

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



THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 48, No. 3

FEBRUARY 2007



THE FORTY-NINERS

California Dreaming

Hopes (& Business Plans)
For the 1849 Gold Rush

With an Artist's Vignettes
From the Voyage West

'SWEET BOOKS'

Island Diaries of 19th Century
Reflect on the World Outside

by MARIAN R. HALPERIN

PLUS

Beginnings of
The Island Irish

by ELAINE WEINTRAUB

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Student.....	\$25
Individual.....	\$45
(Does not include spouse)	
Family	\$60
Sustaining.....	\$100
Organization/Business	\$150
Patron \$250	
Benefactor*	\$500
President's Circle**	\$1000

Tax deductible except
For \$15, *\$25 and **\$35.

Printed at daRosa's in Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts.

ABOUT THE INTELLIGENCER

For nearly 50 years, *The Dukes County Intelligencer* has been the journal of history for Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands.

The quarterly publication has explored a wide variety of topics — the Island's history, geology, sociology, culture and myths are all part of its rich mix.

Over the years, the *Intelligencer* has played a key role in publishing research based on the collections of the Martha's Vineyard Museum, and now as the Museum continues to organize and catalogue those collections, it will continue to do so.

The *Intelligencer* welcomes contributions to its pages; we encourage Vineyard residents to help us reflect the Island's wonderful story.

If you have a story idea, write the editor at the address below. If you have an outline of a manuscript, or a manuscript itself, send it by post office or email; we do respond to correspondence. Letters to the editor intended for publication are also welcome.

To take part in the *Intelligencer* conversation, write:

John Walter
c/o *The Dukes County Intelligencer*
P.O. Box 1310
Edgartown MA. 02539

E-mail: jwalter3337@yahoo.com. Put "Intelligencer" in the subject line.

THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 48, No. 3

© 2007 M.V.H.S.

FEBRUARY 2007

THE FORTY-NINERS

Cyrus Worth Pease and the Gold Rush of 1849
by JOHN WALTER 51

Headed West to California on the *Walter Scott*
by CYRUS WORTH PEASE
edited by DOUGLAS HALE 57

A Mining Company Constitution..... 70



The Irish on the Island
by ELAINE WEINTRAUB 74

19th-Century Diaries
by MARIAN R. HALPERIN 78

Founding Editor: Gale Huntington (1959-1977)
Editor Emeritus: Arthur R. Railton (1978-2006)

The Dukes County Intelligencer is published quarterly by the Martha's Vineyard Historical Society (formerly the Dukes County Historical Society). Subscription is by membership in the Society. Copies of all issues are available at the Society library, Cooke and School Streets, Edgartown MA, or by mail at the address below.

Membership in the Society is solicited. Applications should be sent to P.O. Box 1310, Edgartown MA 02539. Telephone: 508 627 4441. Fax: 508 627 4436. Author's queries and manuscripts for this journal should be addressed there also, care of the Editor.

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

ISSN 0418 1379

MARTHA'S VINEYARD MUSEUM

Warren Hollinshead, *President*
Christopher J. Morse, *Senior Vice President*
Elizabeth Beim, *Vice President*
Judith LoRusso, *Vice President*
Mark A. Snider, *Vice President*
Catherine Merwin Mayhew, *Secretary*
Craig R. Dripps, *Assistant Secretary*
Robert A. Lunbeck, *Treasurer*
Hugh E. Knipmeyer, *President Emeritus*

Board of Directors

(Who are not officers.)

Alison M. Convery, Leslie O'Brien, Deirdre Ling,
James B. Richardson III, Renny A. Stackpole, David B. Vietor,
Edward W. Vincent, Lynne Whiting, Preston N. Williams – 2007
Thomas Hale, Douglas Leavens, Mark Alan Lovewell,
Eve Weinstein – 2008
John Botts, Judith Bruguiera, Paula Conover, Joseph E. Sollitto, Jr.,
Berta Welch, Dirk Ziff – 2009

Honorary Directors

Charlotte Hall John A. Howland Donald W. Vose

Staff

Matthew P. Stackpole, *Executive Director*
Betsey Mayhew, *Finance Director/Volunteer Coordinator*
Jill Bouck, *Chief Curator*
Dana Costanza Street, *Assistant Curator*
Keith P. Gorman, *Program Director/Librarian/Archivist*
Linda Wilson, *Assistant Librarian*
Peter B. Van Tassel, *Library Assistant**
Mary Ellen Hill, *Library Assistant**
Linsey Lee, *Curator of Oral History*
Lynne Whiting, *Education Director*
Nancy Cole, *Project Coordinator*
Amy Houghton, *Director of Development*
Susan Wilson, *Development & Publications Coordinator*
Catherine Merwin Mayhew, *Genealogist**
Dorothea R. Looney, *Registrar**
Capt. Charles Tacy, *Vanity Skipper & Caretaker*

*Unpaid volunteer

THE FORTY-NINERS

Artist Cyrus Worth Pease: 'Fragments' from a Voyage for Gold

by JOHN WALTER

THE SUMMER THAT GOLD FEVER broke out — it was in August, 1848, that Eastern newspapers reported the discoveries at Sutter's Mill in California — Cyrus Worth Pease was a young man in a hurry.

Dark-eyed, bushy-browed, baby-faced, Cyrus was a portrait painter who had the talent to attract attention, and commissions, from powerful people.

He'd worked as a painter of miniatures at Providence. He had access to the drawing rooms of Washington D.C. society. In Boston, his painting of the religious editor D.S. King was exhibited at Doggett's carpet warehouses, and received favorable comment.

And his hometown paper — Edgartown's *Vineyard Gazette* — said:

Mr. Pease, in our view, possesses all the elements necessary to constitute an excellent Artist. He has true genius, a cultivated taste, and a noble enthusiasm in every thing that relates to his profession. We are satisfied, from what we know of him, that, should he live, he will, at no distant day, take a very high stand as an Artist, as high as has been attained by a Healy, a Sully, and a Marchant. We are gratified in being enabled to pay this slight tribute to native talent, which has not been so fully appreciated in this community as it has deserved to be.¹

Yet like artists of many eras, Cyrus Pease — a little dreamy, a little idealistic — faced an uncertain future. He despaired of making a living at his

1 *Vineyard Gazette*, "Native Artists," Nov. 11, 1847

art, and there was a girl he was trying to impress. He was getting up in years; he was almost 30.

And so as the calendar year turned, Cyrus was back home on the Vineyard, signing up for the gamble of his life: He would join scores of other Islanders heading out on ocean voyages to California, praying one lucky strike would make their fortunes.

As things turned out, it didn't happen for most of them, and it didn't happen for Cyrus, either. But an interesting thing happens to him along the way. Aboard a refitted whaleship, the 339-ton *Walter Scott*, he will write a letter — a journal, really; “disjointed fragments,” he calls them — to this woman back East, someone he hopes might wait for him. Buoyant essays, filled with energy, ambition, and love. He illustrates them, showing things the men of the Vineyard see and do on the way out, a 17,000 mile journey that takes 156 days. And for an audience of one, he does some of his most remarkable work.

LOOKING BACK, we know that the hopes and dreams of the vast majority of Argonauts, as they were called, were crushed by the realities of California. Most came home disappointed, virtually empty-handed.

The broad outlines of the Vineyard and the Gold Rush may be quickly sketched.

By early 1849, farmers and city dwellers across the Eastern seaboard were packing for a journey west; in New England, trusting their traditions, thousands of men decided to make their way west by ship.

Historian Joan Druett, writing in this journal in 1989, said:

The demand for transportation was so great that whaling, which had brought so much wealth to Massachusetts, went into a sharp decline as ship owners turned to the more certain and more profitable passenger and freight business. Whaleships, returning to sell their oil, were refitted in haste “for California.” Even some old hulks that had not been to sea for years were somehow made seaworthy.²

Out from the Vineyard in February 1849 went the schooner *Rialto*. In April, the brig *Vesta* and in May the *Walter Scott*. In August, the ship *Splendid*. In September, the bark *Sarah*.

Vineyarders who couldn't find a berth at Edgartown or Holmes Hole sailed from Nantucket and Mattapoisett; 200 embarked from the Vineyard in those spring and summer months alone (and perhaps another 200 went out in the months after that).

2 Joan Druett, *Dukes County Intelligencer*, “Vineyarders and the Gold Rush,” August 1989

But when they got there, after a journey of long months, they found the hype had outpaced the reality.

Determined individuals who slogged inland found dysentery and discouragement. Arthur Railton says:

Most Vineyard men did not stay in California long. They soon discovered that gold was not easy to get, but sickness was. At least 12 died while in California or while going or returning. Many returned sick, with little financial gain. ... Most ... came home disappointed and broke.³

But there was spring in the air when Cyrus Pease joined the Edgartown Mining Company.

HE WAS BORN in 1819 at Edgartown to Jeremiah Pease and Eliza Worth, one of twin boys in a family that would grow to include ten children. His early schooling — he was clearly well-read — might have included time at Thaxter or Davis Academy in Edgartown, although a great grand-niece later said he was mostly self-taught.

Cyrus was a cousin of Edward Dalton Marchant, another Vineyard portrait painter. Marchant was 12 years older, and he had studied in Boston under Gilbert Stuart — a good fortune that may have improved his work but also typecast him; “the best of Marchant's work looks like what Gilbert Stuart might have turned out on one of his off days,” a critic said later.⁴

Marchant came home to the Vineyard in 1828 and worked here for a number of years thereafter, painting the Island's dynasties. And as Cyrus — Cy — grew into a man, he, too became interested in art. Marchant may have taught him for a while; they shared a studio on North Water Street, and long years later, after he had again left the Island, Marchant would, in letters home, inquire after Cyrus.

There is a family story that Cyrus Pease sought to pursue a formal education in art, but when he applied to art school and showed samples of his work, they told him there was nothing they could teach him.

Instead, Pease took his talent to Providence in 1843, and on to Washington. War with Mexico broke out as he arrived, but there was a hectic social life in the city in which he took part.

“They tell me,” Cyrus wrote his brother Joseph in May of 1846, in a letter in the collections of the Martha's Vineyard Museum, “I shall have plenty to do if I take a room in the Capitol and paint portraits as well

3 Arthur Railton, *History of Martha's Vineyard*, pages 183-184

4 Ellen Stokes, “Three Outstanding Old-Time Vineyard Artists Compared,” *Vineyard Gazette*, June 23, 1950

as miniatures, and my pictures are liked *prodigiously* much better than (those of) a French painter who has been here and charged \$100 for pictures as large only as mine."

By June, he was fretting about balancing a clerk's job he had taken with the demands of his painting assignments: "It drives me dreadfully but I must have the lucre ... I shall suck the teat while there is the least moisture in it." Yet at the same time, he was on the lookout for drama and adventure: He proposed to his twin, William, that they and a mutual acquaintance buy a schooner together and go sailing in the Mediterranean.

In the spring of 1847, he met a new patroness, Lucy Crane.

She was a bright and attractive young New England lady whose sister was the wife of a Vermont congressman. Pease painted Lucy many times and became quite fond of her. Two years his junior, she combined a proper ladylike charm with a very practical and forthright personality. Lucy was attracted to the young artist, whom she considered "good and pure enough to converse with angels," and the two saw a great deal of each other in the summer of 1848. But events were to separate them.⁵



CYRUS CAST HIS LOT with the Edgartown Mining Company. Such companies were the way of doing business and arranging a voyage: they drew up rigorously democratic, boilerplate corporate constitutions (the text of one is published on Pages 70-73). And they almost all blew apart upon the ship's arrival in California, when men realized you couldn't pan for gold as a team of equals.

"Chief director" of Edgartown Mining was Moses Adam of Chilmark. Ship's master and company treasurer: Henry Pease 2nd of Edgartown, a stout, veteran mariner. Cyrus was company secretary. In all, 36 men who signed on the *Walter Scott* came from Edgartown, eight from elsewhere on the Island. There were Mayhews, Jernegans, and Nortons, as well as seven flavors of Pease, counting the captain, Cyrus and Cyrus' brother John.

On April 29, 1849, there was a gathering of townspeople at the Methodist Meeting House (the Whaling Church) to say farewell to the men sailing on the *Walter Scott*. The pews were full; hymns were sung and prayers were prayed and two ministers spoke, and there was a reading from Genesis: "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, 'if God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiments to put on, so that I come again to my Father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.'"

One week later, the *Walter Scott* was towed to sea by the steamer *Mas-*

5 Douglas Hale, *Cimarron Review*, "The Artist as an Argonaut," September 1968

sachusetts, at half-past 11 on May 7, in the face of strong head winds.

The *Gazette* said of the voyagers: "They have left many sad hearts behind them. The hour of parting was a bitter hour — may that of their reunion be as blissful as that of their departure was grievous. In intelligence and energy, in sobriety and general deportment, in religion and morals, as well as in all the virtues that adorn mankind, this company is probably not inferior to any which has sailed for the El Dorado of America. May good winds speed them to their destination; may the riches of California yield them a golden harvest."⁶

Cyrus' father, Jeremiah, recorded the day in his diary: "It was an affecting time when she departed for California.... Having two sons, Cyrus and John, about to leave us for such a voyage, it would be impossible to describe my feelings. May the Good Lord guide and protect them all."

They headed to Cape Horn. It was mid-winter when they got there, in late July, and it took three weeks to battle the winds and round the Horn. Coming up the western side of the continent, they landed at the old port of Callao, in Peru, and went overland to Lima, a city of 60 churches, before heading back to sea.

