



THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 28, NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1987

Vineyard Gazette, Oct. 11, 1872

**CORNELL'S
Photographic Gallery**

WILL BE

Re-opened

ABOUT

October 25th

And continue open for a short time only.

Persons wishing his services, will
take due notice and govern themselves
accordingly.

*Daguerreotypes
& Ambrotypes*

**Little Windows
Into Our Past**

by STANLEY MURPHY

Regional High School Prize Essay:

***Intimations of Wampanoag Pre-Colonial
History in the Legends of Moshup***

by BENJAMIN ALDRICH-MOODIE

"Six Barrels of Merchantable Cod"

by JOHN A. HOWLAND

Jeremiah Pease: Enigma

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

Documents: Jeremiah Pease Diary

(Final Installment)

MEMBERSHIP DUES

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10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday

SUMMER HOURS

(June 15 to Sept. 15)
10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
Tuesday through
Saturday

CORRECTIONS

The caption under the photograph on page 67, *Intelligencer*, Nov. 1986, contains an error. That boy in the photograph is, of course, not Prescott. The caption should read: "On the bungalow porch: Laura, standing right; her son, Carleton, in front; Helen, standing, left; her mother, Mrs. Clark, seated."

On page 73, same article, Prescott is said to have graduated from Brown College in 1899. That is wrong. He was graduated in 1889.

We regret these errors.

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February 1987

Little Windows Into Our Past	107
by Stanley Murphy	
"Six Barrels of Merchantable Cod"	121
by John A. Howland	
Edgartown: Its Life and Times	126
Intimations of Wampanoag Pre-Colonial History in the Legends of Moshup	128
by Benjamin Aldrich-Moodie	
Jeremiah Pease: Enigma	134
by Arthur R. Railton	
Documents: <i>Jeremiah Pease Diary</i>	142
News of the Society	146
Bits & Pieces	148

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Editor: Arthur R. Railton

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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, which are tax deductible. Its annual meeting is held in August of each year in Edgartown.

The Society maintains the Thomas Cooke House, the Francis Foster Museum and the Gale Huntington Library of History, 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 Huntington 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, plus thousands of volumes of historical works.



*Daguerreotypes
& Ambrotypes*

Little Windows Into Our Past

by STANLEY MURPHY

SEVERAL years ago, the Council of the Society decided to have its collection of daguerreotype and ambrotype portraits cleaned, catalogued and stored in such a way that they would be better protected and more accessible. There are more than 200 of these old portraits in the Archives and they were, at the time, kept in various envelopes, boxes and drawers, with no central index.

Such early photographs are receiving increased attention from historians and collectors as they provide us with richly detailed pictures of how persons looked and dressed more than 100 years ago. Some of the daguerreotypes in our collection are by the best practitioners of that pioneer form of photography: Whipple of Boston, the peer of Southworth, is here, along with Shew. Many of the portraits, strong and somber, clear and calm, are the equal of the finest photographic portraiture ever done. There are, also, others that were taken by itinerant photographers who came to the Island at Camp Meeting time during the mid-1800s. Later, local men, like E. C. Cornell and Richard G. Shute, went into the business on a year-round basis. This was typical of towns all over the country during the years when the miracle of photography swept the nation.

Details of Louis Daguerre's process were first published in France in 1839 and, shortly after, several men in this

STANLEY MURPHY is a former Vice President and Council member of the Society. He headed up the group that designed and produced our permanent exhibition in the Francis Foster Museum, in addition to the work he describes here. A fine artist, he has lived on the Vineyard for 40 years, becoming well known here and "on the continent" for his exceptional paintings.

country began making daguerreotype landscapes — landscapes because the necessary exposure time was too long to permit portraiture. In a few years though, such technical advances as better cameras and lenses, and “quicks” (chemical additives) reduced exposure times. Finer silver-plated copper surfaces soon made possible portraits which even today cannot be surpassed in richly detailed clarity. They became so popular that by 1855 there were, in Massachusetts alone, 134 different artists who made more than 400,000 individual portraits.

The first daguerreotype “artist” (for that is what they were called) that we know of on the Island was from New Bedford, who was here during the Camp Meeting. An advertisement in the *Vineyard Gazette*, August 8, 1851, proclaimed:

**Daguerreotype
MINIATURES**

S. C. Kenney, DAGUERRIAN ARTIST, of New Bedford, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Edgartown and the Vineyard in general that he has taken the room over William H. Monroe's store, corner of Main and Water Streets, where he will be prepared on and after Monday, next, to furnish Daguerreotypes of the best and latest styles, at short notice and on reasonable terms.

The next summer, a different artist arrived, taking the rooms above the Edgartown store of Frederick Baylies. He was a Mr. Hacker and he had a “fine Sky-light, expressly for his business”, installed in the roof of the building, advertising that “pictures are taken equally well either in clear or cloudy weather.” The Editor of the *Gazette*, in welcoming his new advertiser, wrote: “We believe our people will never have a better opportunity than is now presented to obtain perfect but cheap likenesses of themselves and their friends.”¹

By 1857, however, a new type of photograph had appeared

¹At least one other itinerant photographer was on the Island in 1852, as we learn from a letter Jane Norton wrote to her husband, Richard E. Norton, that year: “Mr. Stone is very devoted to Emma. He has been on the island for several months taking daguerriotypes (sic). He is now at Edgartown.” Emma was Miss Emma Daggett.

on the scene and it was to relegate the daguerreotype to a minor branch of the photographic trade. It was called the ambrotype, in which a negative image was formed in wet collodion that was used to hold light-sensitive material to a glass plate (the daguerreotype had made a positive image on a metal plate). Ambrotypes were cheaper and quicker to make than daguerreotypes and they enjoyed great popularity, but only for a few years. Then, just before the Civil War, they gave way to the hardy, inexpensive tintype (it is not tin, but iron). Shortly, the tintype had to yield to the dry plate and finally in the late 1870s, the flexible paper photograph appeared and it is still with us.

The first advertisements for ambrotypes on the Vineyard appeared in the summer of 1857. There were three artists competing for the business: A. P. Scribner, “who has taken Rooms at the store recently occupied by Mr. F. E. Terrel”; E. T. Kelley, “again offering his services to the people of Edgartown. . . he has taken the Room formerly occupied by him (Hacker's old stand) . . . his stay will be short”; and J. Whelden Holmes, who “having fitted up the ‘Branscomb Store’ [Holmes Hole], is now prepared, by the aid of a skylight, to make Ambrotype Pictures for those who may wish his services.” Mr. Holmes, born in Tisbury, gets credit for being the first Island-born photographer that we know of. He ran the advertisement in November, making him also the first year-round photographer on the Island. We don't know how long he kept up the business as he seems not to have advertised again.

That same November, E. T. Kelley returned to the Island and advertised a new studio in the middle of the Vineyard:

WEST TISBURY, HO!

Ambrotypes

E. T. Kelley will be at the “Traveller's Home” in West Tisbury on Monday, November 16th and remain about 10 days. . . . Pictures can be taken equally well in cloudy as clear weather.

In June 1858, Enoch Coffin Cornell opened Gothic Hall

on Main Street, Edgartown. He was the great-grandson of Col. Beriah Norton of Revolutionary War fame. The 1850 Census lists him as a painter, living at home with his parents Gardner T. Cornell and Mary (Coffin) Cornell. His father was a baker who had moved to Edgartown from Newport, R.I. The new store, two stories high, was a sensation in the business district. The *Gazette* introduced it this way:

Cornell's new Gothic Saloon will be thrown open to the public on and after Monday next. It is a grand affair, and Cornell will make heaps of money during the warm season. Well, he deserves it.

