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AN ISLAND GIRLHOOD
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By LLOYD C. M. HARE

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AN ISLAND GIRLHOOD ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY LLOYD C. M. HARE

My grandmother was born Charlotte Eliza Smith, known to her intimates as "Lottie." She was raised by her widowed mother who lived on a farm in a white painted cottage on Stonewall Pond at Nashaquitsa in Chilmark. The inhabitants clipped the Indian name of Nashaquitsa to Quitsa which they pronounced "Quitsy."

Her mother's maiden name had been Jane Norton Hillman. She was known as Jane Norton.

Lottie's father was Capt. Otis Smith a retired whaling master who became a '49er and died at the California mines in the summer of 1850.

Lottie was the second of three children born to her parents. The date was September 9, 1847. She sprang of Vineyard stock. Her forebears were substantial farmers and successful sea captains, and some of them held fairly large landed holdings.

She was a descendant of Governor Thomas Mayhew through her grandfather Mayhew Smith whose mother was "a Mayhew," a daughter of that Benjamin Mayhew who had been taken prisoner by the Indians from a fishing vessel on a river "down East", and thrown into prison at Quebec during one of the French and Indian wars where he languished until released, and died shortly after at the early age of about thirty-two years.

A comparison of Lottie's pedigree with that of her husband William Bartlett Mayhew discloses a matrimonial cleavage between what some authorities have been pleased to term the "ruling family of Mayhew" and the less politically potent inhabitants of the island notwithstanding the common origin of Vineyard families substantially alike in blood, religion and occupations.

Virtually every male Vineyarder was a farmer, and dug quahogs, and likely fished offshore even if some few of them did combine the additional professions of lawyer, judge, physician, dentist and scrivener, often all in the same person as was the instance in so many of William's ancestors.

And so the lawyers and scriveners married the daughters of other lawyers and scriveners, with a few clergymen thrown in for full measure. Lottie had a cousin — the daughter of a rich and prominent sea captain named Edwin A. Luce — who sniffed, "The Mayhews think only Mayhews are good enough for them to marry!"

Like other Vineyarders of her generation Lottie was a trifle prejudiced about the Mayhew family. Early Mayhews had owned the original island lands and had strutted about their estates in the garb of squires and lords of manorial lands, and taken unto themselves the choice plums of office under the Crown, and were tail-heavy with the suffix of "Esquire."

Lottie took a subdued but justifiable pride in her Smith and Hillman antecedents, and the Cottles and Tiltons and Nortons. Her family tree was of adequate importance to satisfy even the most captious status symbol-seeker in its wealth of Mayflower passengers and Revolutionary ancestors.

No one cared less about genealogy than Lottie. She could not even recall the name of her maternal grandfather who had died before her time, although she could recite the names and parentage of every one of her more than fifty first cousins including those who had died in infancy.



Mrs. Otis Smith, the former Jane Norton Hillman, whose husband died in a California gold field.

She apologized for her lack of knowledge of some of the details of family history with the excuse that she had married young and had left the Island in girlhood and had not given thought to such things as the names of ancestors or their means of livelihood.

She was aware, however, of the fact that her paternal grandparents Mayhew and Sally (Cottle) Smith had raised a large family of sons and daughters. Four of the sons became one of the Island's five quartets of whaling masters.

The Smiths did not make "plum puddin'" voyages. Lottie was proud of this fact. She bragged that they made three and four year cruises, unlike her father-in-law Captain Bartlett Mayhew 2nd who had been a two-year man in the South Atlantic, and had never lived it down, in her opinion.

She knew little about her father's sea career. She admitted that she had misused his logbooks for the purpose of making scrap-books, using homemade paste mixed of flour and water, and regretted these acts of desecration.

We know that he whaled in the South Atlantic, and had sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and touched at Mauritius known as the Isle of France made famous as the scene of St. Pierre's tale of Paul and Virginia.

Scattered maritime notes confirm the truth of Lottie's assertions that the Smiths wandered over tackless seas in search of spouts. Their ocean travels took them from Anjers on the west coast of Java to hot Zanzibar that pants off the east coast of Africa. They knew waters as far apart on the globe as the North Pacific and the South Atlantic. They were entrusted with the command of large ships, as whalers went in those days.

And when they retired from the sea they were honored ashore by their neighbors with public offices.

Lottie cherished a few memories of her father. She delighted to tell the story of a neighborhood visit. She could not have been two years of age. Father and daughter called upon a lady friend.

Lonely years at sea bred a silent race of men. Captain Smith sat in a rocker. The hostess sat in a rocker. The adults rocked and rocked, back and forth in an atmosphere of silent communion. Seldom was the spoken word to be heard; only the creak of rockers.

At length the Captain arose to his feet, thanked the neighbor lady for a most enjoyable visit, sought his daughter's hand, and went his way.

Lottie was puzzled. Gazing up at her father — who seemed so very tall to her childish eyes — she uttered one of those apt observations made by children that so seldom are appreciated by their elders. She asked why, if her father had nothing to say, he had visited the neighbor lady?

The father gazed down at her in a moment of surprised reflection. Perhaps he was a little puzzled, too, come to think of it.

The silent man and the little girl walked slowly down the dusty Chilmark lane, each wrapped in thought, each puzzling about the oddities of human existence.

Lottie had fleeting remembrances of sitting at the table with her father. Whenever she emptied her mug of milk she would turn it upside down. After a few seconds she would turn it back and quickly peer into the receptacle to see if the supply of milk had been replenished.

"Oh," she would comment in telling the story, "I was *real* bright. But my father thought I was cute."

Lottie had scarcely passed her second birthday when her father went master in the schooner L. M. Yale, 109 tons, bound for the California gold fields to seek his fortune at the mines. The

Yale was a spanking new boat. It almost smelled of fresh sawn lumber and shavings, recently launched at Holmes Hole (sometimes called Tisbury) now elegantly renamed the village of Vineyard Haven.

Almost a month after the vessel had cleared its home port Jane Norton gave birth to a son born November 14, 1849. She named him Otis Everett Smith. He never saw his father.

The Argonaut schooner entered the Golden Gate March 15, 1850.

Like other Island companies its crew had been organized with the intent of its members to mine as a unit, the profits to be equally distributed; an informal joint-stock company.

The long voyage around Cape Horn served as a sort of personnel shakedown cruise. There is no known record of discord aboard the Yale such as plagued the Vesta's company that earlier had sailed from the Vineyard. Nevertheless both companies broke up at San Francisco. Groups of men from the Yale and Vesta formed new and more pleasant associations drawing their recruits from both vessels, and set out for the "southern mines" in the Sierra foothills not far from the town of Columbia that since has become a state monument.

Otis's group staked a claim on the Stanislaus River at Horseshoe Bend. The river marks the boundary between Tuolumne and Calaveras Counties. At this point it bends like a horseshoe. The location was dubbed "Camp Vineyard," sometimes known to strangers as "the Vineyard Camp."

The diggings were located not far from fabulous Carson Hill the source of staggering wealth.

The Vineyard company struck it rich.

Dysentery broke out at Camp Vineyard, colloquially known as the "California fever," the scourge of the mining camps. Old-timers have said that Captain Smith was the only man in camp to take the newfangled precaution to boil his drinking water. He was one of the five men in camp who died of the plague at Horseshoe Bend.

Medical authorities since have suggested that the California fever appears to have affected most seriously those of its victims who were physically the strongest.

Captain Smith and his companions in death were buried on the slope of a hill above the placid waters of Coyote Creek not far from where it empties into the turbulent Stanislaus River near the hamlet of Melones.

Jonathan Mayhew, late of Quenames, was a member of the other company of Vineyard men. His group had staked a claim on Wood's Creek not far from Horseshoe Bend. He knew the exact location of Capt. Smith's grave. He often told Lottie that he could

lead her to her father's place of burial. But mountain transportation, being almost nonexistent, Lottie never undertook the task.

