



THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 23, NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1981



Jernegan (Jernigan) Coat of Arms

My Life
in
the 1700s

by
WILLIAM
JERNIGAN,
ESQR.



Jonathan Mayhew and His Family Tree

by ELIZABETH DIX KEYES

World War II on the Vineyard

by JOHN GUDE

Documents: Jeremiah Pease's Diary

Director's Report, News, Letters, Bits & Pieces

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The Dukes County Intelligencer is published quarterly by the Dukes County Historical Society, Inc., Cooke and School Streets, Edgartown, MA, 02539. Subscription is through membership in the Society. Back issues are available at cover price.

Manuscripts, letters, news items and books for review should be sent to the Editor, *The Dukes County Intelligencer*, Box 827, Edgartown, MA, 02539.

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The Dukes County Historical Society was founded in 1922 to preserve the history of Dukes County for the public benefit. It is a nonprofit institution supported entirely by membership dues, contributions and bequests.

The Society maintains the Thomas Cooke House, the Francis Foster Museum and Library, all located on its grounds at the corner of School and Cooke Streets in Edgartown.

Acquired by the Society in 1935, the Thomas Cooke House was built in about 1765. It has been established as a museum and its twelve rooms are devoted to historical displays that reflect past eras of Vineyard life. It is open to the public during the summer with a nominal fee being charged to non-members.

The Francis Foster Museum and the Society Library are in an adjacent building and are open to the public all year round. In the Museum is an exhibition of the Vineyard's maritime heritage with displays of fishing, coastal trade, whaling, navigation, plus a wide variety of scrimshaw. The Library contains collections of ship's logs, journals, genealogies and other Island documents.

The public is invited.

My Life in the 1700s

by WILLIAM JERNIGAN, ESQR.

By any measure, William Jernigan was a success. He lived a long and useful life, dying a few days before his 89th birthday in his home in Edgartown.

His father had died before William's birth. When his mother remarried she moved off-Island, leaving him (12 years old at the time) apprenticed to a master carpenter. His brothers and sisters all left the Island at an early age, making him essentially without any family.

At 19 years, he was drafted into the French and Indian War. He returned to finish his apprenticeship and become a journeyman carpenter. Tired of that, he went to sea. After a successful career as a mariner, he returned to settle down on the Island as a farmer and a buyer and seller of property. Becoming active in politics, he was sworn in as attorney at law in 1779, although he had no formal education after age 10. He served as Representative and Senator in the General Court before and after the Revolution and was Treasurer of Edgartown and later County Treasurer.

He married twice, first to the daughter of the master builder to whom he was apprenticed and later to the younger sister of his son's wife (a fact which he was proud of, as you will read). He had six children, the oldest of whom was 45 years old when the youngest was born, another point of pride to the old man. He founded one of the most famous Island whaling families, with such Masters as Jared Jernegan, William Jernegan and Nathaniel

Jernegan, as well as that well-known young diarist, Laura Jernegan.

Frugal, anti-social, self-sufficient and independent, he lived a long, healthy life spanning the formative years of this nation. Near the end of his life, while in his 80s, he wrote his own epitaph in which he modestly claimed only that he was "the oldest man in the Town."

Reverend Joseph Thaxter, himself an old man at the time, described Jernegan in his record of Edgartown deaths this way: "Hon. William Jernegan, Esqr. He was left an orphan -- had but little education but good natural talents, quick Penetration, sound judgment and retentive memory. He served in all Town offices, represented the Town in the general (court) and served one year in the Senate."

In fact, Jernigan (he spelled his name with an "i") was not left an orphan, although, as mentioned above, he never knew his father, a fact that seemed to bother him very much. In his proposed epitaph he wrote: "a Father he never Saw to teach him the Right Way to happiness and joy."

While in his 80s he wrote a rambling story of his life which contained, as was often the case in those days, many pages of advice to young people about frugality, morality, religion and temperance. Thanks to that indefatigable discoverer and preserver of historical data, Richard E. Pease (1814-1888), whose life is a story of its own, the Society has William Jernigan's autobiography in its archives. It was originally written in the first person, but apparently Jernigan went back and made it, as much as possible, a third-person narrative by changing the pronouns. We have retained those changes, showing them as I/he or my/his. We have also kept the spelling as in the original, however, some punctuation has been added.

Here are excerpts from William Jernigan's manuscript:

WILLIAM JERNIGAN of Edgartown in the County of Dukes County in writing the following lines is moved by no other motive only to leve to his Prostarity a true state of facts according to the best information he had been able to collect, which are as followeth (to wit):

My honoured Father, Thomas Jernigan, was born in Virginia and com to Edgartown with Capt. Joseph Jenkins in the year 1712 and in 1718 he married Abigail Rippley: and he died in Jamaca in 1728, leaving a widow, one Daughter, and two Sons, the auther of these lines not being Born until some weeks after his Father's decease.

And now to consider and remark the wonderfull Provedance of Almighty God that took place from time to time amoung the children of a Deceased Father. My sister Sarah married Peter Tabour and removed to Dorthmouth and Shee had Twelve Children. My Eldest Brother Thomas was Put apprintice to Capt. Benjamin Kent of Charlestown, near Boston. Thomas being about Twenty years of age, being then well in halth, in the evening after supper he went out off Capt. Kent's Dwelling House and has not ever ben heard of since that being about sixty years ago.

My Second Brother Joseph was in the army at the Reduction of Capt Britain¹ and resided there for some time and was married there. Joseph with one man went in a boat to some Part of the Island after hay but nither of them has not ben heard off since, it being about fifty years ago. And through the Divine Goodness of God the auther of these lines is the only one of the three left alone to tell this.

William Jernigan was born at Edgartown in Dukes County, Martha's Vineyard, the first day of August Old Stile 1728. At twelve years of age he was put out apprintise to Mr. Samuel Osborn, Housewright, his mother being

¹No doubt the Battle for Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia in 1745.

married to a second husband Samuel Pease they removed to the State of Connecticut, I/he being left at the Vineyard in the Twelfth year of my/his age. Fatherless, motherless, without Brother or Sister, all of which was no small truble and greef to him and often broak him of his heart, boath day and night, for he had no frind to ask Council of or to make his Complant too.

But at the same time I/he considered that there was a Supreme allwise Governor of the Universe that orders all things for our best good.

At the age of Nineteen I/he was impressed to go into the army to Defend the Inhabitants of the District of Main against the Indian Savage of the then Widerness, who was daily killing and Sculping the People there.² And when I/he was impressed a number of others was impressed in the Town at the same time, but for some Reason or other cause was cheefly Discharged. I/he then complained very hard to the Commanding officers saying I have not Father, no Mother, Brother or Sister, nor any frind to Pled or intersead for me for this cause. Will you forse me into the war? The Officer's repley to me was "You are the only Person to go for you have no one to cry after you" (O cruel Sentance).

So I/he went on in the army and through the goodness of God returned home the year following. We had in the cose of the year one of our Compeny killed and his Sculp cut of from his head and saverl off our compney carried off captives by the Creuel Indian Savage and sold to the frence at Canida, etc.

But not to enlarge: at my/his returning home, I sarved out my time with my/his master Osbern and in the 22nd year of my/his age I/he married his eldest daughter on the 8th of February 1750. And we lived in the marriage state forty and four years. We had two sons and two daughters in eight years from our first marriage and in sixteen years and eleven days from the burth of the youngest of our four children we had a third daughter. But as the way of all is

²The Indians were fighting for the French against the British in what we call the French and Indian Wars. Jernigan's company fought in what is now Maine.

my wife was taken from me by deth in February 1794.

She injoyed a Poor State of health for about Twenty years in the last Part of her life. Shee Died in the Sixty Second year of her age. In September 1794 I married Eunice Coffin a widow in 42 years of her age. Shee being a Sister to my son Thomas Jernigan's Wife. Thomas and I married two Sisters and I the youngest of the two and in September 1795 I/he had a Son by my wife Eunice, my youngest Daughter then being nineteen year and three months old. Therefore I had only two children by two wives in 35 years. But I/he lived a widoer eight months. And in 1803 I have living three sons, two daughters, twenty one grand children and four great grand children. I/he have buried one daughter in the 26th year of her age. She then left two sons. Both of them soon followed their mother, dieing very soon after her death.

My Honoured Father Thomas Jernigan at his Decease left to his widow and children a dwelling house and about five acres of land adjoining the Harbour at Edgartown. The house then being well filled with household ferniture, etc. At my arivel at the age of twenty one, having then nothing but my cloths and that but little and but very little schoole lerning. I do not remember of my going to any Schoole after I was ten years old. It is true I used every opportunity I could have and obtained some learning in the night time, finding my owne candles and paying for my larning.

Being now free my first object was to hire some money, which I/he did at 12 per cent interest in order to buy my Sister's wright in the house and land, it being then much out of repear, no one laying out a farthing to keep it in repear. My Fatherinlaw taking the improvement, also the household goods and negro woman of mine³. . .

The first seven years after I was free I Followed my tread (trade) and being blest with a firm constatution and a good state of health I do not remember or being out of imploy one day for the seven years. But finding to work by the day

³Did this "poor" orphan William have a slave? Could that be what he meant by this statement?

or small jobs, my Sarvis was hard and not agreeable. I then followed the seas for about ten years, master of a vesell.

