing.

Henry loved to sail, loved looking up at billowing, straining canvas. Scattered through his logs are comparisons with passing vessels. Was she carrying more sail? Was she faster?

His heart must have fluttered when he took command of the clipper ship *Anglo-Saxon* from New York to San Francisco and then across the Pacific to Hong Kong and back.

Thanks to the Manter family, we have many of Henry's logs, whaling and merchant. They provide a remarkable look into a mariner's life in the 1800s, the great century of sail.

○

Henry Manter was born in 1816, one of six children of Thomas and Hannah (Luce) Manter of Tisbury. He was their fourth child. Two sisters, Peggy and Serena, and brother Joseph were older. Two more sisters, Matilda and Hannah, were younger. Brother Joseph, some may recall, kept the journal of the whaleship *Oscar* described on these pages last year.<sup>2</sup> On that voyage in 1838, Joseph died and was buried on Tahiti. Seven years later, Captain Henry, whaling in the South Pacific, stopped at Tahiti and found the grave, neglected and overgrown.

The patriarch, Thomas, died in 1821 of drowning. We don't know the circumstances. Henry was only five. Six years later, he went to sea. Some say by the time he was 16 he was awailing on the ship *Condor* from New Bedford. He didn't have time for formal education, but his penmanship (the principal indicator of education then) is excellent and his spelling above average, at least among log keepers. Perhaps, being bright, he taught himself or maybe an officer aboard ship gave him lessons.

Henry's first command, at only 20, was the whaleship *Pocahontas* of Portsmouth. He took her to the South Atlantic for two years and returned with 250 barrels of sperm oil.<sup>3</sup>

Our next record of Henry is on Christmas 1843 when he married Mary C. Luce of Chilmark, who may have been a cousin. His mother was a Chilmark Luce. Henry was 27, Mary 23. In every log, he added a note on Christmas about their anniversary.<sup>4</sup> He was a faithful, devoted husband, a family man. He wrote love poems in the logs and often inscribed Mary's name in his flowing, graceful hand, embellished with curlicues. This sensitive, romantic whaling master was a far cry from the authoritarian, cruel whaling captain so common in fiction.<sup>5</sup>

Five months after the wedding, Henry returned to whaling as master of another *Pocahontas*, this one owned by Thomas Bradley of Holmes Hole, Henry's home port. It was on this voyage that he stopped at Tahiti to find his brother's grave. When she returned to Holmes Hole in 1846, the ship had 1100 barrels of sperm oil, 950 barrels whale oil and 900 pounds of bone.

After a year at home he signed on as master of the whaleship *Virginia* from New Bedford. A month after he sailed, his first child, Henry L., was born. Like many infants in those years, baby Henry spent his early years without a father. The *Virginia* voyage was the longest of Henry's career, a month short of four years. Its length may have prompted him to make a change.<sup>6</sup>

After the *Virginia*, we have no record of him ever going whaling again. It was the mid-1800s, an era of great changes. The California Gold Rush was causing the young (and not so young) men of the Vineyard to head west. But there were other changes. Sleek clipper ships were revolutionizing ocean travel. Speed became dominant, especially in the China tea trade. Freight rates jumped about fivefold to \$50 a ton as the freshest tea brought premium prices. The exciting challenge to be first in New York with a new crop of tea tempted some mariners to leave whaling.

We don't know if that was why Henry switched, but in August 1854, three years after returning on the whaler *Virginia*, he was captain of the merchant ship *America* of New Bedford, head-

<sup>4</sup> Except for one, as we shall see.

<sup>5</sup> The most famous fictional whaling master is Captain Ahab, created by Herman Melville in *Moby Dick*. Melville's brief whaling experience was mostly under Capt. Valentine Pease of Edgartown. Whether Captain Pease was an Ahab is questionable.

<sup>6</sup> We will summarize the *Virginia*'s long voyage in a future issue.

<sup>2</sup> *Intelligencer*, May 2000.

<sup>3</sup> Starbuck's record of the voyage says the vessel switched to merchant service after this voyage. Alexander Starbuck, *History of the American Whale Fishery*, Waltham, Mass., 1878.

ing for the Chinch Islands off the Pacific coast of South America. She was not a clipper and the cargo was not fresh tea, but a load of guano, bird excrement used as fertilizer. The three Chinch Islands were the leading source of guano, then much in demand. *America* made the passage to the islands in 44 days, loaded her hold with guano and returned to Hampton Roads in July 1855.<sup>7</sup>

Back on the Vineyard, Henry stayed long enough to help Mary with the birth of their second child, Ellis, in December 1856. The couple now had two boys; neither went to sea. The older, Henry L., never married. He died in Vineyard Haven in 1893. Ellis owned a shoe store and print shop in Holmes Hole. In 1900, at 44, he married Ethel McKenne, of Rockland, Massachusetts, the daughter of a mariner. She must have felt at home among the Manters. A news story of her wedding said, "On account of the absence of her father, who is at sea, the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. John L. McKenne of Lockport."

In 1858, Henry got what must have been his dream job. He became captain of the clipper ship *Anglo Saxon*, one of the smaller designs then being built. Economics had doomed the big clippers which were as long as 250 feet, requiring more than 60 men as crew. The *Anglo Saxon* was first of three smaller clippers built in Rockland, 160 feet long and fast. Henry, who loved to sail, must have been elated.

However, the speed of his first voyage did not please him. It took 164 days to get to San Francisco. Clippers were averaging 150 days at the time. Arriving in San Francisco, Henry wrote: "made fast to Market Street Wharf and fird [sic] sails (thus ends this Long passage of 164 days. Henry Manter),"

The "Long passage" was not Henry's fault:

[She] had generally light winds in the Atlantic and Pacific, but was 41 days rounding the Horn in very heavy weather.<sup>8</sup>

Henry tells us little of his personal life in the logs, but on August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1858, during that "Long passage," he wrote:

I have now been 31 days without using [sic] Tobacco, longest time since

<sup>7</sup> It's a little known fact that in the 1890s on Penzance Point at Woods Hole, there was a huge guano processing plant, dispensing foul odors and pollutants.

<sup>8</sup> William Armstrong Fairburn, *Merchant Sail*, Fairburn Foundation, Lovell, Maine, 1945-55, v. VI, p. 3416.

FROM LAHAINA !  
-FOR-  
**NEW BEDFORD!**



THE A 1 CLIPPER SHIP  
**ANGLO-SAXON!**  
CHAS. MANTER, Commander.

This FIRST CLASS ship will load OIL and BONE for  
**NEW BEDFORD DIRECT.**

She is of small capacity, (826 tons,) and having  
part of her cargo engaged, will have early dispatch.  
Particular attention will be paid to the care  
of O.I., Captain Manter having had experience with  
the same. **GILMAN & CO.**  
LAHAINA, October, 1858.

Card soliciting cargo for Henry's voyage from Hawaii to New Bedford lists him as "Chas." Manter.

I was 2 years old.<sup>9</sup>

He seemed to feel his crew was not adequate. Soon after tying up at Market Street, he discharged 12 crewmen and officers, including his First and Second Mates. He recorded another loss: Chas. Fox, Steward. We suppose he was drowned alongside of the ship trying to get aboard.

Replacements were signed on and in a month the ship left for the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii), arriving there October 20, 1858, a voyage of 15 days, a good run. We have a card advertising her return voyage. Henry's name was printed wrong:

CHAS. MANTER, Commander. This FIRST CLASS ship will load OIL and

<sup>9</sup> Whether this is an exaggeration we don't know, but it certainly indicates that smoking started at an early age in those days.



BONE for NEW BEDFORD DIRECT. She is of small capacity, (826 tons) and having part of her cargo engaged, will have early dispatch. Particular attention will be paid to the care of Oil, Captain Manter having had experience with the same.

They sailed December 4<sup>th</sup>. Henry wrote in the margin: "A full Cargo of Oil & Bone." A week later, they crossed the Equator. On his wedding anniversary, Henry remembered:

Christmas Day. I have been married 15 years this day.

The *Anglo Saxon* was in New Bedford 120 days after leaving Hawaii. A fast voyage compared with the 164 days it took her to sail from New York to San Francisco a few months before. On the 98<sup>th</sup> day of the voyage, Henry wrote:

Ship has made 248 miles, 10 1/2 Knots average. This is the longest day's work this voyage.<sup>10</sup>

After unloading, Henry headed home. That was his only voyage as a clipper-ship master,<sup>11</sup> but it was far from the end of his career. His stay at home was a long one, at least as mariners measure such visits. Starting his next voyage on the *Samuel Robertson* in the spring of 1863, he noted:

I was at home 4 years and one month. Exactly to a day. Henry Manter.

He signed on to take the *Samuel Robertson* from New Bedford to Honolulu. She never got there. The log explains:

May 5, 1863. 8 a.m. Discharge Pilot. Nomans Land bearing E 12 miles.

June 6 – Crossed the Equator, 31 days from Nomans Land.

June 10 – Find the Ship's Leak increasing.

June 11 – At Noon tried the pump as usual. Pumped until 2 p.m., then sounded and found 4 ft. 8 in. water in the Hole. Started both pumps and pumped 24 hours and did not decrease the water any.

June 13 – Employed fitting pump gear. both pumps going constantly Night and Day. Gaining on her since fixing the Gear.

June 14 – Land in sight. Ship leaking eleven inches per hour when the pumps are not going. We are having a hard time to make port.

June 16 – At 9 a.m. came to anchor off Pernambuco and went immediately on shore. When we came to had 5½ feet water in the Hole. Took 12 men on board to assist in pumping. Held a survey. They order us to

<sup>10</sup> This would have been a routine day's sail for the largest clippers. The *Champion of the Seas* set a 24-hour distance record of 465 miles.

<sup>11</sup> *Merchant Sail* lists Henry as captain on another *Anglo Saxon* voyage in 1859, but that is incorrect, he was on the *Vineyard* then.

begin lightering immediately and to take the ship up into the inner harbor. Fresh winds and rugged, verry hard getting Cargo into the Lighters.

For two weeks, they unloaded the cargo. On June 30<sup>th</sup>, another survey was made, the copper sheathing forward was removed and "found the wood ends open considerable."

On July 3<sup>rd</sup>, the log ends. The *Samuel Robertson* was condemned after 38 years of service, leaving Henry without a ship. He took passage on the Brig *Jaboatao* for New York and went home. In three months, he was back at sea on the ship *William Wilcox*, leaving Boston for San Francisco February 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1864. The Civil War was raging and the chance of being sunk by a Confederate raider must have been on his mind. Twenty-seven days out, they crossed the Equator. The *Anglo Saxon* had taken 31 days. The wind was kinder this voyage.

Ten days out, we learn he is still kicking the tobacco habit: I resolve here to abstain from the pernicious use of Tobacco.

The *William Wilcox* made San Francisco in 157 days, a week faster than the clipper *Anglo Saxon*. Henry noted that number boldly in the log. At San Francisco they were ordered to take a load of guano from the Chinchas to Rotterdam, Holland. They got to Callao, Peru, September 29<sup>th</sup> and to the Chinchas a week later: Nothing remarkable occurring [in] our stay at Chincha Islands. Took our cargo very slowly but finally finished loading Jan'y. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1865, and sailed on the 14<sup>th</sup>.

For some reason, perhaps to clear customs and to account for the amount of guano on board, they sailed back to Callao. A few days later, they left for Europe, but had to return:

Sailed on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Returned on the 23<sup>rd</sup> on account of Books and papers being left behind. Sailed again the same day.

Henry recorded the amount of guano they had on board:

Our account of the Cargo is 1138 Tons. Mr. Matthews' shore account, 1267 tons I think we have 1300 on board. After our water was in & anchors on the bows, we draw 19 ft. 10 in. aft and 19 ft. 00 in. forward.

Here in the log, there is a tedious five-page poem entitled "Anti-past Crimes and Punishment," written by Capt. Samuel Daggett of Holmes Hole when he was 92. It describes sinful acts of Old Testament personages. It's unlikely that Henry had copied Daggett's poem at Callao. Probably he had done it earlier, placing

it far back on pages he assumed he wouldn't need.

