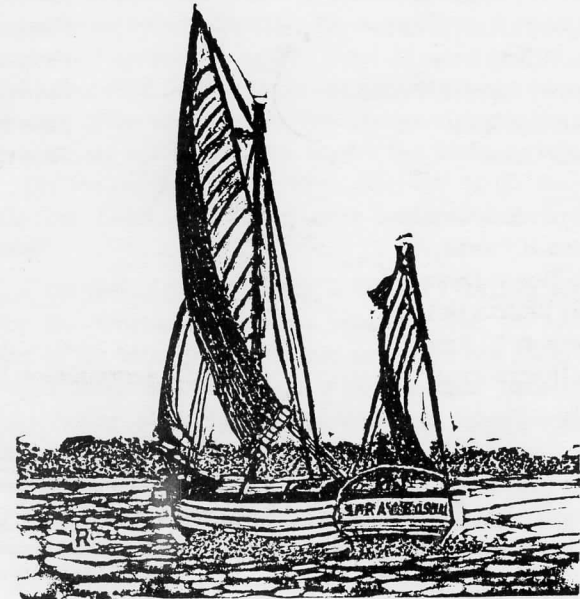


# THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

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Nova Scotia To Martha's Vineyard:  
Notes On Captain Joshua Slocum

by  
DAVID T. HUGO

Some Vineyard Newspapers of the Past  
Historical Society News

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# Nova Scotia To Martha's Vineyard: Notes On Captain Joshua Slocum

by  
DAVID T. HUGO

When he was sixteen Joshua Slocum left Brier Island, Nova Scotia, for Dublin and a life on the sea. Forty-nine years later he sailed from Martha's Vineyard to explore the unknown headwaters of the Amazon. Over those forty-nine years Slocum had a life of adventure, accomplishment, and uniqueness prodigious by any standard. He made history by being the first to sail single-handed around the world: April 24, 1895 to June 27, 1898. Not only did he conceive the idea, build the boat, and make the voyage; he wrote an account of the adventure that remains one of the classics of English prose. When he set out on the trip around the world he was fifty-one years old. Off for the Amazon in 1909, sixty-five at the time, Captain Slocum was not heard from again after leaving Vineyard Haven on November 14.

In light of the heroic cast of his life, it remains a mystery why he is so neglected by the Vineyard: one may search through the histories and reminiscences of the island without finding more than two lines on Captain Slocum. Considering that he bought a farm in West Tisbury with the royalties from *Sailing Alone Around The World*, and called the place home from 1902 to 1909, this neglect is indeed strange. (This home was the only home-on-land Slocum ever owned, his earlier years having been spent living on ships or in ports while waiting to sail.) Slocum was quite a celebrity for Martha's Vineyard, one would think. His account, first published serially in "The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine", then brought out as a book in early 1900, was going into printing after printing; Slocum was lionized in New York, Boston, and Washington; became a great friend of Teddy Roosevelt and gave Archie Roosevelt sailing lessons; and was in great demand for lectures, yacht club appearances, and as guest of honor at the posh clubs in New York and Boston. No doubt it was hard for the world's first solo circumnavigator to throttle down to the pace of West Tisbury, and maybe it showed. Another explanation may be that Slocum had been a merchantman rather than a whaler. In *Voyage of the Liberdade* he writes of taking a tow from a steamer

skipped by an old whaleman "...and whalers for some unaccountable reason have never too much regard for a poor merchantman." The steamer had opened up to thirteen knots, giving Slocum quite a job to keep his boat from being pulled under. And, to make matters worse the old "blubber-hunter" decided to throw some oil on the "troubled waters". Slocum related that "... in less than five minutes... I had swallowed enough oil to cure any amount of consumption". To the whaler this was a sort of Nantucket sleigh ride in reverse, and a great chuckle. Most of Slocum's neighbors in West Tisbury were retired whalers.



Memorial in front of Slocum house in West Tisbury

There is no question that Joshua was a bit odd. Doris Marshall of Vineyard Haven tells of going to visit the "Spray" and her captain at Oak Bluffs. She and a girl friend had brought along a bunch of nasturtiums by way of introduction. After pleasantries, the Captain said that the nasturtiums "would be his greens for the day". Mrs. Marshall says he then proceeded to eat the bouquet. He showed them the "Spray" and read them something from a book in braille, saying he had taught himself so he could read when it was impossible to keep a candle going on the boat. If true this was quite a little

extra for the Captain. The girls certainly were impressed. Slocum was always good with the ladies.

As a West Tisbury farmer Joshua was a leader in introducing a new money-maker to the island: hops. Flavel Gifford, who lived next door to Slocum, tells of picking hops for him at the rate of ten cents per pound. He remembers well how light hops are and how long it took to make ten cents. The experiment was not a success and seems to have cured Slocum of the farming fever for good.

Mr. Gifford agrees with Mrs. Marshall that old Slocum was a mite strange. He tells of him coming into Gifford's Store (his father's store) wearing a gaudy shawl which he said was given him by an East Indian tribal chief. Flavel says this information was received "politely" by those sitting around the pot bellied stove waiting for the evening mail. In other words, they refused to take the bait! Now Slocum had a story to tell and was a good yarn-spinner, but the loungers weren't having any. Slocum could get a better reception at the Explorers Club than at the West Tisbury store. Of course Slocum was an off-islander. Flavel adds that these retired sailors, being intensely practical in all matters, may have failed to see the point of Slocum's voyage, considering it a damn fool venture from which he was lucky to return. In other words, they could understand commerce better than sport, and a three year voyage without cargo of any kind probably struck them as a waste of time.

When Slocum came ashore on Martha's Vineyard he was coming home after a fashion. His ancestors were English Quakers who settled in Taunton, Mass., Anthony Slocombe (earlier spelling) being one of forty-six who purchased land from Massasoit in 1637. From Taunton the Slocombes spread to Dartmouth and Wrentham. From Wrentham John Slocombe removed to the Nova Scotia wilderness with the colonial Loyalists in 1783. It appears that he refused to go to war on religious grounds rather than out of loyalty to England, as his three brothers joined the Continental Army. He was granted five-hundred acres in Wilmot Township on the Bay of Fundy. John was Joshua's great grandfather.

Life in Nova Scotia in the late eighteenth century was a matter of survival, wresting a living from forest and sea with very little capital to start with. The former Yankees were farmer-fishermen who first went on the water in dories then moved up to coasters, developing trading in a small way. A little farming, a little fishing, a little trading; that was the life. If a man wanted to go somewhere, he went by boat, there being few roads and of course no railroad. So of necessity the inhabitants became fine boatmen, learning to cope with the highest tides in the world and a generous amount of fog.

In his writings Slocum tells almost nothing of his boyhood and apprenticeship in Nova Scotia. In *Sailing Alone* he devotes one page to his beginnings and lets it go at that. This is not enough for one who was struck by the Captain's strength of character and nobility of spirit. Great individualists being in short supply these days, and heroes having gone out of fashion, it is refreshing to come across a life like Slocum's. Here is a man who rose from near complete obscurity, with little education and no goods, to a point of being a world celebrity. In pursuit of his early years I decided on a trip to Joshua's haunts in Nova Scotia.



Joshua's first year of school was spent here.

Slocum is recorded as having been born in Wilmot, Nova Scotia, on February 20, 1844. Today, the town of Wilmot is some miles from where the Slocums lived. The difficulty seems to be that the town was originally a huge tract, just lines on a map. Much of the original land was split off into new towns, one of these, Mount Hanley, is where Joshua was born and the site of the family farm. The farm lies atop the ridge between the Annapolis Valley and the Bay of Fundy. This ridge is known locally as North Mountain. From this ridge the view across the water to the New Brunswick shore is truly spectacular. The farmhouse is a plain, two-story, shingled building, not sporting shutters

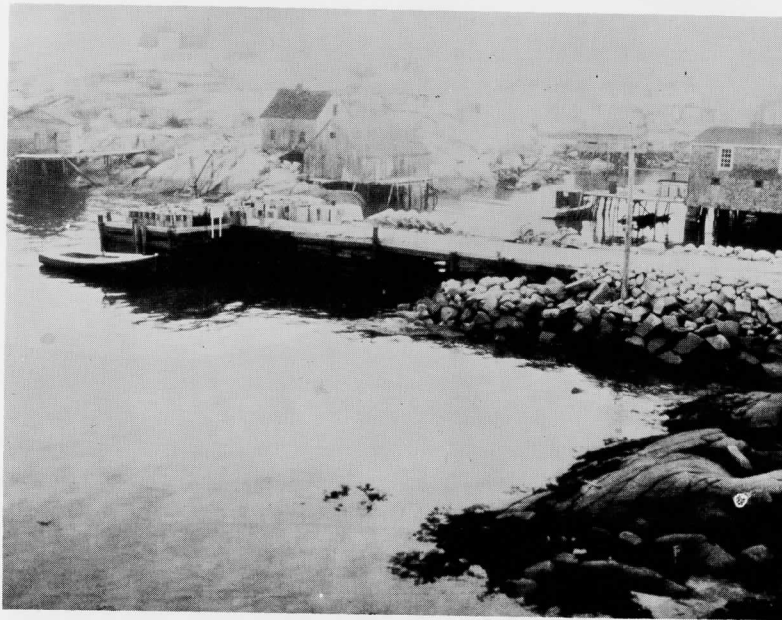
or paint. In a field down the slope is a family burial plot with substantial headstones, most of them bearing Slocombe names. This was surely the old home place.

