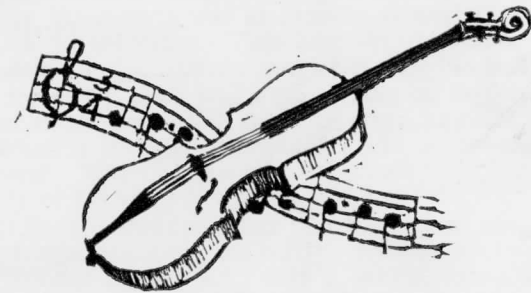


# THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

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THE SINGING TILTONS AND SOME OF THEIR SONGS  
By E. G. HUNTINGTON

DIURNAL RECORDS FOR THE YEAR 1813  
(continued)  
By REBECCA SMITH

May 1961 — Vol. 2, No. 4

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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 whist, 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 ship-board or around the hearth of a winter evening.

### BRAVE BOYS

It was eight-teen hun-dred and thir-t-y nine On the  
four-t-eenth day of May When we weighed our an-chor and  
set our sail and for Green - land bore a -  
way brave boys And for Green - land 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 takle falls  
 And it's lower your boats to the sea brave boys  
 And it's launch your boats to the sea

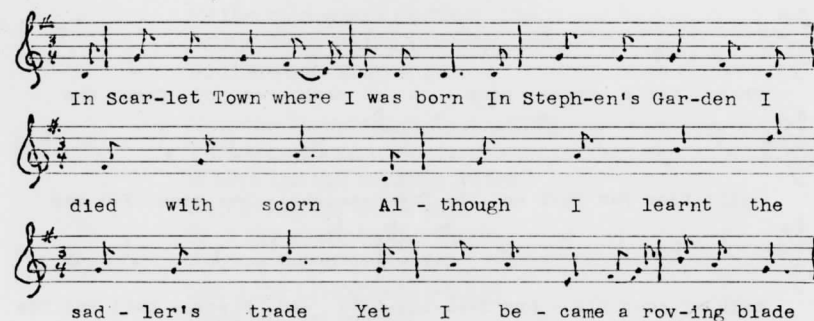
Now the boat being lowered and the whale being struck  
 He give one flurry with his tail  
 And down went the boat and those six jolly tars  
 And they never come up any more brave boys  
 No they never come up no more

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

There are several names for this song, including "The Greenland Whale" and "The Greenland Whalefishery." Originally it was English and dates back to the early 18th century. Both Bill and Welcome sang it and they called it just "Brave Boys."

## IN SCARLET TOWN



In Scarlet town where I was born  
 In Stephen's garden I died with scorn  
 Although I learnt the sadler'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

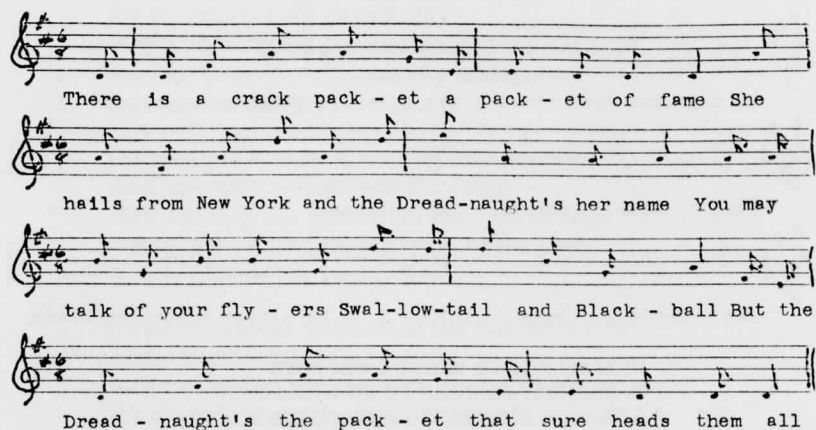
My father cries that I am undone  
 My mother wept for her own dear son  
 My wife wrung her hands and tore her hair  
 Saying what shall I do for I'm in despair

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 Highwayman." 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-howling 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  
The Atlantic so wide  
Where the tall surging waves  
Roll along her black side  
Says the shark to the whale  
As they swim to and fro  
She's the Liverpoole packet  
Lord God let her 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

At-ten-tion pay to what I say and I'll val-ue it if you do While  
I re-late the match-less fate of bold Jack Don-a-hoo This  
bold un-daunt-ed I-rish-man as you can plain-ly see From  
Ire-land was trans-port-ed and de-prived of his li-ber-ty With me  
ha l-ey come wha - ley come set me down there Come  
set me down lind - sey bag mush mel - ley quare Come  
set me down lind - sey bag mush mel - ley hoo Fire a - way  
fire a - way leath - er head bul - ly for you

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 haleey come whaley come set me down there  
Come set me down lindsey bag mush melly quare  
Come set me down lindsey bag mush mellyhoo  
Fire away fire away leathered bully for you.