I acknowledge and hope I am thankfull to kind Providance in Blessing me in health and Prosperity so that I had wherewithall to maintain my family and live on the land with my family. I then went into treading and buying of lands and followed farming and treading for about twenty years, being now 58 years of age.⁴ My two sons Thomas and William now having each of them families, it was thought best for us all that each one should know where their intreast was so they agreed and I made each of them Deeds accordingly of Land, buildings, etc., by which Conveyances I freed myself from the cares of lands and stock, etc., and by their frugallity, Prudence and industroy make a good living and have each of them good homes for Old Town, etc.⁵

And now a few words of advise and counsell to my Children and grandchildren, to my Prostarity yet unborn, which any of you or them may see and read after I am gon where I shall never return.

As to Publick offices which many men are aspiring after and can be never sattisfied therewith: we should consider that men in office are generally Stigmatized, Juded (judged?) and Condemned by some of their fellow Citizens. Let them act ever so uprightly and Justly in the offices they are plased in. But men that will run with the tide using no Judgment of their owne and say just as other men say are oftentimes called very good and honest men. We must bear and forbear for some one must be in office otherwise our lives and Property would be of no Value.

But above all things I advise and beg that you live in

⁴What he meant was that he was then 58 years old. At the time of this writing he was in his 80s.

⁵Along the margin of the page on which this was written, Jernigan wrote, seemingly as an afterthought, "My Wife, Eunice, departed this Life Oct. 25th, 1807." She was his much younger second wife that had borne him one son, Richard. An enigmatic remark by Reverend Thaxter in his record of Edgartown deaths arouses one's curiosity. The Parson wrote: "Eunice Jernegan, wife of Hon. Wm. Jernegan Esqr., 55, of Broken Heart." We find no explanation for that remark in William's autobiography.

Peace, love and unity, assisting, advising and instructing each other, for behold how good and Pleasant it is for Breatthen to dwell together in unity in the World and it may be a means of your meeting in the other in Peace.

Also I advise that as much as Possible that you bring up your Children in the fear of God, teach them larning while young and in Particular to read the word of God; enculcate into their minds while thay are young the wickedness of taking God's name in vain, also of liing, stealing or takeing anything not their owne, and til them to do to others thay would wish to be done by, keep them as much as Possible out off bad Compney. Let them attend the Publick worship of God. You cannot take to much Pains with your children to bring them up in the fear of God and to keep his Commandements.

Also keep them employed in some honost calling that they may bee servisable to themselves and to the Community at Large. We ought to flee Idleness as the worst of Diseases, not only because it renders a man's life burthensome and uneasy and we may say a torment to himself. The Divil never wants bait for such kind of People, and besides all this Idleness is a great Sin in itself. It is one of those Sins that brought fire and Brimstone upon Sodom. We ought to consider our time as one of the most Precious talents that God has intrusted us with and that it is only ours for the Present and gon the next moment. Therefore, time killing is a most Shamefull Murder. My dear Children I wish this matter was beter considered by all menkind, we should not then have so many amoung us who are at such a loss how to spend and pass away their time.

We all ought to consider that we have more to do within & without doors than to eat, drink & sleep, to dress and adorn ourselves, making and receiving of visits, telling of news and paying complements to each other, saying when will come to our house, etc.

But yet to make visits and to injoy our friends at sutable times & seasons is very commendable, but to make a trend

of these things so as to give up ourselves and spend much of our time in them -- this is intolerable and we shall be called to account for it in the other world.

Let every one dwell at home as much as his Circumstances will Permit and mind his own affairs which will find them work enough to do; and meddle as little as Possible with matters that do not concern him, let every one do this and we should soon find Sweet and Comfort in so doing and be more happy.

The way to live Quietly, Peaceably and to [be] called a good man is to be still and take what comes without murmuring or saying nay; to hear and see without making too many remarks, etc. Also we ought to be very careful of our words that they do not grieve or provoke our friends and neighbours. Also as much as you can Conveniently do have Compassion on the Poor Widow, the Fatherless, the Poor and needy and consider that it is better to give than to receive and always take the part of all those Persons that God in his Providence has seen cause not to give them the knowledge and understanding to Conduct for themselves as many others have. Persons in that situation is often imposed on.

Furthermore I advise and caution you to be very careful how you make Promises and if you are so unwise as to Promise always be faithful to perform. But the best way in my opinion is that agreement be made in writing and the Parties to sign the agreement in so doing there would be more Peace, love and unity among friends and neighbors, etc.

My advice to you that you keep yourselves in a decent and a plain manner and never run to excess in following the wicked fashions of the world. When it is the fashion to wear long cloths, have yours a little shorter; and when the fashion is to have short clothes have yours a little longer. By so doing you will have the good will and esteem and respect of all the great and good men and Peace here and hereafter.

The foregoing was wrote by William Jernigan in the

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

William Jernigan in the eighty second year of his age in the year of our Lord 1810 gives the following Caution and advice to young people:

He has had a Family for sixty years last past; for forty years with his first wife they made only one visit which he apprehends was a saving of more than a \$1000.

He made it a Rule to go to bed early & up early: \$1000.

He always had a bead of ashes on his hearth for the saving of wood: \$500.

He never hired that done that they could do Themselves: \$500.

He never wore a pair of White Stockings or Ruffel Shirt: \$400.

He always found imployment for himself and family in some honest calling during sixty years & to his Death.

Go Young People and do Likewise, is the advice of the Old Man (June 1810).

Seventy fifth year of his age in the year of our Lord 1802.

The author of the foregoing has enjoyed a remarkable good state of health through his whole life, to this day July 29th 1803 and if I live to see the first day of August next (Old Style) shall be Seventy five years of age. I never was let blood only once; have had no meditation from any Doctor only in the Small Pox; neither have I been confined in bed or house keeper by any sickness two days at a time during my life. I trust and hope that I have been and still am thankful to God in keeping and Preserving me and my Families to this time in Peace and Plenty. Furthermore I am Twenty two years older than my first born son Thomas and sixty seven years older than my last son Richard Whellin Jernigan.

* * * *

A few remarks made on the conduct of William Jernigan while he was a Publick Capacity, which is as followeth: in the 40th year of his age he was chosen a Representative to the General Court holden at that time in the then Province of Massachusetts in the year 1768 at the time when that most important Question was before the house, which was "Shall we or Shall we not, ingage in a war against our Mother Country" (or words to the same efect) in order to obtain our Liberties and Indipendance;⁶ he then considering the matter to be very siours in our infant state and doubtfull on our side all circumstances considered at that time, and the Particular situation of the Vineyard, give his Vote in the nagative with the 17, acting according to his best skill and judgment for the good of the whole, and he did not run with the current, nither with the 92; and it was not for any interest or emollument to himself or to his children, and as any candid (?) man may see and judge by his following conduct while at Court for a number of years as a member of the House of Representatives and in the Senate unto the year 1793. It is true he was one of the Commonwealth's Accounts; and he also recommended the several persons to the then Governer and Counsil for thare several offices, which are as followeth (to wit):

First, Enoch Coffin, A commission for a Justice of the Peace.

2. John Pease, navel officer & Collector, which has given him a living.

3. Thomas Cooke, Commission for a Justice of the Peace.

4. William Mayhew, notre Publick.

5. William Butler, notre Publick.

⁶In 1768, the House had released a famous circular letter calling for resistance to the Townshend Duties, which were said to be used to pay the loyalist executives and judges, thus making them independent of the elected representatives. On June 30, the House voted 92 to 17 to defy Lord Hillsborough's order to rescind the inflammatory circular letter. "The public vilification of the seventeen-man minority was savage and almost universal," according to Prof. Bernard Bailyn in his book *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*. William Jernigan was one of those being castigated and 40 years later he was still trying to explain his vote.

6. James Coffin, a Coroner's Commission.

and he did not take any commission or office for himself and never did get any for either of his Sons, altho it was well known that thay was as capable & as deserving as some of the above that was appointed.

* * * * *

William Jernigan while he attended the General Court and when the Law passed for the organization of the melisha through the Commonwealth he then well remembering the great loss and damage the Vineyard & Nantuckett suffered in the time of our late War by their being under arms he then used his best skill & judgement to have the Vineyard & Nantuckett, being two islands in the midst of the sea, to be exempted from all melisha laws whatever and accordingly boath islands was then and there exempted, which has saved to each Island more than \$1000 per annum and in case of war I am in hopes will save our Towns.

* * * * *

On the Night preceding the 30th day of January in the year of our Lord 1777, between the hours of one and two o'clock in the morning, I, William Jernigan, then being up with his daughter Sally in his arms, his wife Mary then being very unwell, Ebenezer Smith then coming into said Jernigan's House, informed him that his House was surrounded with fifty or sixty men with guns, swords and clubs, and he, the said Jernigan, was ordered forthwith out of his own House amongst those armed men in the ded of the night and ordered to march with them to the House of Peter Norton, Esq.,⁷ about four miles through the woods and when we arived at Mr. Norton's House, he being then in bed, asked what is the matter?

Some of the Company answered that the said Jernigan and his son Thomas sung and danced when they heard that the British Troops had Landed at New York; the said

⁷Peter Norton was Captain of the Edgartown militia and during the French and Indian Wars was made a Major. Major's Cove, near Felix Neck, is named for him and he was living there at the time of this incident.