Upstairs, behind the handsome Gothic windows, was a large room where (his advertisement read) "can be enjoyed the luxuries usually found in an Ice Cream Saloon." Downstairs, Cornell ran a store selling confectionery, perfumery, medicines, newspapers and "almost anything from a Penny Hymn Book to the Life of Kane, for two dollars."

The next month, J. D. Davis, an itinerant photographer from New York, rented part of the second-floor saloon, as a studio for taking Ambrotypes and, a new type of photograph, Melainotypes, which was an early tintype. Davis, in a large advertisement, emphasized that "Mr. Cornell will continue his business, as usual, day and evening." Apparently, the ice-cream business hadn't been the big money-maker the *Gazette* had predicted and Cornell rented the space to bring in more money, and perhaps customers. Photographer Davis stayed only a few weeks, leaving when the Camp Meeting closed.

In September 1858, West Tisbury again had an Ambrotype Studio:

Mr. Child, the Artist, has arrived and is stopping at the house of Mr. Samuel N. Pease, near the Post Office, for a very short time only — where he will take genuine Ambrotype Pictures, at the very Low Price of 25 cents and upwards.

The next year, in July 1859, E. T. Kelley returned to



The open door led to Gothic Hall, upstairs, where E. C. Cornell, long before this 1890 photo, had an ice-cream saloon and photo studio.

Edgartown, opening his studio in a room over William Vinson's store. "His pictures are among the best ever executed in Edgartown and need no praise in our hands," extolled the *Gazette* editorially. Mr. Kelley's advertisement, in the same issue, urged residents:

Then seize the passing moment as it flies,
And catch the shadow ere the substance dies.

Apparently, Enoch Cornell decided that photography was something he could make money at because in August 1859 he went into the business for himself. No more renting space to an outsider, as he had the previous summer:

All persons wishing a good Picture should call this week at the Gothic Hall, or on the premises of Belcher Norton, Esq., at Eastville, from the 8th to the 20th, as CORNELL expects to be there during that period.

He seems to have done well in his first year as the *Gazette* reported, on August 27, 1859:

A Smart Ambrotype Business. Mr. E. C. Cornell, who

located himself near the Camp Ground, took one thousand and twenty-nine pictures during the continuance of the meeting.

His entry into the field makes Enoch C. Cornell, the Island's second native photographer and Edgartown's first. But there is some confusion over his status because his advertisements always contained statements like these: "His stay will not be protracted"; or "E. C. Cornell will re-open his Ambrotype Rooms for a short time." In 1861, his advertisement announced:

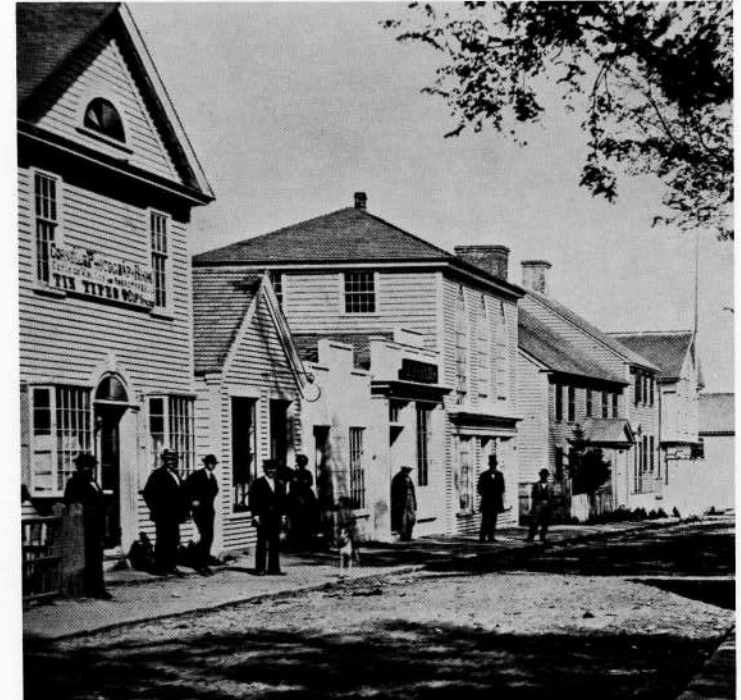
**Cornell,
The Ambrotypist,**

Is in town and has taken the skylight room over Mr. William Vinson's Store, where he is prepared to furnish pictures in every style of the Photographic Art.

It is not clear why the advertisements made it sound as though he was from out of town. Enoch Coffin Cornell was definitely an Edgartown native who ran a store and an ice-cream parlor at Gothic Hall on Main Street. Perhaps he rented rooms from William Vinson in order to have the use of the skylight — or maybe the smell of the chemicals didn't help the taste of the ice cream in his Gothic Hall Saloon.

In any case, there is no question about what happened the next year. In August 1862, Enoch C. Cornell, then 35 years old, enlisted for three years in the United States Army and along with 33 other Vineyard men left to fight in the Civil War. He was one of the oldest in the group. Another Edgartown man, much younger, among the volunteers was Richard G. Shute.

Young Shute, son of storekeeper Charles H. Shute, was a drummer and bugler in the army, but not for long. In less than a year he returned to Edgartown, being discharged for medical reasons without having been in combat. By the end of April 1863, he had set himself up in the ambrotype business in rooms above his father's store on lower Main



In 1861, Cornell moved his studio from Gothic Hall, center, to the rooms over William Vinson's store, left. Photo was taken about 1870.

Street. The *Gazette* praised his work:

We have seen specimens of work done there which equal anything of the kind found in Boston or New York. Time and decay no longer obliterates. Call at the Ambrotype Gallery of R. G. Shute, he will make a lasting impression for you.

Thus, Richard G. Shute became Edgartown's second full-time photographer and when Enoch C. Cornell came home from the war and re-opened his studio, they became competitors, being the two permanent photographers in business for many years. Many of the photographs in our Archives and our collection of glass plates are from their cameras. The famed assemblage of photographs of the 110 whaling captains of Edgartown, on display at the Society,

is the work of Enoch Cornell.²

In 1872, the Shute enterprises suffered a disastrous loss when fire destroyed their building. Lost were "all their photographic goods, several thousand very valuable negatives, such as stereoscopic views of Nantucket, Gay Head, Edgartown, Camp Ground and their celebrated Whaling views, together with about 12,000 views already printed and mounted for the summer trade." But the Shutes, father and son, didn't quit and were back in business the following year with an inventory of new photographs that Richard had taken. The *Gazette* praised his dedication:

R. G. Shute has been busily engaged the past few days in taking new stereoscopic views of various portions of our village and will soon have a full supply of local pictures. Richard has now gone to the Camp Ground and will stock up with new views as soon as possible. We are glad to see enterprise that fire cannot kill.

By this time, 1872, the ambrotype was out of date. New processes made picture taking less arduous, but they did not provide better portraits, nor, many think, even as good. The reason was related to the sitting-time factor. When one had to hold a pose for the twenty or thirty seconds required of those early techniques, the results were often psychologically revealing. Along with the character that came through there was a certain dignity. The sitter handled herself or himself with care, with the attitude that this picture, this magic process, was to be taken seriously. We often sense the soul along with the surface and, to the author at least, it is a moving experience to study their faces.

In the Society collection is a daguerreotype of an indomitable woman of 86. Her name is Sally Baylies and she was born in 1774, before this nation was created. We see in her courageous, determined old face the sort of character that shaped our country in its infancy. Someone

²Enoch C. Cornell had many talents. He was also the author of the book, *Eighty Years, Afloat and Ashore*, the story of Capt. Jethro Ripley of Edgartown, published in 1873. He was the last surviving Edgartown member of the G.A.R., and carried its silver cane in his final years.



