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THE SINGING TILTONS AND SOME OF THEIR SONGS

By E. G. Huntington

The singing Tiltons came from Caphigon. There were eight of them — seven boys and one girl — Bill, Welcome, George Fred, Edward, John R., Willard, Zeb, and Flora. They were the children of George Oliver and Hannah Tilton, and they all sang.

They were famous for many things besides their singing. George Fred is the only man ever to have walked home from a whaling voyage in the Arctic Ocean. Edward was a wanderer, known to every isolated farm and house on The Vineyard, Nantucket, and Cape Cod. On Cape Cod he was called the "Chilmark Singer."

Welcome after an active career as whaler, coaster and fisherman, become the salesman of the best vanilla ever to go into a Vineyard cake. Three things he loved above all else: to play whisp, to "visit", and to sing. Zeb was always a coaster and his little schooner the Alice Wentworth was as famous as her skipper, and known from Maine to Delaware. Zeb had the reputation of being the strongest man on the Atlantic coast and also the ugliest.

Bild for many years was a shantyman on British and American deep water ships. Joe Allen says that when he came home from sea his voice had a trumpet-like quality, and that he could sing for hours on end. When I knew him as a much older man, the trumpet like quality of his voice had gone, but he could still sing for hours.

Of all the hundreds of songs that the Tiltons sang, I have saved, including fragments, not quite thirty. I wish now that I had recorded many more of them. But I didn’t. At the time I was much more interested in courting Welcome’s granddaughter.

And so here are a few of the songs that the Tiltons sang. They are all traditional songs, that is, songs that were handed down from one generation to another, or learned from other singers on shipboard or around the hearth of a winter evening.

BRAVE BOYS

It was eighteen hundred and thirty nine On the fourteenth day of May When we weighed our anchor and set our sail and for Greenland bore a way brave boys And for Greenland bore a way
It was eighteen hundred and thirty-nine
On the fourteenth day of May
When we weighed our anchor and set our sail
And for Greenland bore away brave boys
And for Greenland bore away.

Our captain’s name it was William Moore
And the mate’s name was the same
And our ship she was called the Lion so bold
As she plowed the raging main brave boys
As she plowed the raging main.

Now the captain he stood in the top cross tree
And a fine looking man was he
A-searchin’ the horizon with a spy-glass in his hand
It’s a whale a whale a fish brave boys
It’s a whale a fish cried he.

And the mate he stood on the quarter deck
And a fine looking man was he
Overhaul overhaul at your davit take falls
And it’s lower your boats to the sea brave boys
And it’s launch your boats to the sea.

Now the boat being lowered and the whale being struck
He give one flurry with his tail
And down went the boat and those six jolly tars
And they never come up any more brave boys
No they never come up no more.

When the captain he heard of the loss of his men
It grieved his heart full sore
But when he heard of the loss of that whale
Why it grieved him ten times more brave boys
Yes it grieved him ten times more.

But the summer months are past and gone
Cold winter’s a-coming on
So we’ll steer our course back to New Bedford
And the pretty girls standing on the shore brave boys
And the pretty girls standing on the shore.

In Scarlet Town where I was born
In Stephen’s garden I died with scorn
Although I learnt the saddler’s trade
Yet I became a roving blade.

At nineteen years I married a wife
I loved her dear as I loved my life
And to maintain her both fine and gay
A-roving went on the broad highway.

I robbed Lord Gorham I do declare
And Lady Mansfield of Golden square
I pulled the blinds bade them good night
And took me home to my heart’s delight.

Through Stephen’s garden I bore my way
My lovely wife what will she say
That thieving game I did pursue
Yes I was of that cursed crew.

My father cries that I am undone
My mother wept for her own dear son
My wife wrung her hands and tore her hair
Saying what shall I do for I’m in despair.

But when I’m dead going to my grave
Get six sweet damsels my shroud to weave
Get six highwaymen to carry me
Give them bright swords and sweet liberty.

And when I’m gone you may tell the truth
I was a bold but a wicked youth
Yes when I’m gone you may tell the truth
I was a bold but a wicked youth.