Lottie remembered how solemn-faced men had come to the house on Stonewall Pond and had called her mother into an adjacent room. There they broke the news to the widow that her husband had died in the wilds of California, and had been buried on the slope of a little hill on the bank of a quiet creek that she should never see.

The men presented her with a bag of gold dust. This, they explained, was Capt. Smith's share of earnings.

Lottie could hear her mother's sobs through the closed door.

Jane Norton declared that a share of the dust belonged to her children. She divided it with them to do as they willed. Lottie used her share to further her education.

Jane Norton had become a widow at the age of thirty-five. She lived out her life without even the prospect of a husband home from the sea. She was cheerful, courageous and lonely to the end of time.

On stormy nights she would arise from her bed, look out the cottage window, and listen to the crash of waves breaking on the shore at Stonewall Beach, and softly pray, "God pity the sailors on a night like this." The thunder exploded in the sky, the lightning sickened the room.

The widow returned to her unshared bed.

Her daughters saw her do this many times.

Jane had small means with which to raise two daughters and an infant son. She owned a house and farm. This required the personal labor which she could not give. In addition she had been partially paralyzed since the birth of her first child.

She rented the farm on shares.

Jane kept a small stool. This she would carry into the vegetable garden where she would sit and hoe weeds.

Neighbors became a source of practical help. Tristram Mayhew was the husband of Jane's niece and namesake Jane Nickerson. He was a kindly visitor, always cheerful to render assistance. On his way into town he would stop at the house and ask Jane if there were anything she would want him to buy. Lottie remembered him with a grateful heart seventy-five years later.

If there were any "needy poor" in Chilmark in those simple days one is reminded of what Mark Twain once said of his home town, "People were poor, but did not know it."

Lottie had a story about the widow and her small son who lived in straited circumstances. One night it came up extra cold. There were not enough bedclothes in the house to meet the situation. The ingenious mother removed a door from its hinges and placed it over the boy's bedding. The little tad looked up at his mother



William Bartlett Mayhew and his wife, the former Charlotte Eliza Smith, as bride and bridegroom at San Francisco in 1867.

and said thankfully, "Mama, what do poor people do who don't have nice doors to keep them warm?"

Lottie attended the common schools at Chilmark. She walked two miles each way through rain and snow and an occasional thunder storm. One day she sought shelter under a large tree. Immediately it was struck by lightning.

She never quite understood her grandson's generation which had to ride in a street car to the Y. M. C. A. in order to "exercise."

Not much of importance happened during these long, leisurely journeys home from school, but Lottie made frequent mention of them. The small bevy of girls would walk, talk, chatter and play; dropping a member here and there until the last one had reached her portal.

She was reminiscent about the antics of Vineyard boys who attended school between voyages at sea. Old in age for the class in which they were pupils, and giants in physique (at least in a comparative sense) they assumed the deportment of men of the world who had seen distant places and strange sights, as indeed they had.

Boys who knew dark Africa, and the dreary Falkland Islands, and the mysterious Micronesia of the far Pacific were unimpressed by recitations of state capitals and the statistical imports and exports of Great Britain.

One youngster had a cultivated voice adequate to be heard above the fury of the gals. He arrived late at school one morning, amiable and indifferent of his peccadillo. The master frowned upon the erring "scholar" (as he called his pupils) and suggested dryly that no doubt the laggard must have had a very good breakfast to have been so long detained at home.

The sarcasm failed to penetrate the boy's poise. Beaming upon the assembled classmates with a smile as bright as the revolving rays of a lighthouse at midnight he bellowed in his finest sea voice; "You bet. Had *pancakes!*"

This became one of Lottie's favorite sayings directed at anyone tardy to a morning rendezvous.

She was amused by the embarrassment of one of her cousins. Uncle Frank Smith had brought home his Portuguese cabin boy. Shipmasters sometimes did. This assured the master of the services of an experienced boy on the next voyage. It kept the lad from being cast adrift in an alien land.

The cabin boy enrolled at school together with the captain's son. The Smith boy had inherited his family's blue-black hair, and was deeply tanned. The pedagogue surveyed his new pupils and vocally decided that the Smith boy must be the Portuguese boy, and vice versa.

When home between voyages Lottie's Chilmark cousins worked for wages on neighboring farms ploughing fields or at the back-

straining task of hauling boulders for Chilmark's miles of stone fencing. For these activities they received the sum of twenty-five cents a day.

The boys had man-size stature (the Smiths were large men). Their feet dragged on the ground when riding a horse at their labors. Lottie thought this was funny.

One of the excitements of a small girl who lived out in the country was the visits of Rodolphus W. Crocker, village storekeeper who operated a wagon and visited the scattered farmhouses "up-island." He carried a line of candies for children and merchandise calculated to please the housewife.

The candy lozenge was a favorite confectionary with the tiny set. Lottie favored the "pink ones." In those days one could make a considerable purchase for one penny, and was allowed more than a reasonable time in which to make a selection.

Cash money was tight. "The Times" seemed always to be in a recession. Lottie knew of a thrifty farmer who stressed upon his offspring the value of saving pennies — a penny saved is a penny earned — , said he in his best Franklinian voice. If one resisted the temptations of extravagance, and saved long enough, one could expect to have a whole dollar, counseled the father.

The advice was taken to heart. Over a period of time, and after many wrestlings of the conscience with the tempting offers of Mr. Crocker's wagon, the small boy accumulated the sum of ninety-nine cents. He was proud of his achievement.

He made the mistake of showing his savings to his father.

"Look Paw! Ninety-nine cents!"

The parent counted the coins, praised the lad, but said that this was a lot of money for a small boy to have. So he added one cent of his own, and confiscated the dollar.

The celebration of May Day was an island tradition unrelated to Karl Marx. No one paraded with a red flag, or made speeches; no one threw a bomb.

Bevies of young people distributed May baskets of flowers on friendly doorsteps. The identity of the donor was supposed not to be disclosed. The era of Public Relations and the Good Image had not been thought of. The times were quaint.

Participants sometimes became confused. Upon occasion the activity was illuminated by intermittent flashes of lightning. The excited donors found themselves running towards the house carrying their baskets when the sky was brilliant, and falling to the ground upon their faces when the sky was dark. But no matter. Everybody had a good time, the baskets were delivered, and a tradition had been fulfilled.

A hay-ride in the moonlight in some farmer's clumsy wagon filled with hay, and enlivened by songs and laughter, was an event not easily forgotten especially if a wise choice of chaperon had

been made. Under proper supervision the hay-ride was considered more respectable than the long saunter out to the lighthouse at Edgartown, an extra-curricular promenade sometimes indulged in by young couples after sundown.

Lottie had numerous home advantages. Her mother was a voracious reader and subscribed to a woman's magazine. This was a rarity not too highly rated in every quarter. The fact that the Chilmark Smiths knew Lucy Stone and the Blackwells may account for Jane Norton's lifetime interest in current events and the dignity of womanhood. She was considered to be a progressive woman. She was eager to evaluate any labor saving device that might make life at home easier for herself and her children.

Chester Poole — her grandson — has said that she was the first and for a long time the only woman on the island to own a sewing machine. She ordered one immediately after she had read about its availability, and discovered it to be a marvelous device, said he.

Claiming a "first" is risky business.

The allegation is recently made that a lady named Daggett owned the first sewing machine on the island.

There is room for coexistence.

Jane Norton's partial paralysis, widowhood and liberal attitude towards life resulted in Lottie being allowed unusual freedom for a girl — especially a Methodist girl — of her generation. Or so said Lottie. She drove a horse and wagon to the beach to fish, and skated on Stonewall Pond below the house. She learned ice skating by herself. It was her contention that she had owned the first pair of girl's skates in Chilmark. She was the proud possessor of a melodeon. Her mother gave her every advantage that a stringent purse would allow.

The melodeon we can understand. But no one of her grandchildren who knew her only in her late life could ever be fully convinced that the genteel grandmother so fine in form and feature, dignified in conversation and of even temper — born to the purple in her every action — could have been the robust girl who had skated and fished and driven a farm wagon on the Vineyard in her younger years.