They made San Francisco on Oct. 9.

There the company broke up.

Cyrus left for the interior with a coffee pot, a frying pan, some Lucifer matches, a blanket, and a tent. At the mines, he built himself a stone hut "which looked something between a bear's den and the cell of St. Anthony." He dug some gold, went back to the ship, and, as the rainy season began, settled for the winter in San Francisco. He began painting again.

We do not know how he came back to the Vineyard; we know he stayed at least another year on the West Coast, signing on as a customs inspector at Sonoma in 1851. John Pease and another brother Frederick, who had shipped to California on the *Sarah*, came back by sea at the end of 1850, ill and exhausted.

Cyrus was living here — he specialized in painting oil on canvas of prominent men, and a few women, and neither signed nor dated his works — when the Civil War broke out. He joined the United States Revenue Cutter Service, forerunner of today's Coast Guard, and served there during the war and afterward; his last station was in Galveston, Texas, in 1877.

He never married.

"Uncle Cy" was described as gruff and abrupt; it is said he drank too much. In those stories that are told about someone long after they are gone, by relatives distantly remembering far events, there is a glimpse of him tearing down the Nottingham draperies in the home of a young woman

6 Quoted in May 4, 1951 *Gazette*, "1849, a Year of Contradictions for Islanders on the Make"

friend; he had found her entertaining another man.

There is another glimpse of a relative walking by his window and, seeing him painting, calling out, "Uncle Cy, wouldn't you like to give me one of your paintings as a wedding gift?" To which he supposedly replied, "I don't know why I should give you one; I never gave anyone else one."

But it is also said that in later years he painted as a hobby, and that he did not regularly sell or give away his work. He painted pastoral countryside as well as portraiture, although the landscapes were not local. Cyrus Worth Pease sat amidst the roses of Edgartown and painted pictures of ancient ruins in Italy.

He died in Edgartown in August of 1887. A half-dozen of his portraits — dark-shadowed, absolutely compelling, not particularly flattering to his stone-faced subjects, but plainly nailing them with hard-edged precision — are in the collection of the Martha's Vineyard Museum.



CYRUS DOES NOT begin writing to Lucy Crane until the *Walter Scott* is a month underway.

He knows, of course, that it will be a long time before she will receive his letter; as it turns out, he "mails" one version of it in June, along with a letter to his father, when the whaler crosses the path of a brig bound from Antwerp to Buenos Aires; but he also keeps a copy of this first letter and decides, having extra time on his hands, to illustrate it as he adds to it. The new version is written on half a dozen different dates in a bold, clear hand. He draws on one side of a sheet and writes on the other, and eventually does 15 illustrations. This version is posted in San Francisco.

He writes in a bit of a passion; in the conventions of the time, he cannot quite express his romantic feelings. Trim, raven-haired Lucy Crane is, like Cyrus, also from a family of ten children. She has a good sense of humor, and many male admirers. Cyrus does not quite know what she thinks of him; in a memoir years later, Lucy remembers him as a soulful young man. Plainly, he wants their relationship to flower and grow, and he is already looking forward to seeing her again.

But he will not see her again.

While he is pursuing gold, she will go with her family to Turkey, and there she will be pursued by a doctor from St. Louis who marries her and takes her home to Missouri. Yet she keeps Cyrus' illustrated "fragments" for the rest of her life, and that is why we know of them today.

Now, in the autumn months aboard the *Walter Scott*, all that is in the future. Cyrus sits in steerage, perhaps in his hammock, or perhaps with his back propped against a bulkhead, pen and writing paper in hand. The water (he tells us this) is smooth as Lake Champlain, a breeze just whispering over the surface. The soft wind of the Tropics is out of the south. Life lies ahead.

THE FORTY-NINERS

Aboard the *Walter Scott*, In 'Our California Frenzy'

FROM A LETTER of Cyrus Worth Pease to Lucy Crane, 1849, edited and footnoted by Douglas Hale originally for publication in the *Cimarron Review* (September 1968). The following generally follows Pease's original punctuation; a few misspellings have been corrected, and paragraphing has been supplied by the editor.

My dear friend,

We are some three thousand miles on our way to the golden shores of Ophir.¹ I wish the voyage well over with, for I am sick of the sea. It will do to sing about and to look at from some cliff when lashed by storms. I am alive, nevertheless, to all the *romance* of our situation as treasure-seekers and all that, but from the associations and associates with which we are now surrounded "good Lord deliver us."

Daniel² wishes me to say to *you* that he does not have any faith in the community system. No more do I. We often wail in concert but still we think, with the man of us, that a living man should not complain, especially after surviving such a gale as we had in the gulf stream. I will not attempt to describe it. Nobody ever succeeded yet in it. But, oh! You should have heard the winds *scream right out*. You should have seen the masts bend like coach-whips and heard the creaking timbers. I am naturally

1 Ophir: A land of uncertain location from which gold and precious stones were brought for Solomon. I Kings 10:11.

2 Daniel Crane, Lucy's brother, was a member of the Edgartown Mining Company, and traveling aboard the *Walter Scott*.

DOUGLAS HALE is professor emeritus of history at Oklahoma State University, and the author of *Wanderers Between Two Worlds: German Rebels in the American West, 1830-1860* (Xlibris, 2005). He found the Cyrus Pease letters in the private papers of Friedrich Adolph Wislizenus, in St. Louis. Wislizenus was Lucy Crane's husband.

cowardly, I fear, but being too proud to indulge myself in it before folks, I enjoyed the gale to my heart's content. We are full as well pleased with our present situation as we could expect.

You will not expect any very interesting facts from a correspondent in mid-ocean. A sea voyage is filled up with the most insignificant incidents, but I must speak of these or say little or nothing, for you must know that it is the universal opinion here that a ship is not the place for thinking. The first thing one does after recovering from seasickness and finding him-

self upon the boundless sea, is to look around and see what is *on* it, and then

to watch and see what comes *out* of it. I have always liked to speculate

upon what is contained in its *depths*. Are those Naiads and

coral groves, or are the dark unfathomed caves filled only

with disgusting objects?

From one of the monster kind we had a visit a few days since. An *infant*

whale, some forty feet in length, suddenly made

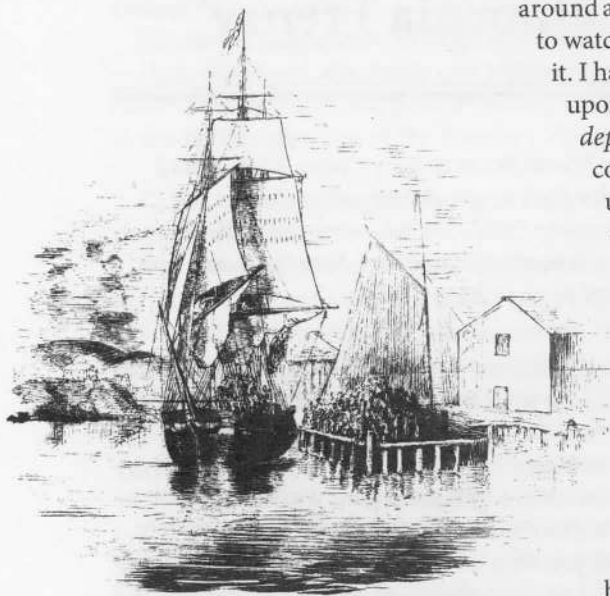
his appearance alongside the ship and followed the ship for a long time.

Though so large, the sailors yet said it was a *calf* and

had mistaken the ship for its mother. I sympathized with

the lost child, but I thought him big enough to take care of himself.

Porpoises and blackfish have also gamboled about us in great numbers. For the last we had been making preparations and expected some rare sport. But when they made their appearance, the captain rather hesitated to attack them, fearing that a man might be killed or a boat stove, but he gave in like a good republican to the popular will, after a while, and gave orders for two boats to be lowered. You must know that we needed the creature for the sake of his oil and therefore green hands were not allowed to encumber the boat. But I was determined not to be put off in this way, so during the melee I got into the boat as she hung at the davits and descended with her to the water knowing that I should not be called upon to get out. I was not observed as some were coiling lines and some putting in oars and the weapons of war — all of which were soon on board and a few strokes of the oars brought us



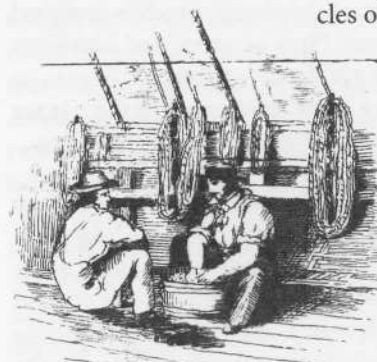
into the middle of the shoal. A skillful whaleman stood in the bows with his harpoon. After a few unsuccessful throws, he succeeded in fastening to one, upon which the creature darted off Jehu-like, dragging the boat after him with the speed of an arrow. As soon as he stopped we commenced drawing the boat up to him by the line attached to the harpoon. The officer in command of the boat now took the post of honour and with one skillful throw of the lance gave the monster his death wound. In his "flurry" or death struggle he leaped his whole length out of the water. Oh! It was wild sport. We were in some danger — just enough to spice the matter.

Sea-monsters are the natural enemies of all New Bedforders, Nantucketers and Vineyarders and we feel ourselves bound in honour to attack them upon every suitable opportunity. But the secret of it is, it is the most rare, wild and exciting sport there can be conceived of. I know of no game or sport among the ancients or moderns but what is entirely too insignificant to compare with it. The most of our days are, however, monotonous enough. Occasionally a flying fish will leap from his element and light upon deck to be devoured by the sailors as soon as fire can roast him. But perhaps you do not believe in flying fish. The good old widow, you know, could believe in the rivers of rum and mountains of sugar which her hopeful son was telling her of, but the flying fish was too much for her credulity.

The most of the time we are busy at some occupation, for by the articles of agreement we are to employ ourselves,

on the passage out, in some business for our mutual benefit — carpenters, boat-builders, blacksmiths and sail-makers, all at work. As for myself, being of a Theological turn, as you may well know, to your cost — [I] have taken up the calling of St. Paul and am hard at work *tent-making*.³

On Mondays we keep up the New England custom of washing. Every



³ Lucy Crane, in writing a memoir, described Pease as a Swedenborgian who believed that "the angels ... still walk the earth both when we sleep and when we wake, unseen by grosser mortals." Religious allusion aside, Pease's on-board assignment was probably of a quite practical nature; his task is listed in ship records as "painter."

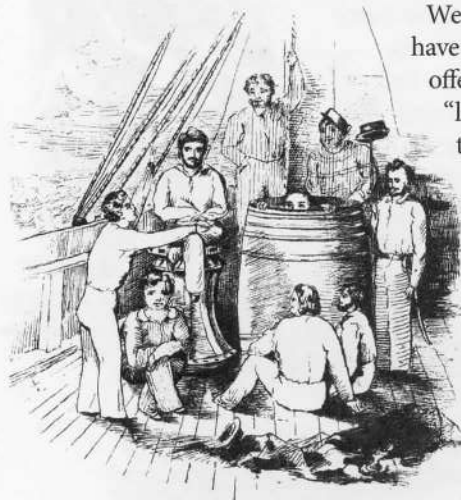
man is seated on the desk with some little apology for a tub before him. Sorry work some of us make of it, I assure you. I have had "dreadful bad luck." I thought I had genius enough for the work, and shrewdly supposed that the use of a plenty of soap was the grand secret, but I have learned by the result, not to place too much confidence in myself. Never mind, I will give them an extra sousing next Monday.

In all our occupations we manage to get a set together within *argument* distance of each other. We discuss tall themes, for the most part, and "Reason high of free will, fixed fate, and fore-knowledge absolute." We have mauled Bishop Berkley [sic], Dugald Stewart and John Calvin to our heart's content. Adam Smith there is nothing of left, in our opinion, and Malthus we have torn into fibres.

We are not without resources for recreation. We have established a judicial tribunal for the trial of offences. One case is to come off as soon as the "learned counsel" is ready. Daniel is one of the councilors and I am the judge. I am the "Court" be it known. The prisoner is a little short, fat, chubby man with little twinkling eyes set in a face of more breadth than length. Just imagine him looking over the edge of a huge bread cask into which we have set him as in a prisoner's dock. He is very religious, and is a great stickler for what he considers all the little "proprieties" of his profession. He is sorely hurt, therefore, at the charge which is preferred against him. He is accused, *and with truth*

too, of watching the dish of meat with *one* eye, from between his fingers, as he holds his hand to his forehead and asks a silent blessing, while the rest are helping themselves. He is to be tried by the law of "proprieties," we tell him.