The only Slocum or Slocombe I could locate in the vicinity was one Aubrey Slocum, an old bachelor who kept a little store at Mount Hanley. He claimed to be only a distant relation to Joshua, but he was a good likeness to the photos of the Captain: tall and spare, bald on top, lantern jaw, and a sharp eye. All he lacked were the goatee and mustache. He told me that most all the clan had made their way back to the Boston area, some others having gone to western Canada. He thought there were some of Joshua's nephews in the coat-and-ice business in Lynn, Mass. The coal and ice would have given way to fuel oil by now. For more information Aubrey referred me to Mr. Charles Barteaux of Port George down on the Bay.

Mr. Barteaux was ninety-three, had known both Joshua and his father John Slocombe, and was anxious to talk. It was he who took me to the family farm and got the young farmer who owned the place to show us around. The new owner said he'd seen a date in the 1780's on the fireplace--now boarded up--and believed the chimney and fireplace were the originals. As we stood in the front room, I remarked on the beauty of the view. Mr. Barteaux said, "Yes, but you can't eat it." Reggie, whose spring plowing we had interrupted, added that he'd trade some of the view for better soil. I thought to myself that it still looked the "old clay farm" Slocum called his father's "anchor". So, on a realistic note my guide and I took our leave.

Mr. Barteaux took me to the site of the Slocum sawmill and told me all he could remember of the family. "All the Slocums were clever, mighty clever," he said. "And old Joshua was the cleverest of the lot... quite a man, quite a man." He pronounced the name Joshu WAY. He repeated a limerick of ancient vintage that had to do with the family. This was on the ribald side and delivered with numerous chuckles. The drift of it being that the clan had gathered in the best land and lumber thereabouts, as well as the sawmill, wharf, and store to boot. To this gentleman, all these stories were as fresh as if they happened last week; in his mind the Slocums were as alive as though seventy years hadn't passed. It was hard for me to comprehend that Mr. Barteaux had been twenty-five in 1898! He could recall the 1880's easily. It was his opinion that "they didn't make them like old Joshuway anymore" and near as he could see the young bloods were more interested in a secure job in town than in adventure.

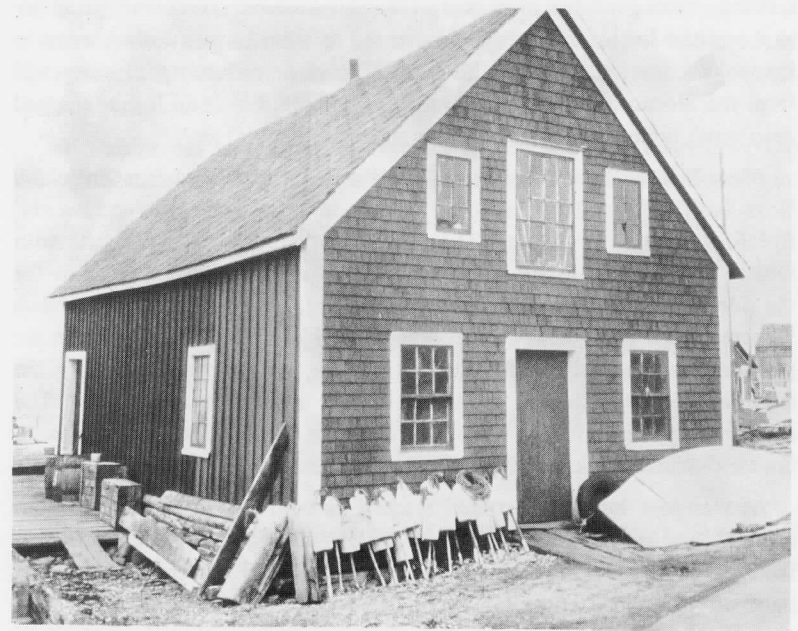
In light of the Slocums' local reputation for being good businessmen, I asked him how it was that Joshua's father had such a hard time making a living. Mr. Barteaux said John had inherited the unproductive part of the farm, the rich land in the valley having gone to previous inheritors. Also, John Slocumbe was "very strong on religion". Mr. Barteaux remembered him as a big man with a flowing white beard and a stern appearance. He was a deacon in the Methodist church as well as a part-time preacher. I retailed Victor Slocum's story of Joshua being caught putting the finishing touches on a ship model he had made secretly and seeing his father smash it to bits calling it the devil's work, etc. Mr. Barteaux agreed this was a pretty good example of John's thinking. "A regular old fashioned Methodist." Always on the lookout for Beelzebub and finding evidence quite often right at home. Such treatment would surely leave scars on a twelve-year-old. It caused him to run away to sea for the first time--unsuccessfully.



Westport, Nova Scotia

When Joshua was eight the family moved to Westport on Brier Island at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. His father had given up on the farm and acquired a boot shop in Westport. Mr. Barteaux had told me that the Slocums

had had for years a shoe shop next to the farm; that in early days this added bit of self-sufficiency was not uncommon in Nova Scotia, and that all the Slocums knew how to make boots and shoes. (From Flavel and Willis Gifford I have it that Joshua's brother, Ormand J., had a shoe shop on Main Street, Vineyard Haven.) Slocum's father was mainly engaged in making fisherman's cowhides with help from young Joshua. These cowhides were hand-sewn uppers fastened to thick soles by tapered wooden pegs. Each sole took about 150 pegs, all hand driven. These boots were indispensable to the Westport fishermen and John Slocum was looking for better fortune than the clay farm had provided. In addition to the pegging Joshua was required to tend the briny vats of stinking leather. In those days men bore sons to help with the work; Josh had more than his share.



The Boot Shop

Joshua had had one year of school at Mt. Hanley and two more at Westport. That was the extent of his schooling. At age ten he was thought ready to work a full day in the boot shop--ten hours. It is not difficult to imagine the boy's thoughts as he looked on the harbor from his cobbler's bench. Fishing and trading boats coming and going all the time; nobler ships from St. John ghosting through the Fundy fogs; these were the vessels of freedom.

The ship model incident occurred when Joshua was twelve. Evidently this was the final straw: Slocum ran away to sea for the first time, as cook on a St. Mary's Bay fishing boat. He was no cook that's for sure. What twelve-year-old boy is? But he was on his way to sea for good. For the next four years he worked the fishing boats out of Westport. One surmises his father allowed this only with the stipulation that most of the wages came back home. A guess only, but harmonious with the old man's outlook.

People in Westport told me that Joshua's mother was the real influence on his early years. Capt. Lou Bailey, my host, knew the histories of both families and said it was generally thought locally that John helped put his wife into an early grave. Her family (Southern) were retired naval people and a little more civilized than the up-country Slocums. From what Lou had heard she certainly was a good deal more genteel than her husband. He characterized her as a sensitive long-suffering woman married to a hard man. Joshua seems to have taken after her more than his father, though he certainly got his iron will from the Slocum side. When his mother was buried in 1860 Joshua shipped deep water bound for Dublin. He was sixteen.

When Slocum lived there Brier Island was quite isolated from mainland Nova Scotia; it is still a chore to get there today: two ferry trips and twenty-five foot tides to allow for. The ferries aren't much: two-car rafts with lobster boats lashed to the side for power. The sweep needed to allow for the tide when it is running strong is astonishing. At the outset one wonders "Where is this raft going?". But when the tide grips her she begins to arc gracefully into the slip. (At the first crossing I attempted to modify the gross arc the ferryman put her in by turning my car steering wheel. The skipper caught me and gave me a look that said, "Are you foolish?". He also double-checked my license plate. I did feel foolish!)