Sally Baylies, age 86, on May 17, 1860.

years ago had taken the trouble to write her name and dates on a piece of paper which was found between the back of the plate and the inside of the case. As a result, we can trace Sally Baylies genealogically and know something of her life that began over 200 years ago, a life reflected in her portrait.

That is why these old portraits are so valuable and why they are studied by artists and historians. That is why they must be preserved and protected from damage by accident or by the environment.

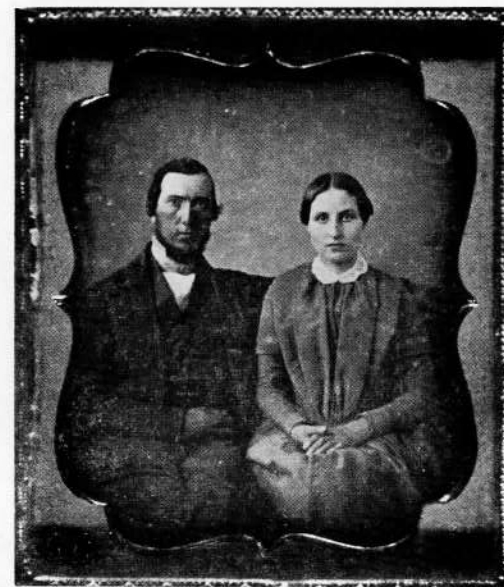
Most daguerreotypes were assembled in a standard way by the early photographers to protect them from damage. The silvered plate which bears the image is separated from the sheet of protective glass by a thin brass mat that forms a frame around the picture. (Sadly, these mats are sometimes so wide that they cover the sitter's hands, always an interesting addition to a portrait.) These three components are then bound together at the edges with paper tape and sometimes (though not in the earliest examples) a narrow,



Handsome subject of this ambrotype is unidentified. Anyone know him?

metal-foil frame is fitted over this unit, its edges folded over the back of the plate. The framed daguerreotype is then pressed into a case that it fits precisely and the hinged cover, lined with soft, padded silk or velvet, is closed with one or two tiny brass hooks.

There are several ways a daguerreotype can be seriously damaged, but none is more certain or irreparable than the



Daguerreotype, c. 1860, of unknown couple.

well-meant attempt to clean the plate surface itself by wiping it with a cloth or a finger. In so doing, one actually wipes away the picture, which is really just a powdery film of vaporized mercury clinging to the silver plate, thick where the image is light, thin where it is dark.

A daguerreotype which is still sealed with tape behind its covering glass may appear to be ruinously clouded. Many of the Society pictures appeared that way. However, when the tape was carefully cut and the glass lifted away, the image was as clear as the day it was made 125 years before. The "cloud" was on the inside of the glass cover: deposits of silver oxide and microscopic bits of dust, plus the moisture that formed and dried through the heat and cold of many seasons, making the glass opaque. Cleaning the glass made all the difference.

Ambrotypes need cleaning too and here again most of the trouble is caused by accumulations of dirt on the inside



In 1867, Shute photographed fire ruins across Main St., from his studio (partially visible). Five years later, his building burned down.

of the glass cover. But unlike the daguerreotype, ambrotypes seem to have been put together without any standard method. In the Society collection there are at least twenty distinctly different styles of a protective sandwich, or ways of showing the negative image on the glass against a dark background while guarding the fragile negative surface.

One of the most common, and worst, is: the negative (in collodion) is on one side of a piece of glass (usually clear, but sometimes deep amber or violet); a thin piece of japanned iron plate with edges slightly crimped is placed behind the negative to provide space between the negative and plate; a metal-foil frame as used on daguerreotypes is pressed around this sandwich. The unit may then be placed in a familiar daguerreotype case, but often it is left uncased because the case cost more than the photograph.

This style of sandwiching proved unsound because the metal backing gathered moisture in humid weather. It often rusted and created salts that reacted on the collodion negative, spotting it, cracking it, and partially destroying it. In those portraits in which a piece of dark velvet or black paper was used instead of the metal, the ambrotype had remained in excellent condition.



Shute moved into building at right, corner Summer and Main, shown during a July 4th footrace in the 1890's. Building is now on So. Summer.

Both daguerreotypes and ambrotypes were made in stock sizes and will fit in any case made for that size. Many of our cases had come apart and needed regluing. On most, the cloth hinge had long since given way and replacement hinges had to be provided. Too often, though, the loose case cover had disappeared before the portrait entered the Society collection.

After the cleaning and repair, an effort was made to identify the unknown portraits by comparing them with later photographic material in our files. This research added at least 25 portraits to the identified category, including several who were recognized through a careful study of our famous treasure, "110 Whaling Captains of Edgartown." Finally, four sturdy boxes were built with slotted inner sides so the photos could be stored individually. Now, numbered and indexed, they are easily accessible for study.

And in the years to come they will be studied. They provide an irreplaceable record of the faces of our Island in the mid 1800s. If you have some treasured daguerreotypes or ambrotypes of your ancestors, you might consider giving or leaving them to the Society where they will be

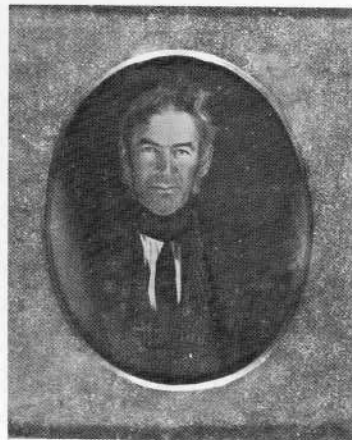
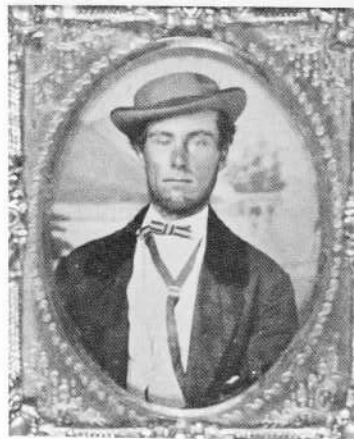
permanently available and carefully recorded and stored.

They are a valuable part of your heritage and of ours, fragile yet important little windows into our past.

The author thanks Arthur R. Railton for his assistance in researching this article.



*Three fine portraits:
left, believed to be
Susan Vinson; below,
two males with verve,
identity unknown.
Recognize either?
Left is an ambrotype;
right a daguerreotype.*



Footnotes to History

“Six Barrels of Merchantable Cod”

by JOHN A. HOWLAND

IN OCTOBER of 1641, a Mr. James Forrett of New Amsterdam for 40 English pounds sold proprietary rights to Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and other nearby offshore islands to Thomas Mayhew and his son, Thomas, Jr., of Watertown.

Forrett was the American agent to the Earl of Stirling, holder of a King's grant for territory in the Province of Maine and Long Island in New York.

Mayhew was a less than successful 50-year-old merchant, miller, and agent for a London trader, at that time in precarious financial straits, and looking to build his fortune elsewhere.

What Forrett was doing was pulling some kind of scam.

The islands were at that time unsettled and lay outside the chartered bounds of both Plymouth and the Bay Colonies. They also lay outside the chartered bounds of Stirling's grant, for in 1634, Sir Ferdinando Gorges had been given a Royal Grant for “the Province of Maine (excluding the lands given to Stirling), the North half of the Isle of Shoals along with the Isles of Capawock, Nautican etc., near unto Cape Cod.”