JUNE 24. ...I must tell you how I came near going "from this world up to t'other" a day or two since. We all have our foolish moments I suppose, at least, I do. One came over me the other day as I was sitting, with a few others, on the bows of the ship watching her as she plunged into the sea and dashed the spray from her bows. The water was so clear, the foam so white and, above all, the waves curled so gracefully as they shot from beneath the head, that I felt an irresistible desire to plunge in and join in the motion. One of the sailors fastened a line to the end of the bowsprit and forming the other end into [a] *bite* [sic] in which to place my feet, he gave it to me. After divesting myself of a part of my clothing and placing my feet in the rope I swung

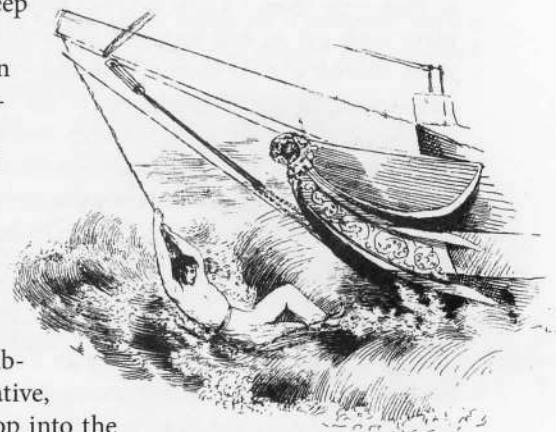


off from the bows, and was, for a moment, suspended from the bowsprit end, high in the air, and then, as the ship descended, I was engulfed in the waves. Now I was dragged swiftly along close under the bows of the vessel; and now pulled out like a fish and thrown into the air, as the ship plunged into, and rose out of, the sea. The pleasure was *rapturous*. The sensation produced by the eccentric and peculiar motion of the ship I cannot describe. It was like that which a man feels when he is under the influence of Morphine as, seated on some cloud, he is whirled round in the eddying vortex of a whirlwind or driven in mighty circles along the sky, or, as Ariel like, he floats along on the gently undulating clouds of eventide. It was a moment of intense delight, during which I was totally unconscious that my strength was nearly exhausted in my struggles to keep my foothold in the rope.

I was advised to come on board and to do so it was necessary for me to haul myself up some fifteen feet before I could get any support. I succeeded in climbing about half way up when I gave out. I was in agony from supporting my weight so long with my hands only. I had scarcely a second more for deliberation. There was no alternative, and I had about resolved to drop into the sea, with a faint hope of swimming clear of the bows of the ship. It was a vain hope. I should have been under her keel before I could have swum a foot. The men were undecided what to do, until, seeing that I must drop into the sea, they threw over coils of tangled rope. This saved my life, for had they cleared the ropes, as is usual, they would have been of no service. I was fairly entangled in a web and drawn on board. I think I shall not beard old Neptune in this way again.

After this we made a kind of canvas seat to which was attached a rope which passed through a block at the yardarm, forming a pulley. We had a fine sport with this. The Captain was the first to be soused. Daniel liked it amazingly until, poor fellow, he got a little more salt water in his mouth than he thought good for him. It was a novel way of bathing but it did not last long. The men called the canvas seat the secretary's baby jumper! And — they never saw it again.

My letter, if such it can be called, is necessarily one of disjointed fragments, for I write a little, and then weeks, perhaps, elapse before I have an opportunity to make the picture to it.



AUG. 17. We have passed Cape Horn. For three weeks we were buffeting the winds and waves in that region of "storm and darkness." It was mid-winter. The sun was but 15 degrees above the horizon at noon, rising at half past eight and setting at 4. The days seemed like nights and the nights like chaos.

The objects of the voyage aside, I wished myself at home, or in B.⁴ rambling with you in the wood-paths with "summer birds to sing welcome as we passed." I have not forgot our jaunts, nor the long *chat* in the woods. Do you remember how I pelted you with young apples[?] I wonder if I shall ever meet you again in B., our hearts as cheerful and the skies as bright as they were then. I know not, but hope so. What fantastic tricks fortune plays with us! At one moment lazily dreaming life away in some quiet nook, listening to the hum of bees and watching the nodding honeysuckle; but, before the one is withered, or the other sought out his new home, we are off and away. The bark that bears us onward, ploughing her way through regions where "darkness and raging winds their terrors join," breasting the waves, and battling the storm, as if to teach the fainthearted and despairing who throng her decks how to win in the contest before them. The physical world is full of such lessons, and in the moral, I have the impulse which is derived from the knowledge that everything is, as yet, unattained.

How I envy Abiathar⁵ his happy lot. I suppose by this he is married. If the fates are propitious in C[alifornia] such happiness may fall to my share — if not, not! I have arrived to an age when all must be won or lost in a point of time. I have struggled some with fortune, but much, too much of my life has been spent in serene, vain dreams and idle speculations. The hope of securing, by the ordinary channels of industry, the means of enjoying the *real* comforts and joys of life seems futile at my age — with my art, or rather, with my poor success at it. But courage! My lot is cast upon the waters. Clouds veil the future — now threatening and black, now lit up by lights reflected from the brightness of a few past happy days. I am full [of] strength and hope, and if I fail of success, it shall not be from the lack of effort.

We are every moment expecting to make land off the harbor of Callao. The Pacific is glorious! We glide swiftly over it, yet, for many days, it has been as smooth as your own Champlain, the breeze scarcely ruffling the waters. Oh! That you were here to see the sun go down over this tranquil sea! This vast interminable expanse. Every night in clouds of orange, and purple, and gold, he sinks, away toward the west, illumining the isles of the Indian seas and shedding his rosy light "o'er Ternate and Tidore." And

4 Berkley, Massachusetts, Lucy's home town.

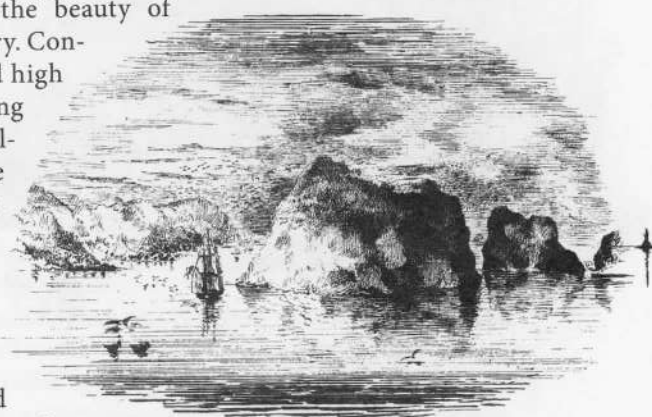
5 Abiathar Crane, Lucy's brother, who had lived in Edgartown for a time.

Oh! the soft south winds of the Tropics. There is *no* exaggerating their power over the spirits. The eye flashes, the cheek tinges with red, and the dull streams of life rise into gushing fountains under their influence. Land O! Land O! is the cry from all parts of the ship. Welcome sound! The last I saw was the fading shores of my own Island.

*My Island Home, My Island Home!
Where blows the balmy western breeze,
I would not give My Island Home
For all the Bright Hesperides.*

There! There! I must go on deck or I shall commit a folly, if I have not already. Now for the bold coast and the blue Andes.

I passed ten years of my life in the most intimate friendship with a man who had spent some years on this coast, and hardly a day passed without referring to the beauty of South American scenery. Consequently I had formed high expectations concerning it. But they fully realized in the scene before me. At the entrance of the harbour, San Lorenzo, a mountain of rock, rises, like "Ailsa Craig,"⁶ from the sea, its summit lost in the clouds, and its sides all bathed in the



light of the setting sun. Birds that make it their nightly resting place are coming from all points in *countless thousands* to light upon its jutting crags. As we wind slowly round its base, the mountains around Lima become visible. And now, near at hand, on the shores of the bay orange groves are seen. In many respects the grandeur of this scene cannot be matched. There is no part of the world which presents such a long and stupendous range of rocky coast. The sea, uninterrupted in its course for more than six thousand miles, here meets with an eternal barrier, against which it beats with the ceaseless moan. Our ship is moored. Some are preparing for an early visit to the shore in the morning and the rest have met in groups to speculate upon the reason why so many ships are [in port]. They fear that the Cholera or an In-

6 Ailsa Craig is a rock off the West Coast of Scotland which figures in poems by Wordsworth, Burns and Keats.

dian war has driven them from California. As to myself I must wait till sunset. I can hear nothing now but the roar of the ocean — “the bass of Nature’s music.” I can see nothing but the mountains away toward Lima, the light gleaming upon their summits and lingering in the valleys. This is Italy without the arts.

CALLAO, 23 AUG. We have just returned from a visit to the site of the old town of Callao which was sunk by a great earthquake many years ago. At the same time, San Lorenzo a mountain of rock some fifteen hundred feet high, rose up from out of the sea. The whole scene must have been awfully grand. Imagine the mortal gloom darkening the atmosphere



for miles around, the unearthly stillness, as if every sound in nature had gone to swell the coming roar. See the pale faces and the crowd hurrying to the churches. And now it comes! The ocean reels about like a drunken man! The mountains rock, cradling in the valleys the young earthquake. And, midst a noise louder than ten thousand

thunder peals, down sinks the city and up shoots the mountain into the clouds: looking down, like the genius of the earthquake, upon the ruin below and watching the departing breath of his victims as it rose all bubbling up on the bay.

We saw nothing in our visit worthy of note save two tombs, partly caved in, and containing human bones. This was probably the site of the burial ground, and, situated some distance from the town, did not sink with it. It was covered, however, with sand from the sea. The English have sought permission to make excavations in the neighborhood for treasure, but without success; the church having interposed and claimed the whole as holy ground. At some future day this American Pompeii will be exhumed.

LIMA, 24 AUG. I must not dwell on all the objects of interest which presented themselves on the road to this place for fear that you are al-

ready wearied with the length of my letter. But they were of the character usually seen in Catholic countries — Ruined churches, built, for aught I know, before the blood of the Incas was cold; crosses by the wayside, on the octagonal base of one of which were painted symbols of the sufferings of our Savior — pincers, thorns, scourge, etc; a withered wreath of flowers also hung from it, tossed about by the wind: low sheds, where travelers refreshed themselves and in and about which were lounging the savage and untamed descendants [of] aborigi-

nes — with their broad slouched hats, ponchos and carbines — formed the chief features of the scene. At the distance of half a mile from the city a beautiful avenue of trees commences and extends to the gates. On either side are high walls enclosing groves of Cherrymoya [sic], banana and orange trees, the fruit in all states of forwardness. Daniel reveled among the cherrymoyas, but they were not quite to my taste, being a



little too sweet. The transition from our confined and otherwise disagreeable position on shipboard to this spot, filled with all the beautiful verdure of the Tropics was delightful. I wish you could have seen the glittering dewdrops on the oranges, as they hung in the shade of the dark foliage.

Lima is a beautiful city and yet I hardly know why I call it so. It is beneath notice as to its architecture, save, perhaps, a few of its churches. But its fine situation at the base of a mountain range — the picturesque appearance of its inhabitants, their ease and freedom of manners — all have taken my fancy by storm. I should like to spend a year or two here, and can easily imagine why so many of the foreigners who come here remain and dream their life away, but no New Englander, in his sober senses, can wish to change his country permanently for any under the sun. Out first visit in L. was to the churches, of which there are no less than sixty, all Catholic. Many of them are gorgeous in the extreme in the interior, but there is no display of taste or refinement. The ornaments, where they depart from a strictly religious character, are out of keeping and somewhat barbaric. There is a trace of the Moor in everything, but not the Moor of the Alhambra. The larger Churches are filled, on either side of the nave, with lofty and imposing shrines covered with the most elaborate carvings. The work,

however, is nothing like the sharply cut and delicate oak carvings seen in many of our churches. The wealth lavished on these shrines is *enormous*. With the crimson velvet hangings, they form the principal features in these churches and give them the appearance of great magnificence.

The pictures here are not worthy the name. Having heard, years ago, vague accounts of there being pictures in this city by Velasquez, Murillo and others, I hunted, under the auspices of a "little oily monk," all the dark recesses and lumber rooms, but to no purpose. I saw a few pictures that were barely tolerable and but one good one — it was lately sent from Spain. I was much disappointed as I expected to find a few good pictures by Spanish painters of note, if not by those I have named. Even the portraits of their Bishops in the Cathedral are no better, and the picture of the last Bishop, done by an English artist to whom I was introduced, must be named in the same catalogue.

The appearance of the city is entirely different from anything seen among us. There are no open spaces or lots. The streets are walled on either side, and when a house is built a gateway simply is cut in the wall which forms a common front to the houses generally. Behind the wall, a small space intervening, forming a court, are seen glazed windows and a door opening immediately into the sitting room. This, being on a level with the street and but a few feet from it, exposes the inmates to the view of the passers-by. The female portion of them, with the children, are most always seen amusing themselves in various ways and playing on the Piano or guitar. One may stop and listen without being considered in the least rude. In fact, so that he be polite and courteous, he may enter with the same freedom that a person who had been introduced would in among us.

We were invited to enter once as we stood at the entrance of a house listening to the music within. The Captain, who spoke the language, was with me. I must confess that I was lured somewhat by the beautiful eyes of the player who looked as if she might have descended from the choir above. You must remember that I had not seen a beautiful face for many months. After the music had ceased, the Captain conversed with them a little and told them we were Americans and bound for California. But they had taken me for a Spaniard all the time and accused the Captain of deceiving them. I saw the state of the case and came to his assistance with all the broken Spanish I could muster, but this only made the matter worse, for they considered it as an attempt of a native to pass as a foreigner by imitating *his* speech. They were, however, somewhat in doubt, but I hummed an air from *Masaniello*⁷ which I wished one of them to play and

⁷ *Mansaniello* or *La Muette de Portici*, an opera by Auber, was a favorite of the time.

this decided the point. The character of the music, they said, was Spanish. We took our leave of them with all the fair speeches we could think of. As far as I could judge from what little I saw of the people, this is a specimen of their manners, from the better class of the common people downward. I have no doubt that this freedom is quite inconsistent with the character of the old Spaniards; and that there are many families of their descendants here who practice more reserve.