At Westport, by good fortune I fetched up with Capt. Lou Bailey, fisherman. There are no accommodations on the island for tourists, but if Mrs. Bailey is in a good mood she will put you up and feed you royally too. I said right off that I had come to learn what I could of Joshua Slocum. As I suspected I had said the magic word. Joshua may be neglected on Martha's Vineyard but not on Brier Island. Capt. Bailey was 78 when I saw him some years ago. He was 8 when Slocum stopped at Westport on his way "around", and was present at a lecture and slide show he gave in the church some five or six years later. Bailey remembered the boat being sloop rigged the first time and yawl rigged when he brought her back. Slocum was a bit confusing on this, as after changing the rig to go around Cape Horn he continued to call her

a sloop. As a sailor who had depended on sail power alone for many years Bailey held a profound respect for Slocum. He described some of his own early experiences with fog and ledges and averred with understatement that those times could be exciting.

Capt. Bailey is a good example of your old time independent Bluenose. I visited him in early April, two days after a storm had broken his boat from her moorings and smashed her to kindling on the rocks. He had gone out in his outboard to try to save her. I learned from his wife that he had nearly drowned in this rescue attempt; and in regular wifely fashion she asked if I didn't think it was time he retired. Far from retiring he had bought a new boat the day after the wreck and was eagerly awaiting his new engine! Later on Lou told me he "wasn't goin' to west'ard yet", and planned to catch a lot more fish. His theory was that the Novi cold kept the germs out and that if a man kept working in order to keep the cold off he could live to a good old age. He also felt that a bit of rum or good whiskey was a specific for the cold and the germs...and made life interesting to boot.

We walked out to the harbor entrance to view the cairn erected by The Slocum Society and the town to the memory of Joshua. The inscription:

In honor of Captain Joshua Slocum. The first man to sail around the world alone April 24, 1895 to June 27, 1898. He was born on North Mountain February 20, 1844. Lived at Westport until he went to sea in 1860. The Captain and the *Spray* were lost at sea in November 1909. The Slocum Society

While walking back along the shore I was reminded of the time Slocum nearly drowned when his overloaded dory capsized off a Uruguayan beach. "Lou, can you swim?"

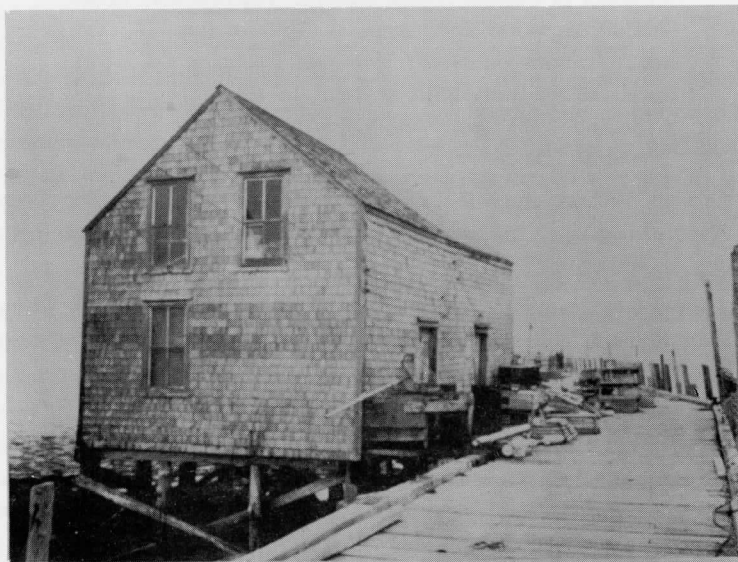
"Nope, never learned." Recalling the mishap off Uruguay, I asked Lou if he didn't think it foolhardy of Slocum not to learn to swim before setting out around the world alone. This implied the same of Lou as well.

"Go down on them rocks and put your hand in the water." I did so. It was cold. "This time of year you would last about fifteen minutes in that water, and just a little longer in mid-summer. Besides, it's too cold hereabouts to *learn* to swim. I don't believe there are many in Westport who can swim."

"What about going overboard in tropical waters?" I asked. "Wouldn't knowing how to swim help then?" Lou allowed that was a different matter, but I got the idea he felt that if you went overboard without a buoy of some kind you were done for. Whether the water was warm or cold was of little

account. This fatalism is not uncommon with seagoing men, but it makes a landlubber squirm! Certainly Slocum worried very little about not knowing how to swim.

From what I could see Westport was a good hard school. Over a century ago it must have been a deal harder. Passing the old boot shop I asked Capt. Bailey if maybe the Captain had exaggerated the boyhood hardships. Lou didn't think so, saying that when he was a boy his father counted it a good year when he could come up with \$300 "cash money" as he called it. What they couldn't grow or catch they traded for with maybe some extra fish left over for the cash money. Lou lamented the fact that in those days lobsters weren't the commodity they are today. "We couldn't hardly give 'em away and didn't eat 'em ourselves!" Nowadays of course the lobsters bring in quite a lot of money and the fisher folk are considerably better off. "There still ain't too much free cash floatin' around though." To illustrate he told me that fifteen years earlier he had bought his home with one-thousand feet of shoreline, including two piers and a fish house and five acres of garden out back. The total cost was \$1000.



Former Slocum house in Westport, N.S.

The Slocum house is now used for a wharf house on Government Pier. It looked in tough shape. The boot shop had fared much better, freshly painted in red with white trim. With the lobster floats stacked against the front it looked ready for a summer artist. I couldn't help thinking that one man's quaintness could be another man's anchor. Joshua was certainly glad to see the last of that particular building!

Our final stop was the little church on the hill. The Slocums spent a good deal of time in church and with all sorts of church affairs--as the village people still do. I thought of the Thomas Fogarty illustration of *The Deacon's Dream* in the Century Edition of *Sailing Alone*. Here's the Deacon all dressed up and dozing in his pew as maybe the sermon runs a bit long. With his elbow on the rail he is "jigging" for squid in the aisle. Meanwhile the children in back are tittering. Slocum says sympathetically, "They did not realize that to catch good fish one must have good bait, the thing most on the Deacon's mind." Lou got a chuckle out of it when he saw the illustration in my copy of the book.

As I made ready to leave, Captain Bailey quizzed me about the Vineyard. It turned out he was familiar with it having crewed on a yacht out of Mattapoisett when a young man, and having spent much of one summer anchored in Vineyard Haven Harbor. He remembered it as being about as lively as Westport. I assured him it hadn't changed.

I wondered aloud if Lou had any idea why Slocum decided to give up the sea for farming on Martha's Vineyard. "There was a woman's hand in it", he had heard. That hand was Henrietta's, she being his second wife as well as his second cousin. (After Slocum's disappearance she married Ulysses Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard.) Bailey cited Slocum's sister Jessie as his source. Jessie lived many years in Westport and was quite a personage in the village. Lou said she could do most anything, from midwifery to carpentry. According to Lou she didn't think her brother's second marriage venture was much of a love match.

Slocum is particularly closemouthed about the women in his life. We know his mother was the major influence in his early years. His first wife, Virginia, whom he courted and married in less than three weeks while in port at Sydney, Australia was the perfect mate for him. She was high spirited and adventurous as he was. And she was courageous and self-reliant, cardinal virtues in Slocum's catechism. He was devoted to her and never really recovered from her early death.

Slocum's honeymoons were unusual. He took Virginia from Sydney to Cook Inlet, Alaska on a pioneer fishing trip. Slocum's boat, the *Washington*, was the first American vessel into the Inlet after Russia sold Alaska. Charts of the waters were few and unreliable. Virginia and Joshua lived in a tent on the beach, with a gun for her to protect herself from natives and bears. The fishing was successful but the *Washington* was lost in a gale and broke up on a sandbar. Dauntless, Slocum built a whaleboat to go with the two ship's boats, sent his wife to Kodiak on a revenue cutter that chanced by, then sailed the three small boats 200 miles to Kodiak where he chartered two freighters to return for the salmon catch left under guard on the beach.

Years later Slocum took Henrietta on a trip for her honeymoon, too. This was a voyage to South America. Hazards encountered included cholera and small pox epidemics; mutiny aboard his ship, *Aquidneck*, in which Slocum was forced to shoot two men one of whom died; trial and acquittal of murder; and finally getting caught in the political crossfire between Argentina and Brazil which led to the loss of his ship. This was quite a beginning for Henrietta, a Nova Scotia farm girl! More adventure--and hardship--was to follow.

On the beach and broke Slocum decided to build himself a boat and sail his family back home. This he proceeded to do, taking salvage from the *Aquidneck* and laying out his last \$100 for supplies. This was a queer craft: combination Cape Ann dory and Japanese sampan, with a Chinese sampan sail plan. It was 35' long and the Captain called it a "canoe". Why not? He launched it on Brazil's emancipation day and so called it *Liberdade*; with his sons, aged 7 and 16, and Henrietta he set sail for the United States. This was a voyage of 5510 miles in an open boat! Not counting layovers and avoidance of the hurricane season, the sailing time was 53 days from Paranagua to Cape Roman.

