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TRANSITION — APPROACH TO A PERIOD
by
Henry Beetle Hough

DIURNAL RECORDS FOR THE YEAR 1813
by
Rebecca Smith

POEMS
by
Hannah Smith

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Transition — Approach to a Period
by
Henry Beetle Houch

One of the most easily recognizable swings of Island history took place immediately following the Civil War, for it was then that Martha’s Vineyard became self-consciously a summer resort. The short-range objectives of the time were realized only in a few instances or to a limited degree: the Martha’s Vineyard Railroad lost money for its backers, none of the numerous land developments made the promised fortunes, and the rapid growth of boom years soon leveled off. But the long-range objectives succeeded admirably. Through the eighties and nineties the Island found itself solidly established in what is known as the recreational business, and lived up to the expectations and standards of the period in a way that is fascinating to look back upon.

Another cycle or swing of history, one from which the Vineyard of the automobile and airplane age was to emerge, took place in the years just following the turn of the century, and we have sufficient perspective now to survey and appraise the landmarks of social change, the internal as well as the external side of the period. An approach to such a study will be made here, though only in suggestive fashion, as a prelude to the sort of history that should come later.

A good deal is to be learned from the successive directories of the Vineyard, though they were published in hit-or-miss fashion and gave emphasis to different parts of the Island rather than to its entirety. The first directory was the result of the promotional zeal of two boys, William E. Peck and Edward N. Stanley, who canvassed Oak Bluffs and the Camp Ground in 1875 and produced what is now a valuable record. Before his death a few years ago Mr. Stanley recalled the directory enterprise as a sort of profitable boyish lark.

Peck and Stanley were able to list two real estate agents, two express companies, two physicians, two drugstores, and six stores in the category of “Groceries & Miscellaneous.” There were thirteen hotels in the area canvassed, and it was noted that the Western Union telegraph office stood at the head of Oak Bluffs wharf. The Old Colony steamboats River Queen and Island Home ran between Oak Bluffs and Woods Hole, and the old Martha’s Vineyard and Monohansett ran between New Bedford and the Vineyard.

It is interesting that seventeen sailing and nonsailing “yachts” were listed, for these were the “party boats” that enabled vacationers to enjoy the pursuits of the salt water. A directory of Edgartown published in 1901 by C. H. Marchant & Co. of the Vineyard Gazette lists all the licensed boats of the Island, twenty-four in number, for the most part sloops and catboats. This fleet was still the principal means summer visitors had for getting afloat.

The 45-ton steamer Susie D., Capt. William M. Randall of Vineyard Haven, was the bumboat or floating department store that
served the large fleet of schooners invariably to be found in Vineyard Haven harbor. A number of good-sized schooners were to be found in the Vineyard’s own cargo fleet: the 174-ton Ira Bliss, Capt. J. A. Hudson; the 107-ton G. A. Hayden, Walter S. Osborn; and the 87-ton Emma Knowlton, Capt. J. A. Hudson, all of Edgartown, and the 212-ton J. Arthur Lord, E. C. Lord; 153-ton J. D. Ingraham and 152-ton Lucy Hammond, the same owner, all of Vineyard Haven.

Only three yachts are listed. Obviously we have here the background against which one of the great themes of change was to operate; within twenty years the fleet of yachts in all Island harbors was to be multiplied many times over, and within thirty years it was to become almost supreme. And the commercial fleet of large vessels was to be reduced to a single survivor and then to none.

The party boat, of course, continued to be one of the essential factors in Vineyard summer resort life through all the first years of the new century. The Martha’s Vineyard directory of 1907 lists 16 “boats to let” in Oak Bluffs, 4 in Edgartown, and none in Vineyard Haven, though there must have been some. The number of yachts permanently documented in the customs house at Edgartown had increased to 30, and an entirely new category had come into existence — launches.

The late Marshall Shepard was the first one to bring a naphtha launch to the Vineyard, and with it he made a sensation at Edgartown in the late nineties. “Naphtha” soon became a misnomer, and the gasoline age had begun. Between 1900 and 1907, 28 gasoline-powered launches had been acquired for use in Vineyard waters.