Jernigan than answered that there was not one word of truth in the Report and that it was a ley, etc. And then some of the armed men insisted that the said Jernigan should write and signe a Papper which he did; but I never heard of it afterwards. The armed men then filout among themselves and disappeared, etc., and the said Jernigan returned to his own House about seven o'clock in the morning. But what must the anxiety of his wife and children at the time to have him carried off by force of armes in the ded time of the night, etc.

The leaders of the above affair seemed to be: Samuel Look, Samuel Daggett, Stephen Cunneham, Zaphaniah Chase, Timothy Chase, George West, Ebenezer Roger, Elijah Butler, Jr., William Daggett.

Evidences to the above: Ebenezer Smith, Esqr., Shubail Davis, Samuel Norton, Ansell Norton, Shubail Norton, labos Norton, Cornelius Norton, Jr., Ebenezer Norton and a number of others.

Also, in the year 1780, the said Jernigans Dwelling House was entered by Brown Coffin & Nathaniel Woodberry in the Ded time of the night, his Deske, opened by them, his Papers over-halled and his gun carried off. They was protected and incuraged by a number of men that surrounded his House.

In June following said Jernigan wrote them a letter on the Subject & their answer: Nantucket, Sept. 11th, 1780. Sir, we have received your letter of the 9th of June last and own ourselves very sorry to have given you just cause to complain of a conduct of ours that we cannot pretent to justify. We were led on by others and very inadvertantly drawn into associate with them in that Treatment of you which we now consider as infamous and do assure you quite sufficiently ashamed of the follies of youth on a Mad inconsiderate Hour (when we assure you that they are most sincerely repented of) we hope you will have the goodness to Forgive. We can say no more save that if we can make you Satisfaction in any other reasonable way

that you can desire we shall allways stand ready.

We are your most obedient. . . etc. Signed (a copy)

Brown Coffin

Nathaniel Woodberry

* * * * *

Once more, about the year 1779, a fleet of the British ships anchored in our harbour at Edgartown. Some of our People was then anxious to fire on them with our small arms. Wm. Jernigan then and there interposed and used his influence with the People not to fire on them: if we did we should have our Houses burnt. At that time, they did us but little damage and went off with themselves. The next day after they was gon, John Kindrick (?) meeting the said Jernigan in the street said to him I have a good mind to beet out your Brains out. I answered him for what cause or Reason have you to beet out my brains out? Dam you, said Kindrick, holding a stick in his hand, if it had not ben for you I could have had my House Buirnt yesterday and then I could have had more than a Thousand Dollars for it and now I cannot get five hundred and I have lost more than five hundred dollars by you.⁸ Kindrick then owning the house that Mr. Lot Norton now lives in.

* * * * *

⁸This remark is puzzling, unless the owner thought he would be able to claim \$1000 in reparations from the British. Does any reader have a different explanation?

Jonathan Mayhew and his Family Tree

by ELIZABETH DIX KEYES

MANY PERSONS speak figuratively of a "family tree," but the Mayhews of Martha's Vineyard can do so literally as they have one hanging in their homes.¹ This attractive graphic representation of the many descendants of Governor Thomas Mayhew is well known in the family, but less well known is the person who originally compiled the data and drew up the Mayhew Tree.

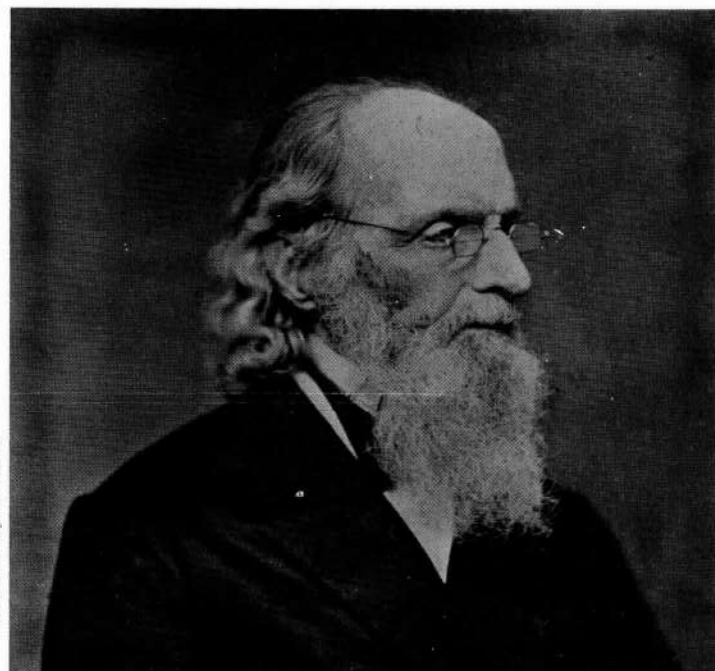
That person, the researcher and artist who created the Tree, was my great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Mayhew, who left the Island at an early age, but obviously never forgot his heritage.

Jonathan Mayhew, the son of William and Lucy (Mayhew) Mayhew, was born in Edgartown, June 11, 1789.² His parents were distant cousins, both descending from Thomas Mayhew, the founder of the settlement. On October 20, 1816, Jonathan married Elizabeth Cooke, usually called Eliza. She was the daughter of Thomas Cooke and Elizabeth Mayhew and also had two lines of descent from the Patentee, Governor Mayhew. Eliza was born on March 5, 1792, no doubt in the Thomas Cooke House, now owned by the Society and at that time the

¹Reprints of the Mayhew Family Tree are available from the Society.

²Charles Edwards Banks, *History of Martha's Vineyard*, v. III, gives his birth date as June 11, 1787. Edgartown Vital Records show his baptism as August 9, 1789. Family records in the possession of the author give his birth date as June 11, 1789.

ELIZABETH DIX KEYES has a direct interest in the Mayhew Tree, tracing her descent as she does from Governor Thomas Mayhew in four ways: three times through Thomas, Jr., and once via the Governor's favorite daughter, Hannah. Mrs. Keyes, a graduate of Vassar College, is the wife of Fenton Keyes, writer. They live in Philadelphia and Litchfield Beach, S.C.



Photos courtesy the author

Buffalo businessman Jonathan Mayhew (1789-1881) had genealogy as his avocation home of her parents.³

Immediately after their wedding, Jonathan and Eliza left the Vineyard, first settling briefly in Schaghticoke, N.Y. Soon, they moved on to Manchester, N.Y., where Jonathan became the proprietor of the largest store and the town's Postmaster. He also "kept a furnace and engaged in manufacturing."⁴ Some years later, in 1827, they "pushed on," as their daughter expressed it, to Buffalo, where they spent the rest of their lives.

In 1837, after attending the graduation of their daughter, Caroline, from the Albany Female Academy, the proud parents took her to New York and Philadelphia and then "back home" to show her Martha's Vineyard,

³This, of course, is the Cooke House, maintained by the Society as a museum and open to the public during the summer.

⁴This quotation and others that follow are from *Reminiscences* by Caroline Augusta Mayhew Woodruff, in the possession of the author.



Eliza Mayhew was born in the famed Thomas Cooke house, now a Society museum where Caroline tells us, "It seems as if everyone on the Island was related to me, so many 'cousin-aunts' came to see us."

This may not have been the only return visit Jonathan made to the Vineyard, but it is the only one mentioned in the author's records. It was made just before the death of Eliza's grandmother, Abigail Coffin Cooke.

Jonathan's life spanned the formative years of our nation and he participated in the mourning of our two most revered Presidents, Washington and Lincoln. "On the occasion of Washington's death, young Mayhew marched in procession with the schoolchildren of his town (Edgartown), and among whom was she who afterwards became his wife," is the way one newspaper described one of them in his obituary.

The second of these events is documented by a photograph which shows Jonathan in his uniform of the "Continental" with a three-cornered hat on his head and

CIRCULAR.

MAYHEW FAMILY.

The undersigned takes this method of informing the descendants of HON. THOMAS MAYHEW, Governor and Patentee of Marthas Vineyard, Nantucket, and Elizabeth Isles, who settled at Edgartown, Marthas Vineyard, in the year 1642. That he has procured the names of his descendants from the first settlement on the Island to the present time.

Each family is plainly represented upon a large and elegant engraving in the form of a tree—showing at one view the names of each individual, and their connection from one generation to another to the present time, including many of the 10th generation.

The task of procuring the necessary information and preparing the same for publication, has consumed a great amount of time and incurred a large expenditure.

Another will not be attempted. This therefor will be the only opportunity of procuring a copy of this invaluable treasure.

Those who desire one or more copies will please address me at Buffalo, N. Y., with the amount inclosed therefore, at their earliest convenience, which will receive prompt attention.

J. MAYHEW,

Buffalo, N. Y., July, 1855.

Single, Plain Copy,	- - - - -	\$3.00
Neatly Embellished with Cloth back,	- - - - -	7.00

Circular distributed by Mayhew in 1855 to promote the sale of his Family Tree a musket in his hand. On the back of the photograph it says: "Taken in 1856 at the time of the obsequies of President Lincoln. He was one of the guard of honor when the President lay in state in Buffalo, N.Y."