The beauty of the females of the higher class has not been exaggerated. I judge, however, from only two *specimens*, as they are very seldom seen on the street. One I saw as she came tripping from the church. She had the hands and feet of a fairy; and eyes — but

there is [no] describing them besides they were quickly hidden by her shawl or mantle, beneath which shown rich chains of gold worn around the waist. The other entered a store when I was making a purchase. The moment she entered I

forgot for a moment my native land and the religion of my fathers, and could have turned catholic or Turk. I cannot describe beauty, but her look seemed to hush everything into silence, her face was characterized by so much stillness and repose. As she entered, it seemed as if the day with its noise and glare had suddenly departed and a soft moonlight night being had taken its place. I *wondered* at her beauty and why it should so affect the *spirit* without really dazzling the senses. I do not remember the shape of a single feature. I only remember that when once her eyes by chance met mine, it seemed as if a holy light had descended and shut out the external world. I fear that this appears foolish to you. It will unless you have, at some time, seen such a face. But I will be less extravagant. Now if such a being should descend and tabernacle with me, I would tie up the knocker, muffle the bells, shut the piano, buy Persian carpets, wear slippers and, rapt in bright visions would listen to the spiritual *music* which must attend one so beautiful. I would exclude the murky, red light of the sun and dwell in the twilight of Eden, *selah!*

The men here are a fine looking race. Do you remember the Armenian who called at your house in W[ashington] with Mr. Cutts? The men here



remind me of him, though they have more force of expression but less refinement of face. From what I could learn of others, they are unprincipled and given up to vice and indolence. If they are ever stirred up to exertion it is when an approaching presidential election affords them an opportunity to take up arms against each other and cleave their way to office.

The people seemed to be ridden over rough shod by a corrupt priesthood, a vicious soldiery and venal legislators. The idea of forming a state from such materials is simply ridiculous. The requiem of the good President Herrarra⁸ was the knell of the nation, and they seem doomed to decay unless the influx and example of foreigners among them shall stimulate them, as it has done in Chile, to industry and the practice of the domestic virtues.

There are two sacred classes here, viz. the Buzzards and the Priests. The duties of the former are the more respectable and are better performed. One cannot help having a contempt for the people from their toleration of these useless ghostly scavengers. They beset one at every turn in swarms, their soiled robes and countenances indicating nothing but moral depravity exciting contempt and disgust. They are a set of moral vampires, sucking the life blood of the *nation*, and all they cannot drain they pollute. Heaven, in its own good time, clean this lovely land from this vermin.

I also went into one of the oldest churches to see the bells, knowing them to have been sent from old Spain. Little boys were ringing them by pounding on them with pieces [of] metal. They were very old and covered with Latin inscriptions. Their tones, perhaps, have been borne on the same breeze which wafted pennons of the Cid. Or perhaps they have sounded their warning notes over proud Seville while the Moor was at her gates. "What tales they tell!" What rejoicings over deeds of blood have pealed from them! We also visited the Museum, which contains many objects of interest connected with the Incas and the race they governed. Images of worship made by them of beaten gold were shown us. Large masses of gold and silver were also seen. They did not serve to allay our California fever much. The Museum contains pictures of the old viceroys and the conquerors. Among them one of Columbus copied from an original picture made early in life. Pizarro's is the one, I believe, from which a copy was made for the engraving in Prescott's history. I was surprised to find that the pictures of the old Spaniards do not at all resemble the present race. They look like the portraits of Englishmen. They have the florid complexion and energetic expression of the Anglo-Saxon. There was a school of drawing in one of the public buildings which I visited. The boys were as beautiful as the models before them. They had made creditable progress. I was glad to see it, for it seemed as if they were doing more

⁸ Pease is confused by Peruvian politics. Bartolome Herrera was a leading clerical spokesman but not president. He probably means General Agustin Gamarra, who was president twice before his death in 1841.

to elevate the nation than their fathers were. I was sorry at not being able to witness the deliberations of Congress. We went to their place of meeting, but the hour had not arrived and we were forced to leave.

AT SEA AGAIN. My letter is already too long and I will no longer weary your patience and will only add a postscript in San Francisco. Daniel is in fine health and spirits and in the struggle to come we shall be as brothers. The constant motion of the ship and the writing on the backs of them must answer for some of the imperfections of my sketches as well as for the disfigured state of some of the sheets. I would not send them had I time to make other sketches. You must excuse them but insignificant as they are they will serve to show that some of my thoughts have dwelt upon one who has given me many kind words. I shall *never* forget the pleasant hours I have spent with you. They were *too few*, and too short, but I trust I shall see you again and so farewell my dearest friend.

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,
C.W. Pease

(Postscript)

SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 10, 1849

Soon after my arrival here I presented the letter which Mr M gave me to Mr. Billings.⁹ He received me most cordially and made me sincere offers of advice and assistance in promoting my plans. I never was placed in a situation where such assistance would be more likely to advance my interests. It is no small privilege, especially in the situation we are placed in here, to be able to command the good offices of such men as are named in Mr. M's letter. I thank him most sincerely for it. I learned from Mr. B of Mr. M's recent appointment with exceeding pleasure, not unmixed with pain to think that, perhaps, I may not see you again for many years. In truth I feel gloomy and have not the heart to add anything more than simply to say that we shall probably do well here. Daniel and myself both long to wend out way eastward again with such golden harvest as may please Heaven. Please present my best regards to Mr. and Mrs. M.

I hope some pleasant morning to meet you on the Golden Horn or in the valley of Sweet Waters. God bless you.

C.

⁹ Lucy's brother in law, George Perkins Marsh, a Vermont congressman, had given Pease a letter of introduction to a San Francisco lawyer, Frederick Billings. From Billings, Pease learns that Marsh has been given a government appointment in Constantinople, and that Lucy will accompany the family there.

THE FORTY-NINERS

A Constitution Spells Out The Rules of Engagement

‘The Owners of the Bark Sarah
Agree to Furnish Conveyance . . .’

A copy of the following — the constitution of the Vineyard Mining Company, of 1849 — is in the files of the Martha's Vineyard Museum.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, do agree to form ourselves into an Association, for the purpose of Mining in California, to be called the VINEYARD MINING COMPANY; and to secure the successful prosecution of the objects of this Company; we agree to adopt the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

1. We agree to embark for California in the bark SARAH, Capt. John O. Morse, as master, whose duty it shall be to navigate the vessel to her port of destination, and back again; to remain by, and have the charge of the vessel and property; and to provide each party with the necessary provisions, and mining implements.
2. The officers of the Company shall consist of a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and six Directors, who shall form a Board of Directors for the management of the affairs of the Company; a majority of whom shall form a quorum for the transaction of business. They shall be chosen by the owners and Company, by ballot; the owners being entitled to throw half as many votes as are thrown by the Company. Vacancies shall be filled in like manner, at any meeting only called for the purpose.
3. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Company, and of the Board of Directors; he shall have the power to call special meetings of the Directors, whenever he deems it necessary; and shall be required to call a meeting of the Company, upon the written request of one third of the members.

4. The Secretary shall keep a correct account of all the proceedings of the Company, and of the Board of Directors, until the same shall be dissolved. He shall, every quarter, audit the accounts of the Treasurer, and shall keep on file an abstract of the same, to be signed, in duplicate, by each of them.
5. The Treasurer shall keep an accurate and faithful record of all moneys and other property, which he may receive or disburse; in all cases giving and receiving duplicate receipts, signed both by himself and the party with whom he transacts business. Under the direction of the Board of Directors, he shall, from time to time, transmit the funds in his hands to the United States.
6. The Company shall be divided into as many parties, or gangs, as may be deemed expedient; and each party or gang shall have the privilege of choosing their own head, or sub-director, by vote; — a majority deciding the choice. Such elections may take place whenever the party deem it expedient; a certificate of such election, signed by a majority of the party, stating the time when, and for which, it is made, shall be transmitted to the Secretary, to be kept on file.
7. It shall be the duty of the sub-directors, as far as may be possible, to preserve harmony, at all times, among the men under their charge; to take the lead in the work of mining; to collect and keep in charge the proceeds of each day's work; and to make a memorandum of the same, by weight, in a book specially for that purpose; delivering the property to the officer appointed to receive it, whenever it shall be called for by him; — always passing receipts, in duplicate, signed by both parties. The memorandum book to be placed in the hands of their successors.
8. Each member shall be held accountable for all property entrusted to his care, unavoidable accidents accepted [*sic*].
9. Before leaving the port of Edgartown, twenty-one men shall be selected to serve as a crew, subject to all the duties and regulations that the crews of other vessels usually are; — to be paid for their services from the general stock of the Company, at such rates as may then be agreed upon.
10. Each member shall devote his whole time and labor to the best advantage for the interests of the whole Company, under the direction of their officers, working diligently at the tasks severally assigned them. If, during certain seasons, the Company cannot be profitably engaged in the work of mining, it is agreed that the ship and Company, or such part thereof as cannot profitably be employed on shore, shall engage in whaling, or freighting; the expense attending which shall be at the common cost, and all the receipts to go into the common treasury.
11. No intoxicating drinks shall be used by any member of the Company, except for medical

- purposes. Should any member become intoxicated, or engage in any game of hazard, or chance, or be guilty of dissipation, or grossly immoral conduct, or of continued indolence and neglect of duty, he shall, upon trial and conviction thereof before the Board of Directors, be liable, for the first offense, to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars; for the second, one hundred dollars, and for the third, to be expelled from the Company, forfeiting all his interest therein.
12. Any person deserting the vessel, or company, shall forfeit all his tools, and his entire interest in the earnings of the Company.
13. A proper regard for the Sabbath shall be maintained; and, during that day, all unnecessary labor shall be suspended. All profane cursing and swearing is prohibited; and any officer, who shall be convicted of its use, shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars for each offence; — other members to a fine of half that amount.
14. Should any member become sick, or disabled, his expenses shall be borne by the Company, his interest in the Company not being affected thereby; but if it should be necessary in the opinion of the Company and of a physician, that such member should return home, his expenses shall be borne by the Company and owners; and his membership shall cease on his embarkation. If, however, such sickness, or disability, be caused by immoral, or imprudent conduct, he shall bear his own expenses, and lose all participation in the earnings of the Company during the time he is unable to do duty. In case of the death of any member, his heirs are to receive, at the close of the voyage, his full proportion, according to time of service.
15. If any member shall get involved in debt during the voyage, the amount of such debt shall be charged to him, and be deducted from his share, at the time of settlement. And if, by neglect of duty, or willful misconduct, any extra expense is brought upon the Company, or any unnecessary detention be caused to the voyage, he, or they, so offending, shall pay all damages arising therefrom. No member shall leave the ship without first obtaining leave of the master, or officer in charge.
16. Should any disputes or quarrelling occur, it shall be the duty of any member present, to represent the same to the board of Directors, to be adjusted according to their decision.
17. No member shall trade, or do business on his own separate and individual account; but any member may take with him a limited quantity of goods for sale, to be entered on the ship's bill of lading; and upon arrival at the place of destination, to be placed in the hands of a commission merchant for sale. One of the members may act as such commission merchant, three-fourths of the members concurring.
18. One third of all moneys remit-

- ted to the United States, by the Treasurer, shall, under the instructions of the Board of Directors, be invested in such stock and securities as may be deemed expedient, until a full and final settlement of the concerns of the Company shall be made. The remainder, after the payment of the incidental expenses, shall be paid to the several owners, and to the properly authorized representatives of the members.
19. The owners of the bark Sarah agree to furnish conveyance to and from California, utensils for digging and washing gold; boats, provisions, houses, and tents; the members to know no expense of this nature, except a dredging machine; giving bonds, with sufficient sureties, for the faithful discharge of their obligations, and for conveying to the United States every member who shall wish to return with the rest of the Company, under the forfeiture of one thousand dollars to every member who shall suffer from the violation, or non-fulfillment of this contract on the part of the said owners. The vessel is to be fitted for three years, and not to return before the expiration of that time, unless the owners agree thereto. With the joint consent of the Company and owners, the time of return may, if deemed expedient, be extended for a definite time; but any member who may then desire so to do, shall have the right to withdraw, and to receive,

- upon demand, two thirds of the amount that may be due him.
20. Should any of the Company prefer to remain in California beyond the time fixed for returning to the United States, they may, with the assent of the Company, be permitted to remain, on such terms as the Company shall prescribe; and they shall be entitled to receive, upon demand, two thirds of the amount that may be respectively due them.
21. Each member shall give bonds, with sufficient sureties, for the faithful performance of the expedition, in the sum of three hundred dollars; and the sum invested as provided in the eighteenth article, shall remain as a guaranty to the sureties, to reimburse them in case of the failure of the principals.
22. It is agreed that of the net proceeds of the expedition, the owners of the bark Sarah shall receive one half of the first hundred thousand dollars obtained, and one quarter of all excess over that sum; the remainder to be equally divided among the members.
23. In making remittances, should the Board of Directors deem it advisable to send one of the members for the purpose, they shall have the power of nomination, to be confirmed by a vote of the Company and owners; — the owners being entitled to throw half as many votes as are thrown by the Company.