Beginning with the honeymoon trip to Alaska and continuing until her death at 35 in Buenos Aires, Virginia made every voyage with Slocum and bore him seven children either at sea or in a foreign port. Henrietta was never to sail with Slocum after the *Aquidneck-Liberdade* voyage. But who could blame her? Slocum took everything in stride though, as was his wont, gallantly of Henrietta, "My wife, brave enough to face the worst storms, as women are sometimes known to do on sea and on land, enjoyed not only the best of health, but had gained a richer complexion."

This voyage made Slocum famous. He sailed up the coast exhibiting the "canoe" at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New London,

New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Newport, and Boston where she was hauled out and exhibited at the State House. Later *Liberdade* was exhibited for several years at the Smithsonian.

In 1890 Slocum wrote his first book *Voyage of the Liberdade* and published it at his own expense. If his subsequent feat hadn't overshadowed it, this book would have secured his reputation as a sailor and writer. But at the time, like many a good book before and since, it was given little notice.

Ever since Joshua had cast off from Westport his life had been full of adventure and success, hard-won though it was. He had pulled himself up to mate at 18; was a captain at 25; owned his own ship at 31; had been a fur hunter in British Columbia and a pioneer salmon fisherman in Alaska; had been master and part owner of the finest American sailing vessel afloat, *The Northern Light*; had been acquainted with three presidents (Hayes, Garfield, Roosevelt); and had been all over the world in the process. But the days of sail were well on the wane and so was the Captain, his ship wrecked on a South American sandbar and himself out of a command. "What was there for an old sailor to do? I was born in the breezes, and I had studied the sea as perhaps few men have studied it, neglecting all else." Joshua found himself on the Boston waterfront in winter of 1892, "cast up from old ocean" as he put it, when Capt. Eben Pierce, a retired whaler, said he would give him a ship if he would come to Fairhaven. He added that "She wants some repairs".

The needed repairs were total but, undismayed, Slocum began to rebuild her plank by plank, taking time out to answer the locals' main question: "Will it pay?" Slocum wrote that he answered by saying he "would make it pay". Unknown to the gaffers and gamblers he planned to make her pay in quite a spectacular fashion. When rebuilt the *Spray* stood the Captain \$553.62 and thirteen months labor. She was 36'9" by 14'2" by 4'2". He says, "She sat on the water like a swan".

"I had resolved on a voyage around the world, and as the wind on the morning of April 24, 1895, was fair, at noon I weighed anchor, set sail, and filled away from Boston..." Why did he do it? Slocum doesn't say, but one feels the mountain climber's answer would do as well for him. Certainly self-reliance was one of his strong points, and here was a way a commercial sailor on his uppers might show the world, and himself, that he wasn't ready to cash in just yet. Surely he enjoyed the attention the projected trip was bringing him. The unbelievers, who were legion as they always are, brought out his combativeness and spurred him to carry on. Slocum says he was "greatly amused" by the assertion of one so called expert that it

couldn't be done. Any qualms about going around the world alone he kept to himself. In the narrative Slocum glosses over the most appalling difficulties with a wit and matter-of-factness that makes the chairbound reader gasp. The story of the tacks in the Straits of Magellan is a good example. Slocum tells of several attempts by the Fuegian natives to catch him off guard and do away with him in order to get the boat and its stores. In order to get a night's sleep he got out his bag of Birmingham carpet tacks and sprinkled them on deck "business end" up.

Now it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet-tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me" sloop and all, but changed their minds when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them.

The Captain got out his guns and drove the would-be pirates off, went back to sleep, and next morning swept up the tacks and sailed onward. The Captain makes everything sound easy; the incidents are so wondrous and so felicitously told that once picked up the book holds you in thrall to the last page.

Some of the most moving writing appears in the chapters covering the South Pacific and Indian Ocean passages. Slocum had had a very difficult time rounding Cape Horn, having to make two attempts over more than a month, nearly wrecking on the Milky Way of rocks northwest of the Cape in a storm at night, and finally rounding after thirty hours straight at the wheel. It is agreed by those who know that Slocum's seamanship rounding the Horn stands with the very best that men have done in sailing ships. The numerous close calls left their mark on Joshua. He tells of his reverence for what life there was in the Straits and how he would go hungry rather than kill a bird, "It is a fact that in Magellan I let pass many ducks that would have made a good stew, for I had no mind in the lonesome strait to take the life of any living thing". Upon sighting the Island of Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's Island) fifteen days after clearing the Horn he writes, "A thousand emotions thrilled me when I saw the island, and I bowed my head to the deck. We may mock the Oriental salaam, but for my part I could find no other way of expressing myself." While there he visited the cave where Alexander Selkirk spent four years and four months in complete solitude, no doubt understanding how Selkirk must have felt--alone and with no *Spray* to take him home.

For the remainder of the voyage Slocum was one with the sea and his boat. He tells of making companionship of his surroundings: the universe, himself and deep thoughts, and his books. Of the books he says, "but my books were always my friends, let fail all else."

On the run from Juan Fernandez to Samoa he was seventy-two days without a port. Three girls came out to meet him in a canoe at Apia harbor and one asked him if he had come alone. Upon hearing the answer she exclaimed, "I don't believe that. You had other mans, and you eat 'em".

At Samoa Slocum spent some time with Robert Louis Stevenson's widow, Fanny, at Vailima, the author's home. This was a high point for Slocum because he had always been very interested in writing and writers. Though he only had three years schooling and never could spell, he had a feel for words and a love of literature that were remarkable. He was a frequent contributor to newspapers in many ports of the world and had worked as a reporter for the San Francisco *Bee*. Victor writes that his father had a library of over 500 volumes in one cabin of the *Northern Light*. These included all the histories of the great navigators; essayists such as Lamb, Addison, Irving, and Macaulay; historians Gibbon, Hume, Bancroft, and Prescott; the standard English and American poets; the English novelists; the works of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer; and of course the King James Bible and Shakespeare. The catalogue reads like Abraham Lincoln's, and there is a great similarity in their writing styles: precise use of the solid Anglo-Saxon words, a gentle self-deprecating wit, and a prose that is full of life. Slocum was not just a sailor who decided to write a book. He spent a lifetime preparing to write it.

Fanny Stevenson offered Slocum the use of her husband's desk for some letter writing. Slocum declared himself unworthy of the honor, but did accept a gift of some books from the library.

Before leaving the island he made a trip to Stevenson's grave on Mt. Vaea and copied the famous epitaph in his notebook. He mused that in these outposts of civilization he did not have to answer the question, "Will it pay", quoting a Samoan chief thusly, "Dollar, dollar; white man know only dollar!" Surely this pleased the Captain as he recalled the Fairhaven and New Bedford kibitzers.

Week after week alone at sea in the vastness of the Pacific and Indian oceans brought the Captain's normally well watched emotions to the surface. To be alone so long without seeing land or another face, having no one to talk to but oneself, and hearing nothing but the swish of water and an occasional sea bird...how many men could stand it without going mad?

Seventy-two days alone on the sea would be a good test of a man's mettle! Slocum admits to no great fears, but he gives us a strong hint in his account of the landfall at Keeling, Cocos Islands. He left Thursday Island on June 24, 1897 and made for Keeling some 2700 miles away. If he erred in navigation it would be 1900 more miles before he could look for land, Rodriguez Island. Most sailors would prefer to sail less than 4600 miles between ports! Slocum tells with just a touch of pride of allowing for an unexpected storm current and navigating so well that he made the flyspeck of an atoll dead ahead after 23 days, the *Spray* keeping her course so well he had spent less than three hours at the wheel including time beating into port! Upon first sighting the palm trees from the rigging he says,

I slid down the mast, trembling under the strangest sensations; and not able to resist the impulse, I sat on deck and gave way to my emotions. To folks in a parlor on shore this may seem weak indeed, but I am telling the story of a voyage alone.

On June 27, 1898 Slocum hugged the rocks while entering Newport harbor, mined against the Spanish. He cast his anchor, three years two months two days and 46,000 miles after weighing anchor from Boston. To be first was "worth the while" Slocum thought. Not quite satisfied to end the voyage in Newport he took *Spray* around the coast to Fairhaven and tied her to her own cedar spile. "I could bring her no nearer home."

To summarize *Sailing Alone Around The World* is impossible. The work is all of a piece; there is not a dull page in it; there are pirates, politicians, explorers (meeting with H.M. Stanley), all sorts of boating lore, philosophy (implied only); there is more than the reader has a right to expect, all told with great style and having the mystique of something never done before. A great book that will live as long as English is read.