This slight detail of actual ownership was quickly pointed out to Mayhew by a Mr. Richard Vines, Steward for the Gorges' interests in New England.

Mayhew up to this point may not have been too sharp a businessman, but in this instance he moved quickly to

JOHN A. HOWLAND of Lambert's Cove spent most of his career as Director of Advertising for A. T. & T., where he helped bring pleasure into American homes with the Bell Telephone Hour. His amplification of the footnotes on Island history brings pleasure in a different key.

cover his bet, and "for a some of Money did obtaine from said Vynes a Graunt alsoe."

Both grants included in their terms a clause providing for an annual rent: in the case of Stirling, "Pay yearly an acknowledgement as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, Esq., the Elder, or by any two magistrates in Massachusetts Bay..." and in the grant from Gorges, "yielding and Payment... annually... [as] two Gentlemen Independantly By each of them chosen shall judge to be meet by way of acknowledgement."

There is apparently no record of what, if ever, the two gentlemen, Winthrop or the two magistrates determined was meet and fittin', or for that matter that Mayhew ever paid such "acknowledgement."

However, in 1671 at a conference in New York after the sale of Stirling's American grants to James, Duke of York (and brother to Charles II who, in confirming the grant, overruled the Gorges grant and awarded "all those several islands" to James), Mayhew and his grandson, armed with titles from both Stirling and Gorges, negotiated with the new Provincial authorities for local government on the islands. Mayhew got himself appointed Governor for Life (shades of Papa Doc!) and reached an agreement that this previously undetermined acknowledgement or annual quit-rent would be "6 barrells of fish."

How scrupulous Mayhew and his heirs and successors were in keeping up with the rent is not noted in records, but apparently occasional deliveries were made, or New York was haphazard in enforcement.

This whole business of barrels of fish is assumed to have become moot when 19 years later in 1690, under the regime of William and Mary, the Plymouth and Bay Colonies, previously independent of each other, were consolidated into a single government of Massachusetts and at the same time the Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands and Nantucket were summarily detached from New York and incorporated into the newly unified Massachusetts Colony.

Quite naturally this did not sit well with the New York authorities, nor for that matter with the Island, but after many letters of protest and without any direction or counterruling from across the ocean at Whitehall, the decision stood.

The Massachusetts authorities moved to confirm this "annexation" and in 1693 passed Acts and Resolves to confirm all titles on the islands in order to calm misapprehensions arising from this sudden change in jurisdiction, and, in May of 1695, also passed an "Act for the Better Settlement of the Islands of Marthas Vineyard and Islands Adjacent."

The latter Act also created a curious anomaly.

In 1683, the Province of New York was divided into several counties for administrative purposes: Kings, Queens, Dukes (decreed as to "containe the Islands of Nantucket, Martin's Vineyard, Elizabeth Island and Noe Man's Land") and, later, Duchess and others.

The Massachusetts Act provided that all dependencies belonging to Dukes County (as established by New York) with the exception of Nantucket "shall be, remain and continue to be One County...by the name of Dukes County." Thus, by the peculiar language of the Act, we became the double-speak County of Dukes County—as far as can be determined the only County of a County in these fifty states.

This redundancy could have been worse—consider if you will Dukes County County!

At any rate the various acts supposedly tidied up the legalities and titles involved in this incorporation into Massachusetts. Thus one can imagine the consternation in our Shiretown when one day in 1723—thirty-three years after separation from New York—came a demand for back payment of those ancient quit-rents due under the 1671 charter. Those damned barrels of fish!

The letter said in part, "that the owners or tenents of the Severall Islands...have for a long time delaid to pay the Quit-

rents reserved in their Pattents and (the Government of New York) is loathe to Commence actions against them...without giving them Solom notis to pay them...."

The impact of this "due-bill" on the good burghers of the Island was one of confusion and outrage. They had naturally assumed that the transfer of sovereignty in 1692 and the Acts of the General Court had wiped out all claims of "acknowledgements." But it seems in the fine print of that Act and Resolve was a line that said, "subject nevertheless to rents...reserved or made payable" and New York had never agreed formally or otherwise to the annexation, let alone abrogation or surrender of its Charter rights.

The nervous Island officials promptly turned the matter over to Boston who (not for the last time) chose to ignore the problems of this pesky County of a County. At least there is no record of a response or advice received.

Unresolved claims such as this, however, act as clouds over land titles and other legalities, and the Freeholders of Edgartown decided to follow up the matter on their own and to send a representative to New York to see if some accommodation clearing the books could be reached.

This was not, as it turned out, a good idea.

One John Butler, Jr., of Edgartown hied himself to Gotham to negotiate, whereupon the New York authorities took advantage of his presence in their jurisdiction to throw him in the slammer until New York "recovered its barrels of Merchantable Cod," now estimated to be a total of one hundred or so in arrears.

How long Butler remained behind bars is not known, but ultimately he managed to get sprung on bond and return home to safety—presumably either by jumping bail or, more likely, higher authorities in New York decided the whole thing was a futile and fruitless (or in this case, fishless) pursuit. Possibly the Governor of New York did not even like cod.

So there the matter stood—and still stands—which leads

to a fascinating flight of fancy.

Suppose Governor Cuomo—playing Ayatollah—clapped the irons on the next Vineyarder unwary enough to junket down to the Big Apple for a weekend of Broadway shows—holding the hapless Islander hostage until 295 years' worth of "merchantable Cod" (with interest) was anteed up.

One pictures every man, woman and child on the Vineyard participating in the biggest Cod Derby in history while Mario prepared a fish fry for the entire population of the Empire State.

Sources: Banks, *History of Martha's Vineyard*, Vol. I: Chapters 5, 10, 11, 12, 16 and 18.

AMPLIFICATION

The Editor takes full responsibility for the confusing footnote on page 97, *Intelligencer*, Nov. 1986, in John A. Howland's article on the land boom in West Tisbury.

The first Thomas Mayhew, Jr., was lost at sea in 1657 and thereafter his son, Thomas Mayhew, the third, became known as Thomas the Younger, or Thomas Junior, to differentiate him from his grandfather, Thomas, who was still alive.

The document cited reads: "Allsoe we have admitted of Thomas Mayhew, Juner (*sic*), who is to pay five pounds to his brother Mathew (*sic*)."

The Editor apologizes to Author Howland for seeming to have doubted the accuracy of his research. That was not the intent.

Edgartown: Its Life and Times

From the *Vineyard Gazette*, June 15, 1855.

GREAT EXCITEMENT — *One hundred Ladies in full chase after a Methodist Minister.* — On Monday morning last, at an early hour, there was an unusual excitement in town, more observable among the ladies than the gentlemen. As early as four o'clock A.M., the inmates of almost every house were "up and dressed"; and it soon became evident that some great enterprise was on foot. Soon a large number of ladies had collected together, and seemed to be awaiting the appearance of some one. About five o'clock, the Methodist Minister, a very gentlemanly and amiable married man, was seen to issue from his residence, and walk hurriedly towards the south part of the village. The ladies gave him full chase, for what reason appeared to us inexplicable. He sought refuge in the house of one of his parishioners, which the ladies attacked and took by storm. After a time the minister evaded them and escaped from the house, followed again by the fair guard. He was soon compelled to seek refuge in the house of another parishioner, when a like scene occurred, and he a second time escaped, only, to again seek refuge in the house of a third parishioner, and a similar scene of excitement was enacted.

Here the parties came to an understanding, for the minister left the house alone, apparently in high spirits, and the ladies separated, and went to their respective homes.