- purposes. Should any member become intoxicated, or engage in any game of hazard, or chance, or be guilty of dissipation, or grossly immoral conduct, or of continued indolence and neglect of duty, he shall, upon trial and conviction thereof before the Board of Directors, be liable, for the first offense, to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars; for the second, one hundred dollars, and for the third, to be expelled from the Company, forfeiting all his interest therein.
12. Any person deserting the vessel, or company, shall forfeit all his tools, and his entire interest in the earnings of the Company.
13. A proper regard for the Sabbath shall be maintained; and, during that day, all unnecessary labor shall be suspended. All profane cursing and swearing is prohibited; and any officer, who shall be convicted of its use, shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars for each offence; — other members to a fine of half that amount.
14. Should any member become sick, or disabled, his expenses shall be borne by the Company, his interest in the Company not being affected thereby; but if it should be necessary in the opinion of the Company and of a physician, that such member should return home, his expenses shall be borne by the Company and owners; and his membership shall cease on his embarkation. If, however, such sickness, or disability, be caused by immoral, or imprudent conduct, he shall bear his own expenses, and lose all participation in the earnings of the Company during the time he is unable to do duty. In case of the death of any member, his heirs are to receive, at the close of the voyage, his full proportion, according to time of service.
15. If any member shall get involved in debt during the voyage, the amount of such debt shall be charged to him, and be deducted from his share, at the time of settlement. And if, by neglect of duty, or willful misconduct, any extra expense is brought upon the Company, or any unnecessary detention be caused to the voyage, he, or they, so offending, shall pay all damages arising therefrom. No member shall leave the ship without first obtaining leave of the master, or officer in charge.
16. Should any disputes or quarrelling occur, it shall be the duty of any member present, to represent the same to the board of Directors, to be adjusted according to their decision.
17. No member shall trade, or do business on his own separate and individual account; but any member may take with him a limited quantity of goods for sale, to be entered on the ship's bill of lading; and upon arrival at the place of destination, to be placed in the hands of a commission merchant for sale. One of the members may act as such commission merchant, three-fourths of the members concurring.
18. One third of all moneys remit-

- ted to the United States, by the Treasurer, shall, under the instructions of the Board of Directors, be invested in such stock and securities as may be deemed expedient, until a full and final settlement of the concerns of the Company shall be made. The remainder, after the payment of the incidental expenses, shall be paid to the several owners, and to the properly authorized representatives of the members.
19. The owners of the bark Sarah agree to furnish conveyance to and from California, utensils for digging and washing gold; boats, provisions, houses, and tents; the members to know no expense of this nature, except a dredging machine; giving bonds, with sufficient sureties, for the faithful discharge of their obligations, and for conveying to the United States every member who shall wish to return with the rest of the Company, under the forfeiture of one thousand dollars to every member who shall suffer from the violation, or non-fulfillment of this contract on the part of the said owners. The vessel is to be fitted for three years, and not to return before the expiration of that time, unless the owners agree thereto. With the joint consent of the Company and owners, the time of return may, if deemed expedient, be extended for a definite time; but any member who may then desire so to do, shall have the right to withdraw, and to receive,

- upon demand, two thirds of the amount that may be due him.
20. Should any of the Company prefer to remain in California beyond the time fixed for returning to the United States, they may, with the assent of the Company, be permitted to remain, on such terms as the Company shall prescribe; and they shall be entitled to receive, upon demand, two thirds of the amount that may be respectively due them.
21. Each member shall give bonds, with sufficient sureties, for the faithful performance of the expedition, in the sum of three hundred dollars; and the sum invested as provided in the eighteenth article, shall remain as a guaranty to the sureties, to reimburse them in case of the failure of the principals.
22. It is agreed that of the net proceeds of the expedition, the owners of the bark Sarah shall receive one half of the first hundred thousand dollars obtained, and one quarter of all excess over that sum; the remainder to be equally divided among the members.
23. In making remittances, should the Board of Directors deem it advisable to send one of the members for the purpose, they shall have the power of nomination, to be confirmed by a vote of the Company and owners; — the owners being entitled to throw half as many votes as are thrown by the Company.

The Irish on the Island: Origins in the Famine

by ELAINE WEINTRAUB

I HAVE BEEN EXPLORING the story of the Irish community of Martha's Vineyard. My purpose is to understand how these early immigrants functioned and created a place for themselves and their cultural and religious ideas.

I have used the Edgartown town archives, the jail records held at the Martha's Vineyard Museum, the Catholic Church records on the Island and in New Bedford, copies of the *Vineyard Gazette* and the legal documentation held in the probate office, the Town Clerk's office and the registry of deeds in Edgartown. This is the first installment of what, I believe, will be a lengthy story.

The Irish washed up on this Island, as they did all over America, fleeing from a country that offered no hope and no future. Often it was the eldest child, or the ablest child, separated forever from their families.

Suddenly these people who had been reared in oppressed, hungry Catholic communities found themselves catapulted into the land of opportunity founded on Protestant notions of individualism. In the 1840s, emigrants did not return to Ireland; they left everything: language, culture, community. Small wonder that the only word in the Irish language for emigrant is *deorai*, which literally translates to "exile." On the Vineyard they were strangers whose ways could not have fitted, whose religious practices could not be accommodated, survivors whose future depended on new alliances.

I have traced the ghosts of these immigrants through Edgartown, Chilmark and Tisbury, seeking to know who they were and what was their experience.

In 1846, the second year of the Great Famine, the *Gazette* reprinted an

ELAINE WEINTRAUB is history department chair at the Martha's Vineyard Regional High School. This is an edited version of a paper she delivered at the American Conference on Irish Studies at the University of Connecticut, Storrs, in October 2006.

editorial from the *New York Herald* in which the writer deplored the situation in Ireland: "Death by starvation is by no means infrequent; and if such has been the case in seasons of comparative plenty, what will it be in the present awful crisis, when one third if not more of the potato crop, the sole means of subsistence of millions of the people, has utterly failed?"

The editorial concludes that the Irish can "make excellent republicans; and they have shown by their readiness to fight for their adopted country in the present war with Mexico, that they are not excelled by native born citizens in loyalty and devotion to American institutions."

Despite this condemnation of British policies in Ireland, jokes about the Irish featuring them as endearing buffoons appeared frequently. In a story entitled "The Marriage in Church," John the Irishman is asked if he will take Margaret as his wife: "An' is it yourself that asks me that? Plaze your riverance an' have ye forgotten that I told ye the same, that I would have her? Wull I have her — wull I have her? Bless yur heart an' ain't it that I come here for."

A bleak entry in the Vineyard diary of Jeremiah Pease notes that on a bone-chilling day in December 1851 a British ship "castaway at Misketet (Muskeget), 256 passengers from Ireland, 4 perished in the cold."

My quest is to find the names and the stories of the Irish people who came to the Vineyard.

The 1850 census shows 21 people born in Ireland living on Martha's Vineyard that year. There was Ellen Colt, 18, born in Cork and working for an Edgartown family. William Mitchell, 28, born in Killibegs and working as a laborer. Mary Walley, 21, born in Galway and working in Edgartown for the William Pease family. Owen Coyle, 16, born in Tyrone, working as a laborer in Chilmark. And 17 more.

In the next 30 years, more arrived and made their home here. As this census data implies, most of the Irish worked here as maids and laborers; very few were mariners.

One interesting character, Matthew Furlong, born in New Ross, Wexford, emigrated to the United States, possibly through Canada, in the late 1830s when the economic situation in Ireland was dire, but the blight on the potatoes which led to the Great Famine had not yet arrived.

Furlong is originally described as a laborer, and was a frequent guest of the House of Corrections, being described as a "common drunkard." On Oct. 8, 1839, he was sentenced to four months for disturbing the peace and described as intemperate (and literate). After several incarcerations, he apparently swore in 1844 never to touch alcohol again, and a note has been made in the jail records stating that from that day he was never known to touch "spiritous liquors" until his untimely death of consumption, at age 37, in 1851.

Scouring the Edgartown Vital Records with the gracious help of Wanda Williams, I learned that Furlong was married by a justice of the peace to Bethania Cleveland in February of 1840.

The family lived on Chappaquiddick by Calebs Pond and several children were born, including triplets. Excepting the triplets, the arrival of the children was not recorded at the time of birth, but their existence was later noted by the chairman of the school committee. Three children, each referred to only as "child" Furlong, died in 1843. Another son, James, aged 8, died of a "putrid throat" in 1851, and the eldest child, Ellen, born in November 1839, died of "internal bleeding" in 1857. In 1848, the death of another child living at the Furlong home is noted in the Edgartown records, parents unknown.

When Matthew Furlong died, his occupation was listed as butcher and farmer. He died intestate. The inventory of his property shows "an old cow, a young cow, a sheep, a lamb, a hog, a pig, fodder, bedding, butchers' tools and a horse and a cart." Following his death, an unusual occurrence: His estate purchased the land that he farmed. Owned by one A. Fisher, it was valued at \$600. It is possible that Furlong had had an informal arrangement to purchase the land, or that he rented it from Fisher, but there is no legal documentation to support that notion. By 1861, the land and buildings had to be sold to pay outstanding debts and the widow petitioned the probate court to exclude certain livestock and the horse and cart from the sale for her use.

According to the census, the people living on the Furlong property included one Julia Furlong, described in the manner of the era as a "mulatto." Julia married George Diets, a mariner, in 1852; they had two children, including a son, Philander. Following the death of Diets, Julia married William Harrington, a man of color, in 1862. Harrington enlisted in Edgartown to fight in the Civil War, and died of typhoid in military camp in Virginia a few months later. Archival data from census sources and the probate office in Edgartown show that Matthew and Bethania Furlong's son, Joseph, lived with Julia Furlong's family throughout his life and in the wills and testaments written for Joseph and his brother Charles Julia is referred to as a sister. She owned a home near the corner of Chase Road, and in her will left valuable coins and that home, valued at \$700, to her grandson, George Diets. Philander Diets, his wife and his daughter, Elsie May, age four, are buried with Joseph Furlong.

I was given great help in finding the graves of this interesting family by Mike Smith, the cemetery commissioner, and Dick Kelly, the fire chief in Edgartown. We spent a delightful few hours searching for information relating to the Furlongs. Mr. Smith is an incredible resource. This community has many treasures, not the least of which are its keepers of the stories.

Following a fire at the cemetery office in which hundreds of irreplaceable old records were destroyed, Mr. Smith reconstructed the information by walking from grave to grave and creating a new record.

In searching town records, I found notice of the marriage of Mary Ann McCarthy to Eugene Silvia and the official wording which cannot describe the devastation that must have been felt by these young parents. The records show that on April 11, 1856, Eugene Joseph McCarthy Silvia died, age nine months, and on July 23, 1858, Joseph Peter McCarthy Silvia died, age 17 months.



There are other stories of the Irish experience on the Vineyard.

On Feb. 13, 1872, Peter Lynch, described as an Irish harness maker who could not read or write, married Hannah Nevers, a Native American woman described as a "mulatto." Dr. Winthrop Butler's obstetric accounts list the birth of their first child: "No 13. December 29th, 1870. Miss Hannah Nevers Christiantown (Colored) Reputed father Peter Lynch. Child born when I arrived. Removed the placenta. Child White." The 1880 census of Tisbury lists their children as Lizzie, six; Etta, five; Peter, three; and Hannah, four and a half. The death in 1872 of another child, Jessie W. Lynch, of *cholera infantum* at the age of two months and seventeen days is recorded Tisbury vital records; there is no further reference to the child born in 1870.

Margaret Serpa, Edgartown selectman and genealogist, shared many fascinating stories with me about research into her family's history. Her grandfather, Jack O'Neill, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1894. His parents were Jeremiah O'Neill and Annie Barry, both born in Cork.

Jack came to the Island and married Margaret's grandmother, leaving her almost immediately, with promises to return. Years later, Margaret was able to reconstruct his life and contacted his siblings in Rhode Island. She learned that two years after Jack's departure, her grandmother had gone to Rhode Island searching for him, but did not wish to reveal herself. She had called on his family in the guise of selling miraculous medals, but it seems that they knew who she was. He had spoken of his wife and baby on Martha's Vineyard.

There are many more stories to research and people with whom I hope to talk so that we can add the story of the Irish of the Vineyard to our known and recorded history. This is a beginning, and I hope that Islanders will contact me with their stories.



A true history is composed of many voices.

In Diaries of the 19th Century, Glimpses of a Larger World

by MARIAN R. HALPERIN

M^R THOMAS COFFIN has brought me some pretty books which will take up my thoughts this Afternoon. I have just received two letters from Harriet and Julia Butler.

So Rebecca Smith of Edgartown, 19, wrote in her diary of Feb. 14, 1814.

Rebecca and her older sister Hannah both kept journals that year. Studying such diaries today — and looking at their references to ideas and authors — we can learn something of 19th-century education on the Vineyard, and also better understand how the outside world came to the Island in those days, through returning travelers (especially those involved in maritime activities) and books, newspapers and letters.

The archives of the Martha's Vineyard Museum are rich in 19th-century diaries; I have had the pleasure of transcribing five of them. In addition to those of Hannah and Rebecca, the earliest I worked with, they include the writings of:

- Charles Macreading Vincent (1843-1881). He kept his journals during the Civil War. Although in the Army books were in short supply, his diaries frequently reflect his earlier reading and his interest in writing.
- Mary Abba Marchant (1838-1863). Her journal lasted only one year, 1862. Books are seldom mentioned, but her diary affords a glimpse of Edgartown life the year Charles Vincent left for the war.
- Caroline Mayhew (1800-1880). A whaling wife, her entries date from 1876 and 1877, after she had been a widow for more than 20 years. Settled in Edgartown in the old Mayhew house, she recorded the day to day pleasures and frustrations of life for an aging woman.

All of these diarists were born or lived in Edgartown. All of the diaries, except

MARIAN R. HALPERIN is former director of the Martha's Vineyard Historical Society. This article is based on a presentation to the Friends of the Vineyard Haven Library. Excerpts from the diaries follow the original spelling and punctuation. Thanks to Cecily Greenway, reference librarian at the Vineyard Haven Public Library, for her assistance in identifying authors and quotations and to Nancy Hall for suggesting the comparison of Hannah and Rebecca to Jane Austin's heroines.

that of Charles Vincent, were written there. And all of them provide us with vicarious visits to interesting people of another time, in this special place.