Jonathan Mayhew became a leading citizen of Buffalo during his long life there. He established himself as an iron merchant and manufacturer and "for many years knew every resident of the town by name," according to one obituary writer. He owned warehouses and plants manufacturing stoves, steam gauges and locomotive headlights. He served in an infantry regiment in the War

of 1812, while still a resident of Edgartown. During the Civil War, he was a member of the "Union Continentals," a company commanded by his friend and neighbor, Millard Fillmore.⁵

Some years before 1855, Jonathan began work on the Tree, no doubt motivated by nostalgia for his relatives and his family home on Martha's Vineyard. His obituary mentions that he took great pride in the compilation of family records. As he wrote in a circular advertising his work, "The task of procuring the necessary information and preparing the same for publication, has consumed a great amount of time and incurred a large expenditure. Another will not be attempted." The announcement was dated July, 1855.

While the Tree has become well known, the creator of it has remained without credit. After the publication of a book on Thomas Mayhew by Lloyd C. M. Hare, in 1932, which carried a reproduction of the Tree as its frontispiece, my Grandmother, Elise Woodruff Dix, wrote the following to the author:

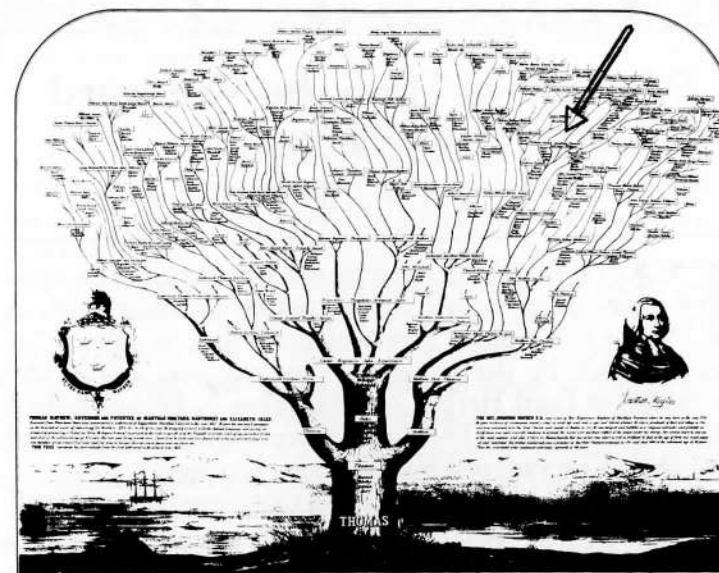
"I read with great interest your well-written book, *Thomas Mayhew, Patriarch to the Indians*,⁶ but to my regret you did not give credit to Mr. Jonathan Mayhew of Buffalo, N.Y., compiler of the Mayhew 'Tree.' Jonathan Mayhew was my grandfather in whose home I lived for many years and many times with my little sister I stood and watched him, my grandfather, at his work on the Tree. In looking over a few days ago old papers of my mother's, Caroline Mayhew, I found the enclosed pamphlet which is proof of his work. . . I am an old lady of 90 years."

The proof found by my grandmother is the advertising circular mentioned above.

Jonathan Mayhew died December 26, 1881, the victim

⁵Millard Fillmore, the last Whig President, assumed the office on the death of President Zachary Taylor in 1850, being the second Vice-President to do so. He and Mrs. Fillmore lived across the street from the Mayhews.

⁶Hare, Lloyd C. M., *Thomas Mayhew, Patriarch to the Indians*, D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1932.



Original Tree is many times larger, of course. Coat of arms, left, is incorrect (Banks, v.I, p.111). We indicated genealogist Jonathan's position by the arrow of a paralytic stroke at the age of 92. On his deathbed, he said, "I don't wish to die lying here; I'd like to die as I've lived. I'd rather be up and face death as it comes."

He was not a professional artist, not even an historian. Rather, he was an active and successful businessman exiled by choice from the Vineyard, but, like many who have left the Island, Jonathan Mayhew thought of it as "home that our feet may leave but not our hearts."

World War II on the Vineyard

A Reminiscence

by JOHN GUDE

FOUR DECADES have passed since one of the most momentous events in our nation's history. Call it what you will: "a date which will live in infamy," a sneak attack by the Japanese, whatever you call it, the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, touched the lives of millions. The quiet, peaceful off-shore Island of Martha's Vineyard was by no means by-passed.

By the spring of 1942, the things that were happening all over the country were happening here: gasoline rationing, nightly blackouts, food shortages in spite of rationing. But there were differences. The blackout on the Island was much more rigidly enforced than on the mainland and our beaches were patrolled day and night by armed Coast Guardsmen.

There was a near tragedy when two summer people, who should have known better, decided to go for an evening walk on Windy Gates Beach. A sudden command of "Halt!" stopped them in their tracks and two Guardsmen were poking rifles in their ribs. Luckily, there was enough pale moonlight, the Guardsmen said, to enable them to see that one of the strollers was a woman -- otherwise, they might have fired.

As for food rationing, a curious problem developed, at least up-Island. Rex Weeks, Postmaster and proprietor of the Chilmark general store, dutifully followed governmental regulations, stamping every can and package with the authorized price and allowance per

JOHN GUDE first came to the Island in 1933 (see *Intelligencer*, February 1981) and with his wife, Helen, has been coming back ever since. Last year, they moved here permanently, living in their old Chilmark farmhouse in summer and in Vineyard Haven in the winter. This is his second contribution to our journal.

person. Not so Carl Reed, his counterpart in the smaller Menemsha store.

Carl was physically, at least, the antithesis of the cartoonist's stereotype of a typical New England Yankee. He more closely resembled Britain's John Bull. He was short, round, and, well, portly, to use a kind adjective, rather than tall, lean and Lincolnesque, as Yankees are supposed to be.

But while he may not have had the "Yankee look," he certainly had the Yankee spirit. He was the rugged individualist to end all rugged individualists. No one, he would proclaim, was going to tell him what to charge for items on his shelves. And no one was going to tell him how many he could sell to anybody. That was it and nobody and nothing could move him.

Presumably, Carl's intransigence came to the attention of the government. The shelves of the Menemsha general store were soon denuded, although the postoffice, so far as I know, remained open. It could just have been that Carl, in his fashion, simply said, to hell with it!

Even in that first wartime summer, changes were making themselves felt in our quiet little corner of the world, a spot remote from the pressure-cooker environment of Washington or New York. Although we didn't call them that at the time, car pools were created among friends and neighbors so that gasoline rationing never really was burdensome. Poultry and eggs were plentiful from Island supplies and fish was not only in good supply, but was unrationed, cheap and fresh. Manpower shortages, on the other hand, were rapidly creating problems as young men were enlisting or being drafted and many older men were leaving the Island to take high-paying jobs in defense industries. Farmer Green, I recall, had to depend on young boys to cultivate and harvest his North Tisbury acreage.

Many residents, including ourselves, put in their own gardens, Victory Gardens, they were called. Some, being neophytes, were less than successful. One such amateur we knew carefully planted, fertilized, cultivated and watered,

staked and tied two dozen tomato plants, enough to supply a village. Someone had told her, she said later, that if she pinched off some of the early blossoms, her plants would yield fewer but bigger fruit. Dutifully, she pinched off all but two or three blossoms from each luxuriant plant. The result was the most expensive tomatoes on the Island. Someone estimated that, allowing a reasonable amount for labor, each tomato cost her about a dollar (when a dollar was a dollar).

My own experience was not quite so bizarre. We had a beautiful garden, thanks mostly to my wife's care and effort. It easily could have, indeed, it did, produce enough vegetables to supply several families.

I had written to Gale Huntington asking if he would put in a garden for us before we came up from New York for the summer. I enclosed a rough sketch, mostly to show where I wanted the plot located, since it was to be our first garden. I didn't try to show any exact measurements since, in fact, I didn't even know the actual dimensions of our newly purchased summer home.

Gale was occupied with other matters, but wrote and said he had gotten someone to plow and harrow a plot and that Cyril Norton had agreed to do the planting. Cyril left not a foot of the plot unplanted: you name a vegetable and we had it! What really got me down, though, were the cucumbers, baskets and baskets of them. My wife didn't care for them and the children wouldn't touch them so we gave away as many as we could. I took the remainder of the harvest, which I thought would never end, to the Chilmark store. Rex didn't particularly want them, but when I assured him that I wanted no payment, he took them off my hands.

Almost before many Vineyarders knew what was happening, a sizable piece of scrub woodland in the center of the Island had been cleared and leveled. Paved entrance and exit roads were laid and barracks built. Lo and behold, the Vineyard had a United States Navy Air Training Base. Shortly, training planes were criss-crossing

HARD SELL IN HARDWARE

THERE WAS a small area in the rear of Carl Reed's little Menemsha store where he kept the more simple items of hardware: hammers and nails, screwdrivers, sandpaper, etc. One day, Edwin Kuh, whose family still occupies houses in Menemsha, walked down the path that ended at the back of Reed's store to buy a putty knife.

"What do you want a putty knife for, Edwin?" asked Carl.

Edwin explained that one of the kids had broken a small pane of glass, that he had bought a new pane down-Island, that he had some putty in his tool shed, but he couldn't seem to find his putty knife. Edwin, a well-to-do man, said half jokingly, "Maybe you're all out of putty knives, Carl, or is your pre-war price pretty high?"