The proper title of this song is “The Highwaysman.” There is a good version of it in Frank Kidson’s A Garland of English Folk Song. But Bill Tilton always called it “In Scarlet Town.” It must be old. Indeed it may be the distant ancestor of “The Streets of Laredo” which has the lines “let sixteen cowboys come carry my coffin, let sixteen cowgirls come sing me a song.”
THE DREADNAUGHT

There is a crack packet
A packet of fame
She hails from New York
And the Dreadnaught's her name
You may talk of your flyers
Swallowtail and Black Ball
But the Dreadnaught's the packet
That sure heads them all

Now the Dreadnaught's a-laying
In Liverpool dock
Where the boys and the girls
Hang around in a flock
Loose your fore and main topsails
Your courses also
Bound away in the Dreadnaught
To the westward we go

Now the Dreadnaught's at anchor
In the river Mersey
A-waiting for the tugboat
To tow her to sea
Out around the Black Rock
Where the wild tides do flow
Bound away in the Dreadnaught
To the westward we go

Now the Dreadnaught's a-bowling down
The wild Irish shore
With her passengers all sick
And our messmates all sore

So we'll give her a cheer
As the wild winds do blow
Bound away in the Dreadnaught
To the westward we go

Now the Dreadnaught's a-sailing
On the banks of Newfoundland
Where the waves are so green
Where the bottom's all sand
Says the fish of the ocean
As they swim to and fro
She's the Liverpool packet
Lord God let her go

Now the Dreadnaught's a-sailing
Down the Long Island shore
Where the pilot will board us
As he's oft done before
Fill away your main topsail
Board your main tack also
Bound away in the Dreadnaught
To the westward we go

Here's a health to the Dreadnaught
Likewise her brave crew
Likewise captain Samuels
And his officers too
You may talk of your packets
Blackball and the rest
But the Dreadnaught's the packet
That's always the best

As the term packet implies, the Dreadnaught carried both mail and passengers. And despite the line "with her passengers all sick and our messmates all sore" she was rated a comfortable vessel. She kept to the schedule of her departure dates, almost with the regularity of a steamer, and often enough she made a faster passage than the steamers.
THE BOLD UNDAUNTED IRISHMAN

Attention pay to what I say
And I’ll value it if you do
While I relates the matchless fate
Of bold Jack Donahoo
This bold undaunted Irishman
As you can plainly see
From Ireland was transported
And deprived of his liberty

Chorus
With me haley come whaley come set me down there
Come set me down lindsey bag mush melly quare
Come set me down lindsey bag mush melly hoo
Fire away fire away leathered bully for you

There was Mark Nalum and Underwood
Bill Cobler and Winslow
There were the four associates
Of bold Jack Donahoo
And scarcely had they disembarked
Upon Australia’s shore
Than they became highwaymen again
As they had been before

Jack Donahoo that was so brave
Rode out one afternoon
Full knowing that the pain of death
Would overtake him soon
And quickly then the horse police
From Sidney came in view
Begone from here ye cowardly dogs
Says bold Jack Donahoo

It’s six police Jack did shoot down
Before the fatal ball
Did pierce the heart of Donahoo
And cause bold Jack to fall
And as he closed his weary eyes
To bid this world adieu
Then all good people prayed for the soul
Of bold Jack Donahoo

This song is usually called “Bold Jack Donahue.” It probably dates from the early nineteenth century, and of course came from Australia. An interesting thing about it musically is that the chorus contains nine measures.
THE BOSTON BURGLAR

Oh I was born in Boston
That's a place you all know well
Brought up by honest parents
It was there I used to dwell
Brought up by honest parents
And reared most tenderly
Till I became a roving blade
At the age of twenty-three

My character was taken
And I was sent to jail
My parents tried to get me out
But it was to no avail
The judge he read my sentence
And the clerk he wrote it down
He says young man for burglary
You're a-going to Charlestown

Oh see my aged father
A-standing at the bar
Likewise my aged mother
A-tearing of her hair
Yes tearing of those old gray locks
While the tears come trickling down
Saying son dear son what have you done
That you're sent to Charlestown

They put me on an eastbound train
One cold December day
And at every station that we passed
I would hear those people say
Yonder goes that Boston Burglar
See how he's all bound down
For some great crime or another
He's a-going to Charlestown

But there is a girl in Portland street
A girl I do love well
And if ever I gain my liberty
Along with her I'll dwell
And if ever I gain my liberty
Bad company I will shun
I'll bid adieu to night walking and gambling
And also to drinking rum