After sailing the second time from Callao, January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1865, the ship went around Cape Horn into the Atlantic, arriving off England May 23<sup>rd</sup>, the 120<sup>th</sup> day at sea. Another fast voyage. They took aboard a Channel pilot (Henry wanted a Rotterdam pilot, but none was available). Off Dungeness on the Strait of Dover, they found a Rotterdam pilot and released the other. On May 29<sup>th</sup>, they reached the continent, anchoring in Brewershaven, the Netherlands. The ship was towed through canals by 20 horses and finally arrived in Rotterdam on June 9<sup>th</sup> and discharged 1243 tons of guano, very close to Mr. Matthews' estimate of 1267 tons.

Orders came to sail to Wales for a cargo of coal. On July 1<sup>st</sup>, they took on ballast and retraced their trip through the canals into the English Channel. After sailing along the south shore of England, they headed northeast into Bristol Channel, tying up in Cardiff July 17<sup>th</sup> at Penarth Dock. A quick loading pleased Henry: We loaded our coal in 3½ days after our ballast was out. 9 days at Cardiff only, from the time we anchored we were going out.

Heading for New York, they spotted three pods of sperm whales. No doubt, for a moment or two, Henry was wishing he was back awhaling. The voyage home was uneventful. Sunday, September 3<sup>rd</sup>, they spoke the steamer *Louisiana* and exchanged position data, the usual ritual of reassurance. They agreed they were 200 miles south of Martha's Vineyard. Five days later:

in sight of the Highlands of Never Sink [New Jersey]. Anchored outside the bar. At 7 a.m. took a steam tug. At 10 a.m. anchored off Hoboken. So ends the voyage of 19 months & 6 days.<sup>12</sup>

They had returned to a nation at peace. The Civil War had ended in April 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated soon after. Not a word appears in the logs about the war. During the war, Confederate raiders had destroyed many American vessels,<sup>13</sup> but as far as the log is concerned, Henry was not aware of it.

After the *Wilcox* was unloaded in Hoboken, we assume Henry went to Holmes Hole to visit his family. We have no record

of that, but it seems likely. He was now 50 years old, his two sons, Henry L. and Ellis, were 18 and 9 years old. He had been with them only five years of their lives.

He wasn't home long. In three months, he was at sea on the *William Wilcox*, again bound for San Francisco. They left New York on December 16<sup>th</sup>, 1865. Two weeks later, a near tragedy:

Jan'y. 2<sup>nd</sup> A man fell overboard from the lee bow but got him on board again from the Main Chains.

Fifty-eight days out, February 12<sup>th</sup>, again a near tragedy:

Blew a gale with a tremendous sea. A sea broke over the stern, washed the Man from the wheel clear into the Waist and injured him some. The Captain and Mate saved themselves by climbing on top of the House. The sea stove in the Cabbin doors & windows & broke down the Poop deck after the Cabbin. The binnacle washed away and broke to peaces [sic] . . . The Cabbin and Poop were filled with water. Nauticle Alminac and nearly all my books and charts ruined. We finally succeeded in getting the water out of the Cabbin and Laserete.

Soon after, the doldrums. Frustrated, Henry wrote:

One week have not gained a peg.

The winds returned with storms, hail and snow. Again, March 11<sup>th</sup>, a following sea washed over the stern and "stove two boats nearly to peaces." The ship was at 60 degrees South Latitude, 500 miles below Cape Horn, closer to Antarctica than South America. The winds and currents had set them far south. Finally, they rounded the Horn. An ominous sighting:

March 25<sup>th</sup>: Saw something last night about 8 p.m. we called a small Iceburg, it being dark and rainy could not be certain.

No further mention of icebergs. On the final day of March: Observed a totle Eclipse of the Moon, it being full Moon at the time.

Every day they gained a degree or two as they sailed north. On April 15<sup>th</sup>, a month after rounding the Horn: "Weather oppressive warm." On April 19<sup>th</sup>, they crossed the Equator; it was their 124<sup>th</sup> day from New York. The next day, Henry had an infrequent bout with homesickness and filled a page with family names and ages on their next birthdays, adding:

Should God in mercy Let us live to see the above dates.

Written April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1866.

We were married Dec. 25<sup>th</sup>, 1843.

<sup>12</sup> Henry's count began when they left Boston for San Francisco.

<sup>13</sup> Among them the *Ocmulgee* from Edgartown and the *Anglo Saxon*, the clipper Henry had commanded in 1858. She was captured and burned by the Confederate raider *Florida* in 1863.

May 21<sup>st</sup>, as they neared their destination, he started the countdown: "340 miles from Sanfrancisco." Each day the number dropped by about 150 miles. On the morning of May 24<sup>th</sup>:

Took Pilot and Steered into the harbor of Sanfrancisco. At 1 p.m., came to Anchor and fired sails. Thus ends.

The voyage from New York had taken 157 days.<sup>14</sup>

One month later, on June 28<sup>th</sup>, the *William Wilcox*, with a full cargo of flour, was towed through Golden Gate by a steam tug "Bound to HongKong." On the 18<sup>th</sup> day, they were off the Sandwich Islands and an apparently routine occurrence:

At 11 a.m., a Boat came off [the island] and took Our Mail.<sup>15</sup>

The ship was making good progress, averaging about 100 miles a day. On the 50<sup>th</sup> day from San Francisco, landfall:

Thunder and lightning at Sunset halfway between Pagan and Gigan Islands. The islands are high and can be seen at long Dist.<sup>16</sup>

The weather was, in Henry's words, "very foul, dirty."<sup>17</sup> On the 65<sup>th</sup> day, another landfall: Batan Islands, about halfway between Taiwan and the Philippines:

These islands are all high and bold water all round. Distance sailed [to-day] 120 miles and now we are fairly into the China Sea. Chronometer right by the land.

His navigation was accurate. He recorded Lat. 20.12 N, Long. 121.38 W. almost exactly what today's gazetteers show Batan Islands to be. It is impressive how precise such position data was after 65 days at sea, using only a sextant and a clock.

Tuesday, September 4, 1866, the *Wilcox* arrived off Hong Kong. A Chinese pilot came aboard and they sailed up the channel. Two days later:

Took steamer and [were] towed up to our berth, ¼ mile from the City of Hong King.

The Pacific crossing had taken 72 days. Their cargo of flour unloaded, they spent two months in Hong Kong awaiting orders, a

<sup>14</sup> A fast voyage, it would seem. Clippers averaged about 125 days but the *Wilcox*, of course, was not a clipper.

<sup>15</sup> Officers and crew would write letters in anticipation of this mail pickup.

<sup>16</sup> Pagan Island has three volcanoes, the tallest being 1870 feet high. The U. S. had an airbase there during World War II.

<sup>17</sup> Foul and dirty did not mean polluted, but unpleasant.

a time Henry did not enjoy. On November 6<sup>th</sup>:

Took our anchor and stood out of the port of Hong Kong. . . We have 64 Chinese passengers and a very light Cargo of teas, rice and all kinds of Merchandise including 61 boxes opium. . . 4 of our Crew deserted while in port and we have 4 others in their stead and I am glad to get Clear of Hong Kong. I neither liked the Port nor its inhabitants. . . Discharged Pilot after getting through the 2<sup>nd</sup> passage west of Lima Island.

The seas were rough. On the 6<sup>th</sup> day, Henry noted: "China passengers recovering from Sea Sickness slowly." A few days later: Moderate gale and a terrific [sic] sea . . . lowered topsails . . . jibb and spanker fired. Blowing a gale at 6 p.m., reefed upper topsails at midnight, took in Mainsail. . . We have gained 10 miles in 8 days.

The Pacific must have looked mighty wide. Seventeen days out of Hong Kong: "Saw Island Formosa." They had covered only 350 miles and were farther north than Henry wanted. On the 43<sup>rd</sup> day, December 19<sup>th</sup>, south of Japan, the wind changed:

Steering NE, first time ship has headed her course since leaving Hong Kong. At noon, Suwa Island, bearing N.W. 15 miles. It is a Burning Volcano, saw smoke coming from its peak. Several islands in sight. We consider ourselves out of the Eastern Sea.

Things kept improving. For the first time since leaving Hong Kong, Henry began to record the miles traveled daily. And no wonder. On December 20<sup>th</sup>, it was 212 miles, the next day 220 miles, followed by 172 miles. These are numbers a captain loves. "For the first time since Hong Kong," Henry wrote, "the yards have been squared." A fair wind was taking them east with speed.

The day before Christmas, they "saw a large waterspout, had some hail." The next day, as always on Christmas, he remembered: "Twenty three years this day since I was married."

The ship continued to roll. The first day of 1867, she covered 210 miles, the next 190. On January 6<sup>th</sup>, Henry noted: "15 days from Japan. . . and here we pass the Lower Meridian and through [throw] off a day."

Soon they are north of the Hawaiian (Sandwich) islands. Henry notes: "2000 miles from Sanfrancisco." The ship continues to make good time, 200 miles a day occasionally.

His daily entries end Friday, January 25<sup>th</sup>. He summed up:

Sanfrancisco to Hong Kong 70 days.

Hong Kong to Sanfrancisco 81 days.



On the return voyage time had been lost in the first month, getting out of the China Sea and into the Pacific. From then, the *William Wilcox* had made excellent time. The ship's "light cargo," including the opium for the dens of Frisco, was unloaded. Orders for their next voyage came late in February 1867.

The new log was headed: "Ship *William Wilcox* from San Francisco to Cork for Orders." His first entry:

Tuesday February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1867. At 9 a.m. Tugboat *Rescue* came alongside and took us in tow. . . At noon, Tug left us off the heads.

The ship was carrying only ballast, hardly a profitable trip. There were few unusual incidents and Henry's entries were brief. On the 54<sup>th</sup> day, he recalled a sad day:

21 years and 2 days since, I Buryed Sylvanus Manter near this place on Bord ship *Pocahontas*.<sup>18</sup>

A few days later, a violent gale:

Barometer down to 28.70, lower by 5/10<sup>th</sup> inch than I ever saw here before. Midnight, blowing a gale. Took in Top Gal[lant] Sails. At 3 a.m., hard Gale with rain., took in upper Top sails. At 7, fore topsail sheet and fore sheet parted. Firded fore topsails.

Imagine the scene: in gale-force winds, in the dark, the men climb around the rigging, high above deck. It is a wonder any of those seamen survived.

During the gale, the ship made excellent progress, covering from 170 to 180 miles each day. On the 68<sup>th</sup> day out of San Francisco, Henry asks himself a question:

Beating around Cape Horn. Whoever heard the like before?<sup>19</sup>

Slowed by head winds, it wasn't until the 71<sup>st</sup> day that they rounded the Horn and headed northeast. Head winds continued:

Easterly winds the last 8 days. Making slow progress.

On the 86<sup>th</sup> day, an improvement. The *Wilcox* covered 200 miles, a fast day. But two days later:

At 6 p.m., tremendous squalls, wind shifted sudenly into the SW, a bad sea, making a clean breach over the ship fore and aft.

In the morning the men were busy removing effects of last night's Tifoon, as I call it. . . I have been going to sea 39 years and never saw it blow harder, but we run her through it and never broke a rope yarn.<sup>20</sup>

The *Wilcox* was now averaging about 150 miles a day as she headed across the Atlantic. Henry keeps checking other vessels in sight, comparing their speed to his:

Two sails going North. One we outsail and the other outsails us. Neither of them has studing sails. We have all of ours set.<sup>21</sup>

He asked, 104 days out:

Fresh breeze from N.E. I never saw such a wind here before, did you?

June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1867, they crossed the Equator. Henry recorded: "105 days to the Line from San Frisco." Ten days later, they picked up the trade winds, which Henry had been waiting for, and the ship began making more than 150 miles a day, heading to Ireland.