Lottie's brightest memories were of girlhood dances. Lottie was raised a Methodist, nevertheless there are dark suspicions that she herself had indulged in this frivolity. She could sometimes be very vague.

I have the portrait of a very aged man who is known to have died February 10, 1870, at the age of ninety-one years. This was "old Cap'n Mayhew Cottle." Lottie always spoke of his as "old." He was old even when Lottie knew him in her teens.

The Cap'n taught a class in penmanship at the North Road School, and the science of navigation at the Academy, and sat in the legislature. He went many years to sea (one wonders if he took to the sea only when he had nothing else to do).

Ancient in years, he was young in heart. It was he who fiddled at rural dances.

When I was two or three years old I lived with my grandmother on Lincoln Street in the city of Berkeley, California. The young people of the family had a ballroom built in the basement of the house. This was the fad in Berkeley in the Gay '90s which were gay if one had the cash to pay the taxes and to meet the interest on the mortgage and the good fortune to have kept out of Coxey's Army of the unemployed.

A musician's platform occupied space on one side of the ballroom. This accommodated the fiddler or, upon occasion, fiddlers two.

Lottie would sit in the ballroom in the corner which she had appropriated for adults and grandchildren (and very far from the ice cream table, I regretfully suggest).

I recall the night when the young folks enjoyed the services of an extraordinarily animated fiddler. He tapped his feet and tossed his legs and swung his fiddle, and called his numbers in the most lively tone of voice.

Lottie laughed and laughed. She explained — the musician reminded her of old Cap'n Mayhew Cottle who had lived in Chilmark so long ago, and had fiddled at country dances.

Nearly twenty years have passed since the first Lincoln Street dance; a hundred years have come and gone since Cap'n Mayhew Cottle fiddled in Chilmark. His memory is fresh and wholesome. He honors better his little niche in local history than Clovis the Riparian of fifteen hundred years ago who shook the world and made history.

Lottie had an especial fondness for her grandmother Smith, the sister of old Cap'n Cottle. The grandparents lived in the colonial farmhouse that had been built by Elijah Smith before the Revolutionary War, later known as the Asa Smith house. It stood beyond intervening fences, not far from the cottage on Stonewall Pond. (The Stonewall Pond property had been a part of the original Elijah Smith estate).

Lottie's practice was to run across the fields and climb the fences with agility, to call on Grandmother Smith.

Lottie matured physically at an early age. Her mother one day decided that the fast growing daughter really should have a long dress to cover what every young lady was presumed to have in private, but was not permitted to disclose in public, viz., legs.

A new dress, and a long one "just like a lady," was a novelty that necessitated an immediate modeling for her grandmother's approbation.

The young lady blithely started across the fields bent upon making her official debut. She came to the first fence, tried to climb it, became entangled in her unfamiliarly long skirts, sat on the top of the fence, and cried.

She didn't want to be a grown-up lady.

Grandmother Smith was on the bald side. She always wore a neat, close fitting cap upon her head.

She had long since raised her large family of sons and daughters. Now had begun the steady increase of grandchildren. Parents brought each new baby to grandmother to be admired, and to receive a few appropriate compliments. The procedure had become as traditional as baptism.

Grandmother Smith made each occasion one of serious import. She would gravely scrutinize the latest arrival. Everyone awaited the verdict. Then came the invariable pronouncement. She must say — it was her solemn conviction — that here, really, she was certain, was the finest baby of them all!

Grandmother Smith came of Revolutionary stock. Silas Cottle, her father, had been a sergeant in the Sea Defense Corps raised at Martha's Vineyard to defend the island against the British. Her maternal grandfather was Uriah Tilton, a stalwart adherent to the colonial cause, a member of the Dukes County Congress of 1774, later a member of that celebrated revolutionary device the town Committee of Correspondence, and in 1776 had been commissioned a major in the county regiment of foot.

Grandfather Mayhew Smith died November 28, 1860, aged eighty-one years. So far as Lottie knew he had led an unadventure-some life. The lure of opening new lands in Maine where his several brothers had emigrated, the call of the sea within the sound of his door, had meant nothing to him. He had farmed his many acres and built stone fences to protect them, and no doubt fished offshore, and dug quahogs.

But, for all we know, he may have lived an exciting life in his youth. The records have not been fully kept. Posterity forgets.

Lottie recalled that he had small eyes set rather close together, which is about all that a girl of thirteen could remember of him except the following anecdote: when he had become an old man he developed an insatiable appetite for food. It became the marvel of the family.

He would get out of bed in the wee hours of the night, and make his way into the pantry, and eat and eat and eat. It seems not to have done him harm. He lived beyond the Biblical three score and ten years, with eleven years of grace.

His sons had an autopsy made of his stomach. I am not aware that they found anything wrong.

The house in which he died is one honored by many traditions . . . raiding British soldiers . . . the nursery of sea captains . . .

the home of Asa Smith who commanded the Squibnocket lifeboat through storm-tossed seas . . . later it became the property of Alice Stone Blackwell one of the great champions of liberty, the daughter of Lucy Stone.

The association of the Smith family with Lucy Stone and the Blackwells and all the "peculiar" people whom they attracted into Chilmark brings to mind the fact that Lottie often mentioned a Dr. Mary Walker who appears to have frequented the Island. Lottie was slightly amused — astonished might be the better word — by the fact that Dr. Walker wore pants, not a pair of genteel bloomers which was bad enough, not pants hidden beneath a skirt in sore sort of shame, but men's pants defiantly and without the camouflage of modesty.

Lottie's memories of Dr. Walker may have come after the Civil War. I do not know. By that time Dr. Walker had become a national figure. She had gained immortality as a commissioned officer in the Union Army in the hospitals at Washington, D. C.

Lucy Stone, the Blackwells and Dr. Walker sowed their seeds of propaganda with an occasional minor success. Lottie's Uncle Asa Smith went to the legislature in 1893 where he died just after taking his seat. He had promised to vote for the pending suffrage bill.

Said his friend Henry B. Blackwell, "The sympathy of the Massachusetts suffragettes will be felt for his relatives, and will go with the friends and members of the Legislature who, on Tuesday, bore his coffin to the old family burying-ground at Chilmark. He will repose in sight and sound of the great ocean, with which he was so familiar, and upon which, in his younger years, he had sailed so many thousand miles, before he settled down with his sister on the old family homestead."

For a girl who lived in the isolated up-island country Lottie was one who got around.

There were two neighbors whom she particularly liked to visit. One of them was a very lonely and homelike bride. Her seafaring husband had met her in some distant port, promptly had married her and brought her to the Vineyard and as promptly had left her for another voyage at sea.

Lottie felt sorry for her. She would spend hours at her hostess' feet charmed by her stories of life in a great city far away, and the thrills of a distant land.

The other neighbor had been a milliner. She would describe in detail, lace by lace and ribbon by ribbon, the beautiful hats she had helped to sew for the ladies of the carriage trade, and Lottie would sit with open ears and wide eyes and try to visualize the finished masterpieces.

Lottie became a welcome guest at the homes of her numerous uncles and aunts. Visits extended from day or overnight calls to extensive periods of residence.

This meant that she must leave temporarily the little garden which she had cultivated in the lea of her home. Here she waged persistent battle with the winds that roared in from the sea. To protect her garden she built a little wall of stones. The traces were visible to me six decades after. She had a passion for plants and flowers. My best memories of her are those of an elderly woman in a floppy straw hat, a neat housedress (no one ever knew her to be slovenly dressed no matter how early the hour) and with a trowel in one hand.

She enjoyed long visits to Edgartown at the homes of her Uncle Francis C. Smith and her Aunt Cynthia Smith who had married Henry Ripley since famed as the principal builder of Cottage City.

"Captain Frank" had several sons, but only one daughter. Lottie always spoke of her as "Mary Abby." The girls became inseparable chums. Lottie spent a year in the Capt. Smith home. She attended the village school with Mary Abby.