So you that have your liberty
Pray keep it if you can
Don't go around the streets at night
To break the laws of man
For if you do you'll surely rue
And you'll be just like me
A-serving out that long long term
In the penitentiary

The "Boston Burglar" has had very wide currency. Jack London sang it when he was a boy with the oyster pirates on San Francisco Bay. And it was and still is sung in the Southern Mountains. This is one of not too many American folk songs that crossed the ocean in the opposite direction, for it has been collected by folklorists in both England and Ireland. There is a nice version of it in Colm O Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads.
UNCLE SAM AND JOHNNY BULL

Then it's come the last round of all
This world can never beat
Sam took that British champion
And he raised him from his seat
And while the people all looked on
He held him in the air
Then from his grasp he flung him
How those Englishmen did stare

So come all you Yankee heroes now
Whose fortune it is made
Look on that lofty eagle boys
And never be afraid
The stars and stripes forever boys
Our flag it is unfurled
And the star spangled banner
Soon will wave o'er this wide world

Bill sang this one once in a Liverpool barroom and barely escaped with his life. The history is a little twisted, perhaps, but one gets the idea. I have never seen this song in print but Helen Creighton, (Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia, and Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia) told me that she had collected it.
'ROUND CAPE HORN

Round Cape Horn the young men go When the young men go a-way
Then the young girls dress up neat Go a-cruising down the street
Right fal day faddle diddle day Right fal rido faddle diddle day

Round Cape Horn the young men go
When the young men go away
Then the young girls dress up neat
And go a-cruising down the street

Refrain
Right fal day faddle diddle day
Right fal rido faddle diddle day

Far from the fields are the young men gone
Far from home and all forlorn
Wish to God they'd never been born
For to go a-cruising 'round Cape Horn

When those young men do get home
This is the story that they hear
Oh come along you need not fear
No one's courted me my dear
Sweet false smile they like for to wear
Long false curls and long false hair
White satin slipper with a silken bow
To take those young men all in tow

Welcome Tilton sang this song and he always said that it came from Nantucket and that there were more stanzas for it but he couldn't remember them. I have never seen it in print, but I did find a much longer manuscript version of it in the John Hay Library in Providence. There it is called "Song on the Nantucket Ladies." It seems to have been copied from a journal kept by Charles Murphy of Nantucket on a whaling voyage in the ship Diana begun in 1819.

Murphy was a great and famous singer, and maker of songs. His descendants still live on Nantucket.

THE FIT

One evening last September as the dew lay on the lawn
Mother and her daughter went out to promernard And as they promernarded the daughter made this vow Oh I must and will get married for the fit comes on me now

One evening last September
As the dew lay on the lawn
A mother and her daughter
Went out to promernard
And as they promernarded
The daughter made this vow
Oh I must and will get married
For the fit comes on me now

Oh daughter dearest daughter
Please hold your silly tongue
You talk of getting married
When you know you are too young
I am sixteen tomorrow ma
And that you must allow
Oh I must and will get married
For the fit comes on me now

Oh daughter dearest daughter
Where will yer find a man
Oh never fear dear mother
For there is the miller John
He promised for to marry me
A year or more ago
Oh I must and will get married
For the fit comes on me so
And what if he should slight you
As has been done before
Oh never fear dear mother
In the town there's plenty more
There's the butcher and the baker
And the boy that drives the plow
Oh I must and will get married
For the fit comes on me now

Cold winter's coming on you know
With wind and icy weather
Oh 'tis tough to lie alone you know
When two can lie together
'Tis tough to lie alone you know
'Tis more than I know how
Oh I must and will get married
For the fit comes on me now

This song came from Nova Scotia. It is related to the better known "Oh Mother I would Marry."

WELCOME WAS MATE OF A SCHOONER LOADING LUMBER IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER. They were there three weeks before they sailed, and almost every night Welcome went to colored prayer meeting to listen to the singing. And this is one of the songs, probably somewhat doctored, that he brought home with him from there.

A "two barrel squaw" as Welcome described her, led the singing. She would set the time by rocking back and forth grunting "uhuh, U huh. And then they would let go with the music. Welcome must have enjoyed those three weeks.
DIURNAL RECORDS FOR THE YEAR 1813  
(continued from Vol. 2, No. 2)

BY REBECCA SMITH

September Wednesday Morning 1st

Can I believe that Autumn has again returned — Yes this Summer this happy summer has swiftly passed away and will return no more — it indured but a moment but will return no more. And with it content has fled from the bosom of Rebecca. Mr. C. Look tarried with us last night — a gentle breeze blows from the west. A large ship is now in sight standing off—

Wednesday P.M.