Upon making inquiries as to the cause of this unusual excitement we learned that the minister had that morning married three couples, which at once explained the mystery. The result was that the married parties left town in the steamer *Metacomet*, at a quarter to seven A.M., on their

honey-moon excursion, and were followed to the wharf by some two hundred persons, seventy-five of whom took passage in the steamer also.

* * *

The chased minister was Rev. Sanford Benton of the Methodist Church and the couples were: Samuel Ripley and Miss Lydia, daughter of William Vinson; Shubael H. Norton and Miss Susan M., daughter of Capt. Henry Colt; and Frederick Smith and Miss Charlotte M., daughter of the late Capt. Ephraim Ripley, all of Edgartown.

Weddings at 5 a.m., were apparently not unusual (we know of one held as late as 1908), although clearly three of them on the same morning was. The reason, obviously, was to give the happy couples an early start on their wedding trips aboard the 6:45 a.m. ferry to New Bedford.

That Early-Morning Chase



Weddings on the Run: Start at A, Minister's residence; go to B, Lydia Vinson's home; to C, Susan Colt's home; to D, Charlotte Ripley's home; then to the boat at E, Steamboat Wharf.

First Annual High School Essay Competition

Local history is the Society's business and one of its goals is to generate interest in history among the young. With that in mind, the Society has inaugurated an annual essay contest at the Regional High School with the help of the Social Studies faculty headed by Mrs. Margaret Harris.

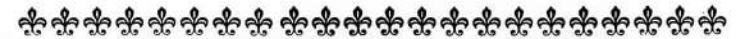
Entries must deal with some aspect of Dukes County history, the subject to be chosen by the student. At least some of the research must be done at the Society, a requirement aimed at familiarizing students with the source material available at the Gale Huntington Library of History.

An honorarium of \$50 is given to the first-prize winner, with another \$50 being divided among those whose essays receive honorable mention. If deemed suitable, the winning essay will be published in the *Intelligencer*. All students who submit essays will receive a year's membership in the Society.

Benjamin Aldrich-Moodie, a junior from Lambert's Cove, has been awarded this year's first prize for the essay which is printed in this issue. Benjamin is more than a history student, being president of his class, a member of the chess club and an accomplished violinist, who teaches the violin to elementary school children.

Honorable mentions went to Allison Bilzerian, Lisa Hathaway, Valerie Herrmann, Rachel Faust and Tina Waters.

The Society thanks all those teachers and students who helped make this first annual competition a success. Frederick Williams is the Council member who heads up the program.



First Prize Essay

Intimations of Wampanoag Pre-Colonial History in the Legends of Moshup

by BENJAMIN ALDRICH-MOODIE

ONE has to be a kind of detective to discover the history of a pre-literate people like the Wampanoag tribe on Martha's Vineyard before the arrival of the English in the 17th Century. Artifacts uncovered by archeologists and a few accounts from the first contacts with literate people can aid in this search, but I should like to look at a third very fruitful source of information. In particular, I should like to look at one strand of Wampanoag mythology — the legends of Moshup — to understand better the people who originated them.

Although legends are very much products of the imagination, the shape and character a people give to their folk heroes reveal much about their own lives and central concerns.¹ By the time the Moshup legends were written down, they were more or less marked by European cultural influences.² However, by carefully choosing the earliest texts from the most reliable sources,³ one can glean the essential repeating themes which speak most clearly for the pre-Colonial Wampanoags.

The giant Moshup was very much of a local patron/hero for the early inhabitants of Aquinnah, which the English named Gay Head. He migrated from the mainland, though

¹One could look at Odysseus, for example, for a better understanding of pre-Homeric Greece or at Paul Bunyan for sentiments upon the opening of the American West.

²The Moshup legends were passed down orally until after the Wampanoag conversion to Christianity by the Mayhews, in which they were taught to read and write. Indeed, certain of the Moshup stories were first written centuries after contact with the Europeans, as in Gladys Tantaquidgeon's 20th Century narrations, where the giant resembles a Cyclops.

³Among the best early sources are Roger Williams, 1643; William Baylies, 1793; an anonymous writer of Baylies' time; and Benjamin Basset (informed by Tomas Cooper), 1806.

the reason why was variously reported,⁴ and took up residence in a den in the cliffs of Gay Head. He lived essentially by fishing, usually for whales and dolphins,⁵ and frequently helped the Wampanoags by beaching whales or by sharing his cooked food with them. In both Moshup's mainland origin and his dependence upon the sea, he echoed the history of his Indian creators.

Earliest accounts of Moshup picture him as a kind of solitary, benevolent sachem, keeping very much to his own business except when called upon to settle disputes or social dilemmas. His favorite solution seemed to be the creation of new land. Obviously, the limited physical space of Island living could be a ready point of friction.

Moshup is attributed with the creation of Nantucket, of Devil's Bridge and of Noman's Land. The first he made from the ashes of his pipe for a dowry-less Indian maiden and her lover, while the other two were formed, respectively, from rocks he hurled into the sea, and by a channel he cut with his big toe. He was clearly very much associated with the topography of what we now call the Islands.

He was fond of smoking tobacco or poke,⁶ which created the familiar heavy fogs. Also the barrenness of the western tip of the Island was explained by Moshup's pulling up trees for his cooking fires.⁷

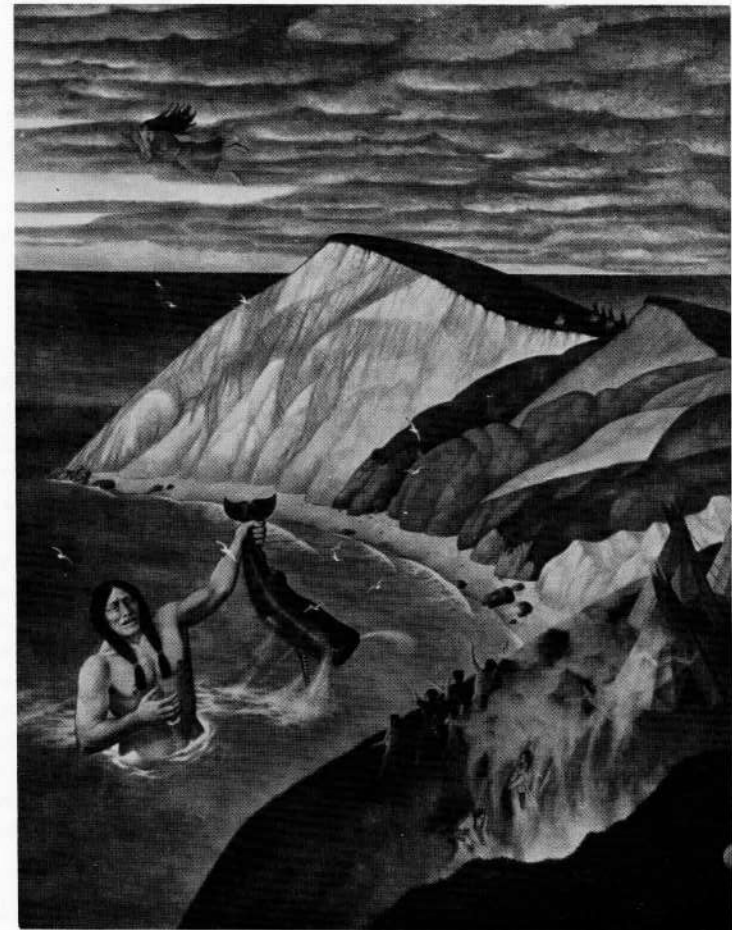
It makes logical sense that Moshup left the Island when the first white people arrived. He belonged to the aboriginal Indian culture, disappearing when his people became

⁴One account states that Moshup left the mainland because of too much strife there, another because he set out to follow a great bird that had carried off some children. There are indications that the "bird" was in fact a European ship that carried some kidnapped Indians back to England as "souvenirs."