Carl said, no, he still had a few putty knives and they were priced at ten cents apiece. He added, but if it was only one small window pane, why spend ten cents?

"Edwin, I've got a perfectly good putty knife that I'll lend you. Fix your window and bring it back any time. No sense in spending ten cents for a new one that's no better than mine."

Edwin argued, but ended up borrowing and returning the putty knife.

That was Carl for you.

the Island. At first, it was a novelty to watch those little single-engined trainers zooming back and forth, but soon it was so commonplace that we wouldn't bother to look up when one flew overhead, usually at a very low altitude.

The only time we would raise our heads from the endless task of cultivating and weeding our precious crops was when a car went by on South Road. If it wasn't Oscar Flanders' truck delivering Railway Express items, it had to

U. S. Navy photograph



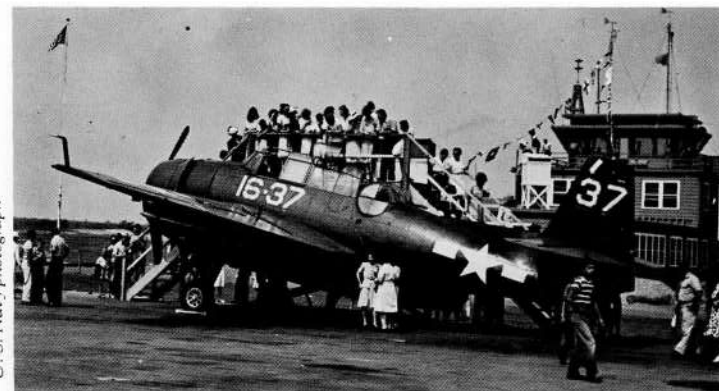
Open House at the airport during the war with the various aircraft on display be one of the several car pools going down-Island to get whatever was unobtainable at the Chilmark store. There were no traffic problems in those days.

Oscar, of course, being the sole expressman serving up-Island, was not subject to gas rationing. It got so that, if the wind was right, I could recognize the special rattle and roar of his ancient vehicle from as far as a half-mile away.

In addition to the Navy facility, now the Martha's Vineyard airport, something mysterious was happening atop Peaked Hill. All access to this high point was guarded by what I took to be the "military." Eventually, we learned that they were building one of the first radar stations in a network of coastal installations. Army khaki was now added to Navy blue, and somehow World War II no longer seemed so far away.

But without doubt the most memorable event that occurred on the Island during the war was unrelated to the hostilities. It was the 1944 hurricane (they bore no names then) and it was perhaps the most devastating storm as far as wind damage was concerned ever to hit the Vineyard (the '38 hurricane which all but wiped out Menemsha did more water damage, of course).

U. S. Navy photograph



Avenger aircraft is admired by curious Islanders. The control tower is at rear

I was in New York City when the '44 storm occurred, but my wife and three children were still on the Vineyard. On the last telephone call to get through I was told that she was being joined by Elizabeth McGhee and her two small boys and not to worry. But I did. I made the midnight sleeper from Grand Central, which was due in Providence at seven the next morning. However, because the tracks had been washed out between New Haven and New London, we arrived, via some crazy rerouting, at six o'clock the following evening. The bus got me to New Bedford the next morning and I connected with the steamer to Oak Bluffs, where I had left my car, as usual, in Leonard's Garage.

The Island was a shocking sight. A good-sized cruiser had been wrenched from her mooring in Vineyard Haven harbor and flung up into the middle of the causeway, which was impassable. I drove to Chilmark by way of Edgartown.

In spite of it being a beautiful, warm September day, most of the Vineyard, especially up-Island, was displaying a December landscape. What trees were still standing were totally defoliated. There was a strange smell in the soft September air. I found out later it was the smell of chlorophyll. So furious had the winds been that they did not merely tear leaves off the trees, they shredded them so

U. S. Navy photograph

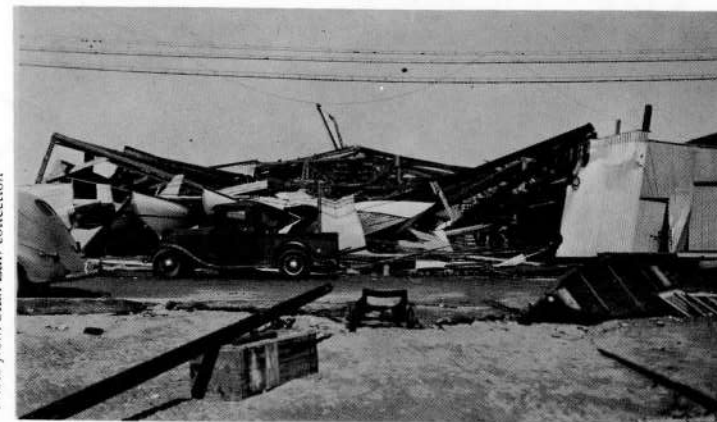


Full complement assembles at memorial service for the late President Roosevelt
 finely that all the white trim on my house was colored a pale green.

One corner of my roof was damaged, shingles carried to who knew where by the wind. I worried about that and thought I should nail a tarpaulin over it until I could get Roger Allen to do a re-shingling job. I needn't have worried. Later that day, Roger's truck pulled up. He was alone, but he put up a ladder and while I handed him new shingles from his truck, in almost no time at all, this excellent man had skillfully patched my damaged roof. I learned later than he had spent several days after the storm, sometimes alone, sometimes with a Gay Head fisherman, driving all around up-Island, patching and repairing wherever he saw damage. Many of the houses had been closed up for the winter. He never billed a single home owner for this truly noble work.

There was, of course, a serious power failure and telephone service was out. The power failure lasted for two weeks and word spread quickly that food stores were selling perishables without ration coupons. My wife and Elizabeth McGhee drove to Vineyard Haven and Oak Bluffs to stock up on steaks and chops, which we kept in

Photo from Stan Lair collection



Martha's Vineyard Shipyard on Beach Road, the morning after the 1944 hurricane
 our old-fashioned ice box, it being immune to power failures. In front of an ice-cream parlor in Oak Bluffs, the curb was lined with small fry devouring ice-cream cones that were being given away free.

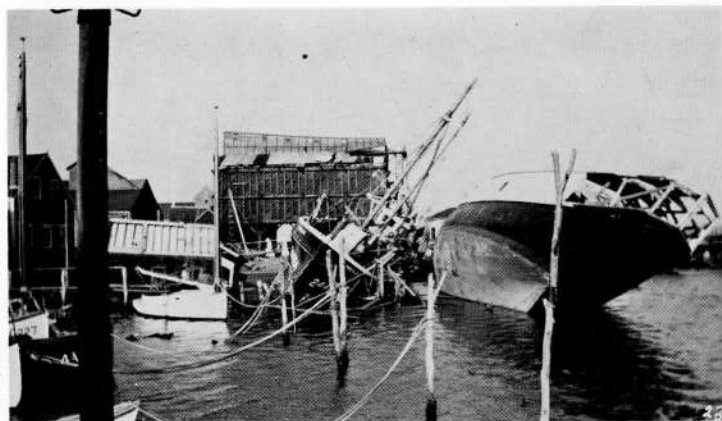
SBS (Smith, Bodfish and Swift) still had a store on Main Street in Vineyard Haven and was, I believe, the only store that maintained once-a-week delivery up-Island during the war years. Since we had one of the few Chilmark telephones at the time, neighbors would drop in to phone their orders. One week, my wife called in a sizable order to the young high school girl who manned (if such a usage is permissible today) the telephone at the SBS market.

Her order completed, she had an afterthought: "And, I almost forgot, put in five cents worth of parsley."

The provisions arrived in due course and my wife checked off each item on the carbon copy of the grocery slip. The last item on the list read, "Five cents worth of parsley: 10¢" I would pay a lot more than that now, if I still had that slip!

Newspaper delivery up-Island was virtually non-existent and listening to the radio for war news became part of everyone's daily routine. When the Japanese surrender seemed imminent in 1945, a group of us gathered on the

Photo from Stan Lair collection



The famed yacht Manxman drove Jerry Vincent's new dragger ashore in Edgartown front lawn of Middlemark, rented that summer by Dick and Andrea Simon, to await the historic moment.

There were no transistors in those days and very few portable radios, but someone had a car radio turned up loud enough so that the good-sized gathering could sit outside to hear the expected announcement. When it finally came, a great cheer went up. Several, including Rose Miller who had two sons in the service, were weeping unashamedly. Two enlisted men came down the dirt road from the Peaked Hill installation and were dragged off the road to submit to kisses and embraces of all the ladies present. Then the bell on the Methodist church in Chilmark center began to toll.

Suddenly, yet another strange sound reached our ears: the blare of automobile horns! Everyone in Chilmark, it seemed, had torn up his gasoline ration card and started driving up and down the South Road, the North Road and the Menemsha Crossroad -- all of them leaning on their horn buttons.

It was a thoroughly delirious occasion.

INVASION OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

DURING World War II, while training was underway for the invasion of France, practice landings were made on the northwest shore of the Island near Lambert's Cove. These "invasions" took place in late 1943 and early 1944.

Some of those who were in the area at the time recall their impressions as units of the U. S. Army swarmed ashore from LCI's (Landing Craft Infantry) in a mock invasion.