We have had news from Chilmark this afternoon—

Wednesday Eve

The sun is this minute stealing from the horizon sinking behind the Western hills as I am sitting 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 this draught said Malmor lies eternal sleep. The Marquis raised his languid head and exclaimed deadly draught! Bitter! Bitter! to an extreme — As I was meditating on the Marquis D — I heard a loud rap on the door It is Mr. David Look he is very sociable talks much about the amiable Mr. John Johnson — He will spend the evening with us

Thursday P.M. 2nd

We have had news from Chilmark to day. Weather somewhat cloudy it rains a few drops. Wind westerly somehow that forlorn Gideon hangs on my mind —

Saturday

I am informed that Mrs. Polly Pease is dangerously sick she is at her mother’s at Holmes Hole. Three physicians were sent for to her assistance yesterday. It is very sickly at Edgartown — The sky is lowery —

Sunday Evening

I have just returned from Harrison’s where I spent the day Capt Thomas Bradley and Miss Jane C. Beetle were there. Miss Eliza Beetle is much out of health. Mr Tisdal Smith and Mr. Samuel Butler are here this evening. A stately barque is now in sight I can but discern her dimly for darkness approaches. A few scattering pale autumnal clouds lays along the southern horizon. Wind westerly it is very cool —

Monday P.M.

A large brig is now in sight standing East. Weather remains cool. Wind westerly —

Tuesday 7th

I am informed that Mr Wilmot Luce is very sick —

Tuesday Evening

Uncle Wilmot has just returned from town and informs us that Aunt Thaxter is sick of a fever — A gentle gale blows from the North weather remains cool

Thursday Evening

Wind and rain wind southwest —

Friday 11th

I am informed that Mr. Wilmot Luce is much better —

Friday Evening

Day went down and night arose with the chaste moon on her bosom All nature smiles — All is still save soft music from an neighboring grove — We have the company of Mr Jabez Smith Mr. Charles Look and Mr. Coffin Beetle several other nocturnal ramblers are strolling round our garden gate —

Saturday Morning 12th

It is reported that Mr. Harper Pease is dangerously wounded by a bullet from an unknown hand — He is at Holmes’ Hole — How distressing the thought — How melancholy the catastrophe — Weather very warm wind about west — The roaring of the distant ocean is heard with hoars murmurs —

Sunday 13th

I am now at Capt William Beetle’s (1) came here yesterday. Weather very warm —

Monday 14th

I am still at Capt Beetles — Mr. G. Mayhew and Miss Pamela Worth and Miss Polly D. Davis are here this afternoon —

Monday Evening 10 o’clock

I have just returned from Mr. Benjamin Davises where I spent the evening very agreeable there was a large collection of Beauxes and Belles.

Tuesday P.M. 15th

I am now at Uncle Wm. Butlers (2) came from Capt Wm Beetles this morning accompanied by Capt Thomas Bradley —

Wednesday Evening 16th

Mr. John Norris and Mr James Beetle are here this evening — Weather very fine wind west —

Thursday Evening 17th

This evening I spent very agreeably at Mrs. Martha Beetles hams — with a large collection of beaux and belles —

(1) Captain William Beetle lived at Eastville. His daughter Anna had married Harrison Smith, Rebecca’s brother

(2) William Butler was Rebecca’s uncle by marriage. He was a prosperous farmer at Farm Neck. He owned what is now the Camp Grounds. There were five Butler children.
Friday Evening 18th 10 o'clock

I have just returned from the west side of the harbour accompanied by Mr. James Beetle Mr. Samuel Butler Miss Harriot Butler and Miss Julia Butler. We spent the evening at Capt Thomas Dunhams — with a large collection of beaxses and belles —

Sunday

Mr. Henry Beetle Mr. James Beetle Mr. Samuel Butler Mrs. Martha Butler Miss Harriot Butler Miss Julia Butler and myself had a beautiful sail this afternoon over to the little neck so called where we met with Mr. Wm. Dunham. After we had explored the hills and valleys wild we returned to this peaceful mansion — Weather very fine wind westerly —