⁵As Helen Attaquin writes, "Around 1380 A.D. . . seals and whales were speared after being stranded on shore. [The Indian] fishing equipment was extensive, enabling them to catch quite large fish." Describing Gay Head cliffs, she writes, "In these singularly mixed clays, gravels, and sands there are found all kinds of fossils . . . and bones of vertebrates such as whales and dolphins."

⁶Speaking of the first millennium Wampanoags, Attaquin writes, "It is also apparent they smoked pipes."

⁷Cf. Attaquin: "Food was boiled in shell-tempered clay pots, and baked in earth ovens."



The legendary Moshup of Gay Head, one of a series of murals by Stanley Murphy (see page 7) in the Katherine Cornell Theater.

colonized by the Europeans.

Thus, more than simply a folkloric hero, Moshup is a kind of oral artifact of the pre-literate Indian society that created him. Like them, he came from the mainland, he fished, he smoked a pow wow pipe, and he tried justly to resolve some of the knotty community problems. His identity was entwined with the unusual and dramatic local geography:

islands, cliffs, rocks, ponds and heath. Finally, he departed from "Capawack" or "Noepe"⁸ when the English arrived on "Martha's Vineyard."

Moshup could no longer be at home where Christian belief now associated him with the devil.⁹

⁸The Indian name "Noepe" means "amid the waters/streams" and "Capawack" means "refuge place." The English explorer Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, conferred the name "Martha's Vineyard" on the Island, apparently in honor of his infant daughter.

⁹Moshup was increasingly cast in negative terms as, for instance, a mean-spirited or lazy bully.

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Acknowledgements

I should like to thank Roxanne Ackerman of the Gay Head Library for bringing to my attention the excellent recently published book by William Simmons as well as her enthusiasm for this project. I am also grateful for the help and interest of both Alvin Goldwyn and Marian Halperin at the Dukes County Historical Society.

Letters

Editor:

I must take strong exception to a statement on page 56, *Intelligencer*, May 1986 (the Walking Tour issue). Referring to the Congregational Church, it states: "After its fragmentation, the church seemed destined to collapse, but it has survived, the only one of Edgartown's three early churches to do so. . . the Methodist Church is a center for the Performing Arts, although services are held in the vestry."

Don't be so quick to write off the Methodist Church in Edgartown. . . we are still very much alive!

Sunday services are held in the vestry only in the winter because the cost of heating the large sanctuary is prohibitive. Services from June to October are held every Sunday morning in the sanctuary, as they have been since 1843. So you see, the Federated Church is NOT "the only one of Edgartown's three early churches to survive." The Methodist Church in Edgartown lives!

Edgartown Jean M. Andrews

We regret our clumsy use of words. We meant that the original sanctuary of the Methodist Church has not survived. It is now an auditorium — a magnificent auditorium, to be sure, but it is no longer a church sanctuary.

It would be interesting to know what those early Methodists, like our Jeremiah Pease, would think of the conversion.

We apologize to the Edgartown Methodists, who are very much alive, as Mrs. Andrews makes clear.

Editor:

This is an appreciation for the Nov. 1986 *Intelligencer*. The article on the Jernegans evokes all sorts of wisps of memories. One is that I set Marcus right in print in the *Gazette* on a whaling detail which I knew from Nantucket research.

The other was to recall Laura Spear's acidity toward us because I think our family "knew" too much. But my father said little about what really happened. There was a miasma of suspicion which you have cleared away.

Was Capt. Fisher's second wife a sister of Christine Pease? If so, I knew her in my youth, living across from the Captain Colt House on Summer Street. I have the vaguest memory that my family connected her family with the scandal.

I have at least one of Helen's Sea Mosses. I do recall the proud old woman she became.

Geneva, Switz. Robert J. Leach

Yes, Christine Pease was a sister-in-law of Capt. Charles Fisher. Young Charlie and his wife had gone to Edgartown over the Fourth of July, 1898, and when they returned to Lubec, Maine, Christine went with them. Three weeks later, Charlie and his wife had disappeared, taking all their winter clothing (and a suitcase of money), leaving Christine, then 27 years old, to answer the questions of the curious.

Robert J. Leach, who writes from Switzerland, is the son of Rev. A. Judson Leach, pastor of the Edgartown Congregational Church for six years early in the 1920s and the grandson of Dr. William Leach, physician of Vineyard Haven and Cottage City in the late 1800s.

Jeremiah Pease: Enigma

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

CLEARLY, he deserves a full-scale biography, and we hope some writer will do that, but we cannot let the publication of the last installment of the Jeremiah Pease Diary pass without a mention of how much we don't know about that complex man. Despite having left the most complete diary of any Islander that we know who lived during the 1800s, he remains, in his personal life, a mystery — an enigma.

We know much about his religious life, about his being “born again” and dedicating his energies to Methodism. There is no need to go into detail on that part of his life here. It is a story that has already been told.¹ We know, also, of his work as a surveyor, a lighthouse keeper, a customs officer, a bone setter, a chorister, a cordwainer and a farmer.

But he was also a husband and a father of 10 children — and here is the enigma. He wrote almost nothing about his family relationships in his diary. To be sure, he wrote of the comings and goings of his children and he visited them fairly often, but he told us nothing about family matters. He was a man who kept personal subjects to himself, not even disclosing them to his diary.

He rarely mentioned his wife, Elizabeth, or Eliza, as she was called. She was the daughter of Deacon Jonathan Worth of the Congregational Church and sister of Velina Worth, the wife of Frederick Baylies, Jr., Edgartown's premier architect, designer of three of our church buildings. Jeremiah mentioned her so rarely that we don't know whether Eliza ever adopted Methodism, the religion that so dominated his

life. She never attended church services with him or ever went to Camp Meetings with him (at least, he never mentioned such in his Diary).

Her father, according to Rev. Joseph Thaxter, was a devout Congregationalist, as Jeremiah had been until his conversion. Did Jeremiah's religious intensity become a source of conflict within his family? There is some evidence that it did. Letters written by Jeremiah's son, William Cooke Pease, to his wife, Serena, in 1853 seem to make that clear.²

These letters were written from California where Lieutenant Pease was commanding the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Argus*. His wife had informed him of the intense religious revival that was underway on the Island. Known as the Reformation of 1853, it was so remarkable that services were held in the Methodist Church for 100 evenings in succession. Apparently, Jeremiah was deeply involved and the fervor of the revival was unsettling Eliza, or so Lieutenant Pease thought:

I wish a Methodist Minister had never seen Martha's Vineyard. There is Mother sick again, just by their nonsensical pow wow — the whole Town seem to be running mad with excitement and act just like so many Block Islanders. . . . I do wish the people would learn wisdom; they seem like so many raving Hottentots, and had better stay at home, read their Bible and learn wisdom, and not rush to that Methodist Vestry every night, and howl like so many Coyotes. (Feb. 27, 1853)

We don't have copies of Serena's letters to her husband so we can only guess at what she has been writing by his responses. It would seem that she has joined in the religious fervor and it upsets him very much.

As regards the religious excitement with you, I must say I think very unfavorable of it, and am sorry our people are so much tinctured with fanaticism as to countenance it. Ignorance, and nothing else, is to the bottom of the whole business, — and if you cannot get religion without going to the Methodist vestry every night to howl, then I hope

²Thanks to Mrs. Florence Kern, we have copies of these letters in our Archives. The originals are in the U. S. Coast Guard Academy Library.