The Flannery family at Seven Gates found themselves engulfed by helmeted soldiers carrying rifles and packs on their backs. Virginia and Timmy (now Mrs. Tom Early and Mrs. Louis de Geofroy) were in their teens or early 20s and watched with fascination as the men swarmed through the woods firing rifles at an imaginary enemy. The louvered turrent or cupola on the roof of the barn presented a ready target -- it was so shot full of holes that it had to be replaced.

By nightfall, pup tents and camp

fires were everywhere and from behind trees and stone walls wolf calls and whistles were heard whenever the men caught sight of the Flannery girls.

The "invaders" remained for a few nights and then returned to the landing craft. One point of attraction for them was the Flannery kitchen where their Irish cook was found at the stove surrounded by 15 or 20 soldiers eagerly awaiting tasty handouts. Others waited outside for their turn.

Some of the officers were happy to spend the night inside the house to avoid the chill air. This being a somewhat secret or "classified" operation the troops were not permitted to go into the towns.

Cary Walker (now Mrs. George Scheller) recalls similar experiences at her aunt's (Mrs. Edward Sibert) house near Lambert's Cove. There were also several practice invasions conducted at Wasque on Chappaquiddick.

HENRY E. SCOTT, JR.

Documents

THESE CONTINUE to be good times for Jeremiah Pease and for the Island. Whaling ships are bringing in more money than Islanders had ever imagined existed. And the prosperity will continue for 20 years or more.

Jeremiah's children are all doing well. His oldest son gets a major political appointment and his daughter presents him with a grandson. He is still very active in his religious work as the Methodists continue to be the leading denomination on the Island.

Texas will become the 28th state during the year 1845 and trouble will develop with Mexico, leading up to a war in 1846. The Island remains aloof from such matters, content in its new prosperity.

We publish the Jeremiah Pease diary because it provides the most complete account of the life of the Island during the period before the establishment of the Vineyard Gazette. Pease (1792-1857) lived in Edgartown and was a lighthouse keeper, a Customs officer, land surveyor, bone setter and one of the founders of the Camp Meetings at Wesleyan Grove.

Gale Huntington edited this series, which has been published regularly since November 1974.

* * * * *

August 1844

2nd. Wind SSE. Governor Briggs and his wife arrive with several of his Council & c. The Governor and his

wife dine with Leavitt Thaxter, Esq. The others, Mrs. Allen's, and then go to Gayhead on a visit. Thunders and lightens at night.

3rd. Wind E. Foggy. Very warm. The Governor returns. Br. J.C. Bontebeau arrives on a visit from Ohio.

4th. Wind SW. Cloudy. Warm. Rains a little. Attended meeting at Eastville. At p.m. attended Temperance Meeting at the Methodist Meeting House. There was a large congregation and an interesting time. The Governor and J. B. Congdon, Esq., of New Bedford addressed the meeting.

5th. Wind SW. The Governor and his attendants return to New Bedford.

6th. Wind SW. Went to the Camp Ground on business of the intended Meeting. Returned at 5 p.m.

17th. Wind SW. Elijah Daggett dies of Dropsey. Measured Schooner Sarah of (illegible) on account of a dispute with the owners of the railway.¹

21st. Wind NE. Light and calm. Went to Camp Meeting. Stayed until the 27th. It rained several times during the Meeting with Thunder and Lightning. It was a very interesting time. Many there professed religion and many were quickened in their minds. It was thought to be the most profitable meeting that had been held there for several years though people from this place did not receive so much benefit as they might.

27th. Wind NE. Light. Capt. Abraham Lewis dies very suddenly of an affection of the heart. He was at

¹Doubtless, this was a ship railway and probably to settle a dispute over charges for hauling the schooner.

the Camp Meeting and was blessed while there with a resignation to the will of the Lord and said he would as lief die there as anywhere having been unwell for some time.

29th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Funeral of Capt. Lewis attended in the Methodist Meeting House. Service by Br. Harlow & Rev'd Mr. Beeman of the Congregational Society.

31st. Wind S. Rains a little at night. Jeremiah arrives from Fall River in the Steam Boat Massachusetts.

September 1844

2nd. Wind ESE. Brig. ashore at the Hedge Fence in Vineyard Sound.²

12th. Wind NE. Schooner *Gazelle*, Capt. Howland, arrived to supply the Light House. Arrived at evening.

13th. Wind NE. Gale with rain. Did not receive the supplies for the Light House on account of storm.

16th. Wind NE. Clear weather. Received 1 pair scissors, 5 burners, 5 outside burners, 20 yards cotton cloth, 9 lb. whiting, 5 gas wicks, 1 buff skin, 70 tube glasses, 198 gals. Spring oil, 143 gals. Winter oil, of Capt. Howland, Schooner *Gazelle*, for the Light House at Edgartown.

23rd. Wind Easterly. Pleasant. Went to New Bedford in Steam Boat Massachusetts.

26th. Wind NE. Stormy. Returned home. Jeremiah's wife accompanied me from Bristol.³

28th. Wind E. Light. The Light Vessel

²Jeremiah calls what we now call Nantucket Sound by the name used in the early days: Vineyard Sound.

³His new daughter-in-law must have been on the mainland visiting her parents.

goes from here to her station, having been repaired.

October 1844

1st. Wind W. Court sets today. Judge Ward presides the case of Mrs. Wimpenny & Mrs. Worth relating to the claim of land belonging to me. Is decided, the Judge says, they have no claim nor never had any just right to claim and that they must pay all costs of Court & c. that the land & c. was mine by deed and right of possession.

6th. Wind NE. Attended meeting at Eastville at night. Gale at night. Two schooners arrive here dismasted.⁴

21st. Wind NE. Went to Tisbury to survey land for Thomas Mayhew.

28th. Wind NE. Gale with a little rain. Bark Ship *Alfred Tyler*, Capt. Luce, sails for the Pacific Ocean.⁵

November 1844

3rd. Wind NE to W. Light. Very pleasant. Attended meetings at Eastville at night. I joined in marriage Mr. Charles Smith of Tisbury and Miss Joanna Luce of Edgartown.

7th. Wind SW. News of the death of Capt. Nickerson Chase, keeper of the Cuttyhunk Light House.

11th. Wind SW. Town Meeting. Went to Holmes Hole, carried Serena to go to New Bedford & Charleston.⁶

14th. Wind NW. High wind. Ship *Orion* arrived from the Pacific.

19th. Wind WNW. Cold a.m.

⁴Perhaps towed in by one of those new-fangled steam boats!

⁵"Bark ship" was often used for whalers that were converted from ship to bark rig.

⁶Charleston was where Serena's husband, William, was stationed on a Revenue Cutter.

Pleasant p.m. Watched with Lot Norton, he being sick of the Dropsy.

20th. Wind light calm & SSE. Went to Holmes Hole to the dedication of the new Congregational Meeting House.⁷ In the evening returned and visited Br. Lot Norton. Had a very interesting conversation with him relating to his situation and Eternity. Found his faith strong in the blessed redeemer. He died about 12 o'clock this night. His death was peaceful.

22nd. Wind ESE. Rains a little. The funeral of Br. Norton. Service by Br. Harlow (?). Attended a Class Meeting at Br. Thomas Smiths, M.D.

28th. Wind East light A.M. P.M. night first snow this season. This day is set apart as Thanksgiving Day.⁸ A converted Jew preaches in the Methodist Meeting House.

December 1844

1st. Wind SW to W & NE. Ship Mary, Capt. Henry Pease 2nd, sails for the Pacific Ocean. Attended Meetings at Eastville.

2nd. Wind Light. Schooner Pelon of North Port, having been ashore is got off and comes in.

11th. Wind NE. Gale. The Breakwater is much injured by the Gale & tide during the night. It was a very severe storm. Nine vessels were driven ashore at Holmes Hole and 3 at Tarpaulin Cove.

22nd. Attended meeting at Eastville. William Butler, Esq., dies at about 2

⁷Is this the building that was later called Association Hall and is now the Tisbury Town Hall?

⁸Thanksgiving Day was not a national holiday until 1863, but Massachusetts celebrated it from its beginning in 1621.

p.m. of old age, being 83 years old. Rains at night.

31st. Wind WNW. Clear. Fresh breeze. Went to West Side Holmes Hole. Attended Watch Meeting with Br. Paine. Br. Wooding & Br. Blake were there. Jeremiah and his wife went with me. It was a very interesting time. Returned at night.

January 1845

4th. Wind NW. Went to Nantucket.

5th. Wind SWS. Light. Attended Meeting with Br. Sherman at Polpis A.M., at Qays P.M. The new Asylum was dedicated. Br. Sherman preached at the Chapel at evening.

20th. Wind SW. Foggy. Raised my Office or little shop.⁹

27th. Wind NNE. Cloudy. Moderate. Br. Chase Peases Wife dies at about 10 P.M. of black Jaundice.

31st. Wind NW. Attended Class Meeting at M.D. The weather has been very moderate thus far, but very little snow. This is the coldest day this season. Ice makes in the harbour at night.

February 1845

1st. Wind NW. Cold. Ice makes in the harbour. Closes across from the Light House at night.

5th. Wind SW. Snow squalls. Cold. Severe storm last night. The ice goes out and leaves the harbour clear.