The Smith Sisters (1813-14; 1823-24)¹

Hannah and Rebecca Smith may never have left the Vineyard; there is no record of their traveling even as far as New Bedford. But the outside world — reflected in their reading and writing — was important to Hannah (1789-1875) and Rebecca (1795-1821) throughout their lives.

They lived in Pohogonot, a section of Edgartown that stretches to the ocean from the Edgartown-West Tisbury Road. It is flat land, part of the outwash plain, and was good farm land.

Their house, which the sisters called their "mansion" or "chateau," must have been sizeable since it was also occupied by their parents, five of their six siblings and an uncle, along with frequent overnight guests, sometimes numbering as many as nine or ten.

Their oldest brother was married and lived on a nearby farm. The Smith home was the scene of constant comings and goings because Samuel Smith, the father, was county registrar of deeds and had his office in the house.

The diaries were written during years when the War of 1812 was still raging; from their windows the sisters reported seeing King George's great sailing battleships — the 74s, named for the number of guns aboard — passing along the south shore. For the Island whaling community, which was to a large degree neutral, many more men than usual were at home.

In addition to naming their constant visitors and the people encountered on their own travels around the Vineyard, Hannah and Rebecca recorded current events both local and worldwide. They were careful observers of the changes of seasons and nature and, being marriageable young women, they hinted at romantic interests and intrigue. Their personal thoughts, both happy and melancholy, were often related to their reading. Occasionally the sisters made almost identical entries in their diaries. Hannah especially was inclined to add poetry, often of her own composing.

Being alone was a major source of discontent for both, as Hannah expressed in her entry of April 25, 1813:

I am now alone meditating on the nothingness of this transitory life. Gilbert has gone down to meeting. Ann has gone to Harrisons to spend the day.² Rebecca has been there these ten days: Uncle Wilmot has gone to Tisbury; and I am left alone to meditate on lifes broken prospects, and indulge my sorrows alone. Dead silence reigns throughout this secluded mansion, and nothing is heard but the whistling of hollow winds ... and I methinks am like some wandering pilgrim; wandering to and fro in search of repose.

1 These diaries are stored in Record Unit 253 at the Museum.

2 Harrison was Hannah's brother.

We may wonder, did her familiarity with *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyon (1628-1688) suggest her use of "pilgrim"?

In an entry for April 8, 1813, she muses on her own life and, as she frequently did, found sympathetic concerns in the work of well-known authors:

I am now awake to misery in every sense of the word — The last night, balmy sleep, that nocturnal visitant, forsook my eyes, and I was a stranger to repose, deep silence reigned throughout this sequestered mansion. All was silent save the hoarse roaring of the Ocean! which was heard at a distance, to dash its foaming waves against the raged shore — Impenetrable darkness surrounded me! which brought to my mind the words of Dr Edward Young, in his *Night thoughts* —

*Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear, our object finds:
Creation sleeps.*³

But I am still awake, mused I, while all creation sleeps! and oh, that I could sleep to ease this lingering pain. But that I fear will follow even to the dusky tomb. — While I thus ruminated on life's broken prospects my mind was tossed to and fro in the labyrinth of confusion. — my stars are false mused I and I am the dupe of the Will o' the wisp in shades of despair, surrounded by the hedges of disappointment —

*Had some good Angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence and let me read my life;
My heart had brok, when I beheld the sum
Of ills which one by one I have endur'd.*⁴

On July 9 Rebecca wrote an entry that apparently quoted Milton from memory:

The wind has sceased the sun is sinking behind the western hills
he casts his plastic rays upon the leafy spere and gleams with dying
faintness on the mountains brows while I speak it expires and resigns
the world to the gradual approaches of Night.

*Now twilight gray
Has in her livery all things clad.*⁵

3 Edward Young (1683-1765) was an English poet and dramatist. He wrote a long poem, *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*, between 1742 and 1745. This excerpt is from *Night I*, lines 25ff.

4 This verse is from *Douglas*, a tragedy written in 1756 by John Home (1722-1808), a key figure in the Scottish enlightenment; he was a clergyman expelled from the kirk for mounting this play. The reputation of *Douglas* outlived its author; it was being performed at Covent Garden in London about the time Hannah was writing.

5 In *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 598-599, Milton (1608-1674) wrote: "Now came still evening on, and twilight gray/Had in her sober livery all things clad."

On Nov. 8, she was again reminded of Milton:

The bright luminary of day is just sinking from my sight and night is spreading the sable curtain over this inconstant world my mind partakes in some measure of the serenity of this fine transitory world how short lived is the pleasure thou bestowest. Had I the imagination of Milton I might at this moment describe my feelings but Heaven has denied me the talents of that eloquent author and I must be content. I have been ready to exclaim with that ingenuous enthusiast of being tempted to soar above the visible diurnal sphere.

Hannah, too, quotes Milton. On May 31:

The evening is serene and tranquil. All the featherd choir struck to repose! they have bid the darksome world adieu till Aurora shall usher in the dawn.

*Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweets:
With charm of earliest birds!*⁶

On April 12, 1813, Hannah called upon an ancient author:

This evening arose with the chaste moon on her bosom — She casts her conspicuous beams on the bosom of the ocean; with all her dazzling brightness, which adds beauty to the scene. — I have been as usual to explore the works of creation. My curiosity led me to walk the beech shore; and was surprised to see the smoothness of the placid waters — The moon had attained the Olympic sphere, with dazzling effulgence — She silverd the bosom of the great ocean with her smiling rays. Oh, had I the tongue of Ovid to express what I now feel. —

*How sweet are the hours of a lone Contemplation:
When silence and moonlight repose on the scene:
The heart then can offer a purer oblation
Then when the gay object of any day intervene.*

On April 19 Hannah wrote:

I have just had news from Tisbury and received a piece of new intelligence which touch'd us. Hamlet says my hearts core, or my heart of hearts.⁷ I shall omit mentioning the subject to a later period.

*My ear is pain'd with every days reports
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.*⁸

6 *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 641-642.

7 *Hamlet*, Act III, Scene 2, lines 72ff: "They are not a pipe for fortune's finger/To sound what stop she please. Give me that man/That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him/In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart/As I do thee."

8 William Cowper (1731-1800), *The Task II, The Time-Piece*. The first line is actually "My ear is pain'd, My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report..."

We may wonder, did her familiarity with *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyon (1628-1688) suggest her use of "pilgrim"?

In an entry for April 8, 1813, she muses on her own life and, as she frequently did, found sympathetic concerns in the work of well-known authors:

I am now awake to misery in every sense of the word — The last night, balmy sleep, that nocturnal visitant, forsook my eyes, and I was a stranger to repose, deep silence reigned throughout this sequestered mansion. All was silent save the hoarse roaring of the Ocean! which was heard at a distance, to dash its foaming waves against the raged shore — Impenetrable darkness surrounded me! which brought to my mind the words of Dr Edward Young, in his *Night thoughts* —

*Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear, our object finds:
Creation sleeps.*³

But I am still awake, mused I, while all creation sleeps! and oh, that I could sleep to ease this lingering pain. But that I fear will follow even to the dusky tomb. — While I thus ruminated on life's broken prospects my mind was tossed to and fro in the labyrinth of confusion. — my stars are false mused I and I am the dupe of the Will o' the wisp in shades of despair, surrounded by the hedges of disappointment —

*Had some good Angel op'd to me the book
Of Providence and let me read my life;
My heart had brook, when I beheld the sum
Of ills which one by one I have endur'd.*⁴

On July 9 Rebecca wrote an entry that apparently quoted Milton from memory:

The wind has ceased the sun is sinking behind the western hills he casts his plastic rays upon the leafy sphere and gleams with dying faintness on the mountains brows while I speak it expires and resigns the world to the gradual approaches of Night.

*Now twilight gray
Has in her livery all things clad.*⁵

3 Edward Young (1683-1765) was an English poet and dramatist. He wrote a long poem, *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*, between 1742 and 1745. This excerpt is from *Night I*, lines 25ff.

4 This verse is from *Douglas*, a tragedy written in 1756 by John Home (1722-1808), a key figure in the Scottish enlightenment; he was a clergyman expelled from the kirk for mounting this play. The reputation of *Douglas* outlived its author; it was being performed at Covent Garden in London about the time Hannah was writing.

5 In *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 598-599, Milton (1608-1674) wrote: "Now came still evening on, and twilight gray/Had in her sober livery all things clad."

On Nov. 8, she was again reminded of Milton:

The bright luminary of day is just sinking from my sight and night is spreading the sable curtain over this inconstant world my mind partakes in some measure of the serenity of this fine transitory world how short lived is the pleasure thou bestowest. Had I the imagination of Milton I might at this moment describe my feelings but Heaven has denied me the talents of that eloquent author and I must be content. I have been ready to exclaim with that ingenuous enthusiast of being tempted to soar above the visible diurnal sphere.

Hannah, too, quotes Milton. On May 31:

The evening is serene and tranquil. All the feathered choir struck to repose! they have bid the darksome world adieu till Aurora shall usher in the dawn.

*Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweets:
With charm of earliest birds!*⁶

On April 12, 1813, Hannah called upon an ancient author:

This evening arose with the chaste moon on her bosom — She casts her conspicuous beams on the bosom of the ocean; with all her dazzling brightness, which adds beauty to the scene. — I have been as usual to explore the works of creation. My curiosity led me to walk the beech shore; and was surprised to see the smoothness of the placid waters — The moon had attained the Olympic sphere, with dazzling effulgence — She silvered the bosom of the great ocean with her smiling rays. Oh, had I the tongue of Ovid to express what I now feel. —

*How sweet are the hours of a lone Contemplation:
When silence and moonlight repose on the scene:
The heart then can offer a purer oblation
Then when the gay object of any day intervene.*

On April 19 Hannah wrote:

I have just had news from Tisbury and received a piece of new intelligence which touch'd us. Hamlet says my heart's core, or my heart of hearts.⁷ I shall omit mentioning the subject to a later period.

*My ear is pain'd with every day's reports
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.*⁸

6 *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 641-642.

7 *Hamlet*, Act III, Scene 2, lines 72ff: "They are not a pipe for fortune's finger/To sound what stop she please. Give me that man/That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him/In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart/As I do thee."

8 William Cowper (1731-1800), *The Task II, The Time-Piece*. The first line is actually "My ear is pain'd, My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report..."

As above, often the sisters did not name individuals in whom they had a personal interest and at one point they even developed a code to conceal identities.

On July 20 Rebecca wrote: "There seems to be a great stir at Holmes Hole concerning coquetry at this period. Hyiiyh is the object stigmatized." Hannah's July 21 entry reads: "Mr Onlvviro Lsct has got home; is very much enraged with mt. Accuses mt with Coquetry." The same day Rebecca wrote: "Mr. Sylvanus Luce has got home." In this partial-letter substitution system, "Hyiiyh" easily translates to Hannah and "Onlvviro Lsct" to Sylvanus Luce.

By Aug. 9 Hannah no longer used code, but instead took comfort in Shakespeare:

Mr Silvanus Luce has been here to day — Came in the Morning and tarried till the sunset; we had a walk in the Afternoon down to the pond shore; where we had some very serious talk; which touched if I may so express it the strongest fibre of my heart

*This slander where edge is sharper than a two-edge sword
Whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile
Whose breath rides on the posting wind
And doth belie all corners of the World
Shakespear.⁹*

Hannah's diary of April 26, 1813, shows familiarity with Luis de Camoens (1524?-1580), Portugal's best known poet, and the 1774 novel of Goethe (1749-1832), *The Sufferings of Young Werter*:

Being much fatigued with the business of the day. Methought I would retire to my room and try to collect my scatterd thoughts; and regulate my eccentric fancy: by writing of Camoens Poems; and reflecting on the sorrows of Werter.

On May 15 Hannah reported:

Four Gentlemen dine'd with us to day. Amongst the rest was Mr James Jones and Mr B. Luce who were great strangers After dinner was served up Mr Luce took my Fathers Violin, and plaid a lively air; which brought to my mind the words of the poet — *Music hath charmes to soothe the savage breast to peace.*¹⁰

Their father's violin brought Shakespeare's *Pericles*¹¹ to mind for Rebecca on Aug. 12:

9 Hannah substitutes "a two-edge" for "the" in *Cymbaline*, Act II, Scene 4, lines 35ff.

10 Again, a slight error probably attributed to quoting from memory. Hannah has added the words "to peace" to what William Congreve (1670-1744) wrote in *The Mourning Bride*, Act I, Scene 1.

11 Act V, Scene 1, Line 231

From Hannah Smith's diary, May 15, 1813: 'Mr Luce took my Fathers violin and plaid a lively air.'

Methought I heard the sound of music — I listened — when sounds of more than terrestrial melody stole on my ear borne as it were on the distant wind — It was my Father touching lightly the chords of his Violin playing a melancholy air...

How like *the music of the spheres*.

On June 10, current events suggested Hannah's reference to a line from Alexander Pope (1688-1744):

Mr Jabez Smith and Mr Charles Look are now here; the former speaks much about the capture of the Frigate Chesapeake says he hopes it will prove a false report —

*Hope springs eternal in the humane breast!*¹²

Unfortunately, reports of the British capture of the Chesapeake in Boston Harbor nine days earlier proved true.