Among them were William M. Butler’s Zahra, actually an auxiliary schooner yacht, though she was lumped among the launches. Summer residents of that period, still remembered, who were in a manner of speaking founders of the modern age of auxiliary pleasure craft, included Marshall B. Mead, Julien W. Vose, H. W. Spurr, and Thomas D. Mills.

It would appear that the use of gasoline power afloat progressed somewhat more rapidly than ashore. In 1893 the Epworth League of Trinity Methodist Church at Cottage City published a business directory in which two boarding and livery stables were advertisers.

Norton & Messinger conducted the Lake Stables and were equipped with “three-seated wagons to carry six or nine passengers, also a wagonette to carry thirteen to fifteen passengers”. No doubt these wagons had fringes on top, or at least some of them did. They corresponded to the party boats alongshore, and it was by this means that summer people were able to make all-day trips to Gay Head, or to Indian Hill, taking along the whole family.

The 1901 Edgartown directory lists only one livery stable, and the 1907 Martha’s Vineyard directory lists two for that town, seven for Oak Bluffs, and three for Vineyard Haven. The word “garage” appears in an Island directory for the first time in 1907, and the reader is referred to the advertisement of Charles S. Norton. It reads: “Real Estate, Livery, and Garage”; not only is the order of the words significant, but the advertisement is illustrated by a picture of a horse, an imported hackney stallion named Valorous.

Two years later, in the 1910 Martha’s Vineyard Directory, two garages are listed for Vineyard Haven and two for Oak Bluffs, none for Edgartown. Automobile supplies first appeared in 1907; running through a list of services including commission merchants, dealers in salt, dried and pickled fish, marine railways, marine paints, house paints, cordage, oars, and so on, the reader of the advertisement of Fischer Brothers, Union Street, Vineyard Haven, came at last to the category of automobile supplies, almost a footnote.

In the 1910 directory, the automobile emerged in its own exclusive and modern-sounding identity for the first time: Legrand L. Aldrich, Agt., Auto Supplies—followed by the names of many tire brands. Mr. Aldrich also sold Edison phonographs.

But in 1910 the livery stable was still predominant: Oak Bluffs had acquired the garage of the Crowell-Clark Co., advertising “sight-seeing cars for Edgartown and West Chop”, but it had seven livery stables, at least one of them featuring carriages for hire in the old party wagon style.

Since the 1875 directory, the now modern town of Oak Bluffs had increased its number of hotels from 13 to 20, but some of these were really boarding houses. The emphasis in the new times had been toward more highly developed hotel service rather than any
great increase in capacity. The increase in the number of summer homes or cottages was more impressive than any mere multiplication of hotel rooms could have been.

One looks also at the directories of 1908 and 1910 for indications of rising sophistication. There is no more characteristic symbol of the nineties at Oak Bluffs than the old souvenir stores; a famous one, Stchi Ban, on Circuit Avenue, is advertised in the Trinity Church directory of 1898. It sold sea mosses and "Island souvenirs in endless variety". Sea Mosses are not listed in 1907 or 1910, but "shell goods" are. The souvenir business continued steadily.

The 1907 directory advertises The Tivoli, "The New Casino", and shows an illustration of the building at the head of Oak Bluffs wharf, balconies crowded, banners flying, and numerous horse-drawn vehicles in the foreground. The Tivoli is not listed as a dance hall but only as a casino; and the Flying Horses appear, mis-spelled, as a "Carousel".

Under the heading of entertainment, Oak Bluffs had its roller skating rink in 1907 and 1910, but as yet no movie theatre. A single billiard and pool room was advertised.

But the general range of business services had expanded greatly, to afford a contrast with that rudimentary list of 1875. By 1910, for instance, Oak Bluffs, the principal summer town of the Vineyard, boasted dressmakers, an electrician, five express companies, seven groceries, four hairdressers, a harness maker, a hay, grain and feed store, four ice cream parlors, three ice dealers, four jewelers and watchmakers, seven laundries or laundry agencies, a lunch cart, a milliner, three restaurants, two photographers, and nine physicians.

The individual stamp of a period can be interpreted to some extent from the services which were offered or which were in demand, and we have here the sort of clues a historian is invited to follow up.