Then, a calm. For two weeks they sailed fewer than 25 miles a day. Ireland was looking far away. One day, they went 90 miles and under his notation Henry added sarcastically, "Wonderful." July 11<sup>th</sup>, they made only four miles.

But the winds returned and again they were averaging 150 miles daily. Two days in a row they made 200. Tuesday, July 30<sup>th</sup>, he wrote, "at 4 a.m. took a pilot. At 5 saw Cape Clear." The next day they were at Queenstown. Henry went ashore to get his orders. They were to go to Dublin:

Discharged Cork pilot and took Channel pilot, working along W. Coast.

The voyage ended Saturday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1867:

Took a Tug for Dublin. . . at 4 p.m. anchored in Kings Town Harbor, unbending sails, etc. So Ends.

That concludes the log. We have no record of the return to the United States. Some back pages in the log book describe financial settlements with the crew. It is confusing, but as we interpret it 17 men and 2 officers (not including the captain) received a total \$1860 for five months at sea. Most were paid the week af-

<sup>18</sup> We have been unable to identify Sylvanus. On the voyage he refers to, Henry stopped at Tahiti at the grave of brother Joseph. See *Intelligencer*, May 2000. It is interesting that this spot in the South Pacific was a "place" he remembered after more than 20 years. More likely he had marked it on his chart.

<sup>19</sup> Prevailing winds are from the west, now they are easterly.

<sup>20</sup> By his comment we learn that Henry went to sea in 1828 when he was 11 years old.

<sup>21</sup> Studding sails are light sails set outside the square sails in a following wind. Almost every time Henry sees another vessel on the same course, he compares speed and sail set to his.

ter arriving in Dublin. Four, including the First Mate, were not paid until two weeks later. The two officers received more than half of the total, nearly \$970.

Also Henry kept a list of money owed him by crew members who had bought items from him. Some are very surprising. For example, Henry sold John Williams, the cook, a gun for \$4.50, then a pistol and cartridges for \$13 and a gold watch and chain for \$68. When he was paid off, the cook received \$249.18, making him one of the highest paid crewmen. Cigars were the item most often sold, going for five cents each. Two men bought silk dresses and two bought suits. It is strange that Henry would have such items: dresses, suits? Also, wine that he sold to the crew.

These transactions are not dated. The total owed Henry is \$262 or 53 British pounds. The sale of guns to the cook is puzzling. Guns in the hands of the crew?

We lose track of Henry for the next three years. His next log is for the ship *Marianne Nottebohm* starting July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1870. It was, as Henry wrote on the cover, a "Voyage of 35 months," his longest trip since he gave up whaling. He sailed the ship from New York to San Francisco, from there to Australia, back to San Francisco, then to Liverpool, England, and back to New York, getting home June 6, 1873.

The voyage was long, but not lonely. His wife, Mary, was aboard, although he makes no direct mention of that in the log. Her presence becomes known indirectly when, as was his custom, he writes the family names in the log:

H. & M. C. Manter were married December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1843 and have been married 28 years this day and we are at Sea in Lat. 17 S, 130 W, on our passage from Newcastle, N. S. W., to San Francisco, 40 days out.

Henry L. is on a sheep Ranch in the state of Nevada and Ellis is at Home in School. H.M.

Perhaps because "we" are at sea, his daily entries are briefer. There is so much we would like to know. How does Mary get along with the others (there was one incident)? How did she spend those many days? What did they do while in port? It is useless to wish that Henry had been more forthcoming. That simply wasn't his style. The log begins July 20, 1870:

At 6 p.m., Tug Boat left us in a flat calm near Sandy Hook Light Ship.

No doubt, Mary was pleased with the calm. She would get more than her share of rough sea in the months ahead. After a slow beginning, they moved along under fair winds and on August 30<sup>th</sup>, the *Marianne Nottebohm* crossed the Equator. "Crossing the line," as Henry usually calls it, was always a milestone:

Crossed the Equator in 40 days 12 hours at 31W.

At various periods, the headings at the top of the pages are written in a totally different hand, much bolder, more artistic, almost calligraphic. Was Mary the writer? She soon runs out of interest, if indeed it was her work, as after a few months the writing never appears again.

On the 43<sup>rd</sup> day from New York, Henry trimmed sails to bring the ship dead in the water. They were approaching Cape Sao Roque, the headland on northeast Brazil, one of the most eastern points on the continent. It is not clear why he brought her to a stop unless so Mary could view it:

Stood 5 hours so as to pass the Rocuses in the daytime.

If that was the reason, it didn't work out. In the morning, they set all sails in "fresh trade winds" and

Saw nothing of the rocuses, passed 25 miles east of them by Chron[ometer]. . . . Saw the land at noon. Tacked off land, dist. 8 miles. Lots of Catamarans in sight.<sup>22</sup>

One month later, they were in smooth, "dirty green water" with a very heavy dew every night. Then, the sea changed:

A tremendous Gale and a terrific Sea. Ship considerable water on deck but the ship behaved well and made no water.

He was beginning to question the accuracy of his new chronometer.<sup>23</sup> October 25<sup>th</sup>, 87 days from New York, off Cape Horn in a thick snow storm:

My chronometer has gone east 34 or 40 miles since leaving home. I find her rate to be one second per day instead of 2 7/10 per day by Lunars and by the land. The old chronometer is only 8 miles too far west.

Bad weather continued south of Cape Horn and progress

<sup>22</sup> It is puzzling what Henry meant by "catamarans." He has written the word very clearly. Surely, there wouldn't be lots of what we call catamarans (two-hulled sailboats) out there. Are they sea birds?

<sup>23</sup> A chronometer is essential to navigation. It is set on Greenwich Mean Time. The difference between its time and the noon sighting of the sun gives position.

was slow. On November 5<sup>th</sup>, the ship reached her most southern latitude, 58.01S, far below the Cape, but not much closer to her destination:

This is tedious – gained nothing in the last 7 days.

Finally, they began heading northwest into the Pacific. The sailing improved. On November 17<sup>th</sup>, they made 216 miles; the following day, 230 miles, the best two days to date. The mood was better, helped no doubt by the fact that on November 21<sup>st</sup>, they caught an albatross.

On the last of November, Henry was having chart trouble: We judge ourselves 10 miles east of an island laid down on the charts, but no island is to be seen. It is called "Reported Island." I don't believe it is here, Grape Island they say is here. (Lat. 26.15S, Long. 96.09 W.)

Both whaling logs and merchant logs can be tedious reading. The most obvious difference between them is the whaler's "artwork," the silhouettes (made by wooden stamps) of whales, of ships met, occasional sketches of land as seen from the ship and, sometimes, decorative script. In some logs, there are colorful drawings of whaling drama. Merchant logs are matter-of-fact, reflecting business. But Henry, a talented pen-and-ink sketcher, did make one drawing in the log alongside this entry:

Spoke Barque *Palmetto* of New Bedford, 31 months out, 200 sperm, 800 humpback oil. All well. Capt. R. came on board, purchased one brl flour. Got a few sweet potatoes and onions and lots of news.

They were making good time, some days more than 160 miles, others in the 180s. December 21<sup>st</sup>, the countdown began: "Distance to San Francisco 1100 miles." Four days later: "560 miles from San Francisco." The wind dropped, as usual, as they neared the Golden Gate. But they celebrated:

Made a bonfire and sent up one Sky Rocket, it being Christmas Eve.

It must have been in honor of Mary, perhaps of their wedding anniversary. No previous Christmas had brought a celebration. For the first time, he didn't note it being his wedding anniversary. Mary was aboard, that was enough.

Then on January 6<sup>th</sup> the Golden Gate:

Saw the land at daylight, took a Pilot at noon, fog and calm. Telegraphed for a Tug.<sup>24</sup> At 4 p.m. Tug boat took us in tow. At 7 p.m. came

<sup>24</sup> This would be a signal-flag message, the original telegraph.

to anchor in the port of San Francisco.

They were there for eight months awaiting orders. Henry doesn't tell us what he and Mary did during that long layover. San Francisco was no longer the rough shantytown of the Gold Rush. The railroad connected it to New York. There must have been many things to do.<sup>25</sup> If only we had Mary's diary.

Finally, orders arrived. On August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1871, the ship left for Australia. The first day was worrisome. In the fog they heard a sailor's most dreaded sound – crashing surf:

4 p.m. Pilot left [us] just inside of the Bar. Weather is thick. At midnight heard surf on Ferelones [Island]. Wore ship and lay aback until daylight. Thick fog. At 8 a.m. passed close to North Rocks, say one mile dist.

The next day they were off for New South Wales carrying mostly ballast plus 30 tons of salmon in boxes and 22,000 feet of tongue and grooved lumber. It would not be a money-maker. Henry hoped it would be quicker than the previous voyage:

171 days passage from New York to San Francisco. Hope to be shorter to New Castle.

When the wind came, the *Nottebohm* began to move. With all canvas flying, including the studding sails, she covered 193 miles on the fourth day. By the 26<sup>th</sup> day, they had picked up the trade winds and for three days in a row they made 200 miles or more. On one, 220 miles, about as far as she had ever gone.

Then, September 29<sup>th</sup>, the 30<sup>th</sup> day out, a sudden tragedy:

One of the Seamen by the name of Jones, a Norwegian, fell in a fit and expired in a few moments. He had been complaining of a lame arm and sholder [sic] but no other complaints. He had an Epileptic fit we presume. At 10 a.m., [the ship] came too with the main topsail aback and after reading the funeral services committed his remains to the bosom of the deep and proceeded on our voyage.

Life went on. Henry still was having chart trouble:

Passed right over an island called Francis by my old chart at noon. No island in sight. My new chart has no such island.

October 14<sup>th</sup>, the ship crossed what we now call the International Date Line, the 180<sup>th</sup> meridian, where a day is gained or lost, depending on the ship's direction. In this case they would

<sup>25</sup> Henry kept a "Civil Account" in some logs, recording events in port relevant to business. No such account is in this log.



lose a day. It was Saturday so Henry decided to wait:

Shall change our day next Monday so as to make our work come right for East Longitude and correspond nearer New Castle times and ways.

Monday the 16<sup>th</sup> became Tuesday the 17<sup>th</sup> as the ship continued west. A week later, they were 230 miles from New Castle. On October 25<sup>th</sup>, they entered the harbor. A "heavy Tempest" forced them to wait, sails furled, until 9 a.m., the next day for a tug to tow them to a mooring. The 55-day voyage was over, unloading began. Cargo was not all that was unloaded:

5 of the crew deserted during the night.

Sunday came. A day to celebrate:

Most of the crew went on liberty. At 9 p.m. some of the crew came on board. The remainder were put in prison on account of disorderly conduct. 3 officers among the rest. First Officer came on board very much intoxicated.

Monday unloading was over and they began filling the hold with coal for San Francisco. An accident:

Peter Rader while painting ship between the ship and the wharf caught foul and broke his thy [thigh]. They sent for a Doctor . . . ordered him to the Hospittle [sic]. Doctor set his leg and he is getting along nicely.

Loading continued, interrupted by two religious holidays. November 13<sup>th</sup>, "six of the new crew came on board" to replace the deserters and the man buried at sea, but others arrived:

Our ship did not draw 21 feet so we took another 25 tons. Now we draw 21 feet on even Keel. Took on board 39 Rams as passengers. The crew all on board except 4. The sheep all came on board.

Wednesday November 15<sup>th</sup> they cast off with a full crew:

At 10 a.m., two tug boats came alongside and Pilot. Got off finally with 29 men all told. At 11, outside of the Bar and did not strike with 21 feet Draft aft and about the same forward.

On the second day out, a confrontation:

Stewardess refused to do duty by leaving the Pantry. She said if the Captain or his Wife came into the Pantry she should leave and did so. The cook (her husband) said he would act as Steward and did so one day. Then I took as Steward a man from forward by the name of Joseph, he being willing to do so.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>26</sup> This is the only entry mentioning his wife and the first time we learn another woman is aboard. Apparently, she and her husband replaced deserters.