Before setting out Joshua had contracted with several newspapers to write travel articles as he went around. In one way or another they all reneged. Slocum had counted on the income from the articles to pay his expenses. Being broke was nothing to worry him though, and he improvised by selling his library as he went along; by salvaging a load of tallow and selling it; then as he got farther around and the world took a keen interest in the trip, he began to lecture. Soon enough he had yacht clubs fighting to supply him with his every need at no cost and politicians standing in line with dinner invitations. The papers were impatient because Slocum took so long crossing the Atlantic... then having to double back to avoid Mediterranean pirates..., but Slocum was

never hurried by anyone. He knew what he had to do and he did it. The papers, like most who heard of the voyage at the outset, had little faith. How sweet must have been the Captain's return!

Slocum held his guest book closed until the arrival of the young girl who had whispered to him as he left three years earlier, "The *Spray* will come back". Her signature came ahead of all the rest. Joshua had always been exceedingly good at getting the last word. And to please his friends and confound his critics gave him as much pleasure as the next man.

As for the *Spray* it has had advocates and detractors by the score. Many copies have been built, some exact replicas others greatly modified. There is a larger copy taking charters around Boston Harbor today. In the final chapter of the book Slocum says, "I have given in the plans of the *Spray* the dimensions of such a ship as I should call seaworthy in all conditions of weather and on all seas". In the light of her accomplishments, it would seem risky to disagree.



Fag End - Joshua Slocum's Home in West Tisbury

Speaking of his first landfall in the Azores on his way out, Slocum says of his welcome, "Islanders are always the kindest people in the world". His son,

Victor, tells of his first public appearance on the Vineyard, a lecture at the West Tisbury church. He was asked why he had settled in the town. Slocum answered, "It was the dates on your gravestones, and by them I concluded that this was about as healthy a place as I could find". Slocum seemed more at home with islands than the mainland, maybe because there is more emphasis on living and less on "dollar, dollar". Certainly he had warm spots for Brier Island and the Vineyard. He left them both, true, but he came back. What island is not improved in the mind's eye by a trip to the mainland and return?

As Slocum grew older he tired of the New York, Boston, Washington life he had had so much of after his epic voyage and book. He also tired of the Martha's Vineyard winter. The Vineyard winter was too drear and the chowder he got in Manhattan was no good! These were his "good enough" reasons for absconding to the West Indies for the winters. He went alone, his wife remaining at Fag End, his name for the West Tisbury farm. He said it saved him the price of an overcoat to sail to Grand Cayman or Bimini for the winter. It is plain the Captain never needed much of an excuse to travel.

In the fall of 1909 Slocum was heading south once again, to avoid the cold and also to explore the headwaters of the Amazon. He was now sixty-five. After leaving Vineyard Haven on November 14, he was never heard from again.

In *Voyages of Joshua Slocum*, Walter Teller quotes several Vineyarders to the effect that Slocum and *Spray* had deteriorated badly. Victor Slocum says the opposite in his book; that his father had had the boat refitted at the Herreshof yard in Bristol, R. I., and was in the best of health. What happened nobody will ever know, but Victor thinks he was probably run down by a steamer while crossing the shipping lanes. In *Sailing Alone* Joshua recounts his discussion with H.M. Stanley in South Africa. Stanley asked him about unavoidable dangers. These were his greatest worries, he said: being pierced by a swordfish or hit by lightning. Other times he wrote of his fear of being run down at night or being stove in by a whale (this nearly happened on the *Liberdade* voyage). Of course he was getting old and the *Spray* was quite a handful for one man, no matter how easy Joshua made it seem.

Flavel Gifford of West Tisbury told me a story that makes the disappearance more mysterious. According to Flavel there was a fire in the West Tisbury post office fairly soon after Slocum sailed from Vineyard Haven. Sometime in late November or early December, according to Mrs. Phoebe L. Cleveland, Postmistress at the time, there was a letter from the Captain for Henrietta. Mrs. Cleveland had put this aside to be forwarded, as Henrietta was not on the Vineyard at the time. This letter was destroyed in the fire. What was Slocum's

message? Was he headed in a direction different from his usual one? Did he write from a Caribbean island where he later may have died and been buried unknown?



(Photo courtesy of Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.)  
Model of *Spray* made by Benjamin Aymar Slocum

Whatever the Captain's fate, little emphasis need be placed on his decline and disappearance. Are there any heroes who grow old gracefully? Do we focus on the aged athlete or racehorse? To remember them in the prime of their great deeds is the thing, and so should it be with Capt. Slocum. He did what no man had done, and he did it with elan.

Though Joshua never had one of those West Tisbury gravestones for himself, a final home in the sea in not unfitting for a man who was more at home there than on land.

A Chinese proverb says that in order to complete his life a man must plant a tree, father a child, and write a book. Slocum was a good father and a fine writer and, when the roll is called maybe he'll get some credit for planting the hops in West Tisbury.

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## Some Vineyard Newspapers of the Past

The first issue of the *Vineyard Gazette* was printed May 14, 1846, and it has been published continuously ever since. As a result we sometimes think of it as having always been the Vineyard's only newspaper, as it is today. But, actually, in the past the *Gazette* had competition over a long period of time. Some of the competing papers were weak and ephemeral, others were definitely not, and one at least, the *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, in the early years of its publication was a very fine country newspaper.

Before the Island had its own newspaper Vineyarders subscribed to various off-Island papers from Boston, Providence and Newport, but perhaps mainly from New Bedford, for in the old days New Bedford was the Island's city.

The *Medley or New Bedford Marine Journal* was one such paper. The June 7th 1799 issue illustrated on the following page is interesting because it gives the specifications for the first Gay Head lighthouse.

The mastheads and part of the front pages of some of the Vineyard's old newspapers follow, as well as a sampling of some of the contents.

Because of lack of space a few papers have had to be omitted. Among them are *The Sea Gull* which was published in West Tisbury for a few years about 1890; *The Oak Bluffs Free Press* which published several issues in the summer of 1931; and the *Seaside Gazette* which was published by the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute.

# THE Vineyard Gazette

NEWBEDFORD (Mayflower) PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN SPOONER, AT HIS OFFICE, CORNER OF UNION & SIXTH STREETS.

Whole NUMBER 345.]

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1799.

[NUMBER 33 of VOLUME VII.]

*Pyramid of a Light-House.*  
as is reported at GATHEAD, on the Island  
of MARSH'S VINEYARD, is the  
State of the building.

THE term is to be an octagonal  
one—the foundation to be of stone,  
fank three feet below the surface of the  
earth, and to be commenced of the diam-  
eter of twenty-five feet.

The foundation wall is to  
be three feet thick; the wall to project  
one foot without the fill. The Octagon  
Pyramid is to be of wood, good oak or  
white pine timber; and to be twenty-  
four feet in diameter, at the base thereof.  
To be well underpinned with good stones,  
two feet high.

The height of the Pyramid,  
is to be forty-seven feet from the base  
work to the top of the flag of the Lan-  
tern. There are to be eight  
sides. The Pyramid is to be covered with  
good, thick, seasoned white-pine boards,  
well feather-edged; over which is to be  
laid a good coat of cedar shingles, or  
white-pine without sap, to be laid out as  
5 1/2 inches are to 18, to be well pitched  
with three coats of paint, the two last to  
be white. — There are to be five Win-

with planks or double boards, and the  
stairs guarded with a good hand rail. The  
entrance into the Lantern is to be by a  
trap door, which is to be covered with  
copper, so as to be covered with it  
is to be shut. The building is to be red-  
stained with two footable electrical rods,  
as Conductors, with points. The floors  
are to be laid with planks or double boards.  
The entrance into the Light-House is to  
be secured by a good strong door, hung on  
iron hinges, with a strong lock complete.

Also a framed Dwelling-  
House, one story, of seven feet thick;  
the House to front the South, here it is to  
be of seventeen feet, and it is to be twenty-  
four feet from front to rear; with a cen-  
ter under it well floored, six feet deep,  
ten feet wide, and fifteen feet long, in  
the clear of the wall, to be pointed with  
lime mortar.

The House is to be divid-  
ed into three rooms, a parlour, a kitchen,  
and a bed room. Twelve feet from  
the front a line runs through the House,  
which forms the parlour, and the re-  
mainder of the House forms the kitchen  
and bed-room. Between the front door  
and the chimney, stairs are to be made,  
leading down cellar, and into the cham-  
ber. The walls of the House are to be  
boarded with good inch pine boards, fea-

## European Articles.

By LAST WEEK'S MAIL.

*VIENNA, March 20.*  
(From the Court's Gazette.)  
THE Russian auxiliary corps, un-  
der the command of Gen. Ro-  
SENBERG, which lay in the vicinity of  
St. Polna, and beyond the Drave, broke up some days since in order to join the army of Italy. It consisted of eight companies, of which the first con-  
sisted of Cossacks, Grenadiers, and chasseur, to the number of 8000 men, yesterday about called in review before his Majesty the Emperor, and a numer-  
ous concourse of spectators, after which they proceeded on their march for Italy.