Lottie was very fond of her uncle, and spoke kindly of him always. She cherished one memory of him, notwithstanding, that never failed to bring a smile to her lips. He had not yet retired from the sea. His visits at home were of periods few and short. There was nothing that he would not do for his wife. He was constantly at her elbow asking, "Would you like me to do this, mother?" or "Let me help you with that, mother," and was most anxious to please and, in general, was pretty much in the way.

He was as "gentle as a wooly lamb," Lottie would say; "Butter would not melt in his mouth."

A twinkle would shine in her eyes. He was not so patient with his men at sea, she admitted. It was known at Edgartown that on board ship Cap'n Frank was a stern disciplinarian. He was prompt to lay on with a large hand when it became necessary to press a point. Sailors cautioned one another, "Be careful, or the Hand of Providence will get you!"

The electorate of Dukes County gave the Cap'n's awesome fists one look, and elected him to the office of High Sheriff, a position that he held for nine years, and no doubt was a terror to evildoers.

The Henry Ripley family lived across the street from the beautiful edifice since known as the "Church of the Whaling Captains." Mr. Ripley became the father of a bevy of daughters by two marriages.

He professed to take great pride in what he considered to be his youthful looks. He often repeated the jest that just as he had begun to think that he was making headway with some beautiful young lady at a social function up would come one of his gawky young daughters to demand, "Paw, give me a penny." This spoiled everything.

The widow's daughter from Quitsa was impressed by Uncle Henry's wealth. He bought muslin by the bolt to be made into un-

dergarments. Said fascinated Lottie, "They had all the fancy underwear they wanted."

Girls kept their lingerie in chests. Edgartown girls met at different homes to spend the night. They brought their finery to be laid out in display. The fact that some girls carried the same finery "on circuit" from house to house caused sly merriment.

After the girls had examined the exhibits and gone into raptures over the tucks, embroidery and lace which in those days abounded in profusion upon petticoats and underdrawers, they would retire to bed and lie awake and giggle as girls have ever done.

A cluster of young people sat on the stoop one evening in the front of a house. Among them Lottie observed, and was impressed by the appearance of a distinguished looking youngster of the name of Barrows.

Decades later she noted the marked resemblance of this casual acquaintance at Edgartown and General David P. Barrows of a later generation who had become president of the University of California at Berkeley, California, where Lottie spent the declining years of her life. The distinguished educator and soldier occasionally rode by the house on horseback.

President Barrow's aunt Mary Barrows married Roland Snow, mayor of the City of Oakland, California, a wholesale dealer in hardware and pipe and plumbers' supplies. Snow's real name was Zachariah Mayhew. He was born on the Vineyard in 1850, the son of a cooper. When four years old he was adopted by a ship-master named Joshua Snow, and given the name Roland W. Snow.

We will digress for the nonce upon the little known story of Roland Snow, a man personally known to Lottie's husband. Snow became a controversial figure in Oakland politics, and for reasons not surprising.

He advocated the public ownership of the water company that had dominated the conduct of previous city councils, he favored the consolidation of city and county governments in the interest of efficiency, and campaigned for the purchase of public parks (considered to be an example of socialism), the erection of more schoolhouses (an unwarranted expense), the maintenance of a free library (ditto), the development of a deep water harbor on the west side of the city, and even went so far in his honest administration of government as to insist that his public books and records be annually audited by a citizens' committee (to quiet the scandal-mongers).

During the course of all these reforms he incurred the enmity of a former political associate, a man named Goldman. Goldman shot and severely wounded Snow one night in 1904 at a San Francisco hotel, and was sent to the penitentiary.

After his release he instituted a relentless hunt for his former friend with threats to kill him. Snow spent several years in a vain effort to elude his nemises.

In 1912 Snow made a visit to Oakland. He met his former pastor who invited him to attend a prayer meeting that night at the First Congregational Church where Snow and his late wife had been prominent communicants.

There, in a practically empty room, shortly before the meeting, Goldman came upon Snow and shot him for the second time. Snow died a few days later at the receiving hospital.

An interesting event in Lottie's girlhood was her occasional visit to the island of Noman's Land during the fishing season. She accompanied uncles and aunts. The name most prominently mentioned by her in this connection was that of Rufus H. Davis who had married her Aunt Abigail Hillman.

Lottie and her sister Sarah lived in one of the fishermen's huts set aside for women and children. The huts were rough structures lined with bunks and heated by a wood burning stove at one end.

Lottie could haul a line with dexterity. This does not mean that she went offshore in the commercial fishery. She fished on the beach for her own pleasure. She passed much of her time in collecting shells and pebbles and specimens of seaweed.

Sister Sarah continued the hobby and traded specimens with collectors all over the world. One of Lottie's prized possessions was a large expensively bound album in which Sarah had mounted beautiful specimens of seaweed. This was kept in "the parlor" and could be looked at by grandchildren on a boring Sunday afternoon providing the weather was warm enough for anyone to sit in the unheated room.

Lottie's Norton ancestors became early proprietors of Noman's Land. The first Noman's Norton was Jacob born about 1668 at Edgartown. He removed to Newport, Rhode Island, where he became active in the West Indies trade. He married Dinah Coffin, a granddaughter of Tristram Coffin, Chief Magistrate of Nantucket and Tuckernuck Islands.

Jacob and Dinah had a daughter Mary who became the wife of her kinsman Samuel Norton. They lived at Noman's Land. Their son was Capt. Bayes Norton who figures in a famous shipwreck at Gay Head. Captain Norton's son was Grafton, a bachelor. It was he who founded the prosperous whale shipowning firm at Edgartown.

Grafton had a sister Betsey who married Grafton's partner, Captain Benjamin Worth. Their daughter Angelina became the second wife of Capt. Valentine Pease who went master in the whaling ship *Acushnet*. A member of his crew was Herman Melville the author of *Moby Dick*, or the *White Whale*.

Captain Worth was uncle of the Mexican War hero, Major General William Jenkins Worth.

I once asked Lottie whom she considered to be her most prominent relative or relatives. She thought for a moment, and answered, "The Worths down at Edgartown."

Captain Worth had another daughter, Dorcas. She married Palfrey Collins, "A Native of Boston." Their son Grafton Norton Collins became Grafton Norton's heir.

Young Collins had the occasion to hide away at the Smith isolated cottage at Quitsa for two weeks in an attempt to avoid legal process which, seemingly, had to do with some phase of shipping.

Lottie revealed the incident to me when I was very young. I could not comprehend the suggestion that hiding out from the sheriff could be anything other than an attempt to evade criminal process for some heinous crime not less than murder, or rape (had I known of it).

In my juvenile imagination I could hear the baying of the bloodhounds over the windswept hills and ponds of the up-island Vineyard in hot pursuit of Collins, and the shouts of the High Sheriff of Dukes County and his panting deputies; a confused production of the Hound of the Baskervilles and Uncle Tom's Cabin, with a touch of Alfred Hitchcock.

Lottie had a considerable respect for Capt. Daniel Flanders the husband of her Aunt Charlotte Smith. He was a master in the whaling fleets, and owned an interest in several ships. The vessel Daniel Flanders of Mattapoisett had been named for him. He sat one term in the legislature and was considered to be the most prominent Methodist in Chilmark. He must have been a man of dominant character, his name is respectfully remembered in so many reminiscences.

Aunt and Uncle Flanders named a son Otis Smith Flanders. Cousin Otis became one of the Island's better skilled housewrights.

There was another Flanders who lived in Chilmark where he raised a large family. This was Uncle Daniel's brother Samuel never mentioned by Lottie except as "Sammy" Flanders, keeper of the Gay Head Light.

The keepership was a Federal office. Anybody who had an assured income was a person of prominence and Flanders, aside from his federal post, was a justice of the peace, and a well read man. Off-island visitors found it a pleasure to converse with him. He was featured in a national magazine in 1860.