Monday Evening

Mrs Jane Butler is here this evening. Harriot and I have just returned from Mr. Joneses — Calmness reigns throughout the universe, A gentle gale blows from the west. A large ship has just dropped anchor in the harbor —

Tuesday Morning

I have just received a letter from Nancy Look — Capt Edmund Bradley is here gave me a very polite invitation to go home with him —

Wednesday P.M. 22nd

Miss Rebecca Jones and Miss Mary Jones are here this afternoon —

Wednesday Evening 10 o'clock

Serenely the sun had reclined in the west when cousin Harriot and I took a nocturnal ramble round the enchanted fields all was still save soft music on board a Spanish Ship in the harbour and the chirruping of a variety of winged insects in the forest. After strolling round the fields we went to Mr. E. Smiths where we spent a social hour and returned to this mansion where we found a number of beauxes —

Thursday Evening 23rd

I have just returned from Capt Wm. Butlers where I spent the day. Capt Edmund Bradley accompanied me to this peaceful mansion. Mr. John Beetle and Mr. James Jones are here this evening — It rains quite fast —

Friday 24th

Miss Cynthia Norris is here this morning — the sky is somewhat cloudy. Cannon roars from the North —

Saturday P.M. 25th

Harriot and I have just returned from exploring the haunted house have been reading the inscriptions that is engraved on the wainscot and listening to the whistling of the hollow wind which whistles round the casements. The hoars croaking of the raven is heard in these solumn chambers — At midnight the owl resorts here —

Sunday Noon 26th

I have just returned from meeting Mr. Balies was speaker —

Sunday Evening

After a very pleasant ride I arrived at the place of my residence accompanied by Mr. Samuel Butler —

Monday P. M. 27th

Cousin Samuel spent the night with us and is still here. Aunt Swasey Mrs. Wimpenny and Mr. Elihu Swasey are here this afternoon — Weather very cold for the season —

Tuesday 28th

I am this day informed that the United States brig Enterprise captured the brig Boxer on the 5th instant after an action of 45 minutes. Both captains killed and buried side by side — Weather very cloudy I think we shall have a storm —

Wednesday Morning 29th

Melancholy news from the South there has been a terrible hurricane at Charleston town trees were blown up by the roots houses were blown down many were blown into the ocean and left no vestage behind. A very large oak in front of Capt Grubers house which had withstood the severest gales is leveled with the ground. The lands were all overflowed and had the appearance of an open sea. — It rains very fast. Wind northeast blows very fresh — How gloomy is the scene —

Thursday 30th

We have had a very heavy gale — I think it will pass for the line gale — Weather is still unsettled — Wind southwest —

Friday 31st

Weather remains cloudy Wind northeast — Mr Jeramiah Pease was married to Miss Eliza Worth last evening —

October Saturday Morning 1st

Weather remains cold and blustering Wind northeast — Nothing new occurred — I am arrived at a state of apathy and my jarring passions are hushed to peace —

Monday morn 4th

How serene how placid this morning the bright monarch of day has just arose with great pomp and splendor to cheer the inhabitants of this little dusky world with his plastic rays which during 4 dreadful days of rain have been deprived of so great a blessing which reanimates the inhabitants of our world —

Monday 11 o'clock

Miss Sally Smith and Brother are here — Mr. William Jernegan is here informs us that Mr. Joseph Mayhew is very low — the physicians have given him up forever — Mr David Look is very low —
Monday Evening

Mr Charles Look is here this evening informs us that the widow Dagget departed this life Tuesday last —

Tuesday Morning 5th

Hoa's cannon roars from the west — Wind northerly weather cool —

Wednesday morning 6th

Uncle Thaxter is here this morning informs us Aunt Thaxter is very sick — Mr. David Look is getting better — Wind northerly very cold — The sky is serene — Hannah is at Harrisons —

Wednesday P.M.