*Memor. Litter, same date.*  
A full stronger corps of Russians is going its march for Italy, of which from 10 to 12,000 men are soon expected at Fiume and Trieste. Several Austrian regiments will likewise soon march for that country. Prince Liechtenstein will command a corps in the Italian army.

*MARCH 23.*  
Gen. SUWARROW is arrived here. — The Russian troops pursue their march to Italy, without interruption.

## Philomathean Society.

THE Members of the PHILOMATEAN SOCIETY are hereby notified, That a Quarterly meeting of the Society will be held in the SCHOOLHOUSE, in Fairhaven, on Tuesday, 11th June, next, 9 o'clock A. M. E. PARKER, R. Secretary. Business for next meeting —  
Orations — By Mr. BORN —  
Questions for general discussion —

Here is the *Vineyard Gazette* in its format of almost fifty years ago. That was very shortly after Henry Beetle Hough had become its publisher. It consisted then of eight pages (four sheets) and was delivered to its subscribers uncut.

Other papers had come and gone but the *Gazette* with this issue of June 3, 1920 had been in continuous publication for seventy-four years as is noted proudly in the little box in the upper left hand corner. At that time the *Gazette* still was competing with two other papers, *The Vineyard News* published in Vineyard Haven, and the *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, published in Oak Bluffs. But the Island was really too small for three papers, even if they were published in three different towns, and soon both the *Herald* and the *News* were purchased and absorbed by the *Gazette*.

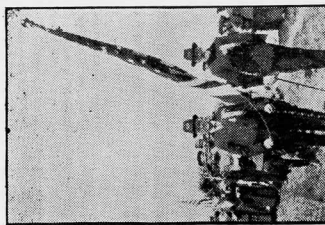
Besides local news from all the larger towns, the *Gazette* had correspondents at Menemsha Creek, Lambert's Cove and the Roaring Brook. Here are some of the news items from the latter. Mrs. Albina Veeder returned home Monday; Rev. Sidney M. Harris was the guest of Captain and Mrs. George F. Tilton Friday; Miss Mary A. Hammett was the guest of Mrs. Lizzie Hammett Sunday; Rev. Caleb L. Rotch called on Mrs. Rebecca Manter recently; Mr. Thomas Tilton and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Welcome L. Tilton Monday; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Allen and daughter visited Vineyard Haven recently; Capt. and Mrs. Zebulon N. Tilton and three children called on relatives and friends in this place Monday.



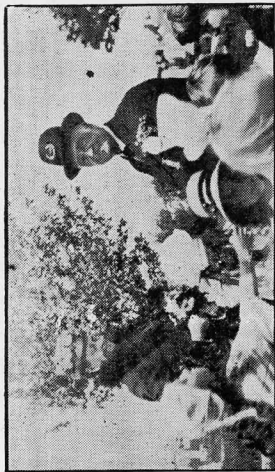
## Emerson Cottage Ablaze Saved from Destruction

Speed on the part of Vineyard Haven fire-lighters saved the cottage of Mrs. L. H. Emerson from burning to the ground last night.

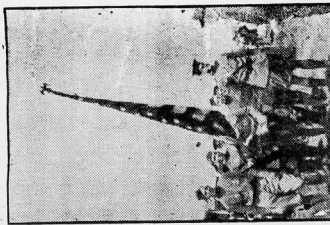
Kenneth Murphy, ten year old son of Frank Murphy, was playing with some other boys near the West Chop Post Office. He noticed a blaze at the Emerson cottage where pine needles were burning and fire was taking hold of lattice work on the



## Martha's Vineyard Keeps Memorial Day Impressive Ceremonies in all the Towns



Miss Hattie L. Shute, President of the Relief Corps, and Rev. Irving W. Coombs, show the spirit of Memorial Day.



Solemnity, beauty and eloquence characterized the services in town last morning. The Rev. Mr. Coombs, pastor of the church, gave the invocation and the opening service at the Methodist Episcopal Church were the sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Harlow Graham: "The World War as Told by War Poets," which emphasized some of the most striking of the poems written upon the occasion of the war. The names of the fallen were read, and the names of the 75 men and

The *Camp Meeting Herald* was a daily paper. It was a small sheet consisting of only four pages. Its editor and publisher was Edgar Marchant who was also, then, the editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*. The *Camp Meeting Herald* was issued only during the summer months, and this is one of only two copies of the paper that the editor of the *Intelligencer* has seen. The name of the community was then Wesleyan Grove, and Wesleyan Grove was also the name of the Post Office. In turn Wesleyan Grove became Vineyard Grove, then Cottage City, and finally Oak Bluffs.

Most of this issue of the *Camp Meeting Herald* consists of advertisements. Many of them as would be expected are for strange and wonderful patent medicines. There are also a number of New Bedford advertisements, as well as those of several express companies, for in the days of public transportation getting one's personal belongings to the Island could be and often was a real problem. Here is the advertisement of one of them. Peakes' Express.

Runs daily between Holmes' Hole, Falmouth, Wood's Hole and New Bedford. All packages intrusted to the proprietor will be attended to with promptness and despatch just as ordered. Offices In New Bedford at Pauldings' Express; at Holmes' Hole in the Post Office.

G.N. Peakes

# Camp Meeting Herald.

VOLUME V. }  
No. 1.

WESLEYAN GROVE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD, AUGUST 17, 1869.

{ SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CTS.  
PUBLISHED DAILY.

## OAK BLUFFS,

Martha's Vineyard.

A New and Beautiful Summer  
Resort.

OAK BLUFFS is an exceedingly attractive site, partially covered with an Oak forest, fronting on Vineyard Sound, the great highway of commerce, giving a sea view unobscured. The grounds are tastefully laid out in Lots, Parks and Avenues, making it one of the most attractive and charming sites for a cottage by the sea-side, that can be found on the whole of the island. There is a communication to New Bedford, and upon the grounds can be found a supply for all the necessary wants of living at a reasonable price.

The facilities for bathing, fishing and boating, are unsurpassed, and no other place on the island affords a healthful and agreeable mode of spending the summer months. For further particulars Inquire of SHUBAEL L. NORTON, Agent for the Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Co., or WILLIAM S. HILLS, 117 South St., Boston.

JAMES E. BLAKE,

Druggist and Apothecary.

(At the Sign of the Good Samaritan.)

64 North Second Street, Cor. Middle,

New Bedford, Mass.,

SOLE PROPRIETOR OF THE

Genuine Dr. Fisher's Golden Seal,  
Dr. Tompkins' Vegetable Bitters.

Dr. Tompkins' Cough Syrup.

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

DYE STUFFS,

PERFUMERY

FANCY GOODS,

and TOILET ARTICLES.

Also, TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c.

Particular attention paid to the preparation of Physicians' Prescriptions, and the dispensing of Medicines for Family Use—none but fresh and pure articles being used.

THE GENTLE

MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP  
MEETING.

As the commencement of the Annual Camp Meeting in the Wesleyan Grove approaches, it is fitting that in our first number of the Camp Meeting HERALD we revert to the history of the past. Who would have been so credulous thirty-four years ago as to believe that the small beginnings of 1835 would ever result in what we now see? Few remain to tell the story, and yet there are some persons still among us who helped to inaugurate the arrangements for that first Camp Meeting of the series. It was not, however, the first held *à la* Id. and. One had been held on the West side of Holmes' Hole harbor a few years previously. This grove had been spoken of by one who had examined it, and during the summer of the year above named, the site for the stand was selected by some four or five members of the Edgartown Church, but one of whom survives. The Grounds were then owned by William Rutler, Esq., of Eastville. A lease was taken of him, and subsequently the place was held by leases given from time to time by him and his heirs. At the first there was a rough board shed for the minister's stand, the interior of which was their lodging room, rye-straw being furnished for their bedding. Fortunate was 'he of the cloth' who had a quilt or an overcoat for a covering, and an extra bundle of straw for his bolster and pillow. The seats were of plain

## PRAIRIE

## DINING ROOM.

## Established 18 Years.

The above named DINING ROOM is still on the

## Martha's Vineyard Camp Ground.

We call the attention of all the old patrons of this House to the fact that we intend to sustain its heretofore good reputation.

The *Island Review* like the *Camp Meeting Herald* was a daily paper. But it was a daily paper for both the Vineyard and Nantucket, and it contained news items and advertisements from both islands. The following extracts from two editorials in that issue of August 30, 1878, show clearly the bitter feeling between the people of Edgartown and of the cottage city that led to the breaking away and incorporation of the latter as Cottage City.