In addition to the directories of the Island, many so-called "tourist guides" were published just before and after 1900, but they give evidence of the promotional touch even more than the directories, without having the same objectivity of fact.

Men and women who can remember clearly the early years of the century are inclined to feel that the transition from the spirit of the eighties and nineties came gradually, and if they are called upon now to describe how it took place, they can hardly do so except in general terms. They and the Island became modern over the same years, by a process of change and growth. Yet the markers are there, the cycle had its beginning, its rise, its emergence — which very likely can be correlated with the break-up and remaking of so much of human life and so many human values caused by World War I — for the historian to single out. Something of the approach is here, beginning with the objective record of the old directories of the Vineyard.
Rebecca Smith
Rebecca Smith was eighteen years old when she wrote her Diurnal Records for the year 1813. She lived at Pohogonet where her father was a successful farmer and also the recorder of deeds for the County.

Rebecca was the fifth of the eight children of Samuel and Love Smith. Samuel, her father, was the son of Samuel "Tertia" and Anna Wass Smith. Her mother, Love, was the daughter of Ephraim and Hannah Harper Pease.

The Smith house was on a slight rise of land overlooking the ocean, and both Rebecca and her sister Hannah were almost as much interested in the vessels that passed as they were in the people who came to call on pleasure or business. We could wish that Rebecca had given us a little more information about the work and daily life of the household. But she didn't. Her interests lay elsewhere.

Rebecca married her cousin, Samuel Butler, in October 1818.

The editor

DIURNAL RECORDS FOR 1813
by
REBECCA SMITH

Diurnal Records for April, 1813

Tuesday Evening 20th
A dead silence reigns throughout this mansion all is still save the roaring of distant cannon I am here alone Sister Anna has gone to Holmes's Hole. This day I have spent in sober contemplation reflecting on the many dangers that hover thick around the virtuous sons of America. America our happy land is now involved in war; America methinks I see your blooming sons fall in battle, methinks I hear the bitter groans of the wounded and see their bleeding bosoms heave with pain and anguish wishing for the moment which will seal their eyelids forever.

Friday 23rd
We have had the agreeable company of Mr. Timothy Coffin and Lady this Afternoon they informed us that Aunt Kelly departed this life Yesterday 2 o'clock—

Monday 26th
I am still at Harrisons — Dusk I am just able to discern a man mounted upon a fine horse riding full speed towards my father's I know not who it is but suspect it is Mr. Jabez Smith.

Tuesday 27th
This afternoon as I was sitting ruminating on the different conditions in life I was suddenly roused from my reverie by the clattering of horses hoofs; my curiosity prompted me to walk towards the window; where to my inexpressible astonishment saw two men reeling quite intoxicated, one of them came into the house and gave a stamp upon the floor which made the Dome resound. Their names I shall conceal. It is much to be lamented that people that possess genius wit and sense will totally destroy themselves by taking that poisonous draught—

Wednesday Morning 28th
I have just returned from Harrisons after an absence of two weeks — Wednesday Afternoon we have had the agreeable company of the all accomplished Miss Eliza Worth she was as agreeable as ever.

Thursday 29th
We have had a number of Gentlemen and Ladies from Edgerton today — we are quilting —

May Diurnal Records — 1813

Tuesday Morning 4th
We have had the agreeable company of the amiable Miss Eliza Worth she is always lively and cheerful; she sits smiling like a mayflower; once I two like her could smile but Alas! I have smiled away my felicity. Hannah and Eliza has taken a ride to Mr. Athearns. Mr. Wilmot Luce is here — Sunset — This afternoon as I sat leaning against the window gazing at the tumultuous ocean which dashed its foaming waves against the ragged shore; I was suddenly roused from my lethargic stupor by the clattering of a horses hoofs; I turned my eyes from the foaming surge and looked towards the road where I beheld a beautiful youth mounted upon a bay horse; he arrived at the gate alighted and entered. It was the all accomplished the gay the sprightly Mr. Johnson. He is still here but our friend Eliza has left us—

Thursday no Wednesday 5th
Mr. Johnson tarried with us the last night. took his leave this morning. He genely vaulted into the saddle and rode swiftly away thus he is gone.