Except for that the voyage back was uneventful. They tied up at the Oriental Dock in San Francisco on the 75<sup>th</sup> day, 20 days longer than the easterly voyage. For 17 days they discharged the coal from Newcastle and loaded stores for another run, under ballast only, back to Australia.

This time the wind was favorable. The 11<sup>th</sup> day, a record:

Distance sailed 250 miles, the longest run I ever made in any merchant ship. 10 ½ knots per hour average.<sup>27</sup>

For two more days, sailing was fast, on each they covered more than 200 miles. It looked like a quick voyage. Another record March 28<sup>th</sup> as they crossed the 180<sup>th</sup> meridian:

Distance sailed 270 miles, 11¼ knots. Now I throw off a day.

Despite the fast days, they didn't get to Newcastle until the 57<sup>th</sup> day, two days longer than the previous voyage:

April 16<sup>th</sup> 1872. Saw the land at 4 p.m. Tug *Prince Albert* took us in to 12 miles south of Nobby Head. At 7 p.m., moored at the mooring.

For nearly a month they were in port, much of the time taking on a full load of coal. As before, they kept adding coal until the ship would just make it over the bar at the harbor entrance. Their judgment was accurate:

Saturday, May 11<sup>th</sup>. At 10 a.m., took on our last coal. At 11 a.m., Tug *Bungaree* took us in tow. At 11 ½ struck easy on the Bar. At noon, Tug and Pilot left us.

They were bound for Frisco, arriving August 6<sup>th</sup>, after a routine crossing. The most exciting event was July 16<sup>th</sup>, when they caught five dolphins. Fresh meat must have tasted good. This trip took 86 days, eleven days longer than the earlier one.

We don't know if Mary stayed with the ship or went home on the transcontinental railroad. Henry doesn't tell us. After unloading the coal and filling the hold with wheat, they left for Liverpool after only 29 days in port. Henry was pleased about that. Twenty-nine days out, they spoke the ship *Aurora* and Captain Norton came aboard, but not only to visit. They had come from San Francisco and 40 days out, 11 days more than *Nottebohm*:: Capt. Norton came on board, being short of coal. We supplied him with a little.

On the 81<sup>st</sup> day, they were at Cape Horn:

<sup>27</sup> Purists will note that Henry misused the term "knots."

At 3 p.m. saw the Islands Diego Ramirez bearing northeast. . . at 6 p.m. passed southeast of them 5 miles. Thick, squally weather. . . bad sea on. Under good winged Main topsail ship behaved admirably.

That day they covered 200 miles despite the bad sea. They went south to 60 degrees and then began steering northeast. At 3 a.m., November 28, the 84<sup>th</sup> day, they saw the light on the east end of the Falkland Islands and at 6 a.m., were passing the lighthouse on Cape Pembroke. For the next few days the weather was bad. "Gale and very rough with Hail and rain . . . terrific sea. Ship Rolling and tumbling heavily shipping water on every part."

On the 124<sup>th</sup> day, they crossed the Equator. Henry made no mention of it. He merely changed the latitude from S to N. The ship was averaging about 125 miles a day.

The last day of the year 1872, they saw "an English iron ship to leeward, going past us." That night was New Year's Eve, uncelebrated. Nearly a month later, Henry saw a steamer going W.S.W. Iron ships and steamers were beginning to be seen. February 10<sup>th</sup>, the 158<sup>th</sup> day from San Francisco, Henry began his count-down: "Dist. To Cape Clear, 530 miles." If the wind held, it would be less than five days' sail.

They made landfall farther east of Clear on the 167<sup>th</sup> day:

At 9 p.m. saw Hook Light near Waterford. At 10 ½ saw the Saltees Lightship. . . At noon [the next day] saw Tusker Light.

The wind fell. They were logging only 10 miles a day. Friday, the 169<sup>th</sup> day, they spoke a Philadelphia-bound ship:

At 4 p.m. sent a boat on board the ship *Frances Hiliard*, three days out from Liverpool to Philadilphia. Got papers and other news. . . Light airs and thick smoky weather.

The next day, February 22<sup>nd</sup>, they arrived:

At 6 p.m. took a Tug boat. At 7 p.m. saw Holly Head. At Midnight, took a Pilot. At 9 a.m., ankored in the River Macy.

San Francisco to Liverpool had taken 170 days.

This wasn't a quick turnaround. They were in Liverpool 61 days, nearly half of them unloading the wheat and "stiffening," as Henry called loading ballast. He left 180 tons of wheat in the hold "for ballast untill we get Cargo." The weather didn't help -- days of rain and snow, with no work being done. Then:

Commenced taking on Rail Road iron for stiffening. 180 tons of wheat

still on board.

The longshoremen worked all night and much of the next day loading iron and unloading grain. The ship was towed to London Graving Docks, a dry dock, for recoppering her bottom. She had been leaking and Henry wanted the problem fixed. April 1<sup>st</sup>, the new copper was in place and the ship afloat and towed to Victoria Dock for her cargo of coal.

The voyage to New York was without serious incident. Many times Henry noted passing steamers. The end of merchant sail was near, perhaps he thought. Twenty-six days from Liverpool: May 21<sup>st</sup>. Fine breeze from N.E. Exchanged signals with an English ship, No. 4063, we call the *Helener*.

The following day, more bad weather:

First part heavy Gale. . . Ship hove too. Foresail firded. High Sea. At 6 p.m. wind moderating, began making Sail. Latter Moderate and Clear.

The rest of the voyage was fine. On the 31<sup>st</sup> day: "900 miles from N. York." Three days later in fog: "sounded several times, no bottom. Heard a steamer going east." In the thick weather he had to depend on dead reckoning:

Montoug Point baring N.N.W. 40 miles by calculation and an indifferent observation.

His calculation had been accurate. The next morning, June 6<sup>th</sup>, they were off New York:

At 10 a.m took a Tug boat to take us to N. York for \$125. At noon passed over the bar. At 3 p.m. came to anchor off the Battery with our Sails all unbent and into the sail room. Thus ends a voyag of 35 months.

That was his final entry. He doesn't describe the unloading process, any payments to the crew, or anything else. Simply and finally: "Thus ends a voyag [sic] of 35 months."

As far as we know, it was the last log entry he ever made. He was 57 and had been at sea since a boy. He settled down with Mary on William Street in Holmes Hole. Seven years later, he died. For someone who had done much, the obituary was brief:

#### DIED

MANTER – In Vineyard Haven, Feb. 17,  
Capt. Henry Manter, aged 64 years.

## Innisfail: When Irish Eyes Were Smiling on the Lagoon

by BRENDA L. HORRIGAN, Ph.D.

ON JULY 27, 1984, a large photograph of a striking Victorian hotel graced the pages of the *Vineyard Gazette*. Beneath it were excerpts from past issues, one of which read:

One by one the men and women who knew Innisfail have passed on, and the golden age of that Vineyard hotel falls even further into the background of dimly remembered history. . . There was no care at Innisfail. Guests of the hotel were also, as likely as not, pupils and friends of mine host. They sang, waxed tender and brave and sad by turn. Innisfail could not last in this real, harsh world.

This snippet from an earlier *Gazette* conjures up beautiful images, images of a piece of Vineyard history that has been forgotten.

Innisfail Inn deserves better. A century ago it was a magical, lively place, a summer resort on the Vineyard where American actors, musicians and operetta stars gathered to see old friends and to perfect their craft.

Innisfail also was, for many of those summer visitors, the only place they could call home. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, a career on the stage meant a life spent on trains and stage coaches. Troupes and companies of performers traveled from city to city most of the year, often giving only one or two performances in each location. For a few brief years around the turn of the century, some of those performers found a home on the Lagoon in Martha's Vineyard. At the heart of their Island home were Tom Karl, Dellon Dewey Jr., and the Innisfail Inn.

### Karl and Dewey

Although few of us today have heard Tom Karl's name, a century ago he was the most famous tenor in American operetta.

BRENDA L. HORRIGAN earned her Ph.D. in international studies and was a Soviet political analyst and college instructor before moving to the Vineyard's Oklahoma with her husband and son. This is her first article in this journal.



Vineyard Haven, showing Oklahoma (shaded) and Innisfail, see pp.122-3.

His long-time companion and business adviser was Dellon M. Dewey Jr., who was from Rochester, New York, the home town of the large Dewey clan. Dellon Senior was a successful Rochester book-store owner and lecturer on the arts. Little is known about the early years of son Dellon. As a young man he studied in Heidelberg, Germany, completing his education at Stevens College in the United States. "After his graduation," his obituary stated, "he became interested in musical affairs and formed a lasting friendship with Tom Karl, at that time a tenor with the Boston Ideals."

Tom Karl was born Thomas Carroll in Dublin, Ireland, in 1846,

but changed his name when he left home at 19 to pursue a career in music. He first joined the choir of a Birmingham, England, church and studied with a highly regarded vocal instructor, Henry Phillips, before going to Milan, Italy, where he was a pupil of Antonio Sangiovanni, then the most sought-after vocal teacher in the world.

Karl made his debut in grand opera at Milan's La Scala Opera House in 1870, singing the tenor role in *La Contessa d'Amalfi*. He was an immediate success and toured Europe with various companies. Soon after, he came to the United States, making his first American performance as tenor with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company in Balfe's *Rose of Castille* in Hartford, Connecticut.

In 1878, Karl made the career move that ensured his star status. A group of concert promoters, including Eugene Tompkins, manager of the Boston Theatre, decided the time was ripe to put on an "ideal" production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new hit operetta, *H. M. S. Pinafore*. The Boston promoter's intent was to produce a *Pinafore* that featured the best performers of the day and



# Oklahoma Subdivision in 1872: Where the Story of Innisfail Began



Howes Norris of Eastville and his partner Smith laid out 664 lots on the Vineyard Haven side of the Lagoon. Their dream failed. Few lots were sold, but a hotel was built, which became Innisfail a quarter century later. The story is told on the following pages. See map, p. 121

one that adhered to the operetta's original plot, dialogue, lyrics and score completely.

This was a novel idea for that time as John Dizkes explains in *Opera in America*:

American copyright [in the 19<sup>th</sup> century] extended only to work published first in the United States. Otherwise it afforded no protection whatever for foreign authors or composers. A work was available for free-market plunder by anyone who was able to get a copy of the work, and who wished to pirate it.

Some American impresarios, once they heard the basic idea of *Pinafore* and its key lines, proceeded to fill in the rest with other popular songs and improvised dialogue.

Tompkins and his partners decided that their ideal *Pinafore* cast must have Tom Karl in the lead tenor role of Ralph Rackstraw. The widely popular comedian, Henry Clay Barnabee, would make the best Sir Admiral Porter. Their new, aptly named, "Boston Ideal Opera Company" premiered its version of *H. M. S. Pinafore* on April 14, 1879.

The morning after opening night theatre critics of Boston's newspapers filled their columns with praise. The inspired casting of Karl and Barnabee was lauded. The *Boston Post* praised Karl's "bright, clear, ringing voice" and the *Boston Journal* critic acclaimed that the "sweetest measures fell to Mr. Karl . . . and all of his solos were encored."

The Ideal Opera Company filled Boston Theatre to capacity for several weeks then set off on a cross-country tour. After this tour, Karl regretfully left the Ideals to fulfill a prior engagement with the Abbott Opera Company. As he wrote Effie Ober, the Ideals' manager:

No one can be more sorry that I am that I am not with you next year, for association with you and dear Mr. Whitney and the Barnabees and the others of the *Pinafore* crew. . . was pleasant and. . . I am afraid I am spoiled for anything with the Abbott crowd.

As soon as his commitments permitted, in May 1880, Karl returned to the Ideals and despite occasional letters of complaint to Effie Ober about his billing and pay, he remained part of the company for nearly a decade.

It was during this period that Karl and Dewey met. Both were in their 30s and soon became inseparable companions. As Karl explained in an 1880 letter to a Boston theatrical agent, "I

never make any business arrangements without consulting my friend Dewey . . . he, in such matters, is almost myself."