Like many literate men it was Sammy's good fortune to have a wife who was known as a "capable" woman.

While Sammy was polishing the lamp, or reading Harper's Monthly, his wife would do the family shopping. On her return home she would drive up to the lighthouse gate. Sammy would see her and hurry out to open it. He would never do it fast enough to suit his energetic wife. Impatient at his fumbling she would exclaim, "Sammy Flanders! You get out of my way or I'll drive *right over you!*"

Several times I have heard Lottie say, "I'll drive right over you" when somebody got in her way.

A favorite uncle was Captain Walter Hillman. Before his retirement from the sea Uncle Walter had sailed three voyages as master of the Ann Alexander, and as captain of the Java and the Rousseau. He was at one time an owner in the Java whose principal owners were the Howlands of New Bedford, the ancestors of the world's richest woman, Hetty Green, who had a distaste for paying taxes and was considered an eccentric.

Uncle Walter was the Java's master, 1829; in 1833 his brother Owen became her captain; they were followed in 1835 by their brother-in-law Otis Smith; an example, one might say of hereditary descent.

Captain Walter was considered to be one of "our retired wealthy captains," as the local newspaper editor generously referred to them. He represented Tisbury in the legislature in 1842. He was a director of the Martha's Vineyard National Bank. He had been one of the owners of the brig Vesta of '49er fame. She later became the property of William Walker the filibuster.

He kept store in one of the rooms of his beautiful house atop the North Shore hills. Lottie had a photograph of the house; Uncle Walter standing by the door (awaiting customers). I could not comprehend the simplicity of the times and place. A city-bred boy, I thought of a store as a spacious emporium somewhere "down on Main Street." I was intrigued and puzzled.

Uncle Walter's family included sons Walter and Benjamin. Lottie seldom mentioned Dr. Benjamin, although he had a most colorful career. First a sea captain, he was a California '49er, a soldier in the Civil War, instructor at a Vineyard academy, and finally a dentist who practiced his profession at New Bedford where he died. He married a schoolteacher. He lived dangerously.

Lottie did, however, frequently mention her cousin Walter. He was the Rev. Walter Hillman, LL.D., a distinguished educator and president of Mississippi College (Baptist) and of Hillman College (for women) which had been renamed in his honor, both of them situated at Clinton, Mississippi.

Lottie spent even more time at the home of Uncle Walter's brother Owen. This was because Uncle Owen's youngest daughter approximated Lottie's age. She was Charlotte Jane. She became one of Lottie's closest chums. Charlotte began to teach school in Chilmark at the age of seventeen, but shortly married John Wesley Mayhew of Chilmark and became the mother of the late Mrs. Emma Mayhew Whiting.

Lottie and her cousin Charlotte Jane went down to the wharf to attend the home-coming of John Wesley upon his return from the Civil War. I believe it was he whom she described as being carried off the steamer on a stretcher. Lottie remembered his emaciated

appearance and unnaturally large eyes due to starvation in a Confederate prison, she said.

There were other children in Capt. Owen's family, among them Francis B. T. Hillman who died at about the age of nineteen or twenty, and Zachariah who likewise died young. Lottie made frequent mention of Dr. Warren Tilton Hillman. A Civil War veteran he taught in the preparatory department of Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri, and was graduated from the medical college. He entered the practice of his profession at St. Louis, but died shortly after.

It was Beriah Tilton Hillman whom Lottie best remembered of all the Hillman boys. He was judge, lawyer, educator, bank president, an officer in the Civil War, and for many years held the post of Registrar of Probate at Martha's Vineyard.

Lottie attended the common schools with Beriah, familiarly known as "Bri." He was a profound student, slow sometimes, but "deep." Lottie thought him the smartest man she ever knew.

The schoolmaster delighted in testing the mettle of his precocious pupil (pardon me — "scholar." Lottie never spoke of "pupils," they were always "scholars"). He would give "Bri" some new problem. "Bri" would wrestle with it, painstakingly, stubbornly, and surely. The class held its collective breath. The delighted pedagogue would beam upon the students and exult, "Just wait! Give 'Bri' time! He'll get it! 'Bri' will get it! Give him time!"

Concluded Lottie, "He always did." (Sometimes it was a sort of ninth inning rally! Or a last minute touchdown!)

Lottie admitted that she and Charlotte Jane did what they could to annoy the brothers, somewhat older than either of the girls. The boys would laboriously gather nuts in the woods, the girls would find them and eat them, and do all sorts of things to aggravate their prey. But the boys were never provoked to an unkind word.

Lottie told the story about one of her cousins whose name escapes me. He had a fetish for playing checkers. He challenged all-comers and, when there was no one available to beat, would spend lonely hours completing against himself.

On the Island in a sort of "the king visits his outer provinces" came the shire's most distinguished citizen, scholar, antiquarian, registrar of probate, and many other things, considered by all who knew him to be something of a "brain." This was none other than the Honorable Richard L. Pease of Edgartown, Esquire.

Lottie's cousin was overjoyed at the prospect of playing a game of checkers with so worthy an opponent whose fame loudly had preceded him.

Mr. Pease was challenged. Likewise annoyed. He could not be bothered.

"Pooh! Pooh! Checkers with a small boy!"

It was amusing. It was unthinkable. He smiled tolerantly.

The boy refused to be squelched. The distinguished visitor was pestered until at length he consented to play "just one game."

The happy challenger brought out his checker set. The learned Mr. Pease, Registrar of Probate, etc., etc., etc., Esquire, gave it one stunned look, and snorted with disdain.

It was a homemade affair of crudely colored squares. The checkers were carefully selected stones of black or white.

Mr. Pease had never hoped to see such a contraption. Now down at the shire village of Edgartown, the Island's center of law, learning and culture, they had *real* checkerboards imported from Boston, beautiful affairs; really it was beneath his dignity to waste his time with a country boy, and such a set! My! My!

The game began. The little country boy licked the great adversary before that gentleman scarcely had had the time to subdue his annoyance at being drawn into such a ridiculous situation.

"We must have another game," insisted the chagrined Mr. Pease.

Lottie's cousin gathered up the stones. Carefully he placed them in their box.

He spoke dryly, "Oh, No! You don't want to play another game with *this* set!" And carried it away.

The Hon. Richard L. Pease nearly had a stroke.

Lottie was thirteen when the Civil War broke out, and Mr. Lincoln called for short term volunteers to put down the rebellion which everybody in Nathan Mayhew's store, and elsewhere, knew could not last for long.

The army and navy attracted a share of cousins some of them only a few years older than Lottie.

Beriah T. Hillman became a lieutenant, Benjamin Hillman a sergeant and Warren T. Hillman a corporal. Zachariah, too, must have been a soldier. We have his photograph in uniform taken in a studio prominently draped with a huge American flag, but of his service Lottie never made mention.

Cousin Walter Hillman Tilton joined the navy. He was the son of Lottie's Aunt Susan Hillman who had married Capt. Benjamin Skiff Tilton. Walter served as master's mate on the Fredonia in the South American squadron that cruised off the coast of Chile and Cape Horn.

Tradition has enveloped him in an aura of mystery.

Lottie maintained that at the conclusion of the rebellion Tilton, for a short time, returned to the whaling service. She thought that he "missed a whale" and was criticized for it by companions who may have resented his ex-navy rank.

Be that as it may, Tilton left the fishery and settled down in Chile where he married a girl of Spanish descent. He accepted what Lottie always described as a "high rank" in the Chilean navy.

With boyish lightheartedness the expatriated Tilton sent his New England relatives the photograph of two Spanish girls. These, wrote he, were the two most beautiful sisters in South America. One of them was his wife. Which one? "Well," he teased, "Wouldn't they like to know?"

One day a dark skinned servant woman landed at Martha's Vineyard, carrying a baby. Pinned to the baby's clothes was a note written by Tilton. He explained that the baby's mother had died during the epidemic of the fever. He, too, had been stricken by the dread plague, and lay dying. It was his deathbed request that his Vineyard relatives should care for his child, a Chilean-born Tilton.