Thursday Morning 6th
Mr. Wilmot Luce has just arrived at this mansion; knocks at the door enters takes a seat is very sociable. Hannah entertains him with politick. Thursday eve — Mr. David Allen has been here
this Afternoon brought a large batch of papers to the office. He appeared very pensive and thoughtful, I supposed it was occasioned by his precipitate removal to Ohio. Thus he is going to leave his native land to traverse the more fertile banks of the Ohio.

Saturday Morning 8th

This day may well be a day during Noah's flood; it is almost impossible to step out of doors, the rain pours down in torrents and has almost covered the face of the earth with water — and my mind is still roving. But Alas! the time will come when my mind will be at rest and this throbbing heart be hushed.

Sunday Evening 9th

We have had news from Edgartown this evening have been informed that the Amiable Mrs. Hannah Pease departed this life 8th inst was interd 9th. Thus she is gone; forever gone; she is now an inhabitant of the world of spirits. She has arrived I hope to the mansions of bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary be at rest. O cruel death how hath thou marred her beauty, thy lovely form has become a companion to corruption a prey to worms. Lie poor frail child of dust lie deep as thou dost in obscure darkness! Let night with her inimicable shades always conceal thee. May no prying eye be witness to thy corruption, but let thy surviving sisters think upon thy state when they contemplate the idol in the glass. 9 o'clock The amiable Mr. Jabez Smith is at this sequestered mansion informs us Mr. Charles Look1 pays his addresses to our cousin Harriet2 Butler. I rather doubt its truth — My mind is still unsettled, the clouds of discontent is still hovering round my brows and I am still unhappy.

Thursday Morning 13th

Mr. David Look has been here this morning was very sociable entertained us with his usual good sense — went to Edgartown from here — The wind is westerly — Thursday Evening — Hark some nocturnal rambler has wandered hither and knocks at the door he enters and takes a seat and delivers me a letter; tis Mr. Thomas Coffin —

Friday 14th

This morning before the shades of Night had disappeared before the feathered choir had forsaken their nests; as I lay all wakeful and pensive; musing on life's broken prospects methought I heard the pensive sounds of sorrow I arose from my downy pillow and stood leaning against the window carefully watching to know if I could discern the object which uttered those sorrowful sounds. It was the loquacious bird of night called Whippoorwill she had just begun her lovelorn tale; she was sitting upon the upper branches of a spreading willow at the farther end of our garden. leaning her

downy breast against the aspiring branches; Sweet emblem of innocence thou art awake while many sleep thou wast destined by heaven to cheer the gloomy hours.

Tuesday Evening 18th

We have had the agreeable company of Mr. Charles Look and Miss Nancy Look this Afternoon; they are still here and will tarry with us through the night —

Wednesday Morning 19th

Mr. Look and Sister have gone down to Edgartown — Wednesday Afternoon Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Thomas Coffin are here —

Friday Afternoon 21st

Hannah and I have just returned home from Edgartown after an absence of two days. Wednesday evening we had a very agreeable ball at Captain Wimpennes — Mr. Look and Mr. Coffin are here —

Saturday Morning 22nd

How sublime how tranquil this morning. Sol that glorious luminary has just arose which causes every face to wear a smile; the warbling songsters are hopping from spray to spray and with their magic songs they fill the air but my excursion fancy is still roving —

Tuesday Evening 25th

Mr. Jabez Smith and Mr. Samuel Butler are here —

Wednesday Afternoon 26th

The all accomplished Capt. Bradley is here dined with us to day —

Friday 28th

Mr. Butler and Gilbert2 have gone to Capt. Looks this Afternoon — Friday Evening — We have had the agreeable company of Mr. Thomas Coffin this evening he has just departed from this secluded corner of the world —

Monday Afternoon 31st

Father and Mother are have gone down to Edgartown Mr. John Coffin and Mr. John Thaxter3 are here — this afternoon they are very sociable and lively and I am enjoying all the happiness that this life can afford — The wind is southerly and it is very fine weather — Monday Evening — My Father and Mother have just returned from Edgartown they informed us that Aunt Thaxter is very ill. They brought news that the plague is raging with great vehemence near New York

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1 — The son of Samuel and Margaret Chase Look. He was 25 years old in 1813. He may have been courting Rebecca's cousin, "Harriet" but if so nothing came of it for he married Rebecca Smith, daughter of John and Caroline Smith, in 1816.