A month later, on July 7, Hannah reported on further developments:

Mr JS [Jabez Smith] is here this evening. — He brought a News paper which gave an account of the defeat of General Harris's Army at Canada Thus thousands of our Country men have lost their lives by this cruel and ungenerous war Methinks I hear the dying groans of the wounded Methinks I see their vestures reeking with gore while their most intimate friends and acquaintance; are perhaps marching by them heedless of their woe....

*Oh; for a lodge in some vast wilderness;
Some boundless contiguity of shade;
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war;
Might never reach me more!*¹³

The Vineyard did not have its own newspaper until the founding of the *Vineyard Gazette* in 1846, so the arrival of a copy of an off-Island newspaper was worthy of note. Rebecca's entry of the same day reports the same event;

12 *An Essay on Man* I, line 95.

13 Cowper's *The Task* II, *The Timepiece*, line 1 ff.

it differs in only two respects. She ends her comment with "reeking with gore and rolled in dust" and names "General Derborn" rather than Harris. The battle described in the newspaper was probably the Battle of Stoney Creek, a location near the mouth of the Niagara River, on June 5. Major General Henry Dearborn, in command of the Northern Department, lost to British forces in a battle that established Britain's hold on Canadian ground.

The only contemporary novel mentioned by the sisters is *The Royal Captives*, a 1795 four-volume work by Ann Yearsley, a British author (1753-1806) better known for her poetry. (Because of her early working-class status, she was called "the milkwoman of Bristol," and later was widely recognized as an important figure in the Romantic movement.)

The sun is now stealing from the Horizon [Hannah wrote on Aug. 31], while I am seated under the window; have just been perusing the *Royal Captives*. And was in imagination exploring the great Castle; and visiting the Marquis D at the time when slumber innocent as that of infancy was geathering on his brow — When suddenly roused from my reverie by Mr Charles Look

The next day Rebecca said:

The sun is this minute stealing from the Horizon sinking behind the Western hills as I am siting at the window perusing the *Royal Captives* and in imagination exploring the great Castle and visiting the Marquis D — when Malmor entered the room and delivered him the cup which contained the poisonous draught; in the draught said Melnor lies sleep eternal. The Marquis raised his languid head and exclaimed deadly draught! Bitter! Bitter! to an extreme — I was meditating on the Marquis D — I heard a loud rap at the door It is Mr. David Look

With one exception, there is not a word in these diaries related to school, either for the authors themselves or their younger siblings. And it wasn't a usual school that Hannah mentioned on May 21, 1813:

Rebecca and myself have just returned from Edgarton, where we tarried two nights — Rebecca and myself were to the ball wednesday evening — Was at the singing school thursday evening where I enjoy'd all the sweets of terrestrial bliss.

Nevertheless, schools existed on Martha's Vineyard from shortly after the arrival of the early settlers. The first record of a schoolmaster was Peter Folger (later the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin), who was on the Island by 1647. Records of payments to him for teaching during the 1650s exist.

Schools were usually one-room structures and by the early 19th century were located throughout the Island, including one at Pohogonot. Teachers,

often young, were hired for short periods on an irregular schedule.

Schools were administered by a school committee; one clue to the family's interest in schools is that the girls' grandfather, Samuel Smith, was a member of the Eastville school committee in 1776, and in 1832 their youngest brother Josiah served on the Edgartown committee.

But other than Rebecca's recording of a gift of "pretty books," the diaries do not reveal any information about how the sisters obtained the books they obviously read with great interest. They were, as we have seen, not only familiar with contemporary but also classical literature and frequently chose to substitute "Luna" or "Cynthia" for moon, or Boreas, Pheabus, Morpheus, Flora, Neptune, Ceres, Sylvanus, Sylvia, Niades, Aurora, Syrenes, and Zephyrs for other more familiar names.

They appeared to be aware of, and influenced by, the young and growing Romantic literary movement that was to produce women writers such as Jane Austin in England.

A comparison of Hannah's and Rebecca's daily lives with those of the heroines of Austin's novels shows many similarities: constant rounds of visiting, entertaining, courting, changes of friendships, quickly organized balls and extended group visits, reading, life in the country within a close-knit segment of their community, and little if any involvement with daily household work. (Nor do Hannah and Rebecca mention household help.)

The Museum owns parts of a second diary kept by Hannah in 1823 and 1824, following the death of Rebecca in 1821.

Hannah was still reading; she reported on *The Messiah Attempted*, an English prose version of a 20-canto epic poem by the German Friedrich Gottlob Klopstock (1714-1803).

On Aug. 11, 1823, she commented: "I have been reading Ossians Poems to-day and much pleased with them. The style is romantick and sublime." At the time, Ossian was thought to be a legendary Gaelic poet from the Third Century, known as the bard of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands, famous for cycles of tales and poems related to deeds of valor. Now he is believed to have been created by James Macpherson (1736-1796), with help from some ancient Gaelic sources; in 1765, he published *The Works of Ossian*.

In this period, Hannah also exhibited an interest in word games. Reporting on the visit of a Mr. Mellen, her entry for April 30, 1823, is entitled ACROSTIC. It begins:

May my flippant pen and fingers
Meet thy expectations here
Reach thy sense where it lingers
Richly fraught with kind good cheer...

The first letter of the lines of each couplet is the same— a double

acrostic — and reading from top to bottom the first letters spell out: MR ARCHIBALD MELLEN OF VERMONT.

Also notable in this later diary is the increased religious activity of the time. On Jan. 31, 1823, Hannah writes:

Charles G. Athearn is here just returned from Parson Thaxter's stored with religious Pamphlets. Parson Thaxter's family appeared to be very much taken up in his favour.

Athearn was then courting Hannah's cousin, Ann Thaxter; they would marry on Jan. 1, 1824.

On May 19, Hannah quoted Song of Solomon 2:11-12: "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land."

And on June 2 the Rev. John Adams visited the Smith home. Known as "Reformation John Adams," he was on the Vineyard from 1821 to 1823 to hold Methodist revival meetings. Hannah wrote:

The Rev John Adams and Lady are here — Mr Adams Exhorts and prays with us, His prayer flows like a stream which, murmuring like the distant sound of sighs and plaintive moans, creeps along The vale. 2 of the clock — Mr Adams presents Clarissa¹⁴ and myself with a couple of Hymn books. He invites me to ride as far as Harrison's with him I accept of his invitation.

There is much poetry in Hannah's second diary; many of the pieces are her own. The Museum also has two separate volumes of her poetry, written in her hand in ink with occasional pencil changes. Some of the verses are repeated from her diaries. Her subjects include thoughts on nature; sorrowful musings on the deaths of friends and family members, especially that of Rebecca; an elegy on her "old house"; and note of special occasions such as the departure of a clergyman from the Island, or an Islander going to a new home on the mainland (several times Ohio).

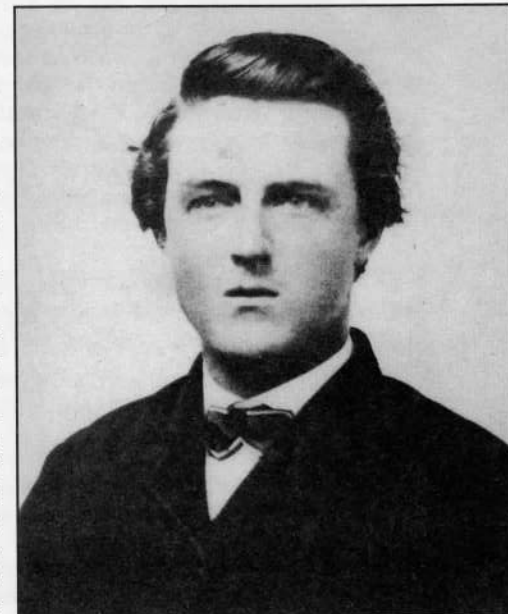
Charlie Macreading Vincent (1862-1864)

Charles Vincent was 18 when, in 1862, he enlisted in the Civil War as a private in Company D of the 40th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. He had spent the previous year as an apprentice printer at the *Gazette*. The Museum owns three diaries he kept during the war, along with more than 60 letters to his family, in which his interest in writing is evident. His first entry is a near-perfect example of applying his recently acquired knowledge of journalism as he spelled out who, what, where, when, why, and how:

¹⁴ Clarissa is Hannah's sister, then 19 years old.

AUG. 29, 1862. To-day we, the volunteers from Edgartown, to the number of eight, consisting of the following named persons viz: John M.R. Ellis, Benj. Smith, Richard G. Shute, Alonzo Ripley, Elihu M. Bunker, Francis Pease, Jr., W.M. Harrington and Chas. M. Vincent, started from the goodly town of our abode, on our way to the defence of the glorious Union and the cause of civil and religious liberty. There was a large concourse of friends and relatives at the wharf from which we embarked in the Schooner L. Snow, Captain A.L. Cleaveland, for New Bedford. We received the most cheering evidence of the love and kindly feelings with which we were regarded; a circumstance which in a great degree removed the bitter sting of parting from the dear ones at home, perhaps never more to meet again. But we were in fine spirits, feeling a consciousness of having done right, and we were determined to prove true to the cause we had espoused.

We arrived in New Bedford at about half past seven, having had a dead beat all the way across the bay. We all went to the Parker House and took supper, and soon retired for the night. So ends the first day from home.



Charlie Macreading Vincent.

Vincent's penmanship is easy to read and his spelling, unlike that of the Smith sisters, is almost without error; but, after all, his education took place after Noah Webster's unabridged dictionary was published in America (1828) and he took great pride in having been a typesetter. There are also reminders of the format of whaling logs in phrases such as "so ends this day," and following the name of a vessel with that of its captain.

As time went on Charlie Mac, as he was called, lost some, although far from all, of his initial enthusiasm for Army ways. On Dec. 20, 1863, he wrote a cynical parody based on church attendance, something that was very much a part of his family's life as members of the Methodist church. (He was named Charles Macreading after the minister who, in the year he was born, oversaw the completion of what we know as the Whaling Church; his father had helped to build it, and his uncle Hebron Vincent was a minister and one of the founders of the Campground.)

Inspection answers the same purpose out here, as church services at home, apparently. — A chapter from the Army Bible, i.e. Regulations, a short sermon from the company commanders on the virtue of having a clean gun, and the glories attendant, is placed in contrast with the fate of the unclean man with an unclean gun, and the punishment sure to follow from such neglect by being immured in the purgatory of the army — “the guard house,” most generally our ration of spiritual food for a Sabbath reflection. The spirit and letter of the army gospel, seems to be that no unclean thing shall inherit “Shoulder straps.” But, alas, it is not always so. For some of the meanest of the biped race called human beings, are elevated to the honors and privilege of gold on the shoulder.

Charlie Mac’s reading material while a soldier came in the form of letters from his family and a weekly copy of the *Gazette*. Late arrival was cause for comment in letters he wrote home, and a missing issue brought a request for replacement. A friend gave him a present of a subscription to *The Atlantic Monthly*, a publication so popular at the time that the *Gazette* published a list of its contents regularly.

Vincent’s only mention of books occurs in a letter written to his mother on Nov. 29, 1863:

We have one good thing connected with our Reg’s now, and that is a Circulating Library for the soldiers, comprising some very interesting volumes. I obtained one to-day — “El Furcidis” — by Miss Cummins, authoress of “The Lamplighter.” Have not had a chance to read it yet. Am anticipating an intellectual treat, if it equals the other productions of her pen. I am very glad that we have this, for it will offer amusement of the right stamp, to the soldiers.¹⁵

From February through April, 1864, Charlie Mac’s regiment was promoted to cavalry and stationed in Florida near Jacksonville. On Feb. 9 his diary reads:

At about 4 A.M. we “got onto our critters” and were soon off for Baldwin, distant about ten miles, and if John Gilpin ever travelled faster than we did, he must have had some superhuman or supernatural aid.

His reference was to a humorous poem, *The Diverting History of John Gilpin showing how he went farther than he intended, and came home safe again* by William Cowper (1731-1800).

Meanwhile a letter written to his father on Aug. 9, 1864, made reference to a contemporary humorist:

15 Maria Susanna Cummins (1827-1866) was a well-known New England author whose stories appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. *The Lamplighter* was her first and most successful novel. *El Furcidis* was published in 1860.

Just write as often as you can, and I shall be very happy to await your pleasure, hoping you will be pleased very often in this respect. “Ever thou” and the rest of the folks I am fondly thinking, as “*Artemus Ward*” says, in some of his incomparable sayings.¹⁶

The years in the Army obviously did not provide conditions that made reading easy for anyone, much less an 18-year-old private. Fairly early in his service, Vincent attracted the attention of the quartermaster and soon spent much of his time “writing” for that office, taking pride in reporting home that he was “writing to generals.” In December 1864 he officially became quartermaster sergeant, a position that allowed him to escape many of the more arduous and dangerous deployments.

Presumably he had finished high school when, at 17, he began working at the *Gazette* and developed his lifelong interest in journalism. In a letter of Nov. 29, 1863, to his mother he described a day in Beaufort, S.C. where he had accompanied a coal supply ship from his camp on Folly Island. Having a little free time, he went exploring in a newspaper office:

On cruising around the town I found the office of the “Free South” published here, went in, introduced myself as a brother “type” and received a very cordial welcome. They gave me a couple of papers, one of which I sent to father.

After the war, Charlie Mac worked for several mainland newspapers before returning to the Vineyard in 1867 to become editor and proprietor of the *Gazette* until 1872. Then he again worked for off-Island papers, ending at the time of his early death in 1881 as assistant managing editor of the *Boston Globe*, where he wrote a popular column called “Table Talk.” Although he never mentions school or any teacher, his diary and letters suggest that Edgartown schools provided him with a solid preparation for his distinguished rise in the newspaper field.