"..... They force upon us that which we do not want or ask for, we instance the beach road and the railroad. They can't saddle that on us. It was none of our funeral but we suspect it was the beginning of theirs.... (They) say they spent thousands for the Lagoon Bridge, etc. How gracious they were to do it. A few weeks before it was built they said in Town Meeting, 118 to 6 that 'common convenience and necessity in our judgement do not require a road between Vineyard Haven and Oak Bluffs'; yet the first month of August thereafter *nine thousand* vehicles passed over ... the road and bridge. O, ho! that bridge wasn't wanted - by the people of Edgartown - and no thanks are due to them for it!"







# CHICK'S Vineyard Haven News.

GO WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

VOL. I. NO 10.

VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS., DEC. 28, 1887.

Price 3 Cents.  
1.50 Per Year.

## Tashmoo Talk.

WATER FOR COTTAGE CITY.—THE BIG  
CONTRIBUTION.—NOTES.

The Vineyard Haven Water Co. has petitioned for permission to extend its pipes into Cottage City, should the people of that enterprising town desire it. We congratulate our island's Metropolitan in thus being able to secure this desirable and necessary article from pure and sparkling Tashmoo without cost to her tax payers except for service actually rendered, and they may well set it down as a red letter day when the limped stream first flows through their streets.

If there is one thing better established by experience than all others, it is the importance of deriving a water supply for domestic uses from uncontami-

Cottage City, justly proud of her healthful climate, and relying for existence upon the many summer visitors who throng her gentle shores in summer, seeking rest and strength, can ill afford to take any chances in the quality of her water supply. Her cesspools may be the best that science can choose, but they are of human construction and sooner or later certain to fail; then who will dare to contemplate the consequences of their contents, noiselessly working their slimy way through the sandy and porous soil into the only possible outlet, the driven well.

## NOTES.

Mrs. G. W. Bradford was at the Tashmoo Celebration with Mrs. Stanley. The blue badges with a staff in the form of a whistle—13 of them, one for

## Christmas Rejoicings.

HAPPY CHILDREN.—THEIR SONGS AND PRESENTS.

VINEYARD HAVEN.  
A goodly number of people spent an hour and a half pleasantly Saturday evening at the Baptist church in this village. At half past six, the Sunday school gave a pleasant little entertainment in the audience room, consisting of singing by the whole school, recitations appropriate to the season by Misses Josie Harding, Linnie Hall and Emma Chadwick; a reading by Miss Cora Tilton, and a vocal duet well rendered by Mrs. W. B. C. Merry and Miss A. B. Cromwell. At 7 o'clock the children singing a pretty Christmas song, marched to the vestry, the doors of which were thrown open presenting

The trees were handsomely decorated and loaded with gifts, and all who were fortunate enough to be present spent a most enjoyable evening.

The Young Peoples Auxiliary, a society composed for the most part of members of the Methodist church, Cottage City, held their regular fortnightly meeting Thursday evening last, in Association Hall. "England" was the topic discussed.

Extended notices of the Cantata at West Tisbury, of the glad gathering at the Methodist vestry last evening, where Mrs. H. H. Smith's patient efforts and Mr. Swifts home made live Santa Claus were prominent features, appear next week.

There was at the Methodist vestry on Thursday evening a "Bean Supper", followed by a game "Bean Bag". There was laughter, there was food; there was a to cent collection. Twenty of Tas1 n 60

The *Martha's Vineyard Herald* was the paper that gave the *Vineyard Gazette* the most competition over the longest period of time. In 1903 it was becoming a little careless, and eighteen years later, in 1921, when it was absorbed by the *Gazette* it had definitely seen better days. But in its earlier years, in the late 1870's and 1880's it was a very fine country newspaper. Its stories of the sinking of the *City of Columbus* on the Devil's Bridge in 1884 and of Vineyard Haven's great fire in 1883 are examples of very fine reporting and superior to anything that the *Gazette* had to say about those two tragedies.

In this issue of August 27, 1903 it had local news from Vineyard Haven, and from Edgartown, too, so it must have been competing with the *Gazette* right on its home ground. There was also local news from both North and West Tisbury, and Chilmark news that was divided between Squibnocket and Chilmark. Chilmark proper was then the eastern part of the town and Squibnocket the western part, as is indicated by the news items. Under the Chilmark news for that day is this: The first automobile to be seen in town was on the South Road last Thursday.

“DIEU DEFEND LE DROIT.”

COTTAGE CITY, MASS. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

NO. 19.

**For Fashionable and Serviceable Shoes**  
That have the right price, go to the  
**"UNION - SHOE STORE"**  
67 PURCHASE STREET, NEW BEDFORD

**Ayer's** has most remarkable tonic properties for all who live in malarial districts. A never-failing remedy for Malaria and fevers. All Druggists, Grocers, and Travellers, keep it. A sure cure for all malarial diseases.

"We'll All Be Old Timers By-and-Bye."

As fine a song as ever published. Perfect words and sentiment perfectly suited to a grand tune and accompaniment.

For our advertising purposes we will mail a complete copy of it and of four, other pieces of good, new music, two instrumental, all full sheet-music size, engraved and lithographed on the very best quality music paper to any one sending as only 10 cents and the addresses of two or more musical friends. Address

**THE STANDARD MUSIC CO., 1368 Broadway, New York.**

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE **ESTERBROOK'S STEEL**  
**ESTERBROOK'S PENS.**  
156 STYLES TO SUIT ALL WRITERS. ALL STATIONERS HAVE THEM.  
WORKS CAMDEN, N.J. 20 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

**HOTEL NAUMKEAG,**  
COTTAGE CITY, MASS.  
Opens for the Season June 10th.  
*Leading Family Hotel.*  
*Entered by Annex.*

## A BANKER'S PORTRAIT

**Herbert Drury** was a prominent portrait painter. He was not only an excellent artist, but an excellent man, giving much attention to the wants of the poor. This he did in connection with regularly organized charities, though he gave a great deal out of his own private purse.

One day Drury, who was chairman of a committee to solicit funds with which to finish a hospital, called at the banking house of Stockard, Clarke & Co. and asked to see Mr. Stockard, the head of the firm. Being admitted, he approached the desk of the great man promptly and asked for a subscription. After a great deal of preliminary talk Mr. Stockard sounded Mr. Drury to know if after a liberal subscription the institution would be called the Stockard hospital. Mr. Drury informed the banker that the name had ready

Mr. Stockard informed Mr. Drury that he had already expended the annual amount he had set apart for charity and begged to be excused. Mr. Drury departed, feeling that Mr. Stockard had offered to pay for an advertisement and had refused to contribute to a charity.

but the banker did not recognize Drury.

"I am Winslow Stockard," said the visitor in a tone intended to impress the artist with his importance, "and you, I believe, are Herbert Drury, the portrait painter. I would like you to paint my portrait."

"I am at your service, Mr. Stockard,"

"What are your terms?"  
 "I will charge you \$1,000."  
 "That's too much," said the banker.  
 "I supposed that—well, a portrait of a prominent citizen, if displayed for a time to the public, and I would consent to that—should be an excellent advertisement for the artist."  
 "That consideration would not tempt me."

**Crawford**  
**Cooking-Ranges**

HAVE WON THE LEAD BECAUSE OF

The Single Dumbner (Gentlemen) presents the diff-  
Extra Large Oven with asbestos-lined back and heat-  
Inexpensive and beautiful Ash Grate, which makes a better fire  
and saves fuel!

Removable Nickel Rails, which save half the trouble  
Together with the Shimmering Cover extra large Ash Pans, etc., etc.

*If there is any agent in your town we will send you*

**WALKER & PRATT MFG CO., 31-35 Union Street, Boston, Mass.**

## A Sailor's Find

water had touched there for food on the winter. For wood they had used all the wreck stuff lying around and had then partially pulled the boats to pieces. They had filled their casks at the spring, and we could still see the marks where they had been rolled down hill to the bonts.

M. QUAD.

THE FISHER MARTEN.  
Concealed, Cunning and Intelligent  
Without Fear.

ent of danger by following the trapper. Many a useless mile has the trapper walked in this manner, and many good baits has he lost by the very same shrewd, cunning animal he is trying to trace and catch.—Collier's Weekly.

**It Manifests Itself In Numerous and Curious Ways.**

itself as a powerful instinct. This instinct manifests itself in many and various ways. During the early months of life the natural function of meeting the breast provides the infant with milk, tongue and lips with feeding, falls into exercise. This is the first and best bottle feed, and, if correctly used, the natural instinct of seeking their thumbs, fingers, or any convenient object at hand. The teeth are a provision for biting hard foods but even before they actually appear we find the child seeking to appreciate his toothless gums on any hard substance he can lay hold of, and this can be no doubt that excess of

This kind of teeth, a truth indeed recognized by the world, is the most effective mother who strings the tools of some wild animal round the neck of her infant or the up to date parent who provides her child with a bejeweled ivory or coral bangle.