2 — Harriet Butler was Rebecca's first cousin, the daughter of William and Rebecca Smith Butler. She was 17 years old in 1813.

3 — Youngest son of the Rev. Joseph and Ann Smith Thaxter. Ann was the sister of Rebecca's father.
I fear that we shall not escape the contagion. How gloomy how distressing the reflection. Mr. Jabez Smith and Mr. Charles Look are here this evening Mr. Look informed me that Mr. J. C. (?) is courting Miss E. B.

June

Tuesday Evening 1st

We have had the company of Mr. Thomas Coffin and Mr. Coffin Beetle this evening. Wind westerly.—

Monday Afternoon 6th (?)

I have just been informed that the Frigate Chesapeake is taken. Uncle Thaxter was at Boston was an eye witness saw the battle fought and saw the conquering enemy bear away the prize — Mr. B. Luce is here and tells the same — The wind is southerly it rains very fast and the rolling of distant thunder is heard with a hoars rumbling through the flying clouds — How gloomy is the scene—

Tuesday Evening 8th

How sublime how tranquil this evening pale Cynthia has just arose with all her waxing brightness; to enliven the nocturn's gloom and line with silver the raven courlord mantle of Nieht. I am a great admirer of the beauties of nature therefore my curiosity prompts me to take a walk to explore the hills and valleys wild and travers the beach shore. I have returned from viewing one of the greatest wonders of creation the tumultuous ocean. As I stood gazing at the wretchless surge my thoughts was carried beyond the visible diurnal sphere and I exclaimed

Who can command the roaring tide; And stop the wind that blows!

Wednesday Morning 9th

Mr. Jonathan Smith from New Bedford and Mr. Samuel Butler from Holmes's Hole are here they will spend the day with us —

Wednesday Afternoon — Mr. W. S. (?) and Mr. T. C. (?) are here

Thursday 10th

Mr. Jabez Smith and Mr. Charles Look have honored us with their company this evening. The former appeared very melancholy I asked him the cause of the sudden alteration in his appearance he said it was occasioned by the melancholy news of the capture of the gallant and noble Frigate Chesapeake — It is very pleasant this evening the moon throws her mantle of light upon the bosom of the ocean and silvers the foliage of yon pleasant grove of poplars; the beauties of this evening has a tendency to exhilarate my spirits—

Friday Morning 11th

Mr. Elihu Swasey has been here this morning he appeared very pensive his countenance was totally absorbed by sorrow; he says he thinks his brother Joseph 1 is buried in the bosom of the ocean or else taken by that barbarous nation the Algerines; and should the latter be the case he is more miserable than the misconet that begs his bread—

Friday Evening—

Miss Polly Arey and Miss Belinda Norton have been here this afternoon — It is very fine weather the wind is easterly — My mind is calm and serene my excentric fancy is hushed to peace discontent has taken its flight into the air to search some once peaceful bosom to embitter the sweets it used to enjoy—

Monday 15th

Mr. T. C. is here this evening, tis a glorious evening the chaste queen of night has arose she casts her pales rays on the pelucid bosom of yon limped stream and silvers the wave — as I gaze at the moon I cannot forbear repeating the words of Milton

—Now reigns

Full orb'd the moon and with more pleasing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things—

Tuesday Afternoon 16th

Mr. Elijah Stewart and Lady are here this Afternoon — We have had a fine shower of rain today

Wednesday Evening 17th

Mr. W. S. (?) and Mr. T. C. (?) are here

Thursday 18th

The rolling of distant thunder is heard continually it is a very misty air—

Friday Eve 19th

Mr. T. C. (?) is here informs us Miss Lucy Mayhew was married last evening — The sky is perfectly clear and serene The Queen of the shades has arose and with glorious light animates the face of nature and the twinkling of a thousand stars adds glory to the nocturnal sky—

The glittering stars,

By the deep ear of meditation heard

Still in their midnight watches sing of Him.