Karl regularly closed his personal letters by sending "Regards" or "Love" from himself and Dellon. Off-season, the two men shared a home in Rochester. They summered on Hemlock Lake, New York, in a cottage they called "Innisfail."

Things changed for Tom Karl when Miss Ober retired and a new manager, "Colonel" W. H. Forster, took over. His arrogance and poor management compelled Barnabee, W. H. MacDonald and

Courtesy of The Harvard Theatre Collection, Harvard University.



Tom Karl as Robin Hood, c.1890.

Karl in 1888 to leave the Ideals and to form their own company.

The new company, The Bostonians, quickly surpassed the Ideals in popularity. A 1889 Denver newspaper review is typical:

The Bostonians have won for themselves, by the high character of their company and the thoroughness of their productions, a higher place in the affections of Denver's music lovers than is accorded any other operatic organization in the country, and all of their many friends here will wish them, collectively and individually, God-speed and a quick return.

The highlight for The Bostonians came with their production of Reginal DeKoven's new operetta, *Robin Hood*, with Karl playing the title role. Despite his great success, Karl decided in 1892 to leave the company. Afterwards he refused to discuss publicly his reasons for the decision. He never joined another company and he maintained friendships with fellow Bostonian stars MacDonald and Barnabee.

#### To the Vineyard

It is not known what prompted Tom Karl and Dellon Dewey to buy a Vineyard summer hotel in 1895. The property,

which included many acres, had been first developed in 1872 by Howes Norris, a leading businessman and civic leader, who lived in Eastville, only a few miles away. The planned subdivision, called Oklahoma, spanned the area between the Tisbury shore of Lagoon Pond and the Edgartown-Vineyard Haven Road (then "County Road") with its northern boundary at Brightwood Park and southern boundary at Border Street. As was the practice during that era, Norris jammed 664 lots, almost all only 50 feet wide, plus several small community "parks" into the area. A plot plan was drawn up by Richard L. Pease, Edgartown surveyor and historian.<sup>1</sup>

Norris hoped to sell the lots and build on each a lightly framed summer cottage. Had he been successful, the area would have been similar in appearance to Wesleyan Grove in Oak Bluffs, although the few cottages that were built at Oklahoma<sup>2</sup> had less gingerbread and tended more toward Stick Style and Carpenter Gothic architecture. The centerpiece was a large hotel, Oklahoma Hall. It was built in 1876 on a choice waterfront lot, but had little success in attracting summer guests or land buyers. We don't know how many lots were sold, but only six cottages were built and the financially insecure subdivision changed hands several times before 1890.

By 1895, the struggling resort hotel was owned by Walter J. Hall and Frederick Bristol and had acquired a new name, "Villa Bristhall." Bristol was a Manhattan professor of music who gave lessons at his summer cottage, "The Snuggery," near the hotel. In June that year, partner Hall sold to Karl and Dewey his half-interest in the hotel, its outbuildings and 13 nearby lots. In a separate transaction, he also sold the two men "Lot #185," at the corner of Bellevue and Howard Avenues. The lot was about 500 feet from the hotel and on it was a cottage. That cottage was to become the summer home of Karl and Dewey.

The following year, the *Martha's Vineyard Herald* reported that "Horace A. Tilton is building an addition to Professor



*Linda Vista, summer home of Tom and Dellon. See map pp. 120-21 for location.*

Dewey's cottage at Oklahoma." As enlarged by Tilton<sup>3</sup>, the cottage was a rambling, lightly framed structure with five upstairs bedrooms. It faced Bellevue Avenue with views of Vineyard Haven harbor and West Chop lighthouse. "Professor" Dewey and Karl named their summer home, "Linda Vista" (beautiful view).

That summer, 1896, the three partners, Professor Bristol, Karl and Dewey, organized at least one theatrical production on the Island. The evening's entertainment included Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* and portions of other works put on by "the artists of Villa Bristhall at Association Hall." Management of the entertainment was "in the hands of Mr. Dellon M. Dewey," according to the *Martha's Vineyard Herald*. The next February, Professor Bristol decided to leave the arrangement and set up his music school on West Chop. He sold his half of the Oklahoma development, including the hotel and the 13 lots, to Dewey. Tom Karl was not a party to the purchase.

The transfer of the hotel building was announced in the *Herald* on May 27, 1897, along with the change of its name to "Innisfail," the same name the two men had given their summer house in New York state. They announced plans to transform the

<sup>3</sup> The 1897 *Directory* of Tisbury describes Horace A. Tilton as a carpenter living on Spring Street. The well-known Tilton Lumber yard was owned by Capt. Owen Tilton. We do not know if they were in the same family.

<sup>1</sup> Plot plan of the subdivision is printed on pages 120-121. See *Intelligencer*, May 2000, pages 129ff. for more about Howes Norris.

<sup>2</sup> We have no explanation for the selection of "Oklahoma" as the name. It was 20 years later before Oklahoma territory in the west came into the news.



resort "into an ideal home for singers and artists" and to provide "first class concerts by professional singers. . . at both Cottage City and Vineyard Haven during the summer."

Henry Beetle Hough in *Martha's Vineyard: Summer Resort* explained the new name this way:

. . . [it] was the name given to Ireland by the Phoenicians, signifying "the abode of peace and rest."<sup>4</sup>

Once Karl and Dewey took over the hotel, a flurry of guests began to arrive, perhaps not all of them paying. Dewey's Rochester relatives and Karl's sister came as did friends from the stage like actress Annie Russell, Eugene Cowles and Henry Clay Barnabee. The musician and painter Arthur Freedlander was a regular visitor and famed composer Louis Dressler visited at least once. In 1903, Avis Kirtland Bellows, described by the *Vineyard Gazette* as "the whistling cantatrice of Boston," came for a stay. (Henry Hough wrote that actress Katharine Cornell came to Innisfail as a child, but there is no mention of it in her memoir or in biographies.)

What drew these people to Innisfail? Certainly Tom Karl's name and Irish charm played a role. The hotel itself was a spectacular draw. "This is one of the most attractive spots on the Island," declared the *Gazette* in its June 23, 1898, issue, "and we do not wonder that it is being liberally patronized."

The hotel stood alone, high above the Lagoon on a bluff, and was topped by a tower five stories high. A covered veranda on front and side provided spectacular views. It was modern with such amenities as fresh spring water pumped into the rooms.

Both the hotel and Linda Vista were decorated in the lavish style of the late Victorian period. A photo of Linda Vista's front parlor shows a swag of dark cloth draped across the fireplace mantel, which is filled with framed photos. A leopard skin rug graces the hearth. Hough describes one of the hotel's public rooms, the "Oriental room," as being filled with Karl's opera memorabilia, including a *portiere* he wore in the duel scene in *Carmen* and a gold military scarf from *Daughter of the Regiment*



*The artists' resort, Innisfail Inn, about 1900, on a high bluff above the Lagoon.*

given to him by prima donna Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa.

Those who stayed at Innisfail for more than a short vacation usually came to study with the resort's summer music instructors, including Edward Dossert and his better-known brother, Frank. Both men maintained studios in Paris. Frank also had a studio in the new Carnegie Hall in Manhattan.

Frank and Edward, with their families, rented cottages near Innisfail Inn. Other regular visitors, like singer-actors Louis and Greta Casavant, purchased a cottage there. The Casavant house, "Hilltop Cottage," was close to Karl and Dewey's Linda Vista. Today it is owned by descendants of Greta's younger brother. Greta, who died in 1923, was buried in Tisbury. She had no children.

Despite its restful location, Innisfail was no abode of peace and quiet. It was a bustling place, "constantly *en fete*," to use Henry Beetle Hough's phrase and

. . . each new arrival was the occasion for a party or a celebration. There never had been a hotel like Innisfail: everywhere it bore the imprint of the

<sup>4</sup> It is not known where Hough got the reference to Phoenicians, who, most historians believe, never visited Ireland. *Columbia Encyclopedia* lists the word as Irish: "Inis-Fail, meaning island of destiny which was much used during the Irish literary and patriotic renaissance of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries."

personalities and tastes of the hosts.<sup>5</sup>

Newspapers (the *Herald* and *Gazette*) frequently reported on Innisfail events in their Vineyard Haven news, listing any improvements to the building, the names of guests and, most of all, the entertainments put on by those staying there:

Innisfail, that nest of singing birds, is running over; more than a hundred guests at last reports. [August 19, 1897.]

A very delightful entertainment was given at Innisfail last Wednesday night. Music, character reading, and a sleight of hand performance occupied the first of the evening, and dancing took the attention of all the young people afterward, until a late hour. [August 21, 1899.]

Musicales, eucré [card] parties and dances are the big evening features at Innisfail. [July 22, 1903.]

Innisfail was a long way from town and in a day when horse-and-buggy transportation was all there was,<sup>6</sup> most members of the audience probably were hotel guests and their friends. To increase attendance (and their income), Karl and Dewey put on regular concerts in the towns:

On Thursday evening was given the first of the delightful concerts which are the events of the summer season here [in Vineyard Haven]. A most enjoyable programme was furnished by Mr. Tom Karl and other Innisfail artists. [August 16, 1900.]

All of the music lovers of Vineyard Haven crowded Association Hall, Thursday evening, to hear the always popular tenor, Tom Karl, and his most talented associate artists. The eminent tenor sang two groups of songs, as only he can sing them. . . The audience seemed to regard the concert as the most enjoyable Mr. Karl has given, and it was the largest financial success ever given there at the prices that Mr. Karl alone can draw.<sup>7</sup> [August 8, 1901]

Innisfail regulars became popular entertainers in Cottage City and Vineyard Haven. And desirable fundraisers as well, giving annual benefit concerts for Sacred Heart Catholic Church. Tom was Catholic; Dewey, Episcopalian. Such programs surely helped them become more acceptable to local residents. Their life

<sup>5</sup> Henry Beetle Hough, *Martha's Vineyard: Summer Resort*, Tuttle, Rutland, Vermont, 1936, p. 227.

<sup>6</sup> Townspeople refused to pay for a road into the Oklahoma development from County Road years earlier so Howes Norris had to do it himself. But even with that road, getting there was not convenient.

<sup>7</sup> A 1903 ad for a concert in Union Chapel, Cottage City, gave the admission price as 50 cents, about a day's pay for a working man.



Courtesy Avery Family Collection.

*Innisfail lifestyle at a party in the Casavant cottage near the hotel. Louis Casavant is standing; his wife, Greta, at his left. The scene would not please the temperance folk.*

style must have displeased many. Vineyard Haven was (and is) a “dry” village and certainly alcohol was not something banned at Innisfail. At least one photograph shows evidence of that. But the Innisfail artists surely did not depend on year-round residents to pay tickets at “the prices that Mr. Karl alone can draw.” Their audiences must have been mostly summer residents.

There is also the matter of the relationship between Tom and Dellon. In staid Tisbury, during those Victorian years, it was likely, as was the social etiquette of the time, that their genuine love for each other was overlooked. But it must have been frowned upon by some. Whether it was purely platonic or more sexual, we don’t know, but they were devoted to each other throughout life.

The two men were celebrities, welcome at every summer fete. So well known were they that they were mentioned in a rather dull 1901 novel set on Martha’s Vineyard, *The Sea Letter*, written by William Henry Winslow. Three young girls on one of the final days of summer are standing on steamboat wharf in Vineyard Haven, unhappy that their blissful summer was over:

“Here comes Mr. Dewey and Tom and his dog from Innisfail,” said Gabrielle.

## Innisfail Inn Through Its Life of Financial Struggle



Oklahoma Hall, as it was called, was 8 years old in 1884, virtually alone on a bluff.



In 1896, a year before Tom and Dellon bought the property, the big change is an ugly square building to left of the hotel, now called Bristhall. It may have been the laundry.



By 1900, Linda Vista (far right) dominates the area. Telephone lines run to the hotel. Six years later, the hotel was destroyed by a forest fire, although few trees are nearby.

Our Summer girls exchanged nods with the riders and acknowledged their cordial greetings with smiling faces.