¹*Intelligencer*, November 1980.

you will do without it at present, at least. It is perfectly disgusting to me, and I don't want to hear any more of it. Only think of it, stores shut up at dark to go to the Vestry, and for *what*. I don't know, I confess. They better stay at home and read the Bible.

You said nothing about the state of Mother's health. I hope she is no worse, but cannot conceive of why you neglected to speak of her. (March 15, 1853)

In a letter written two weeks later he again shows his concern about his mother's health:

Why is it that you make no allusion to Mother in your letter? . . . I hope she is not so sick that it is determined to keep it from me. (March 31, 1853)

Jeremiah's diary mentioned the revival, but gives very few details. On March 31st, the same day that William was writing the above, Jeremiah's entry is:

Reformation commenced about the middle of last December and continued several months in the most remarkable manner, a great number have embraced Religion in this Town since that period.

He does not say anything about his wife's health or about her involvement, if any, in the Reformation. Lieutenant Pease, out in California, continues to connect his mother's illness with the revival:

I don't like to think that Mother is suffered to remain among so much fanaticism, why in mercy some one don't carry her away is more than I can conceive. I have written to Joseph to carry her away at once, and hope he will do so. (April 25, 1853)

Joseph, as readers of the Diary will recall, is Jeremiah's eldest son, a leading figure in the town, being moderator of the Town Meeting and Collector of Customs. Two years later, he is elected cashier of the newly formed Martha's Vineyard National Bank. He, like his brother William, did not seem to share his father's religious feelings. Only one of the sons seemed to do so: Jeremiah, Jr.

William apparently wrote to his mother about his concerns and received her reply because he wrote the following to Serena a few weeks later:

Mother seems to feel like all the rest about the Ministry; all I hope is she is not unwell on account of their works. If I was at home I would take her out of that scene very quick, if Father would allow her to leave. (May 14, 1853)

Whatever the cause of Eliza's illness, she recovered and out-lived her husband by 22 years, dying in 1879 at the age of 88. The *Vineyard Gazette's* account of her funeral does not tell us anything about her religious affiliation:

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Eliza Pease, who died last Saturday at the advanced age of nearly 88 years, were held at the old Pease mansion Wednesday forenoon and attended by a large circle of relatives and friends. A long procession of carriages and people on foot followed the remains to the cemetery. (May 2, 1879)³

We have another clue that would seem to indicate Jeremiah's life was not so happy as it should have been. It is contained in a letter that he wrote to "Brother Smith" in Holmes Hole only a few months before he died. He had placed a copy of the letter inside the final book of his diary. One paragraph near the end of the letter adds to our mystery:

As relates to the persecution with which I've been assailed, I am induced to say in the language of St. Paul, "It is a small thing to be judged of Man's judgment." . . . I can assure you from the sincerity of my heart that I still feel through divine mercy steadfast in the faith of the Gospel and determined to strive to serve the Lord thro good report or evil. . . . I think I have been called to contend with the rulers of the darkness of this world, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, but I have victory in the Lord, I trust. I feel indignant at the course pursued by some from whom I had reason to expect better things, but we are assured all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord.

There is nothing in his diary to explain what he meant by "the persecution with which I have been assailed." There are, on various entries in the diary, unexplained marks, similar to asterisks, indicating, one must assume, that he has written more on the subject in another spot, possibly

³See photograph of Eliza and Jeremiah, page 145.

in a more intimate diary. We do know that two or three parts of the diary were torn out by someone and these mutilations occurred at a time when he was having problems with his government positions.

Altogether, it would seem, there is much more to Jeremiah Pease than he wanted us to know. It is left for dedicated researchers to try to fathom the depths of this fascinating man.

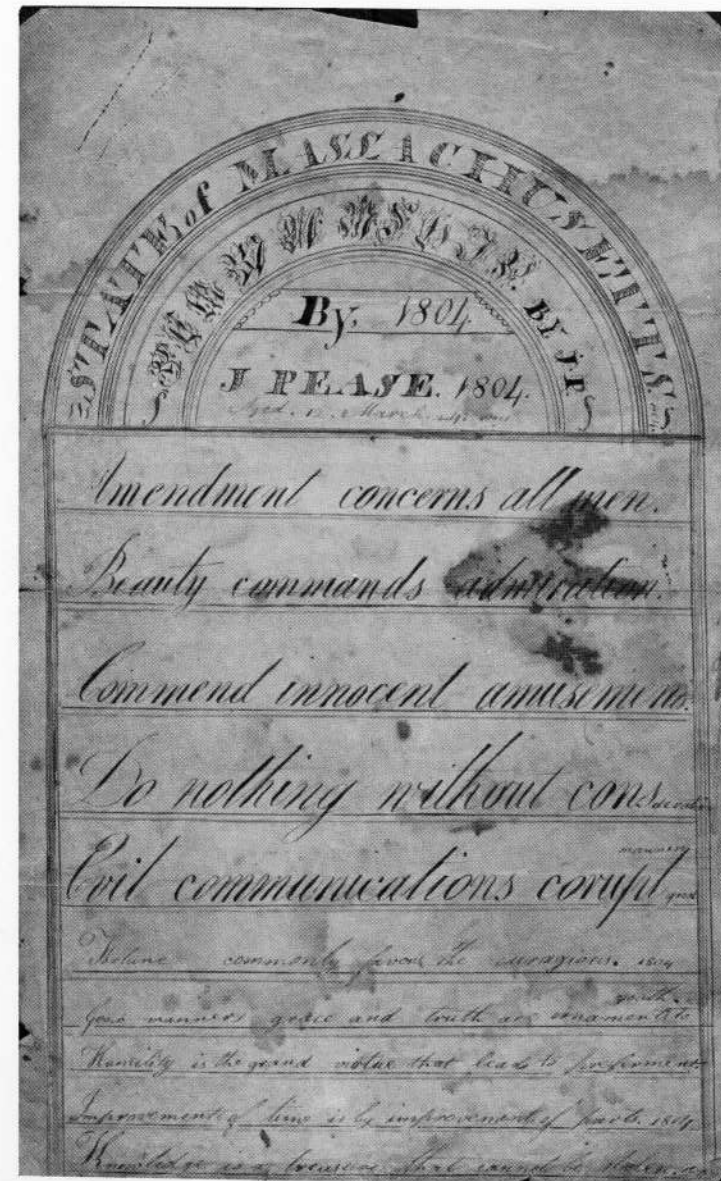
His obituary, published in the *Vineyard Gazette* June 12, 1857, is lengthy and unusual in that long obituaries were rarely printed at that time. It is a measure of the man's importance that his is so long. It does not, however, provide any clue as to his relationship with his family. In fact, it doesn't even mention them:

A GOOD CITIZEN GONE TO HIS REST. — Our readers who have not otherwise learned the fact, will read, with saddened hearts, the announcement in our obituary department of the death of Jeremiah Pease, Esqr., of this town, than whom a man of more sterling integrity and purity of character never lived and died on the shores of Martha's Vineyard. In the midst of life and usefulness, the vigor of his mind unimpaired by age, his manly form unwasted by disease, suddenly the messenger came for him, the door of eternity opened, the Master called, and he entered in.

"The good and the true
Never die — never die;
Though gone, they are here,
Ever nigh — ever nigh."