When the teeth have erupted, the monastic instinct finds among primitive peoples abundant satisfaction in the chewing of the coarse, hard foods which constitute their dietary; but among us moderns, subsisting, as we do, mainly on soft foods, affording but

A little exercise for the masticatory apparatus, it does not find its proper expression, and this tends to die out. Nevertheless it dies a hard death. The young continues to assert itself. Witness the tendency of children to bite the pendula and pedibolus. I have known a child to gnaw through a bone pendant and pedibolus much in the same way as a voracious animal gnaws at a bone. This instinct to chew for chewing's sake manifests itself all over the world. In our own country not only do children gnaw the pendula and pedibolus, but they will chew small pieces of India rubber for hours together. The practice of chewing gum is common among the Americans, especially comes down from famo times, for the principal Australians chew ancient sticks of

**A YARDSTICK FREE.**

**A YARDSTICK FREE.**

We wish to have one of Wing's yardsticks in every house in South-  
Massachusetts. They are useful to insure you against short meas-  
ures and come in handy many times about the house.

If you will drop us a postal with your name and address we shall  
send you one post paid.

**TABOURETTES.**  
Solid oak three legged polished tabourettes, worth 50c. Price 29c.

---

**SANJI RUGS.**  
Five or Sanji Rugs in bright colorings and Oriental designs.

for living rooms summer houses or piazzas.	\$1.75.
30x50	\$2.25.
36x72	

---

Iron Beds and Spring for \$5.50.	A strong iron bed with brass knobs with a separate woven wire spring. Complete, \$5.50.
--	---

We have marked down our Refrigerators by 1-3. Any one in the line is yours at the reduction. Prices were from \$8.00 to \$120.00. They include the best makes of Refrigerators in the market. This is an exceptional opportunity to get a fine refrigerator at prices not to be duplicated.

C. F. Wing,  
34-38 Purchase St., - New Bedford, Mass.



For Health and

A CASE OF BEER

The *Vineyard News* was a good little newspaper as the issue that is reproduced here should indicate. It contained a lot of real news, columns of local news from Lambert's Cove, Chilmark, Oak Bluffs, Edgartown, West Tisbury and North Tisbury. Here are a few items picked more or less at random from the various towns: Mrs. William G. Smith and Mrs. George Maury took a trip to New Bedford Tuesday. Albert E. Reed and daughter were guests of "down island" relatives. James A. Mayhew spent Sunday at his home at West Tisbury with Mrs. Mayhew. The Power sloop "Helen" came from Hyannis with a load of barrels for the Gloucester Herring Company to be used at Menemsha this spring in packing the herring caught at Squibnocket. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Benson called on their son, Norman Benson, and family on Sunday last.

But if the *Vineyard News* was well supplied with news it was woefully short of advertising. The total amount of advertising would not fill one of the paper's four pages, so one supposes that it must have been having hard going financially. It survived, however until it was purchased by the *Vineyard Gazette* in 1921.

The paper's publisher and editor was Harliegh B. Shultz who made his home for a number of years in West Tisbury.

**Schooner Norris  
Raised; Sold to  
Lieut. Tilton.**

Of course, we had already hidden about us what we wanted to keep from rebel eyes. The boarding crew

Charles S. Norton, Main street, Vineyard Haven, Rev. Mr. Magwood officiating. Interment was in Oak

We left this front March 18th last, going over the road with the artillery. We finally reached Blancheville after

The groom is first assistant engineer of Mrs. Samuel Newcomb, of this town.

warning from Albert Bass, diver's tender on the Alice, saved her by a skin's thickness from facial disaster.

from rebel eyes. The boarding crew

An invaluable newspaper clipping record of the Vineyard's personalities as well as happenings, is contained in some of the 24 scrapbooks donated by Mrs. Worth Brehm. They were accumulated by Mrs. Brehm's mother, Mrs. Daniel Look and date from 1898.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss have added two valuable reference books to the Museum Library. They are "Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States" by Edward Howe Forbush, and "Historic Houses of Early America" by Elsie Lathrop. The Forbush book has many Vineyard references.

Two handsome quilts of the 1800's are on display in the Thomas Cooke house. Mrs. Florence C. Dow gave a quilt in Log Cabin pattern made by her mother, Mrs. Manuel R. Chaves in 1885 and the date is worked in red wool in the corner. Mrs. Nathaniel Burt's quilt is dated 1835 and a hand written notation on ruled paper is attached ... It is inscribed: "The patchwork for the quilt was made and pieced together by Miss Susan P. Mayhew of Chilmark who died in 1835. She was the daughter of Mr. Ephraim and Mrs. Susan Mayhew and sister of Mrs. Herman Vincent and Mr. Ephraim Mayhew Jr. It was given to me by my grandmother in 1850 and it was quilted in 1856 by Misses Phebe, Parnel and Caroline Lambert. (signed) Susan Mayhew Johnson, West Tisbury, Mass."

Nine part rolls of wall paper salvaged from an old Vineyard Haven house of approximately 1890 was brought in by Mrs. Robert Chapman. It provides an interesting glimpse of Victorian patterns.

Mrs. Ralph Bodman of Woods Hole, whose late husband was associated with the "Priscilla Pearl" industry of the 1920's thoughtfully sent three framed photographs of the herring fishery activity on Edgartown Great Pond. The fish scales were used to provide the pearl essence and Edgartown fishermen seined the fish.

From the Capt. Benjamin Cromwell house in Vineyard Haven, Mrs. Helen Hart contributed several items from the attic. Among them three beautifully made baby dresses, a lace bonnet, pair of hand knit stockings, a black taffeta carriage parasol, and a sunshade of pongee with bone tipped ribs. There also is a cane with a top made of an organ stop from the Vineyard Haven Methodist Church which burned in 1922. Also a gift from Mrs. Hart is a small wooden canister with a half dozen miniature items such as a painted glass bottle, a tumbler, a tiny wooden keg with a carved ivory handle and containing a hand inked tape measure, and a Lincoln-Johnson 1864 election medal.

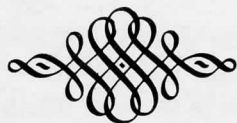
Nancy Luce, sometimes called the "Madonna of the Hens", wrote the 13 letters to Dr. William H. Luce of West Tisbury and they now are in the Historical Society archives as a gift from Mr. Arthur J. Doane, great grandson of Dr. Luce.

Also an addition to the archives is "A Funeral Sermon Delivered in The Meeting House at Holmes' Harbour, Martha's Vineyard, Nov. 1, 1795. Occasioned by the Death of Mr. John Holmes, A Worthy Citizen of That Place". It was written by David Leonard, A.B. and "Published at the Request of the Mourners." Mr. Holmes died July 28, 1795 "of the malignant yellow fever. The general consternation which this alarming malady produced in the neighborhood, with other intervening circumstances, form, we think, a reasonable apology, why the delivery of this discourse was so long deferred," according to a footnote by Mr. Leonard.

Dorothy Scoville  
*Curator*

## *Some Publications*

OF THE DUKES COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON SALE  
AT ISLAND BOOK STORES AND IN THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY.



*Whaling Wives* by Emma Mayhew Whiting and Henry Beetle Hough. A new edition. 294 p., illustrated. Cloth \$4.50.

*Bartholomew Gosnold Discoverer and Planter, New England – 1602, Virginia – 1607* by Warner F. Gookin and completed by Philip L. Barbour. 271 p. Cloth \$8.00.

*Capawack Alias Martha's Vineyard* by Warner F. Gookin. 58 p. Cloth \$1.00.

*Martha's Vineyard A Short History and Guide.* Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, Editor. New edition with added index. Maps and illustrations. 191 p. Paper \$2.50.

*Our Enchanted Island* by Marshall Shepard. An attempt to prove that Martha's Vineyard is the Island of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Paper, 50¢.

*The Heath Hen's Journey to Extinction* by Henry Beetle Hough. 31 p., illustrations. Paper 50¢.

*The Fishes of Martha's Vineyard* by Joseph B. Elvin. With 36 illustrations of fishes by Will Huntington. Paper, 50¢.

*The History of Martha's Vineyard* by Charles Edward Banks. A new edition. Indices, illustrations, three volumes. Cloth \$25.00.

*Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard* by Joseph C. Allen. 234 p. Illustrated. Paper \$3.95. When ordering by mail please add 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

*"Cap'n George Fred" Himself.* The autobiography of Captain George Fred Tilton of Chilmark. A new edition. Cloth. \$6.50

*Wild Flowers of Martha's Vineyard* by Nelson Coon. Illustrated, paper. \$3.95

*An Introduction To Martha's Vineyard* by Gale Huntington. Paper. \$3.50