"I thought they had gone," said Vic.

"They are not in a hurry. September often has a hot spell, unbearable in the city after a summer by the seaside."<sup>10</sup>

In 1904 Tom Karl received an old friend from New York, J. Clark Brocolini, in the parlor of Linda Vista. Sitting near its double front doors, enjoying a summer breeze, the two men talked over old times. Brocolini's questioning began to alarm Karl.

"Now, look here, this isn't an interview, is it?" Karl reportedly demanded. Assured that it was not, the tenor proceeded to recall the highlights of his career in opera and operetta. Immediately after leaving Karl, Brocolini wrote up the discussion and mailed it to the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, where it was published as a lengthy "Letter to the Editor," under the headline, "Great Tenor's Reminiscences."

Deceitful though he had been, Brocolini gives us some interesting information about the Irish tenor:

... browned by the sun and out-of-door work among his flowers and birds of which he is extremely proud. He is 6 feet tall, and his breadth of shoulders and his 200 pounds avoirdupois are most suggestive of a retired farmer than of a romantic tenor; the bright, sparkling gray eyes, the winning smile, the hearty, inspiring laugh, the graceful poise and movements, the clear diction and enunciation of perfect English in the quiet manner for which he was so well known, are those of the same Tom Karl, bachelor, gentleman and artist, whose voice is as clear and ringing to-day as it was twenty years ago, when it set the hearts of susceptible American maidens bumping in their bosoms.

By 1904, though, Karl's life was not the carefree one Brocolini described to readers of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. Innisfail might have been "constantly en fete" but its books were constantly in the red. A year earlier, Karl and Dewey, aware of the financial disaster looming up, had turned the hotel's management over to local businessman, Charles Norton.<sup>11</sup> Norton's reign as manager was short-lived. The resort's glorious existence came to an abrupt end in 1906, not through any fault of his, however.

<sup>10</sup> William Henry Winslow, *The Sea Letter*, Plimpton Press, 1901. p. 223-24. The copy in the Society library is inscribed: "Tom Karl, Compliments of the Author. Aug. 1901." It is probable that Winslow stayed at Innisfail.

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Norton was the grandfather of Vineyard Haven historian, farmer and author, James H. K. Norton.



# Tom Karl Concert,

UNION CHAPEL,  
COTTAGE CITY.

Friday, August 16, 1901.

AT 8.15 P. M.

## PROGRAM.

### PART FIRST.

1. Trio, "Te Sol Quest Anima," Verdi  
MISS WHITLOCK, MESSRS. KARL AND PHILLIPS.
2. Songs, a. "Beloved it is Morn," Aylward  
b. "To Anthea," Hatton  
MR. JOSEPH A. PHILLIPS.
3. Songs, a. "'Tis Thou Alone," Gottschalk  
b. "What Pity Is Akin To,"  
MADAME GRETA RISLEY CASAVANT.
4. Readings, a. "The Cruise of the Nancy P." Holman F. Day  
b. "My Comedy and Tragedy," Anonymous  
MISS FOLLIOTT PAGET.
5. Songs, a. "To Mary," Maud Valerie White  
b. "Symones Leid, Norwegian Song," Kejrul  
c. "Asthere," Trotere  
MR. TOM KARL.
6. Cello Solo, a. "Melodie," Paderewski  
b. "Romance," Davidoff  
MR. ARTHUR FREEDLANDER.
7. Duo, "La Ci Darem," Mozart  
MADAME CASAVANT AND MR. PHILLIPS.

### PART SECOND.

1. Duet, "The Moon Hath Raised," Benedict  
MESSRS. KARL AND PHILLIPS.
2. Song, "Chanson Boheme," Bizet  
MADAME CASAVANT.
3. Reading, "London Coster Girls," Colworthy  
MISS FOLLIOTT PAGET.
4. Cello Solo, a. "Aria," Bach  
b. "Mazurka," Popper  
MR. ARTHUR FREEDLANDER.
5. Songs, a. "I Dream of a Rose," Denza  
b. "Then You'll Remember Me," Balfe  
MR. TOM KARL.
6. Quartette, "Good Night," "Mezzo Notte," "Martha,"  
Flotow  
MADAME CASAVANT, MISS WHITLOCK,  
MR. KARL, MR. PHILLIPS.

At the Piano:—  
MISS WHITLOCK AND MR. LORD.

## The End of Innisfail

On a Friday in mid-July 1906, a large forest fire began south of Vineyard Haven. Volunteer firefighters from the Island's towns fought the blaze for two days. Late Saturday they thought it subdued. During the night, however, high winds whipped up the embers and on Sunday the flames, again roaring, reached Innisfail. An undated, unidentified newspaper clipping recently found in Linda Vista tells of hotel occupants "fleeing for their lives with little chance to remove their possessions."

The hotel, its contents, the laundry building and even the bathhouses on the waterfront were destroyed. Amazingly, Linda Vista, the Casavants' Hilltop Cottage, The Snuggery and one other cottage survived. The *Gazette* reported that the loss, estimated at \$10,000, was "nearly covered" by insurance.

But Karl and Dewey did not rebuild. They recognized the financial realities. Instead, they sold Linda Vista and most of their land to Antoinette Dossert, Edward's wife. Severing their Vineyard connection, the two men went to California, from where Dewey wrote Edward Dossert in March 1908:

We have taken up our concert work again, which is more lucrative than the operatic work and have a cottage on the shore but it is not like the life of freedom at the dear old Innisfail.

California must not have been as rewarding as they had hoped. Within two years they were back in the east. Karl joined up once more with his old colleague, Henry Clay Barnabee, touring smaller cities for two years with a show called, "Barnabee and Karl Evenings." After that tour, he and Dellon settled down in Rochester, Dewey's home town.

Tom joined the teaching staff of the Rochester Conservatory of Music, and also taught at the Dossenback-Klingenberg School of Music. He died unexpectedly in March 1916 at age 70. Dellon Dewey passed away in the following summer at age 67. Both men were given long, laudatory obituaries in the Rochester newspapers. In Dewey's obituary, he was said to have "reorganized [the Boston Ideals] as the Bostonians, acting as manager for a number of years." The article described the last years of their lives this way:

Mr. Karl and Mr. Dewey returned to Rochester and took a house in Prince Street a few years ago, living there until Mr. Karl's death last year. Although



*Irish Tom Karl, star of American operetta for 40 years, was a gentle, cultured man.*

deeply grieved and much shaken by the death of his friend, Mr. Dewey returned to New York City and endeavored to make a fresh start in musical enterprises. His health failed, however, and he was obliged to return to Rochester. . . Soon after he returned, he died at the home of a sister, Mrs. Edwin A. Medcalf.

○

Over the decades that followed, the land, still called Oklahoma, on the Tisbury side of Lagoon Pond sprouted a collection of new homes. The hotel site was razed, filled in, and

built upon. Today, the only physical reminders of the Innisfail era are the three cottages on Bellevue Avenue that survived the fire.

In 1996 Joseph Ratcliffe Dossert, the son of Edward and Antoinette, passed away. Throughout his long life he had spent at least a few weeks each summer at Linda Vista. After he died, the cottage sat vacant for months while cousins settled his estate.

In January 1997 my husband, Richard Paradise, and I purchased Linda Vista. We did not know then that this rambling, run-down cottage had a name or a fascinating history. Neighbors who had known Joseph Dossert did mention that they had heard that a number of operetta folk had once summered there. And they were told that there had once been a hotel in the vicinity called Innisfail. My curiosity was aroused and this article is the result.

The story has been pieced together with the help of books and some papers left behind in Linda Vista. An invaluable cache of clippings and letters belonging to Louis and Greta Casavant and preserved by their cottage's current owners provided more names, dates and places. The Internet, that miraculous reference source, uncovered opera history web sites, out-of-print books by Karl's colleagues, and a scholar who knew of a small archive at Harvard with photos of, and letters written by, Tom Karl.

Despite my lengthy research and this resultant article, Innisfail's history remains incomplete. Perhaps in time more items will turn up, but what we know now is more than enough to explain why the hotel, whose golden era lasted only a decade, warranted the glowing words from the pen of Henry Beetle Hough.

#### Credits

Research for this article was supported in part by grants from the local Cultural Councils of Tisbury, Edgartown and Oak Bluffs, agencies supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council. Among those assisting the author in her research was the librarian of the *Vineyard Gazette*, Eulalie Regan.

Photographs were provided by Dallas Public Library, the Houghton Library, Harvard University, the Avery Family and the Society Archives.

## Documents

## A Running Account Of Matters & Things

by HENRY BAYLIES

**I**N THIS, our final installment of the journals of Rev. Henry Baylies (1822-1893), he describes the death of Harriette, his wife.

He seems to have given up, at least for the time being, his teaching career. We know from later information we have that he went back to teaching and the ministry. Some years later, he became a lawyer and practiced law in Boston while living in Malden. Altogether, he married five times, outliving all his wives.

His mother died in 1855 and his father in 1884, both in Edgartown. Henry had no children. He died December 13<sup>th</sup>, 1893.

We have other journals of his (thanks to Joanne Coffin Clark), but none is relevant to Vineyard life. Some describe various trips, including one to Europe and Africa.

It is with regret that we say goodbye to this Edgartown native who has given us a fascinating account of life in the mid-1800s, not only on the Island but elsewhere in the country. He would, we are certain, be pleased to know that his words are being read in the year 2001.

O

**January 20, 1852. Tuesday** [continued]. I have advertised to open a Private school in the same room [in the High School] to commence tomorrow. About 20 have spoken for admission. I shall not make my fortune but thought I'd better make what I can if I can not make what I would. So much for schools.

During my Nov. vacation & for weeks preceding, I was engaged in get-

ting up a County Convention to endorse the "Maine Liquor Law" & excite an interest in Temperance. I was requested so to do by the State Central Executive Board.<sup>1</sup> The entire labor of calling the Convention, preparing the business, etc., came upon me. I had not conceived the am't of labor such an undertaking requires: even this is enormous. The Convention was well attended, the discussions animated & interesting. In the evening I made a speech relating to physicians & apothecaries selling spirits except for medicinal purposes. Dr. Luce was quite offended & made some warm [heated] remarks.

[Editor's note: In his scrapbook, Henry pasted the offensive resolution he had offered (which passed). It reads: "Resolved: That the selling of spirituous liquors, except for medicinal and artistical purposes<sup>2</sup> alone, is far more censurable in Apothecaries and Physicians, than in the most degraded rumsellers."]

Communicated a few weeks ago with my old chum, Rev. R. W. Loomis, Williamsburg. In answer to inquiries, he offers strong inducements for me to visit W. & start a private school. I did design to visit him at this time but considering the season & weather & liability to get frozen off<sup>3</sup> & especially the feeble health of my dear wife, I thought best to wait till April & meanwhile correspond relative to a situation with him & elsewhere.

<sup>1</sup> Maine was the first state to prohibit the sale or manufacture of intoxicating beverages.

<sup>2</sup> What are the "artistical" purposes?

<sup>3</sup> An interesting idiom meaning the ice would keep boats from running, hence he would be "frozen off" the Island.

Hattie's health remains very feeble. She has been confined to her bed about three months during a portion of which time she has been very sick so as to be moved from one bed to another with care. During most of this time she has been enceinte. She has suffered severely by spasms rendering her rigid & for weeks with constant spasms in her womb. She has been a great sufferer & still is very sick.

A week ago, Monday, Jan'y 12, H. had the misfortune of a miscarriage, say two or three months along.<sup>4</sup> She got through with that very well but is still very sick.

My own health is about as usual. My throat is still weak & sore. I shall probably not be able to take an app't in April as I hoped in my last journal entry. Have rec'd a letter from Prov. in answer to one I wrote Sewall.<sup>5</sup> Have not much reason to change my views expressed in my last journal entry.

Have few privileges to attend evening meetings in consequence of sickness. Find grace & consultation in Christ at home yet my heart is far from perfect.