Lottie never learned which one of the Spanish-American beauties was the mother of Tilton's child. Their picture remained an object of curiosity in Lottie's photograph album.

Lottie had another album significant of her school days, now in my possession. It approximates 1¾ x 3 inches in size, and contains stamp-sized "tintypes" of friends, schoolmates, and relatives; two pictures on each page.

One likeness is that of Ensign Jethro Worth in Civil War uniform whom she had come to know during her visits at Edgartown. There is also a picture of John Wesley Mayhew in his army uniform.

Likewise a portrait of the principal of one of the off-island schools which she attended, and pictures of Capt. Daniel Flanders and his first wife Jane. A strikingly beautiful subject is her mother who wears an interesting brooch at her throat. The most startling of the identifiable tintypes is that of Cousin Mary Abby Smith. Mary Abby was a tease. She became annoyed by the attentions of a young man who repeatedly solicited her picture. With giggles Mary Abby and Lottie hid themselves to the photographer's gallery (they were "galleries" in those days — almost torture chambers, definitely not "studios").

Mary Abby had a portrait done "back to," which displays an elaborate hair-do in the style which I think Lottie described as a "waterfall." This was presented to the persistent swain.

It would do him right, Mary Abby giggled, for being so pert!

There are additional pictures in the album taken at about the same time. In one of them Lottie is wearing a plush coat and a hat trimmed with feathers, taken when she was attending school in New Hampshire. There is a similar sized picture of her with two girl friends, one of whom is Mary Abby. It reveals Lottie's teenage plumpness which she quickly outgrew.

Lottie attained her full stature apparently at the age of twelve or thereabouts which is not surprising for, as we have said, the

Smiths were a large race (Uncle Frank always had to have his bunk lengthened on board ship, and his shoes made to order).

She did not grow to be a large woman, and never was of coarse build. But she must have been of more than the average height of her generation. In adult life she weighed somewhere between 105 and 115 pounds. The most she ever weighed was 125 pounds prior to the birth of a child, I once heard her say.



Mary Abby Smith, daughter of Capt. Francis C. Smith, in a photograph planned to discourage an unappreciated suitor.

She had grey-brown or grey-green eyes. She was never quite sure. She used to say with a deprecating smile that she had what "people call cat's eyes."

Her hair was brown and soft. She had not inherited the Smiths' blue-black color.

She had a fair and healthy complexion. She told the story about a cousin who, like herself, had a fresh healthy skin, but wished to make herself "attractive." Her ambition was to look pale and wan and helpless in the best Victorian tradition of the

lady of leisure. Nothing would do but that the cousin must go on a diet of camphor. It had been recommended to her.

She got excellent results. She became pale and wan, and also very sick.

The earliest daguerreotype we have of Lottie is one that may have been taken when she was about ten years of age. She had had an attack of scarlet fever. Her hair is cut short. This had been prescribed by the attending physician who said it would ease the brain of the heavy weight of hair, and to help reduce the fever. It was the opinion of the scientific authorities of the day that the female brain, at best, was not too strong, and needed every assistance possible.

Lottie's bobbed head of hair presents a strikingly modern effect. The expression on the little girl's face indicates that she was pleased with her novel appearance.

When perhaps at the age of twelve or thirteen she posed for what proved to become her most controversial photograph. She is wearing a low cut dress, that is, a dress which revealed a modest exposure (by modern standards) of bare shoulders. The picture, however, haunted her after years.

Whenever she saw proper to complain that her granddaughter was wearing something unladylike, she was reminded of the photograph. The argument sometimes reached the climax where it became necessary for the granddaughter to introduce the picture as defendant's Exhibit A.

This had little practical effect except to agitate one of Lottie's rare displays of temper.

Lottie had a way of minimizing the picture, outwardly speaking, but I suspect that secretly she favored it, just so long as her granddaughter failed to emulate its costume.

An exciting event was the occasion when Lottie and her friends had their ears pierced for earrings. This was the era before the invention of the screwed-on ornament. In Lottie's generation there were no frantic searches under chairs or church seats for a lost earring.

A bevy of girls gathered in one of the homes. A young man was present who had acquired unto himself the reputation of being skilled in the art, craft and mystery of piercing the feminine ear. I believe that he used some sort of hot needle or similar instrument.

One by one the girls screwed up their courage and were pushed by their friends into the operating room (kitchen), to emerge in due time full of pride and pain, and with pierced lobes.

During all the years that I knew her Lottie owned only one rather beautiful set of earrings. The Victorian lady did not require a boxful of assorted earrings that consisted largely of one surviving specimen only.

It was during the Civil War years that Lottie had the rich experience of attending two off-island finishing schools. Plain folk spoke of them as "boarding schools." Both institutions were operated by the Methodists through their local conferences. These, together with the Island's common schools must have been excellent seminaries of learning. Lottie is favorably remembered for her precise knowledge of grammar and correct pronunciation.

The first of these schools was known as the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College located at Tilton, New Hampshire, later known succinctly as Tilton Seminary, and since become the Tilton School and Junior College.

The second off-island school was grandiosely dignified by the name of Providence Conference Seminary and Musical Institute. It was located at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. Lottie always referred to it as the East Greenwich Academy. Generations of Vineyard girls have attended this institution.

Lottie enrolled at both seminaries with Mary Abby. Her inheritance of California gold together with some financial assistance from Uncle Frank paid the expenses.

While resident at Tilton the girls put up (in more ways than one) with the devout husband of one of their aunts who lived in the village.

The girls were awakened one morning by the cries of a boy who was peddling maple syrup candy. He was hailed to the bedroom window which was on the ground floor. The girls made several purchases. Later in the morning the good uncle came upon the boy's tracks in the snow of size and shape unmistakably male, and leading nowhere but to the bedroom window.

The uncle feared the worst.

The culprits were summoned into the presence of Awful Judgment. It was as though they stood in jeopardy at a drumhead court-martial convened just outside the Gates of St. Peter with the spectre of hell-fire and damnation to be seen in the middle distance.

The girls testified in their behalf earnestly and at length. Unfortunately they had eaten the evidence.

Their statements were carefully weighed pro and con by the self-appointed judge, prosecutor and jury (one and indivisible). A hesitant verdict of acquittal was pronounced. The girls were lectured on the topics of maidenly delicacy and the exercise of better judgment.

A vivid impression of New Hampshire school days was the novelty of "tapping season." The farmers hung wooden buckets on the trees in which to catch the maple sap. Lottie never tasted syrup so good.

In her adult years Lottie would taste "pure maple syrup" sold in the grocery stores at San Francisco, and shake her head, and

say that it didn't taste so good as the maple syrup she had known as a girl down in New Hampshire, and she wondered why.

She learned the reason why after the passage of the Federal Pure Food Law. Honest labeling disclosed the previously concealed fact that the most highly touted "pure" maple syrup to be found on the American breakfast table actually had consisted of a small quantity of "pure" maple flavoring added (with restraint) to the large volume of cane sugar.

After the year spent at Tilton the cousins enrolled at East Greenwich. This was a classical school of a high order of excellence. At its incorporation in 1802 it had been known as Kent Academy. It was opened to pupils in 1804. In 1841 it was sold to the Providence Methodist Episcopal Conference.

The setting was a fascinating New England village that had many historic traditions, and contained several beautiful old homes.

Lottie's Remembrance Album shows that she was in attendance Christmas, 1865. Several "remembrances" are dated "Prov. Conference," 1866.

Lottie was back on the Vineyard in the summer of that year.

Life at Stonewall Pond was not precisely the same that it had been earlier in the decade.

Tragedy had struck once again into the life of Jane Norton. It was not enough that she should have lost her husband at a relatively early age. This time it had been her only son and great love, Otis Everett, born after his father had set sail for California never to return.

I think Otis was about twelve years of age when, one day, he went hunting with a group of boys. He was climbing a fence. His gun accidentally discharged, and Otis was killed.