6th. Wind NW. Very cold. The ice closes the harbour again.

7th. Wind NW. Steam Boat *Telegraph* comes from New Bedford. William and Serena arrive in her from Charleston, S.C., where he has been

⁹Jeremiah had many occupations and it is no wonder he didn't know whether to call it a office or shop.

for the past year.

8th. Wind W. The Steam Boat goes out through the ice for Nantucket. Pleasant for the season.

9th. Wind NW. Light. Attended Meeting at Eastville. Being much snow in the roads left my carriage at Mr. Constant Nortons and returned at night.¹⁰

13th. Wind NW. Very cold A.M. Moderates P.M. William goes to Boston via Woods Hole in the steamer *Telegraph* to join the U.S. Cutter *Hamilton*, Capt. Isiah Sturgis.¹¹

25th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Surveyed land for Thomas Smith near West Luces.

28th. Wind NW to SW. Collector goes to Washington. This month has been very pleasant.

March 1845

2nd. Wind N to NE. Light. Attended Meetings at Eastville. At ½ past 6 o'clock Isabella [Jeremiah's daughter] had a son born. Named Littleton.

7th. Wind SW. Foggy. Joseph returns from Washington.

8th. Wind SE. Light. Collector returns from Washington. News of the death of David Ripley arrives.

16th. Wind NNW. Snow squalls A.M. Clear and cold P.M. Went to Eastville to meetings. Returned at 7 p.m. Attended the wedding of Joseph Thaxter and Jane W. Norton.

18th. Wind NW. Fresh breeze. Mr. F. Butler plasters my Shop or Office.

¹⁰Did he walk home or ride his horse through the snowdrifts?

¹¹There may have been a regular stagecoach service from Wood's Hole to Boston at this time. There certainly was only a little later.

22nd. Wind NW. Moderate. This day I moved my Writing Desk etc. into my new office.

26th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Engaged in surveying land or running a line through the Wood lot at Farm Neck so-called for Rufus Davis.

31st. Wind SW. Surveyed a new road at Eastville for the Select Men of Town.¹²

April 1845

3rd. Wind WSW. Gale. Ship *Champion*, S.M. Pease master, arrives from the Pacific Ocean full of sperm and whale oil.¹³

This day is set apart by the Governor and Council as a Day of Fasting and Prayer.

11th. Wind NW. cold. William arrives from Boston. Did not attend class at M.D. on account of Wind and Cold.

22nd. Wind SW. Pleasant. Mr. Beriah Weeks dies at about 12 o'clock, aged 73 years. He was a particular friend of mine. I trust he died in the Lord. I was with him at his last moments.

24th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Mr. Zachariah Pease dies, aged 95.

25th. Wind SSW. Funeral of Mr. Weeks attended at the Baptist Meeting House. Service by Rev'd Mr. Richards, Beeman & Harlow.

26th. Wind ESE. Rain. Funeral of Mr. Pease. Service as above.

¹²The town being Edgartown as at this time Eastville was part of that village.

¹³She had been out since August of 1841 (43 months) and brought back a catch of 1300 barrels of sperm oil, 1400 barrels of whale oil and 14,000 pounds of whalebone. Estimated value of the catch: \$72,000. She made 11 voyages in her life before being lost in the Arctic ice in 1871.

May 1845

1st. Wind SSW. Finished planting corn.

3rd. Wind SW. Pleasant. Mr. Gamaliel Fisher's Barn burns up today.

5th. Wind W. Cloudy. Engaged at the Light House.

6th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Surveyed land for W.A. Pease.

14th. Wind S. Foggy. Jeremiah and wife goes to Bristol.

June 1845

3rd. Wind SW. Pleasant. Surveyed land for James Stewart.

6th. Wind SW. Engaged drawing a plan etc. for James Stewart.

8th. Wind SW. Attended meeting at Eastville and at M.D. at 5 P.M. Br. J. Huxford went to M.D. with me. Mr. Darius Norton dies AE 84.

19th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Mr. Thomas Mayhew and family remove to the West.

29th. Wind NE. Fresh wind. Attended Meeting at Eastville. Br. G. Weeks was there. Capt. Richard Luce's wife dies last night of consumption.

30th. Wind NE. Went to Holmes Hole with S.L. Pease. Attended the funeral of Capt. Luce's Wife. Service in the Congregational Meeting House by the Minister of that denomination. The Methodist and Baptist Ministers took a part.¹⁴

July 1845

9th. Wind NE. SW P.M. Ship *Champion*, Capt. William Merry, sails

¹⁴Apparently the bitterness that had existed among the denominations was subsiding.

for the Pacific Ocean.¹⁵

10th. Wind S to SW. Went to New Bedford on business in Sloop *Vineyard*.

13th. Wind SW. Attended meeting at Eastville. Visited Sister Marsha Butler she being very sick of consumption. Found her very composed in mind and calmly waiting for her change from this to a better world. Her conversation was that of a pious Christian and very interesting.

16th. Wind SW. Littleton goes to Woods Hole expecting to sail for the Pacific Ocean in a few days in the Ship *William Penn* of Falmouth. Thermometer stands at 89 in this Office.

17th. Wind SW. Foggy A.M. Attended the funeral of Sister Marsha Butler who died on the 15th at about 10 o'clock A.M.

August 1845

2nd. Wind SW. News of the appointment of Joseph T. Pease as Collector of the Customs arrives by newspapers.¹⁶

4th. Wind SW. Went to Christiantown blackberrying.

5th. Wind SW. News of Joseph's appointment confirmed by letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, Bonds, etc.

¹⁵She returned March 10, 1848, after a voyage of 31 months. Her catch was 140 barrels of sperm oil, 2150 barrels of whale oil and 14,000 pounds of bone. Estimated value: \$35,700.

¹⁶Joseph Thaxter Pease, the first son of Jeremiah, went to Washington in March and apparently got this job, his first public office. Later, he was Judge of Probate for 25 years. Joseph was named for the famous "Parson."

Letters

Editor:

I was delighted with the Cuttyhunk Club article. Everyone here seemed interested in it.

There was one minor error: the bowling alley was not there in the early days. It was built by William Wood in 1907. Sorry.

In August, my husband and I spent some time in Edgartown and visited the new exhibition at the Frances Foster Museum. I can't begin to tell you how impressed we were. What a beautiful job! It was also the first time we had seen the Thomas Cooke House -- fascinating.

JANET BOSWORTH

Cuttyhunk

News

A BOOKLET entitled *The History of Wind Power on Martha's Vineyard* has been published by The National Association of Wind-Power Resources, Inc. Its authors are William Marks of West Tisbury and Charles A. Coleman, Jr.

It describes the little-known use of wind power to pump ocean water into solar evaporation beds on the Cape, beginning at the time of the Revolution. The authors were unable to document the use of wind power for that purpose on the Island, but

suggest that it is likely that it was.

At that time, wind was, of course, used on the Island to mill grain and the booklet contains a map showing the possible locations of such gristmills.

Several excellent old photographs of the Cape saltworks are included.

The booklet is available from William Marks, Music St., West Tisbury, Mass. 02575.

The Cuttyhunk Historical Society held its first annual meeting in September with a large turnout of its membership.

The group is already planning the exhibit for next summer. It will be an art show of old paintings of Cuttyhunk. If any members of our Society know of the location of such art work, the Cuttyhunk Society would be delighted to be informed. The address is simply: Cuttyhunk Historical Society, Cuttyhunk, Mass., 02713.

CORRECTION

In the first part of Henry E. Scott's article, "The Story of a House," (May 1981), it states on page 126 that the "newer southeast front room . . . has a central 'summer' beam."

Author Scott points out that this is an error. It is the *southwest* front room, in the original part of the house, that has a single central summer beam. The newer southeast room has two summer beams.

Director's Report

HOW TO raise your I.Q. (*Intelligencer* quotient)" was the title of the talk given by Art Railton at our annual meeting in August. Tracing the history of our quarterly journal since its beginning in 1959, this interesting and entertaining lecture emphasized the extraordinary services of Gale Huntington, the founding father of the *Intelligencer*.

At the business part of the meeting, the members re-elected Melville G. MacKay, Jr., President; Stanley Murphy, Vice-president; Kathryn M. Bettencourt, Treasurer; Shirley K. Erickson, Secretary; and Nelson Coon, Lorna Livingston, and Edith Morris were re-elected to terms on the Council.

Our summer season was very pleasant with the opening of the new exhibit in the Francis Foster Museum and with the attendance of more than 3,000 visitors from around the country and the world. In addition to people from more than half the states in the Union, we had visitors from Austria, Bermuda, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Israel, Morocco, Norway, Puerto Rico, and South Africa.

Many of our guests who had visited in years past, were delighted to discover "The Vineyard and the Sea" exhibit in the Francis Foster Museum. Our attendance figures for the summer received a considerable boost from people coming to see the new exhibit, particularly after the appearance of an excellent article by Polly Murphy in the *Gazette*. Other articles, letters to the *Gazette*, and a lengthy interview in the *Grapevine* also publicized the opening of the "The Vineyard and the Sea." One of the nicest things about the new exhibit is that we now have

something of significance to show people on a year-around basis. As a result, we have had more than the usual number of visitors throughout the fall.