**Feb. 23, Monday.** The month past has been pretty busily employed. Stimulated somewhat by the example of Dr. Clarke, whose biography I have been reading, I have as often as health would allow, one or two mornings excepted, arisen at about 5 & commenced study. My mornings I have devoted to review of Greek grammar, etc. Evenings have been principally

employed in writing brief sketches of the lives of converted Indian children on M. Vineyard from 1685 to 1725. It is my purpose to rewrite all those sketches found "Indian Converts" for Sabbath School Books. I am succeeding quite as well as I could reasonably expect. If I carry out my design I shall make four or five small volumes.<sup>6</sup>

Have during the month talked quite seriously of studying medicine but have again about abandoned the idea. School teaching I thought would not be an employment I should like for life whereas medicine might open a wider & more active sphere of usefulness. I urged various reasons why I should study & practice medicine, made it a subject of prayer, consulted with our family, especially father whom I consider a man of superior judgment, & at length concluded that for the present at least I'd better keep on the even tenor of my ways. The probable uncertainty of my being able to preach for years is the reason I have for one moment allowed a thought of permanently engaging in any other business than following the Gospel of My Lord & Savior Jesus Christ.

I have again consulted with Drs. Lucas & Shiverick about my throat. They consider a cure difficult. I wrote to Dr. Fabyn, Prov., who prescribed for me Syrup Iodide Iron, hoping I should feel better in two or three weeks. I have now used it two weeks & find my throat I think much better. He advises me not to think of preaching for a year to come.

Have rec'd letter from my excellent friend, Rev. Phil. B. Neely, D.D. who is stationed at Marrion, Ala. He expresses

<sup>4</sup> This dying woman has been pregnant for several months! She came home from visiting her parents three months before.

<sup>5</sup> This is in regards to the family dispute. These are members of Hattie's family.

<sup>6</sup> We don't know if these were published.



himself well pleased with his app't; boards at \$50 per month with every convenience; has salary of \$1400; advises me to come south if I would avoid an old age of poverty; has rec'd the box & contents we sent him & expresses himself greatly delighted; speaks of going to Europe.

Hattie's health has on the whole much improved during the past month. She has had only one or two spasms, has gained in flesh, strength & spirits. A week ago yesterday (Sabbath) she dressed herself & walked into the dining room while we were at tea. She had not been dressed before for several months. Last Saturday she dressed & we walked into the other parlor & saw Thomas & Mrs. Arey. She has not steadily improved but has had her ups & downs, as the expression goes.

A week ago yesterday (Sab.), I was reading life of Benson in which I found his account of the recovery of his wife from a dangerous sickness in answer to prayer. I thought & talked the subject over with my dearest Hattie & we concluded that we had not sufficiently sought the blessing of God as we ought in the respect. We have prayed many times fervently for restoration if it was God's will, but I fear have not watched the success of our petitions with that carefulness & faith we ought. However, we prayed together after having reviewed the promises of the Gospel in respect to restoration of health & I felt assured H. would be restored. This was noon & before night God gave us a token of what I expect he will do.

In the morning, she was very weak & feeble & during the forenoon so that

I in my arms carried her from one bed to the other. At Tea time as I have stated above she dressed & walked into the dining room. I did not however feel that all was done which was necessary fully to claim the promise of God. I had not called in the [a long Greek word follows] to pray over her. Accordingly on Wed. evening, I called in Rev. Bro. Titus, Uncle Jeremiah Pease & Bro. I. D. Pease, & we prayed together after having conversed freely relative to the promises & encouragements to prayer. We had a very good season in prayer. I believe God will answer prayer although I confess to my shame, my faith has a little worsened as I have seen Hattie's, several times since, suffering & quite sick. She is quite sick today most of the time in great pain. Well, I have fulfilled the conditions so far as I knew them & must leave the affair in God's hands & wait his own time.

My throat has been so much better most of the last month that I am again thinking of asking an appointment at our next Conf. I shall wait the leadings of Providence & follow them. The interests of my Soul are in a somewhat better state, through Divine grace, than for some time I trust. . .

My school enjoys much prosperity. Had a falling out with Master B. W. Luce & sent him home for gross insult. Saw his parents who condemned him & wished me to take him back to my school & Mr. L. brought him back & gave him instructions in my presence. He has since behaved much better & promises to be a good boy. Today was obliged to punish Master Rudolf W. Coffin. On the whole, school quite pleasant. Term nearly half through.

**Friday, May 21.** My last entry, about three months ago, gives particular no-

tice of the case of my dear wife & my faithfully following the instructions of the bible so far as I then or now understand them. The result has been far different from what I then supposed I had faith to claim. I have not been able by careful scrutiny to discover the flaw in my faith, yet of course there must & have been defects in either the grounds of my faith or the exercise. Perhaps the promise & conditions are not continuous - do not extend to this day & this is the only place in the process where I can discover a possibility of failure. My heart nor my head bring any verdict against the Almighty.

Since that Monday evening those brethren visited Hattie's sick room, she has almost constantly failed till now we are hourly expecting the angels to come & carry her home. Well, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Dear Hattie's sufferings have been most intense.

I left here for Conference at Norwich, Conn., April 12. About that time H. was seized with a fever which in addition to previous sufferings reduced her very low. The fever ran about four weeks after which for a little while she had a little appetite. This is now failing or failed her entirely & for a week past nearly she has been in a comatose, sleeping state, much of the time. The Doctor (Lucas) has abandoned all hope of her recovery. I have, till within a few days, hoped she would yet recover, but now I have ceased to hope. I have written repeatedly to her family at Providence relating to her state of health & decline yet they have never seemed to consider her sick as I have represented & not one has ever till yesterday called to see her although she has been confined to her room &

bed since about October of last year!

Yesterday P.M. her mother arrived & appeared greatly surprized to find her so sick. H. knew her & was greatly excited. Reaction took place & she almost immediately fell into this comatose state from which she has only finally aroused two or three times till now (8 P.M.) Her sleep is disturbed & she groans almost continually. Her mother desired me this morning to write for Thomas, Father & Addie to come over immediately if they desire to see Hattie alive.

I closed my private school April 8 & during the week collected in all my bills, the net proceeds of the school being \$97.00. The whole [total] of bills was \$124. Expenses, \$7. The rest, gratuities to principally poor children. I was very much favored in collecting my bills.

**April. 1<sup>st</sup>.** Prov. Conf. Commenced its session in Norwich, Ct. This was a very pleasant session. It was exceedingly gratifying to meet my brethren from whom I had been for two years separated. Bp. Waugh presided.

County election for Treasurer has taken place & by means of falsehood, as since appears, Father lost his office & Barnard C. Marchant was elected over him.<sup>8</sup>

Choice of teachers is now being made & all the teachers are appointed except for the High School. The Committee I understand did not assign

<sup>7</sup> Neely is the minister who befriended Henry in the South.

<sup>8</sup> This unpleasantness seems to have affected the *Gazette's* coverage of the Baylies family. The *Gazette* owner and editor was Edward Marchant, brother of the new County Treasurer. There is no mention later of the family's move to the mainland, a move which may have been hastened by the "lie."

any objections to me, only certain prejudices existing probably because I am a native. Our people are great patrons of foreigners – cheap stores – peddlers, etc. It is as well perhaps, as I should not have received the school at former prices under the outrageous restrictions adopted for the government of teachers by the District.

Before I went to Conf., Father proposed to me to go off [Island] with him & enter business in partnership. On my way from Conf., I went to Cocheset in West Bridgewater having been informed of an opening. Circumstances however have since prevented our going. Soon after my return, Rev. Bro. Wheeler of N. Bridgewater wrote proposing I should open a store in that place, a very good opening being made. Father immediately went over & being pleased with appearances secured the refusal of the stand & on returning we wrote engaging the store of Bro. Wheeler: the store to be in readiness by the 1<sup>st</sup> Sept. I do not engage permanently since I must preach so soon as able. Father fully & heartily assents.

The day after my arrival home from Conf., 23 April, I was taken with fever which confined me to bed & room about 8 days. Through the kind Providences of God, I recovered my strength speedily although yet I am not fully recovered. Hattie & myself were both sick & separate in the same room & neither able to administer to the other.

**Wednesday, May 26.** The work of disease & death on dearest Hattie is completed: the angels came & took her home & she is now happy in the mansions above with dearest Hannah & the heavenly hosts. Hattie remained mostly in the same comatose state till perhaps 8 o'clock on Saturday morn-

ing. She then aroused, took medicine & nourishment, conversed a little while & fell asleep to wake no more. Mother brought her some nourishment when she thanked her & said, "Kind mother! I am almost home. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! God is good!" These were the last words she is recollected to have spoken on this subject. Her peculiar solicitude for the comfort of those who tended her & her expressive gratitude evinced itself to the last. Her very last expression I believe was when I gave her some nourishment. "Thank you darling," & then addressing her mother & myself who were standing, she noticed & faintly said, "Sit down, both of you be seated."

She had been very clear in her religious experiences for several weeks & even while the mind on other subjects was lost or wandering, on Religion it was perfectly clear & she would converse consecutively & instructively.

She passed away from earth to Heaven at 3h. 25 m. on Sabbath morning May 23<sup>rd</sup>, aged 26 yrs, 11 m. 22 days. She was born at Waltham, Mass., June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1825. As I remarked above (my own mind is greatly confused), her religious faith was clear & firm. I think it was Wed. morning of last week Charlotte Coffin (Jared W.C.'s wife) left for Maine. H. requested to see her before she left. Ch. called. H. conversed with her very clearly & instructively prayed for her, I believe, & time & again obtained from her the pledge to meet her in Heaven. On Friday evening she wished me, as she frequently did, to read her a few Promises. As it was near dark & I could not read without a lamp I knelt by her & repeated, "Let not your heart be troubled, etc." When I repeated, "In

my father's house are many mansions," she spoke of seeing Hannah there & then added, "She (Hannah) is not far off: she is here." Yes, said I, watching over dear Hattie. Once previous to this she said with great energy & emphasis, "You will always have one to watch over you, dear." Loving her for her unequalled amiability & her heavenly piety, I frequently said to her, "You are an angel, Hattie," to which she would reply, "No, dearest, but I shall be soon."

"Poor Hattie," I used to say but she checked me & said, "I shall not be poor long" & with her thin finger pointed heavenward. More than a week before she left us we thought her dying & she thought herself going home. "Are you afraid to die, Hattie?" I asked. Her countenance lighted with heavenly peace & she replied with animation, "Oh, no, I am not afraid to die; it's only going home" & she pointed upward. Conversing with Dr. Lucas a short time ago, she was especially interesting. "Why," asked she, "Doctor, do Christians speak of the dark valley. It is not dark; it is all light; they mistake in calling it the dark valley, Doctor."

She sent brief messages to some of her friends, especially remembering those whom she thought doubtful if she should meet in heaven. Tell them, said she earnestly, "to meet me in Heaven." Conversing with her mother on the subject of death & a preparation for same, she looked into her mother's face with a look of inexpressible anxiety & solicitude & asked, "Will Ada, will sister Ada, meet me in Heaven? Will she? Will she?"

She requested me to look after the boys – her brothers. Many & sweet ex-

pressions of holiest love dropped from her lips during her closing sickness, while her countenance seemed radiant with heavenly glory. I felt it a delight to have a saint die in my room under my own anxious care. Hattie has gone safely home! I will endeavour by the grace of God to fulfill my pledge & meet her & Hannah in Heaven.

On Saturday P.M., Father Budlong & Sister Adella [Ada] arrived by Stage. Thomas did not come. On entering Hattie's sick room, Addie for the first time in her life probably thought H. could not live & sprang back with clutched hands & an unrepressible groan. Her father too began to think Hattie dangerously sick. I had refrained from arousing Hattie from her deep sleep till her friends [family] arrived. I now made an unsuccessful attempt – Hattie could not be wakened to consciousness. She slept on her deep, last sleep. Addie knelt by her, took her hand, called her name, asked if she did not know Ada, cried aloud so, "Speak, dear Hattie," & employed every conceivable means to gain her attention but to no purpose. Hattie did not recognize Sister or Father. Addie did think she once partially opened her eyes & attempted to speak & pressed her hand but I saw no signs of consciousness when I immediately hastened to her bedside.