Thompson's Spring

Monday 22nd

Mr. Jabez Smith is here this afternoon — Monday Evening Hannah has gone to Capt. Looks

Tuesday Afternoon 23rd

We have a large collection of ladies and gentlemen from Edgartown Tisbury and Holmes's Hole this Afternoon—

Wednesday 24th

Cousin Harriot Butler is here

1—Joseph Swasey, Elihu's brother, was lost at sea and not captured by the "Algerines."
Sunday 27th
Our Cousin Harriot has departed from this mansion — Hannah has just returned from Capt. Looks after an absence of six days—

Monday 28th
The weather is very cloudy and windy it thunders constantly I have just received a very pleasing letter from Cousin Harriot—

Tuesday 29th
We have Gentlemen and Ladies from Edgartown and Holmes's Hole today Mr. John Hancock has lost his youngest daughter — She departed this life 27th inst was interred 28th—

Wednesday 30th
Mr. Charles Look is here this evening will spend the night with us.

July
Thursday Evening 1st
Mr. Look and Hannah have taken a ride down to town—

Friday Evening 2nd
Mr. Look spent the two last nights with us and left these secluded haunts this morning — Friday P.M. Gilbert Hannah Ann1 and myself have had a very polite invitation to join a ball at Tisbury on the 4th of July—

Saturday 3rd
There has been a great stir at Edgartown about Desire Coffin,2 and Mr. Brown of Boston. Mr. C. Andrews of Hingham Capt. John Osborn and Mr. L. Thaxter3 is very busy in the affair.—

Wednesday Evening 7th
Mr. Jabez Smith is here this evening he brought a News paper which gave an account of the defeat of Gen. Derborn's army. Thus thousands of our country-men have lost their lives by this ungenerous and cruel war — Methinks I see them wounded and mangled their ventures reeking with gore and rolled in dust.—

Thursday Afternoon 8th
Capt. Val Pease and Lady are here this afternoon Mrs. Pease informed us that Miss Betsey Ripley is very low with the consumption her grave robe has been made some days—Oh unhappy maid two soon thy premature state demands the tribute of a tear —

Thursday Evening — Mr. Thomas Coffin is here this evening in—

1—Ann Smith was Rebecca's next oldest sister. She was 22 years old in 1815 and never married.
2—Desire Coffin was the daughter of James and Huldah Allen Coffin. She was 22 years old when she married Capt. John Osborn.
3—Levi Thaxter, or "Levit" as Rebecca usually spells it, was the son of the Rev. Joseph Thaxter and conducted a school in Edgartown. He also started the Agricultural Society, and was an important person on the Island for many years. He was 24 years old at the time of this writing.

formed us the Boston papers gave an account of the surrender of the famous Town (of) Hampton

Friday Afternoon 9th
This afternoon as I sat leaning against the window with the sash thrown up gazing at the flying clouds and listing to the whistling of the hollow winds I noticed a black and gloomy cloud lay along the western horizon at length the cloud reached from west to east and impenetrable darkness surrounded us all was gloom and obscurity but directly a gust of wind came flying abroad which heaved the billows to the clouds and to appearance shook the forest from the roots — But the scene has changed the sky has regained its chrystal clearness and the sun once more animates terrestrial things. The wind has ceased and the sun is sinking behind the western hills he casts his plastic rays upon the leafy spire and gleams with dying faintness on the mountain's brow1; while I speak it expires and resignes the world to the gradual approaches of night

Now twilight gray
Was in her sober livery all mingled
Calmness and serenity smiles upon this part of creation and apathy reigns throughout my frame—

Monday 12th
The roaring of distant cannon is heard from the North — Mr. W. L. (?) is here—

Tuesday Afternoon 13th
Mr. Thomas Coffin is here this afternoon informs us that the town Hampton is retaken. The weather is very fine—

Wednesday 15th
Mr. Joseph Thaxter and Mr. John Thaxter are here today it is extremely warm and calmness reins throughout the universe—

Saturday Morning 18th 9 o'clock
A stately ship is now full in view with awful grandeur she plows the azure main standing west. She is a 74 by her majestic appearance.