Mary Abba Marchant (1862)

Mary Abba was the oldest of five sisters whose father was an Edgartown selectman. Instead of the clear penmanship of Charlie Mac’s war-time diaries, written for the most part in ink, Mary used a pencil, often in need of sharpening, and wrote in a commercially printed book, about the size of a small checkbook, with each page divided into spaces for three days’ entries.

She showed no special interest in words or style, but in unadorned fashion listed what did matter to her: visitors to her home, visits she made, and events

16 Artemus Ward is a pseudonym adopted by Charles Farrar Browne (1834-1867), an American printer and writer who was author of a popular series purporting to be written by an itinerant showman, and remarkable for perverse wording and spelling. He took the name from an Revolutionary War general present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Inspection answers the same purpose out here, as church services at home, apparently. — A chapter from the Army Bible, i.e. Regulations, a short sermon from the company commanders on the virtue of having a clean gun, and the glories attendant, is placed in contrast with the fate of the unclean man with an unclean gun, and the punishment sure to follow from such neglect by being immured in the purgatory of the army — “the guard house,” most generally our ration of spiritual food for a Sabbath reflection. The spirit and letter of the army gospel, seems to be that no unclean thing shall inherit “Shoulder straps.” But, alas, it is not always so. For some of the meanest of the biped race called human beings, are elevated to the honors and privilege of gold on the shoulder.

Charlie Mac’s reading material while a soldier came in the form of letters from his family and a weekly copy of the *Gazette*. Late arrival was cause for comment in letters he wrote home, and a missing issue brought a request for replacement. A friend gave him a present of a subscription to *The Atlantic Monthly*, a publication so popular at the time that the *Gazette* published a list of its contents regularly.

Vincent’s only mention of books occurs in a letter written to his mother on Nov. 29, 1863:

We have one good thing connected with our Reg’s now, and that is a Circulating Library for the soldiers, comprising some very interesting volumes. I obtained one to-day — “*El Furcidis*” — by Miss Cummins, authoress of “*The Lamplighter*.” Have not had a chance to read it yet. Am anticipating an intellectual treat, if it equals the other productions of her pen. I am very glad that we have this, for it will offer amusement of the right stamp, to the soldiers.¹⁵

From February through April, 1864, Charlie Mac’s regiment was promoted to cavalry and stationed in Florida near Jacksonville. On Feb. 9 his diary reads:

At about 4 A.M. we “got onto our critters” and were soon off for Baldwin, distant about ten miles, and if John Gilpin ever travelled faster than we did, he must have had some superhuman or supernatural aid.

His reference was to a humorous poem, *The Diverting History of John Gilpin showing how he went farther than he intended, and came home safe again* by William Cowper (1731-1800).

Meanwhile a letter written to his father on Aug. 9, 1864, made reference to a contemporary humorist:

15 Maria Susanna Cummins (1827-1866) was a well-known New England author whose stories appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. *The Lamplighter* was her first and most successful novel. *El Furcidis* was published in 1860.

Just write as often as you can, and I shall be very happy to await your pleasure, hoping you will be pleased very often in this respect. “Ever thou” and the rest of the folks I am fondly thinking, as “*Artemus Ward*” says, in some of his incomparable sayings.¹⁶

The years in the Army obviously did not provide conditions that made reading easy for anyone, much less an 18-year-old private. Fairly early in his service, Vincent attracted the attention of the quartermaster and soon spent much of his time “writing” for that office, taking pride in reporting home that he was “writing to generals.” In December 1864 he officially became quartermaster sergeant, a position that allowed him to escape many of the more arduous and dangerous deployments.

Presumably he had finished high school when, at 17, he began working at the *Gazette* and developed his lifelong interest in journalism. In a letter of Nov. 29, 1863, to his mother he described a day in Beaufort, S.C. where he had accompanied a coal supply ship from his camp on Folly Island. Having a little free time, he went exploring in a newspaper office:

On cruising around the town I found the office of the “Free South” published here, went in, introduced myself as a brother “type” and received a very cordial welcome. They gave me a couple of papers, one of which I sent to father.

After the war, Charlie Mac worked for several mainland newspapers before returning to the Vineyard in 1867 to become editor and proprietor of the *Gazette* until 1872. Then he again worked for off-Island papers, ending at the time of his early death in 1881 as assistant managing editor of the *Boston Globe*, where he wrote a popular column called “Table Talk.” Although he never mentions school or any teacher, his diary and letters suggest that Edgartown schools provided him with a solid preparation for his distinguished rise in the newspaper field.

Mary Abba Marchant (1862)

Mary Abba was the oldest of five sisters whose father was an Edgartown selectman. Instead of the clear penmanship of Charlie Mac’s war-time diaries, written for the most part in ink, Mary used a pencil, often in need of sharpening, and wrote in a commercially printed book, about the size of a small checkbook, with each page divided into spaces for three days’ entries.

She showed no special interest in words or style, but in unadorned fashion listed what did matter to her: visitors to her home, visits she made, and events

16 Artemus Ward is a pseudonym adopted by Charles Farrar Browne (1834-1867), an American printer and writer who was author of a popular series purporting to be written by an itinerant showman, and remarkable for perverse wording and spelling. He took the name from an Revolutionary War general present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

she attended (church services, occasional musicals, Camp Meeting. And, on Aug. 29: "Went down to see the volunteers off" — Charlie Mac's contingent).

What comes through in the naming of more than 225 individuals is her need for constant social interaction, reminiscent of that of Hannah and Rebecca Smith decades earlier. Although the Marchant family belonged to the Congregational Church, Mary went to Baptist and Methodist services almost as frequently.

Almost without fail, Mary attended "Division" on Wednesday nights. It was the Edgartown branch of the Sons of Temperance, an organization that provided entertainment in the form of speakers, readings, and occasional parties and special celebrations.

The books she mentioned were most often referred to as "Sunday School books." On Jan. 18: "Very wet & rainy. read a Sunday school book called Sammy Seymour very interesting." On Feb. 23: "I went to meeting in afternoon Read 'The self willed girl.'" On March 23: "Went to church in afternoon. baptism at the shore — read in the evening Juna Atherton sabbath school book." On Dec. 6: "Made fire in our room in evening, ironed & commenced reading The Lost Jewel."¹⁷

She did some other reading: On Jan. 12 she "read the funeral ceremonies of Prince Albert"; he had died in December 1861. That same month she commented on getting a book of "Mrs. Homans poems" from a Mrs. Dexter, and later: "Tim came down on an errand give us shell books." (Collecting shells from catalogues was a popular hobby at the time.) But most of Mary's diary is taken up with reports of visiting, sewing, housework and family.

The final page contains the only reference to a famous author:

Hark
To the hurried question of despair
Where is my child? — an echo answers Where
Byron¹⁸

Mary was 24 when she kept this diary, long past school age, but one of the events she attended several times was the "Examination" of her three school-age sisters' classes.

A visitor she mentioned frequently in the spring and again in December was George B. Mussey, who had come to the Vineyard to teach high school at Holmes Hole before entering the Army, whom she deferentially called "Mr. Mussy." Charlie Mac Vincent also crossed paths with him frequently in 1863 and 1864, but he never mentions that he was a teacher, nor

17 The only Sunday School book mentioned that I could identify was *Sammy Seymour, the Drunkard's Boy*, available in an 1877 edition.

18 This hauntingly poignant quotation is from *The Bride of Abydos II* xxvii by Lord Byron (1788-1824).

does he mention that in February 1863, George Mussey married Eliza Ann Marchant, Mary's third youngest sister.

Mary's diary is full of hints that she was not well; there are complaints of accidents, falling, getting burned, having aigue and colds. In December 1863, she died.

Caroline Mayhew (1876-1877)

Caroline Mayhew was 76; she had been a widow since 1854.

She was born in Chilmark, where both her father and grandfather were doctors whom she sometimes accompanied on their rounds. The Dukes County Academy, where she attended school, taught the specialty of navigation to many future whaling captains, and she must have listened in. After marrying her distant cousin, Captain William Mayhew, she sailed with him on several whaling voyages to the south Pacific and elsewhere. While in the Atlantic, some of the crew and her husband came down with smallpox and she was able both to nurse them and to oversee navigation.

Caroline was a life-long diary keeper, and much of what she wrote forms the basis for the chapter about her in *Whaling Wives* by Emma Mayhew and Henry Beetle Hough. She is described as returning to Edgartown to live in the old Mayhew house along the harbor, with its museum-like curiosity room, and several parrots and a kangaroo, which she led around town on a leash.

The Museum's pages from her diary date from 1876 and 1877. As in the earlier women's diaries, the importance of having company dominates almost every day's entry. In matter-of-fact fashion, Caroline records the weather, including the daily temperature, almost as if entering information in a whaling log. Then come the activities of her day, mostly receiving and making visits, and routine household tasks such as on June 4, 1877:

Mr Earl takes the wash & I ablute the rest. mop as usual. Call to Mrs Ms the Aft.

May 25 was an even busier day: terrible black clouds early — but they soon disperse — E. assists me in removing the bed to air — clean the paint & take up the carpet dust it wash the windows &c. before 12 with Florences help. take in the bed & nail down the carpet, made bed up & all is restored again — I never felt more weary — a call into Mrs. Ms — at Eve — Ironed this Aft.

On Oct. 3, 1876 Caroline reported:

am invited by Amanda to ride to Tisbury to the Fair — leave at 12. call at James — all over to the Hall — where we repair, find lots of relatives & old acquaintances — call on Amelia — & Capt Athearn who is a fine looking man, a cup of tea from Carrie — we leave about 4 — a nice ride home.

Almost no day's entry is without mention of food — what she cooked, bought, was given, or ate while visiting someone else; and then there were the seasonal changes in the kitchen to deal with. On Friday, Nov. 3, 1876:

In the Aft Mr. Earl & his son comes & sets up the cook stove — a dirty job — was weary enough at night cleaning up after so much soot & dirt

But the following day Caroline wrote:

prepare my pies & biscuit in the stove this aft — so many articles of furniture belonging to the stove to bring from the garret & and others to return to the Attick The fire place to clean, fire board to fix up — all is got thro' with by noon — make a fire in the stove & bake my food.

As did Hannah and Rebecca and Mary, Caroline became unhappy when alone, but her cure was to go visit someone if no one visited her. For example, on May 1, 1877, she wrote:

N.E. wind — o my poor nerves I should pity a dog that suffered as I do — attempt to clear the parlour a little — remove every article out of the room & sweep the carpet — restore a portion of the furniture before noon — too weary to finish to day call into Mrs. Bs. Mary, Eliza assisting Mrs. B with a quilt.

While almost all of Caroline's visitors were well known to her, occasionally strangers knocked at her door, as on Aug. 15, 1876: "This forenoon a female calls for antique blue earthen — dispose of a noseless tea pot & a broken mug for 25 cts."

There is not a single mention of a book in Caroline Mayhew's diary and, except for letters and frequent notes to and from friends to arrange for visiting, the only reading material mentioned is the *Gazette*, whose weekly arrival she waits for. But the urge to write never left her; nor did Jun, one of the parrots that must have been a reminder of the adventurous days of her early life as she managed, often alone, the necessary daily tasks of the later years.

Five diaries obviously make much too small a sample to lead to any firm conclusions about either reading or education during the 19th century on Martha's Vineyard.

On the other hand, romantic Hannah and Rebecca Smith provide an impressive standard of what could be achieved. So does ambitious Charles Vincent, whose career in journalism grew from his schooling in Edgartown. The persistence with which unfortunate Mary Marchant and practical Caroline Mayhew kept their diaries, albeit one for a year and the other for most of her life, is also impressive. So, thanks to all of them, for their gift to us.

Coming in the June edition
of *The Dukes County Intelligencer*:

RADIO DAYS

**Martha's Vineyard
News**

ON THE AIR

**STATION WOCB Every
SATURDAY at 4.05 P.M.
(1240 Kil.)**

Made possible by the

**The Vineyard
Cordial Shop**

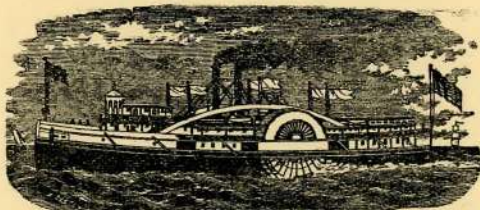
**111 Circuit Ave., Phone 271.
Oak Bluffs. Richard L. Pease,
Prop.**

IN THE SUMMER OF 1941, Cape Codders were listening to news and talk on the first Cape radio station, WOCB, an affiliate of the NBC Blue network. And every Saturday afternoon, the station featured a short program of Vineyard news. In the next issue of the *Intelligencer*, excerpts from the scripts of those weekly broadcasts.

CHEAP EXCURSION!

**Falmouth Heights
and Cottage City
— TO —
EDGARTOWN!**

Wednesday, *Aug.* 8th,
(Weather Permitting,)



Stmr. ISLAND HOME,

Capt. N. H. MANTER.

Leave FALMOUTH HEIGHTS, 10.30 A. M.
COTTAGE CITY, 11.15
Return, Leave EDGARTOWN, 2.30 P. M.
COTTAGE CITY, 3.30

Giving about four hours at Cottage City and two and one-half hours at good old Edgartown, once the banner city of Martha's Vineyard and noted for its great whaling interests.

Fare, from Falmouth Heights, 50c.
Cottage City, 25c.

E. T. PIERCE, Agent.