The library also continues to be a busy place with an average of 80 serious researchers per year for the last two or three years. This means that the Society is being mentioned more and more frequently in various publications. In the last year or so, we have been acknowledged in three doctoral dissertations, a senior thesis, in *Americana* and *Natural History* magazines, and in three books: *Chappaquiddick: That Sometimes Separated, but Never Equalled Island*; *A Centennial History of Oak Bluffs*; and in the Time-Life book, *The Whalers*.

Even the lighthouse was busier than usual this summer because for the first time in years we have a volunteer in the person of Tony Bettencourt operating the light on Sunday nights at dark. We are looking forward to the lighting of the light again next summer.

For the winter, however, we will have to be content with the operations of the Library and the Francis Foster Museum. As in the past, the hours will be Thursdays and Fridays, 1-4, and Saturdays 10-12, 1-4. We hope many of you will come by to visit.

THOMAS E. NORTON

MERRY CHRISTMAS

A thoughtful and satisfying way to say Merry Christmas is by giving that friend or relative who enjoys Island history a membership in the Society. With the membership comes a subscription to the *Intelligencer*, which four times a year reminds the recipient of your thoughtfulness.

It is easy to do. Just send names and addresses to the Dukes County Historical Society, Box 827, Edgartown, Mass., 02539, along with \$8 for each. We'll do the rest.

Bits & Pieces

READING original documents such as the William Jernigan papers (pages 53-63) is laborious, but also suspenseful. Often after pages of dullness, suddenly, something unusual comes along. For example, mixed in with his labored synopses of court cases, the Honorable Jernigan gives a table of the court fees of the period (1796). Going to court was cheaper then:

"Every blank writ & summons:	\$0.17
Copy of any paper:	0.10
Subpena for witnesses:	0.10
Taking affidavits:	0.10
An oath to witnesses:	0.20
Trial of an issue:	0.50"

Some cases that he described open up questions. Was every man's home, his castle? If so, how do you explain this:

On Sept. 28, 1809, the Justice fined James Stewart One Dollar "for uttering a Profein Oath in his dwelling house in Edgartown."

Things were more peaceful then. Or were they?

In one of Jernigan's cases, it was charged that Melitiah Davis, gentleman, did assault with force Ebenezer Smith, infant, on June 24, 1797. No age is given for Ebenezer, only that he was an infant with a guardian.

"...and him, the said Ebenezer, the said Melitiah did then and there beet, wound and crully treat and the said Melitiah did then and there layed violent hands on him, the said

Ebenezer, and shoved him in a violent manner off from a Wharff or Stage being a great height from the ground or water in the Sea or harbour and him, the Said Ebenezer, the Said Melitiah did Pursue in a Boat, there being with a certain pole called a boat pole with which the Said Ebenezer he the said Melitiah did Strike on the head & face several hard blows: and by Reason of being shoved into the water and struck as aforesaid the said Ebenezer was in great Danger of losing his life or Receiving Some other material bodily harm and for the space of eight days then next following was very ill and Continued to be in great Bodily Pain and other Enormities. . .

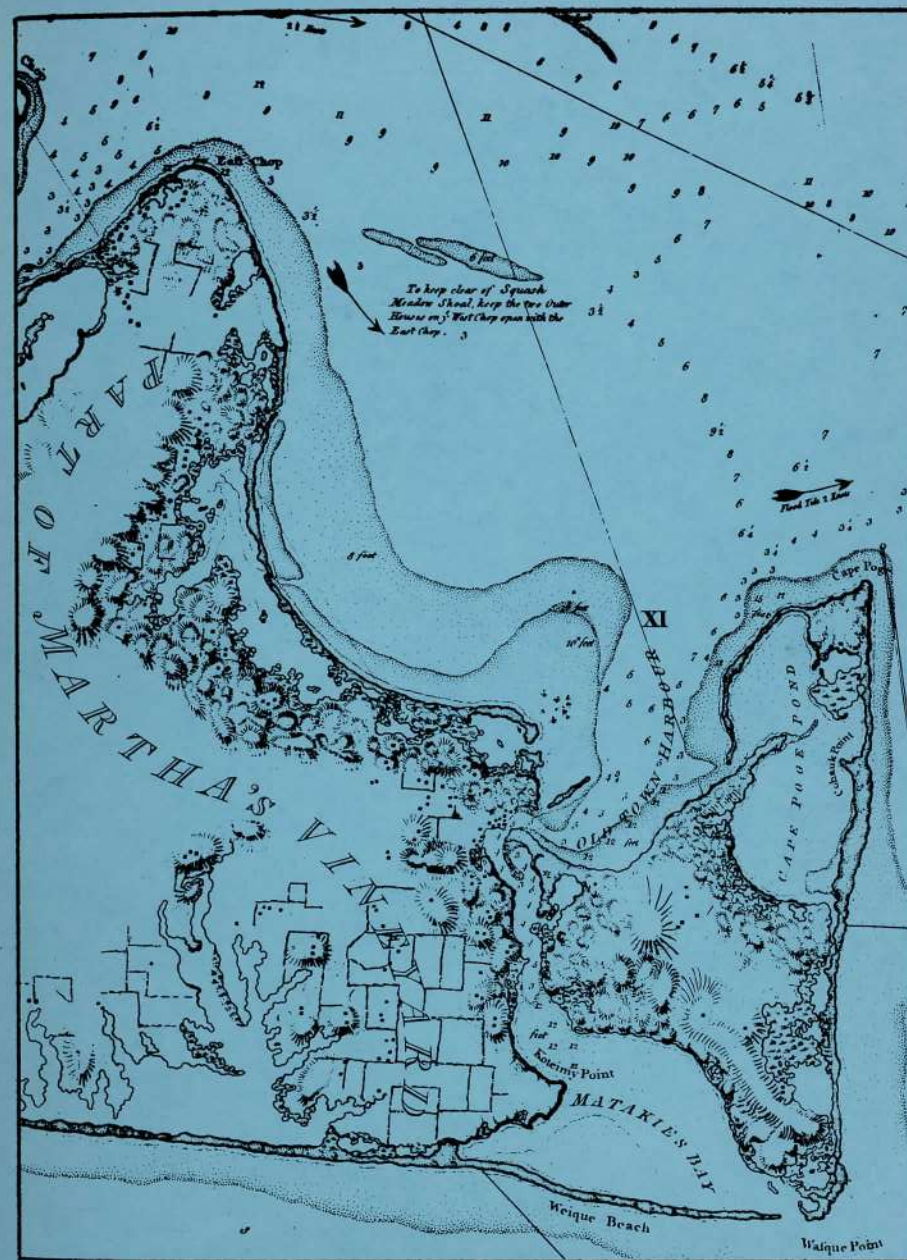
"After hearing several witnesses Duly Sworn . . . and full heard the Parties. . . it appeared to me the Said Justice that the said Melitiah Davis is guilty. . . that the said Ebenezer Smith by his guardian Benj. Smith recover of the Said Melitiah Davis the sum of Six Dollars Damage and cost of Suit taxed at Seven Dollars and fifty seven cents. . ."

It would seem that there must be a lot more to that story than comes across in the Jernigan synopsis! One thing is very clear though, legal language hasn't improved much in the past 200 years.

The justice summarized a case in which he found four seamen guilty of behaving "themselves in a mutines and Riutous manner" aboard the Ship *Meraï* and ordered each to pay a fine of \$1.50 plus court costs of \$6.

And I thought mutineers walked the plank!

A.R.R.



Des Barres chart (1775) of Edgartown (Old Town) as William Jernigan knew it

WELCOME TO SEAMEN.



SAILORS' FREE

Reading Room, Library and Chapel,

ON UNION BLUFF, VINEYARD HAVEN.

All seamen, of whatever nation, and the public are earnestly invited to visit the above named institution, and to attend public worship there Sunday forenoons and evenings, and Thursday evenings. Bell rings half an hour before service. Free seats. Free gospel. No contribution-boxes. No respect to persons on account of dress, color or religious opinions. "The word of God is not bound" to any sect, party or nation.

In front of the premises there is a good wharf affording about seven feet of water for landing, also at head of the same there is a well of fresh water and all the means for filling casks in boats.

The Reading-room is supplied regularly with twenty-five different newspapers including dailies, semi-weeklies and weeklies, giving the marine news for the Atlantic coast, besides representing the religious views of several Christian sects.

Adjoining the Reading-room arrangements have been made for a Museum. All sailors and others are earnestly invited to aid in securing for it marine shells, minerals, fossil remains and curiosities from all parts of the world. Indian relics and all things relating to the early history of Martha's Vineyard are especially desirable.

The Library contains over eleven hundred bound books, including some of the latest publications, together with pamphlets, charts and other documents useful to seamen. All the conveniences for writing letters, including stationery, etc., at hand, and a U. S. Mail-box is confined at the gate from which letters are carried daily to the post-office.

All seamen, yacht clubs, and the public are cordially invited to make use of all the privileges mentioned above, free of charge.

U. S. Coast Survey Charts and Tide Tables, direct from Washington, for sale at Government prices.

Citizens and visitors to the Vineyard are invited to take books from the Library for two weeks at a time, without compensation.

A drive has been opened from the Reading-room to the main road, leading to the village and the light-house.

Vineyard Haven, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 1875.