To no mean power can she belong
So stout so warlike and so strong

1—Probably Mountain Hill
Hannah Smith

Hannah Smith's poems, such as survive, were probably all written between the years 1810 and 1830. The editor does not claim that we have here an Island Emily Dickinson, or even an Island Edna St. Vincent Millay. But he does think that some of Hannah's work is as good as anything written on this side of the Atlantic up to her time. These poems are found in her Diurnal Records for the years 1823-1824, and also in Hannah Smith's Book, a manuscript collection of what she evidently considered her best work.

The editor

January 2nd 1823
Now the western breeze is blowing
Soft as summer's gale at night
Ocean's waves are gently flowing
Yonder comes a brig in sight

Friday 3rd
Weather still continues pleasant
With a gentle western breeze
Here no frost congeals at present
Here no whirlwind shakes the trees

Saturday 4th
Now the rain with snow is falling
Wind is whistling East Northeast

Sunday 5th
Rain continues Wind is hauling
Threatening Man and threatening Beast

Monday 27th 5 of the clock
A yellow glee adorns the west
And Sol has gently sunk to rest
Gray twilight shades Pohogonot Shore
And I shall cease and write no more

Monday May 12
How lovely how blooming is May
The fields are all clothed in green
Now Hebe looks healthful and gay
And Flora fair Flora is seen
The birds chant their notes in the grove
The lambs are skipping around
How sweet is the season to rove
Where rural enjoyment is found

My soul takes a pleasure in this
'Tis dearer than gold can insure
Not all the gay trappings of dress
Are half so enchanting and pure

My rivulets my lawns and my bowers
My groves when made vocal each spray
My meadows bespangled with flowers
Are ever romantick and gay

When Venus appears in the west
With Mars in her glittering train
I think of these scenes I love best
And wish for the morning again—

The Departure

The moon has risen calm and bright
And o'er the dark sea casts her beams
But where is he who yester night
Conversed with me on pleasing themes

He's left our Isle to traverse far
Some other regions to explore
Directed by a wandering star
And I may see his face no more

Then be it so let seasons roll
May better prospects bless his eyes
May guardian Angels watch his soul
And fix his hope beyond the skies

But shall I cease to think of him?
Ah no! fond memory shall retrace him
Shall o'er his watery path-way skim
And in soft visions I'll embrace him

The Invitation

Oh come while the breezes are blowing
Their sweets from the woodbine around
Oh come while the streamlets are flowing
And daisies bespangle the ground
Oh come while the sweet birds are chanting
Their ditties a-down in the grove
The scene is so lovely enchanting
I long for thy presence my love

Behold how the rivulets meander
How they glide down the sweet-scented vale
There with thee I love for to wander
There with thee the sweets to inhale
Ah come while affections are tender
My bosom shall be thy alcoye
My heart to thy charms I surrender
Oh come to my bosom my love—
Twilight
The sun had retired behind the green mountains
Whose forms undulating were shrouded in shade
The sky was all crimsoned—the pure crystal fountains
Flowed on as the glories with joy I surveyed

The moon in her beauty now floated in splendor
O'er the hills of the west who's deep forests afar
Appeared like an army too proud to surrender
O'er the peak of the mount shone the evening star

As the sun dropped deep silence pervaded all nature
The songsters were hushed and reposed on the spray
The glow of the west seemed to brighten each feature
In soft plaintive murmurs the breeze died away

Unheard was the screech of the owl in the bower
Unseen were the wings of the bat on its way
And none of the sounds or dark sights of the hour
Had ventured to triumph o'er the death of the day

This hour I exclaimed is for deep meditation
This hour is for love and this hour is for rest
This hour I acknowledge with sweet adoration
This dear soothing twilight's the hour I love best

To A Friend
Now fancy lifts her wings and wafts me down
Into the gravelly streets of Edgartown
Where I have strolled with you in converse sweet
And hailed the happy travellers in the street

Where I patrolled with you by light of moon
Preferring Cynthia's ray to that of noon
On you I could rely in you confide
In you I saw a mentor by my side

The scene alas is changed for we no more
Walk arm in arm as we have heretofore
But cease ah treacherous memory cease to range
For everything in time must meet a change