Widow Susan Worth is here informs us that Mrs. Jedidah Clark departed this life last night 12 oclock — died very sudden —

Thursday 7th

Captain Richard Bunker is here says Brig Argus has taken a 40 gun ship — Weather cold and blustering. Sky overcast with stormy clouds —

Friday morning 8th

Rain wind southwest — nothing new occurred —

Sunday Evening 10th

Mr. Samuel Butler is here this evening — Gilbert and Samuel have gone to a wedding this afternoon —

Wednesday Evening 13th

Mr. Jabez Smith and Mr Charles Look are here this evening the former informs us that it is a false report that his papers gave no account of the Brig Argus taking a 40 gun ship —

Thursday Evening 14th

We have had a polite invitation to join a party at Harrisons this afternoon —

Thursday Evening 16th

Hannah and I have just returned from Harrisons where we spent the evening — There was Mr. Silvanus Luce Mr Charles Look Capt Thomas Bradley Miss Pamela Worth Miss Hannah Butler Miss Polly D. Davis — Mr Silvanus Luce and Mr. Charles Look accompanied us home —

Friday Evening 15th

Capt Thomas Bradley Miss Pamela Worth Miss Hannah Butler Miss Polly D. Davis and Sister Anna have been here this afternoon —

Sunday P.M. 17th

Wind and rain. Wind southeast — we have had company from Holmes's Hole to day —

Monday Morning 18th

This morning is sublimely glorious the sky is perfectly clear and serene. All is tranquility not a breath fans the trees not a breath curls the stream —

"Now every passion sinks to rest
The throbbing heart lies still
And varied scenes of life no more
Detract the labouring will. —

Monday Evening

Harrison has just returned from Holmes's Hole informs us that one of the stupendous ships which we saw on Sunday last is now in Holmes's Hole harbour she is a Spanish ship loaded with molasses — The other was one of King George's seventy fours —

Tuesday Morning 19th

Mr. Thomas Jernegan Jr is here informs us that Aunt Thaxter is very sick — weather cloudy and blustering — wind northeast —

Wednesday Morning 20th

The all accomplished Mr. Levet Thaxter has been here this morning informs us that there is an English Privateer in Old Town — Yesterday they burnt one of the smacks belonging to Mr. Fisher and Mr. Coffin —

Wednesday Evening 10 oclock

Mr. Levet Thaxter and Mr. Coffin Beetle spent the evening here — Weather very pleasant wind west —

Thursday P.M. 21st

Mr. John Johnson Miss Rebecca Luce and Miss Philura Hancock are here this afternoon will spend the night with us — weather fine — wind westerly —

Friday Morning 22nd

Mr. Johnson and Ladies spent the last night with us and have just departed from this Chhattau — Weather very pleasant Wind westerly —

Saturday Morning 23rd

Capt James Coffin is here came on very important business. Wind southeast — The Sky is overcast with stormy clouds —

Sunday P.M. 24th

Cousin Samuel and Julia Butler are here this afternoon —

Sunday Evening

Captain Edmund Bradley and Mr. Charles Look are here this evening. Sky lowery Wind southeast —

Monday Morning 25th

Mr. Charles Look spent the last night with us and is still here. It rains very fast. Wind southeast —
Tuesday Morning 26th
Mr. Look and Cousin Julia are still here — It continues to rain wind still at southeast — Very warm for the season — I am arrived of apathy — We have had no foreign news —

Wednesday Morning 27th
The rain has ceased but the sky is still lowery — Mr Look and Gilbert have gone to Tisbury —

Wednesday 10 o'clock
Mr. Thomas Cathcart and Mr. James Norton are here. The sky still continues gloomy — Wind still at southeast —

Wednesday P.M.
Captain Edmund Bradley Mrs Mary Bradley William Beetle and Sister Anna and children are here this afternoon. Cousin Julia is still here. The rain comes down in torrents in the midst of this deluge Miss Sally Smith arrives.

Thursday Morning 28th
Capt Bradley Mrs Bradley Miss Sally Smith and Sister Anna and children tarried with us the last night and are still here — It rains very fast. Wind still at southeast —

Thursday Evening
Mr. John Davis is here this evening will spend the night with us — Weather pleasant — wind westerly — The moon spreads her mantle of light over this part of the world —

Friday Morning 29th
Mr John Davis is still here. Weather pleasant wind westerly —

Friday P.M.
Mr. John Davis has just departed from this mansion — A few pale scattering clouds lays along the western horizon — Cousin Julia is still here —

Saturday P.M. 30th
Hannah and Julia have gone to Harrisons to day — Wind north west — Gilbert has returned from Holmes's Hole informs us that the brave sons of America have taken Upper Canada —