Sister Ada felt keenly & lamented her unkindnesses to Hattie & over her cold, shrouded corpse asked in her [name] my forgiveness. I cordially granted it, urging however she should remember H.'s request to meet her in Heaven. To which she (Addie) pledged herself & saying still further that she could not better evince her love for Hattie than by doing all the

good she could. These have been days with that family of keen anguish & bitter repentance. May God sanctify to them, etc., in all this bereavement & lead us into the way everlasting.

On Monday, Addie wrote her brothers Thomas & Sewall. On Tuesday at 3 1/2 o'clock P.M., the funeral was attended at my father's house. We had waited till this hour expecting T. from Providence & S. from Boston by stage. They not come, as it appears since, because they did not receive A.'s letter till too late. (I finish this entry on Sabbath.).

Rev. Bro. J. B. Gould conducted the services which consisted,

1<sup>st</sup> in reading John Clarke's selection of scripture, *Promises*, Sections II & IV of Chap. IV. Sec. II being, "Of happiness immediately after Death" & Sec. IV, "Of Everlasting Happiness in Heaven."

2<sup>nd</sup> A few pertinent remarks.

3<sup>rd</sup> Prayer.

At the grave, the burial service of our Disciples was read & just before the corpse was laid in the grave, the following hymn to Mozart's *Requiem* was most beautifully sung by friends. It is found on p. 300 of the *American Vocalist*:

*Spirit! Thy labor is o'er,  
Thy term of probation is run.  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the race of immortals begun.  
Spirit! Look not on the strife,  
Of the pleasures of earth with regret,  
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.*

At the conclusion of the singing, the coffin was lowered into the grave & the burial service concluded. We

turned reluctantly & to home. A more beautiful corpse, save perhaps Hannah, I never saw. Her beauty in death was subject of remark.

Home! Oh what is home when my wife is not there! He only can reply who has loved & been bereaved of such lovely wives as I have had. Two spirits now in Heaven conjointly watching my pathway: what a treasure!

Wednesday morning by stage, Father, Mother and sister Budlong left for Providence. Before leaving, Mother Budlong expressed gratitude to me for my care of Hattie & added: "When Mr. Budlong gets his affairs settled up he will probably do something for you & perhaps before." This is about all the "substantial aid" I expect & consider it of as little value as Hungarian Bonds. There may however be relenting & relaxing of the purse strings at this too late hour – too late to relieve Hattie's lacerated & mortified feelings.

In the margin, Henry wrote later: Nothing was ever done for me except to pay for Hattie's tombstone."

THE END.



Both Hattie (buried here) and Hannah (buried in New Bedford) are on the stone.

## Special People

*Organizations like Martha's Vineyard Historical Society are what in the business world (where we are not) are called "Labor intensive." That means lots of people are needed.*

*Here are those people, our volunteers, the special people who helped us do our job during the past year. For all of us, we say "Thanks."*

### Special events

Lori Agan  
Peter Akins  
Libby Bouck  
Kathy Costanza  
Alison Convery  
June and Gene Lakso  
Nancy Morris  
Sheila Morse  
Lois Remmer  
Shirley Shrade  
Martha Stackpole  
Jennifer Stix

### Library, Archives, Intelligencer

Ed & Nancy Ambrose  
Leonard Ahearn  
Robin Cutler  
Ruth Galvin  
Helen Gelotte  
Marian Halperin  
Lillian Hammond  
Donald and Mary Ellen Hill  
Peg Knowles  
Dorothea Looney  
Catherine M. Mayhew  
Jim Newman  
Arthur & Marge Railton  
Anna Tomlinson  
Peter Van Tassel  
Susan Wasserman

### Front Desk & Cooke House

Eileen Bradley  
Nancy Cabot  
Melville and Lizanne Chapin  
Faith Churchill  
Joanne Coffin Clark  
Jan Dorchester  
Beth Erikson  
Evelyn Flodstrom  
Rosemary Gatti  
Maggie Gibbons  
Kelsey Hale  
Margaret Harvey  
Margie Hiser  
Catherine Hitchings  
Chelsea Ives  
Peg Kelley  
Nancy Kingsley  
Rudy Kuser  
Helen Meleney  
Wes Mott  
Susan Nadelson  
Marcella Provost  
Selena Roman  
Richard Sherman  
Carol Slocum  
Sondra Speilvogel  
Kate Stackpole  
Ted Thomas  
Jan VanRiper  
Sylvia Weiss

(Please turn the page for more.)



### Special People (Continued)

#### Buildings and Grounds

Lynn Bouck  
Bill Connelly  
Bill Costanza  
Frank LoRusso

#### Lighthouses, Catboat Vanity

Joan Desautelle  
Jean Hay  
Ellie Ketcham  
Joan LaLacheur  
Sarah Saltonstall  
Richard Skidmore  
Thomas Stackpole  
Jack Sternbach

#### Miscellaneous duties

Anne Bacon  
Marie Connelly  
Andrea Hartman  
Donald Mayhew, computer help  
Bob Stone, Fresnel lens  
Jim Woodward, Fresnel lens

*The Officers and Board of Directors are grateful to each of you. Our Society could not perform its function in the community without your help.*

*Other members who would like to join this select group should call: 508 627 4441*

### CORRESPONDENCE

We have received a number of very favorable comments about the article in the November 2000 issue entitled: "Lower Lights (An Affectionate Memoir)," written by Harry R. Butman. One letter was so moving that we are printing it in its entirety. It was written by Ms. V. Dale M. Alper of Sarasota, Florida. We thank her for sharing her thoughts with us.

Dear Editor:

As a new member of the Martha's Vineyard Historical Society, I enjoy receiving the *Dukes County Intelligencer*. Today, December 16<sup>th</sup>, 2000, I was drawn to the first article, "Lower Lights (An Affectionate Memoir).

I was feeling sorry for myself and had just had a long, hard cry. I was reflecting on Christmas's past when the house was full of music, laughter and love. Now, because of life's circumstances, I am alone. When I got to the part about the lower light, the words to an old gospel song I sang as a child sprang up in my heart.

I immediately went to the piano to find the sheet music. Hidden in the bottom of a packed piano bench I found it. I sat down and began to play and sing, "Let the Lower Lights Keep Burning."

I returned to the story thrilled to see that it was the very same old gospel hymn that Lil had known. My sadness was replaced with joy. I reflected on the part of scripture that Lil quoted, "Let your light so shine," remembering that centuries ago, the brightest light of all entered this world at this season to be our beacon.

We may be tossed around in this sea of life, but brightly burns our Father's Mercy from his lighthouse ever more.

Thank you for this very inspiring article.

Sincerely yours,  
Dale Morgan Alper

*A very late, but heartfelt, "Merry Christmas" to Ms. Alper.*

## In Memoriam Marjorie E. Railton 1918 - 2000

Marjorie E. Railton, wife of the Editor of this journal for 58 years, died at her home in Edgartown on December 1, 2000. She was, by her wish, a behind-the-scenes volunteer, who provided hours of assistance in the production of each issue of the *Intelligencer*.

For more than twenty years, as editorial adviser, copy editor and proof reader, she faithfully worked on each issue to make this a publication she and he could be proud of. Few knew of her efforts, which she carried out in the unassuming, quiet manner so characteristic of her.

Marjorie was a major contributor in another way, equally unheralded. The inflexible deadlines that go along with producing a journal every three months often required that they postpone and at times forego trips that she had hoped to take. Her personal wishes often had to be put aside until the journal had gone to the printer. She, as much as her husband, was dedicated to the *Intelligencer*.

The Board of Directors of the Society, at its December meeting, adopted the following resolution:

*The Board wishes to express its deep sympathy to Arthur R. Railton upon the passing of his wife of many years, Marjorie. She will be sorely missed by all who knew her.*

*Marjorie Railton was a caring person and a friend to be treasured. She was a constant of Vineyard life and, a journalist herself, was a firm supporter of her husband's work as Editor of The Dukes County Intelligencer, reading proof of every issue until her death.*

We will make every effort to continue this publication in a way that would make her proud.

Each issue will serve as her memorial.

## A Mariner's Goodbye

From the log of ship America on a voyage from New Bedford to Callao, Peru, and return, 1854-55.

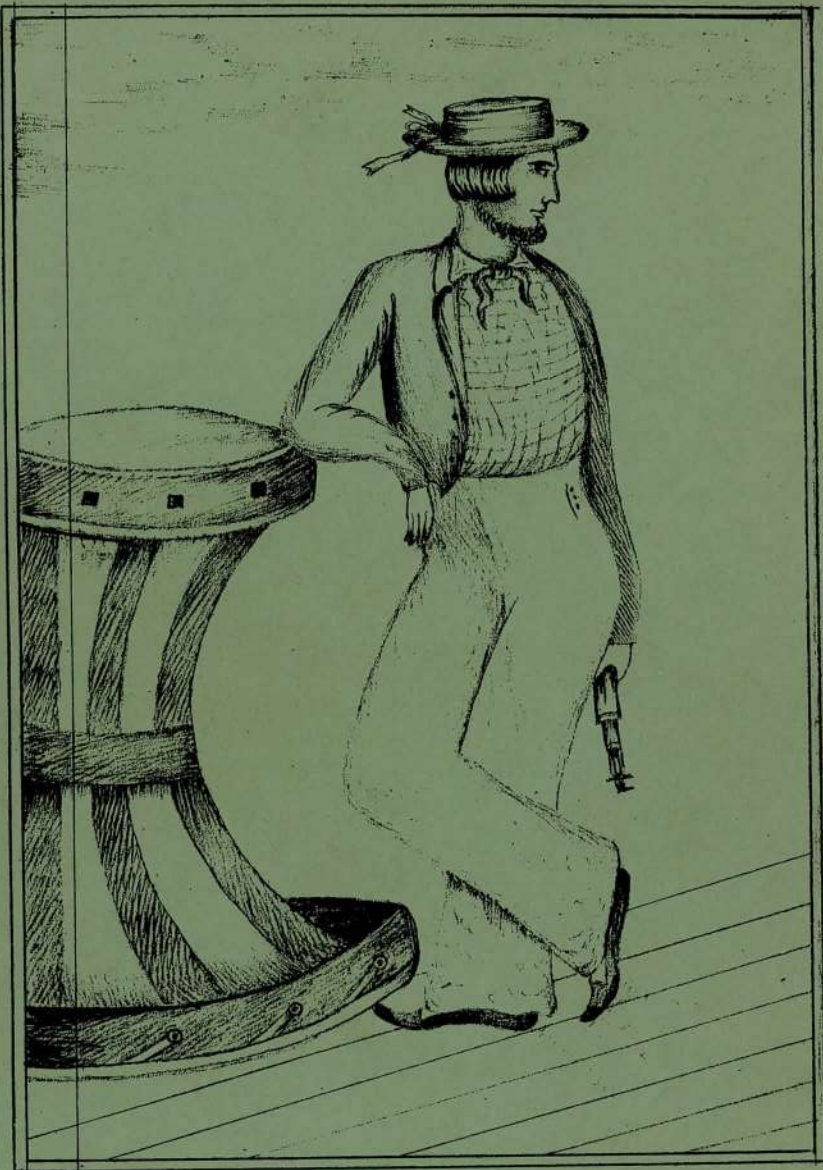


THE FAREWELL

Romantic Captain Manter allowed "H. Harding" to use pages in the log of ship America for drawings like this: an officer and his wife or sweetheart saying goodbye.



From the log of ship *America* on a voyage from New Bedford to Callao, Peru, and return, 1854-55.



## THE SON OF NEPTUNE.

Full-page pencil drawing by "H. Harding" from the log of the ship *America*. He was no doubt an officer. It would be pleasing to think this is a sketch of Captain Henry Manter.