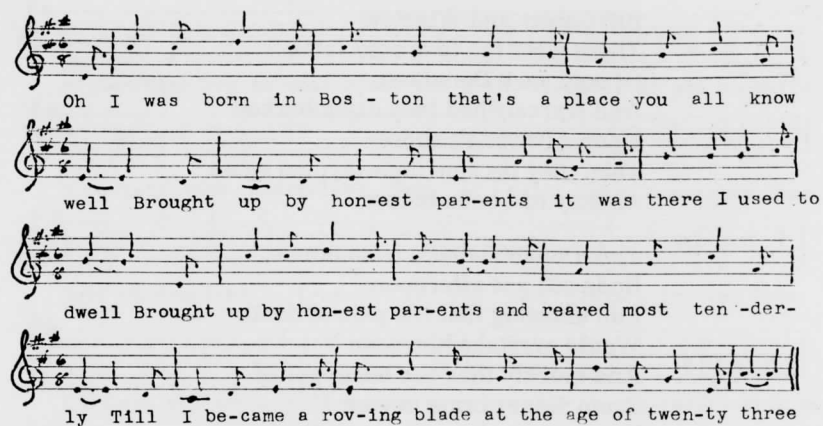
There was Mark Nalum and Underwood  
Bill Cobler and Winslow  
There were the four associates  
Of bold Jack Donahoo  
And scarcely had they disembarked  
Upon Australia's shore  
Than they became highwaymen again  
As they had been before

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 tricklerling 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

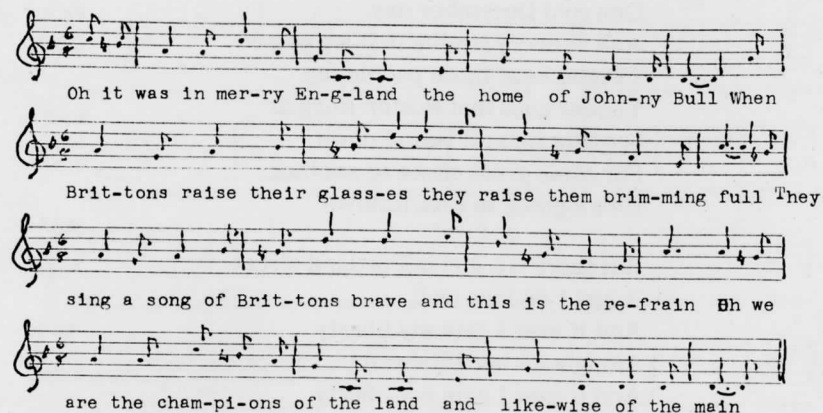
But there is a girl in Portland street  
A girl I do love well  
And if ever I gain my liberty  
Along with her I'll dwell  
And if ever I gain my liberty  
Bad company I will shun  
I'll bid adieu to night walking and gambling  
And also to drinking rum

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



Oh it was in Merry England  
 The home of Johnny Bull  
 When Britons raise their glasses  
 They raise them brimming full  
 They sing a song of Britons brave  
 And this is the refrain  
 Oh we are the champions of the land  
 And likewise of the main

Then it's up stepped Uncle Sam  
 And he looked across the sea  
 Saying is that British bull dog  
 A-bellerin' at me  
 Oh don't he remember the giant  
 That crosses over the pond  
 Just for to whup the British  
 When his day's work is done

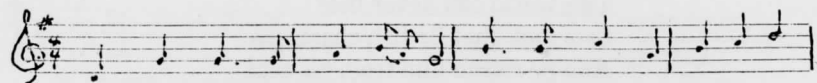
Oh don't he remember America  
 The land of Bunker Hill  
 And likewise on Lake Erie  
 'Twas there he cried his fill  
 Likewise the battle of Brandywine  
 That caused him to sigh  
 Beware of Yankee muscle  
 Johnny Bull 'tis mind your eye

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

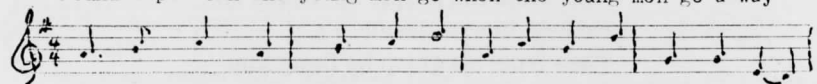
So come all you Yankee heroes now  
 Whose fortune it is made  
 Look on that lofty eagle boys  
 And never be afraid  
 The stars and stripes forever boys  
 Our flag it is unfurled  
 And the star spangled banner  
 Soon will wave o'er this wide world

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.