Lottie never forgot the excited cries of the lad's companions as they came running across the fields towards the house to tell Jane what had happened, the same house in which she had been told of the death of her husband, the senior Otis.

Lottie would say that her brother just had reached the age when he had become of help on the family farm.

His loss was deeply mourned by his mother. Jane Norton had been always rosy complexioned, cheerful and courageous. After her son's death she never had quite the same buoyancy of hope. A light had been snuffed deep within her soul, not to be rekindled.

The occasional sojourn of an uncle and aunt enlivened the solitude of Stonewall Pond. Lottie made frequent references to Rufus H. Davis. This was because he professed to have a fear of lightning. Whenever it thundered at Quitsa he would seek safety in a chair in the kitchen. He would sit with his feet propped on top of the stove. He believed (or hoped) that this might prevent the lightning from doing him harm.

The thunder roared. The lightning flashed. Uncle Rufus would hold his posture at the stove. Jane was unconcerned. She would continue to perform her household tasks as though all outdoors was not being wrenched asunder by nature's fury.

Rufus would marvel. "Oh, Jane Norton! I wish I could be as happy as *you* are!"

Although Jane was not endowed with large cash resources, she had the occasional assistance of Indian servants hired from the nearby settlement at Gay Head. Indian girls added an eerie touch to a stormy night. They would tell tales about witches and goblins, and give their listeners the goose pimples.

There is usually one person present at any such story-hour who is peculiarly susceptible to the fears of the unknown. Several of the men plotted a prank to be played upon this timid soul. They borrowed a bed sheet from Jane, awaited in ambush, and terrified their victim beyond their fondest hopes.

He made it home that night faster on foot than ever on horseback.

Lottie knew many tales of Indian lore that had been spun by the stove in the little cottage on Stonewall Pond. No one kept notes. It is fortunate that James Athearn Jones long ago had made a collection of them and had them published in a book "Tales of an Indian Camp" which was republished in London in 1830, but which has become virtually unobtainable.

The Smith household consisted now of mother and Lottie and Lottie's older sister Sarah and Sarah's husband Anderson T. Poole and their baby Chester.

Anderson Poole was a fisherman who dangerously earned his living in adjacent waters. He jocularly prophesied that some day he would be wrecked at sea and his body would be found washed up onto the beach "with his mouth full of seaweed."

It was Poole who melted the family pewter to make bullets to go "hunting," after silver plate became available to families of modern means. With every blast of Poole's musket went a potential Smith heirloom.

The summer of 1866 became an important one in Lottie's store of memories. A young man returned to the Vineyard from San Francisco where he had spent the past five and one-half years.

William Bartlett Mayhew had been born in Music Street in West Tisbury village, December 6, 1840, the son of Capt. Bartlett Mayhew 2nd and his wife the former Mary Chace Athearn. He had emigrated to California at the age of twenty where he arrived at San Francisco May 25, 1861.

His first job had been to take the charge of a ranch across the Bay in Alameda County recently acquired by the business partner of his cousin Harrison Allen Mayhew. He returned to San Francisco to enter the employ of his brother-in-law Andrew

Jackson Roulstone who had opened a ships stores and grocery business on Clay Street Wharf, and required the services of a clerk.

Roulstone was the husband of the lad's sister Lucy. He initially had come to the Island as the step-son of old Cap'n Mayhew Cottle, had been apprenticed to Nathan Mayhew the blacksmith at West Tisbury, and thereafter had sailed for the West Coast in the Vesta in 1849.



William Bartlett Mayhew of West Tisbury as a young boy, son of Capt. and Mrs. Bartlett Mayhew, 2nd.

After several months in the grocery business (the "Clay Street merchants" became very famous in San Francisco tradition) young Mayhew had opened his own business with what was commonly known in the City as a "job wagon." This was a light express business.

He became one of two partners in a milk ranch on the then outskirts of San Francisco, now in the heart of the city near Van Ness Avenue. The firm was known as Cushing & Mayhew.

In the restless tradition of the San Francisco pioneer he sought employment in a fashionable furniture store on Market Street where he learned the cabinetmaker's trade and became foreman of the upholstery department.

The young man was twenty-five years of age when Lottie first met him. He was of slight build, had brown hair and blue eyes sometimes described as blue-grey, and sported a neatly trimmed Van Dyck beard, and to Lottie seemed very prosperous — and romantic, too. Anyone who had been to California was romantic, even if he had spent the time milking cows or building chairs.

Promptly there ensued what the Victorian romanticists had used to describe as a "whirlwind courtship."

I tried to get Lottie to tell me when, where or how she first met her swain. But she was not one to freely discuss her intimate affairs. She was never the garrulous kind. We are constrained to recite only those known facts that, in some measure, have come to us from other sources.

Lottie was a blooming young lady just short of her nineteenth birthday, pleasant to look upon, and of good education. She was considered to be something of a catch by young Vineyard squires, or so her contemporaries have said.

She was fond of her little nephew Chester Poole, and Chester was fond of Aunt Lottie, but the indications are that during these days of courtship there were times when the lad was too much in evidence.

Chester had stories which he liked to tell about Aunt Lottie. He distinctly recalled the day when, being naughty, she set out after him. He beat a hasty retreat into the peat bog not far from the house. Confident that he had made himself secure against capture, he turned to taunt his pursuer. He slipped and fell in the uncertain footing, and was pounced upon, and led back to the house in all repute. He gave to this yarn the title, "Pride goeth before a fall."

The nephew had his day of riotous fling when he accompanied Aunt Lottie and Mr. Mayhew to the County Fair. The happy couple went here and there and promptly forgot their charge, than which there is nothing better in the juvenile calendar.

She reasoned Chester who got himself lost the one time he was not supposed to, and had for himself a perfectly splendid time.

In the course of his "unsupervised play" (to use the anachronism of a modern phrase) he came upon another small boy who was sporting a balloon.

Chester was all interest.

"Where did you get that?" he enquired.

"Over there," explained the friendly urchin. "There's a man there. He has *lots* of them."

The nephew sought the location. It was just as his chance acquaintance had said. Chester saw balloons galore tied in a bundle at the peak of a tall pole. The hawker was temporarily absent. Too young to grasp the fact that the free enterprise system is only half free the undaunted Chester shinnied the pole unobserved and chos for himself a choice specimen of the balloon-maker's craft.

He later came upon an unattended candy counter.

Aunt Lottie suddenly gasped. She was supposed to be "baby sitting" little Chester in an ambulatory sort of way. She started out in wild pursuit of her missing charge.

She caught sight of him. He was sticky with candy, and happily flourishing the balloon.

"Where did you get *that*?" demanded Aunt Lottie who knew that Chester was without funds.

He dutifully explained. "Over there! There's lots of 'em!" He thought she might want one.

Aunt Lottie was distressed. The nephew was promptly escorted into the hawker's presence and forced to disgorge his trophy.

William Bartlett paid for the candy which had passed the stage of getting one's money back.

Mr. Mayhew laughed and laughed.

Chester thought he was a pretty fine fellow. He was jolly. He laughed easily and often, although Chester did not always catch the joke.

He would do anything for Mr. Mayhew. He wanted to help him.

He sighted his hero far down the road one sunny day advancing on foot towards the house on Stonewall Pond. He knew that his aunt would be interested. He ran into the house shouting the loud fanfare, "Mr. Mayhew is here! Mr. Mayhew is here!"

Lottie assumed that her suitor was at the door. She swung it open, and presented her brightest smile.

But the swain was not there. She sighted him far down the road. What was worse, he sighted her, waiting at the door with her expectant smile.

Lottie was mortified. She had exhibited an unlady-like anticipation. She slammed shut the door, hurried upstairs and sought privacy in her room.

Mr. Mayhew entered the house. Lottie refused to come down. Her mother went up and reasoned with her. So did sister Sarah. The situation became worse and worse.