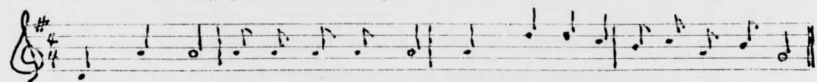
## 'ROUND CAPE HORN



'Round Cape Horn the young men go When the young men go a-way



Then the young girls dress up neat Go a-cruis-in' down the street



Right fal day fiddle diddle day Right fal rido fiddle 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 fiddle diddle day  
Right fal rido fiddle 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

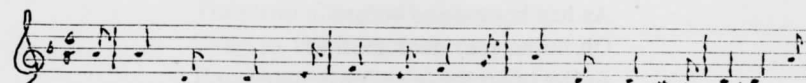
When those young men do get home  
This is the story that they hear  
Oh come along you need not fear  
No one's courted me my dear

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

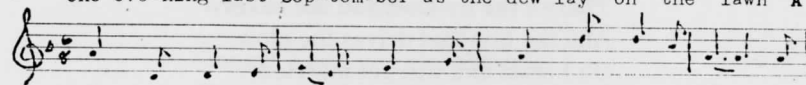
Welcome Tilton sang this song and he always said that it came from Nantucket and that there were more stanzas for it but he couldn't remember them. I have never seen it in print, but I did find a much longer manuscript version of it in the John Hay Library in Providence. There it is called "Song on the 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.

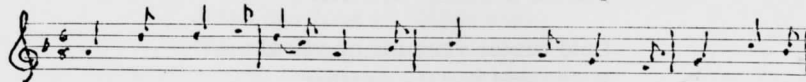
## THE FIT



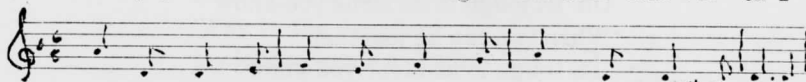
One eve-ning last Sep-tem-ber as the dew lay on the lawn A



Mo - ther and her daugh - ter went out to prom-er-nard And



as they prom-er-nar-ded the daugh - ter made this vow Oh I



must and will get mar-ried 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."

#### 'WAY IN THE KINGDOM



Oh the bells did ring when Massa did die 'Way in the kingdom And  
dark-ies did-n't they hol-ler and cry 'Way in the king-dom Then  
roll a-long roll a - long 'Way in the king-dom  
Plen-ty room where Je-sus is 'Way in the king-dom

Oh the bells did ring when massa did die  
'Way in the kingdom  
And darkies didn't they holler and cry  
'Way in the kingdom

#### Chorus

Then roll along roll along  
'Way in the kingdom  
Plenty room where Jesus is  
'Way in the kingdom

Sinners won't you rise and tell  
'Way in the kingdom  
Jesus has done all things well  
'Way in the kingdom

Hallelujah to the lamb  
'Way in the kingdom  
My lord save me as I am  
'Way in the kingdom

Come along Moses don't get lost  
'Way in the kingdom  
Stretch your rod and come across  
'Way in the kingdom

Went to a river and I couldn't get across  
'Way in the kingdom  
Jumped on a nigger for I thought he was a horse  
'Way in the kingdom

Susie Jones Matildy Brown  
'Way in the kingdom  
Nose turned up and chin turned down  
'Way in the kingdom

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, Uhuh. 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 Malnor entered the room and delivered him the cup which contained the poisonous draught; in this draught said Malnor 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 Gidion 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 Tisdell 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 rambles 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 oclock

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 oclock

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 oclock

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 solmn 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 Charlestown 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 oclock

Miss Sally Smith and Brother are here — Mr. William Jerne-gan is here informs us that Mr. Joseph Mayhew is very low — the phycicians 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 Daggett departed this life Tuesday last —

**Tuesday Morning 5th**

Hoars 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**

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 Chattau — 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 oclock**

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 —