Downstairs little Chester exchanged the amenities with the unwelcomed guest, and wondered why Mr. Mayhew's customarily easy chuckle had become a bit strained.

The interlude was not permanent.

The ceremony of marriage was solemnized December 9, 1866, by the Rev. J. C. Allen of the Chilmark Methodist Church, the denomination of Lottie's mother.

Among the witnesses to the ceremony was a girl who, grown into womanhood by 1918, in that year described to me (during my visit to the Island) many details of the ceremony. She was emphatic in her insistence that Lottie had been "the belle of Chilmark" in that long gone era which to me — Lottie's young grandson from California — seemed like a page torn out of the history of the middle ages. I marveled that anyone should remember details so far back as fifty-two years.

I did induce Lottie to admit, what I had been told by others, that shortly before her marriage she had torn chunks of inscriptions out of her remembrance album, and burned them. Smoke poured out of the chimney at Stonewall Pond. Only the ragged remnants of torn pages and a few chaste "remembrances" remain in the album to frustrate her descendants.

The frontispiece is beautifully inscribed by pen and ink, with Spencerian flourishes — "Charlotte E. Smith, Christmas, 1865."

The first signature is that of "Joseph Eastman. Prov. Con. Seminary. Jan. 1, 1866," followed by "Agnes H. Eastman. Jan. 1, 1866."

These are the names of the principal and his wife. She saw no harm in letting them remain.

One is intrigued by the "remembrance" written by a ruggedly honest boy cousin who wrote, "A diamond with some flaws is still more precious than a pebble which has none." This is signed by "D. H. Flanders, Chilmark, Mass. 18-3-66."

Hiram O. Poole lined up a page with meticulous care preparatory of a long message, dated 22 July, 1866, but never got beyond "Friend Lottie" and his signature, leaving a blank page in between to be filled at a later date with appropriate sentiments.

William Bartlett arrived on the Island a few days later. Lottie up and married him, and Hiram lost interest.

Lottie would only explain that Hiram had "intended" some day to finish it.

I have no information whether Hiram attended the ceremony that Sabbath day in Chilmark, the memory of which lingers both at the Vineyard and in far-off California.

I do know that one of my informants was able to describe to me the dress worn by Lottie upon that memorable occasion. It had been made of green silk.

Lottie cherished small samples of the material, and bits of "fine muslin" used in making her undergarments. These I have in my possession together with other small trinkets of her girlhood.

The muslin never failed to evoke the wonderment of grandchildren. It had been considered ultra modern in 1866, and of the

best quality obtainable at the close of the recent Civil War that had deteriorated the quality of cotton goods. But to her grandchildren the muslin seemed better suited to have been used in the making of sails for a whaling ship than the ungarments of a blushing bride.

A high light of the ceremony performed that day after church services was the presentation of a helpful little book given to the bride by the officiating clergyman. The title is "Bridal Greetings, a Marriage Gift."

The contents are full of sage advice, neatly directed at the bride, and written by one Reverend Daniel Wise. If a pun is permissible one questions whether the author was not more Daniel in the Lion's Den than Wise.

"Bridal Greetings," published 1850 by the editor of Zion's Herald, is a book in size less than 3 x 5 inches, divided into chapters and sub-headings. A few of these may be cited: "Old Friends — How to be treated . . . Some old Friendships to be discontinued — Confidants unnecessary to Married Persons . . . The First Year of Married Life Important . . . Conjugal Love a delicate Plant . . . the step-mother and Maiden Sister . . . Indolent Husbands censured . . . The Pastor's Visit . . . The Home-sick Wife — Her Folly . . . Servants great Plague . . . Sad influence of wicked Servants on Children — Folly of keeping Help for Fashion . . . Catholic Help — May we keep Such if they will not attend Family Prayers? — How to do Good to Catholic Help . . ."

There is sound advice in Rev. Wise's book. In furnishing a home, warns he, "Adopt this, therefore, as an imperative rule. *'We will live within our income.'* This is easily said, but not so easily done . . ."

Lottie read the book, lived within her husband's income and got along smoothly with "Catholic Help," but without any attempt to convert her servants to the Methodist persuasion. I do not recall, nor did I ever hear of "family prayers" in the Mayhew household, nor was "Grace" ever said at the table despite the religious upbringing of both bride and groom.

Several of Mr. Wise's anecdotes afforded Lottie amusement the length of her life. That which brought the quickest smile came under the heading, "On avoiding the First Quarrel." The sub-title was "The Boiled Egg and the Testy Bride."

I heard this story several times before I came upon the source in Lottie's limited library.

The quarrel opens when the bride observes her husband breaking the shell of an egg at "what *she thought* was the wrong end. 'How strange it looks,' she said, 'to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd.'"

The argument gains tempo when the bride accuses her husband, "you always eat up the sirup as if you were not accustomed to have such things . . . No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved."

The climax of the quarrel is reached when the bride bursts forth with the petulant ejaculation, "I wish I had not been married to you."

She breaks into tears.

"And so do I," retorts the bullied husband — without too much originality (there has been no improvement in this reply over the past one hundred years).

He shoves away the table and stalks out of the room.

"Bridal Greetings" is not alone a book of charming advice, it also was intended to be used as the official certificate of marriage. A small blank page had been set aside for that purpose. It was duly certified by the Rev. J. C. Allen.

I once asked Lottie why and how she had come to marry William Bartlett (the name by which he was known to Island intimates).

She admitted, hesitantly, that one of the attractions of young Mayhew had been his family name. Also, she added, he came from California, wore a white collar, and had a good trade. Lottie loathed farming, farms and farmers, and sea captains were a rough lot, she thought.

Not once, during this unusual outburst of confidence, did she say that she had married her husband because she loved him. That would have been beyond her capacity as a New England matron addressing a grandson.

We conclude this story of the early life of the girl of nineteen who, upon a Sabbath Day "after sermon" had become the bride of William Bartlett Mayhew in the prim, but somehow beautiful little Methodist edifice situated on the Middle Road in the township of Chilmark.

Lottie kissed her mother farewell, took a hasty glance at her girlhood home on Stonewall Pond as it faded into a distant blur — she would not again see it for five years — and rode off with her husband down to the steamboat wharf en route by way of New York City and the Isthmus of Panama to the gilded state of California.

Jane Norton, the sea captain's widow, sat in dreary silence that night in the little white painted cottage on Stonewall Pond.

She had said "Good-by" so many times.

— The End —

A few back issues of the *Intelligencer* are available at fifty cents each at the Dukes County Historical Society in Edgartown.

- Vol. 2, No. 1 — Dr. Sidney N. Riggs' illustrated article on "*Vineyard Meeting Houses*."
- Vol. 2, No. 2 — "*The Episcopal Churches of Martha's Vineyard*," by Dr. Riggs; the "*Annual Report and Account of Accessions*" by Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, Secretary, and second installment of Rebecca Smith's *Journal*.
- Vol. 2, No. 3 — "*Years of Innocence on Martha's Vineyard*," by Henry Beetle Hough. "*Some Gay Head People About Sixty Years Ago*," by Eva Ryan. "*A Cache of Indian Artifacts*," donated by George Magnuson.
- Vol. 2, No. 4 — *The Singing Tiltons and Some of Their Songs* by E. G. Huntington, also a continuation of Rebecca Smith's *Diurnal Records For The Year 1813*.
- Vol. 3, No. 1 — *Merrily They Rolled Along — On Skates — Five Miles At Sea*, by C. Nelson Bishop; *Sand Dunes and Sea Law* by Stanley King.
- Vol. 3, No. 2 — *The Peddle Cart* by Flavel Gifford; *Rounding Cape Horn* by Elon O. Huntington; *Annual Report* by Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, Secretary.
- Vol. 3, No. 3 — *The Story of Pasque and the Pasque Island Club* by Alice Forbes Howland.
- Vol. 3, No. 4 — *Adventure on St. Augustine Island* by Capt. Henry Pease, 2nd; *Some Vineyard Authors* by Dorris S. Hough.