Mr. Pease was a man well known throughout the country, and filled a large place in the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. In every good word and work, he delighted to participate; and his aid and support of every good cause might always be confidently counted upon. Possessed of fine business talents, he was always prompt and correct in the discharge of his duties; and, during the thirty years he was connected with the Custom House, he gave in the performance of his official trusts entire satisfaction to the government and to his fellow citizens.

His humanity and benevolence were proverbial. Selfishness,



Jeremiah Pease, in 1804, age 12, inscribed this motto, evidence of his character and talents which served him well throughout his life.

as all who knew him will readily admit, was not with him the controlling impulse of life. To do good was his delight. In his untiring efforts to benefit others, he forgot himself. He cherished the spirit of christianity, was influenced by its precepts, and exemplified it in his life. In the sick room he was a constant and ever-welcome visitor, sparing neither time, labor, nor expense to relieve the sufferings of the afflicted, or to cheer them in their hours of despondence. His rare skill as a bone-setter was well known, for many have experienced it who but for him would have been cripples for life. Like the famous Dr. Sweet, he might be termed a 'natural bone-setter'; and, so readily did he restore dislocated bones to their places, that it might almost be said, "he made the lame to walk." When a young man he enjoyed the rare advantage of the instruction of Rev. Joseph Thaxter, — who was not only a chaplain but a surgeon in the army of the revolution, — and greatly profited by his teachings and experience. Prompt to respond to the call of the afflicted at all hours of day or night, he visited all parts of the island, and never failed, where human skill could avail anything, to bring comfort and healing with him; and had he charged for his services as physicians generally do, instead of the positive loss incurred he would have received, as was justly his due, ample and well-merited remuneration. His uniformly courteous bearing towards others, and his gentlemanly and friendly greeting as well to the poor man as to the rich, to the lowly colored man and the man of standing and influence, while they showed that he possessed the finest feelings of the true christian gentleman, have set us all an example worthy of imitation. The sick and the afflicted, the poor and the needy, the aged and the young, all feel that they have lost a friend. Let this be his epitaph. But the crowning glory of this good man's life is found in his christian character, which shone with a light which could not be eclipsed, nor clouded. He was, for many years, a leading and exemplary member of the Methodist church. True piety enlarged his heart, and his affections went out after others. He desired not heaven for himself alone, but sought to win a multitude to go with him. He delighted to remember the forgotten, and to attend to the neglected. He visited all parts of the island, holding meetings, gathering the people of remote and scattered neighborhoods into

schoolhouses and dwellings, and speaking to them, earnestly and affectionately, of grace and pardon through a risen Saviour. This, too, was a work and labor of love, which, with characteristic perseverance, he continued to perform for years, rewarded only by the love and esteem of those to whom he ministered, and by the favor of God, who abundantly bestowed that "warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious." There is hardly a spot on the island where his death will not be felt as a deep and sad bereavement and loss. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"The dead in Christ repose in guarded rest;

"Hope, in their graves, kindles her never-dying lamp,

"And throws upon their treasured dust a steady ray,

"Full of immortality."

The death announcement, in the same issue, was much briefer:

DIED

In this town, on Friday evening last, very suddenly, Jeremiah Pease, Esq., aged 65 years.

Jeremiah Pease Esq. Surgeon

Thanks to those who, and . . .

We are pleased with the flood of mail these days and send our thanks to those who have so promptly responded to our dues renewal notices. Thanks, too, for your generous contributions to the 1987 Preservation Fund. And, we must add, to those who have not yet responded: won't you please dig out the notice and return it with your 1987 membership dues so you won't miss a single issue of the **Intelligencer** -- and so we won't have to say we miss you as a member. Thanks.

Documents

We have been publishing the diary of Jeremiah Pease (1792-1857) of Edgartown since 1974. This will be the final installment as he died, suddenly, in June 1857. (See "Jeremiah Pease: Enigma," this issue.)

A dedicated and dependable diarist, Jeremiah has provided the most complete account of the events on the Island in the period covered by his journal, from 1819 to 1857, with only one gap. That was from 1823 to 1829, the years immediately following Jeremiah's conversion to Methodism. We know that a journal for some of those years exists because we have a few extracts from it, but its whereabouts is unknown. If any member is aware of its location, we would be grateful for the information.

From 1829 until 1832, Jeremiah's diary was actually kept by his eldest son, Joseph Thaxter Pease, "owing to my peculiar circumstances" (Jeremiah's words). It is not explained what he meant, but, no doubt, it is related to his religious experience.

The period covered in this final installment is notable principally for the weather. The Island is iced in for many weeks (see Bits & Pieces).

In March and May, Jeremiah went off Island, visiting two of his children. It was to be the last time they would see him alive.

Like them, we shall miss him.

February 1857

1st. SWly, light. Thick weather, thaws a little, did not attend meetings at E'Ville on Ac't of snow.

2nd. N to NW, light. Clear. Br. Martin Vincent's Wife dies of a cancer.

3rd. W, light. Clear, cold. Funeral of Sist. Vincent. Service by Rev. S. Benton.

5th. SW, light, foggy. The snow melts quite fast.

7th. SW, light. Did not attend Meetings at E'Ville on acc't. of the snow.

10th. NNW to SW. Pleasant. About 100 men are engaged in cutting a channel through the ice.

12th. NE, light. Men are engaged in cutting the ice.

13th. SSW, light. Rains a little. Men engaged in cutting through ice.

14th. NW to NE, light and clear. Dr. Shiverick dies about 1 p.m.

15th. SW, light. Foggy, thaws. Did not attend meetings at E'Ville on ac't of snow in the road and muddy.

16th. SW, light. Some men are engaged in cutting in the harbor.

17th. SW. Rains a little last night. The harbor remains closed with ice.

18th. SW. Ice leaves the harbor today, having been closed up since the 6th of January. Some heavy banks of snow still remain.

20th. NE, cloudy, fresh breeze. Little snow last nt. or a squall of snow.

21st. NW, cloudy, foggy. Thunder and rain last nt.

22nd. NW to SW, very pleasant. Attended meetings at E'Ville. Dr. Clement Shiverick was buried this morning about 9 o'clock. Funeral service by Rev. ———.

24th. SW, very pleasant. Went to Chilmark with Br. I. D. Pease.

27th. NE to E, light wind. Cold AM, PM moderate, warmer. A little snow at nt.

28th. NW, moderate wind A.M., P.M. fresh breeze, cold. This has been a remarkably moderate month.

March 1857

1st. NE to E. Fresh breeze, very chilly & cold. Attended meeting at E'Ville A.M. P.M. went to North Shore with Capt. Edwin H. Luce to see his son who had fallen from his barn mow and injured his shoulder. Returned at evening.

2nd. NE. Gale with snow. Very severe storm all day and nt.

3rd. NW. Fresh wind A.M., P.M. moderate and pleasant. Banks of snow which fell yesterday and last night are very high.

5th. SW to S. Pleasant for the season. P. M. cloudy. Velina visits us today from Bristol.¹

6th. NW, strong breeze. Cold. Went to Chilmark with Brother I. D. Pease to set off land of J. P. Merry of Tisbury, taken by Execution. Very cold nt.

7th. NW, strong breeze. Returned from Chilmark, very cold and extremely bad traveling on ac't of snow.

8th. NW, strong breeze. Did not attend meetings at E'Ville on ac't of snow.

11th. SE, light. Cloudy A.M., P.M. stormy, little rain and snow at nt. from 7 to 10 inches deep.

14th. NNE. Snows very fast and heavy. P.M. clear, light breeze, very pleasant, thaws.

15th. NW, SW to E, light. Very pleasant, snow melts fast. I watched with Br. Polfrey Collins last night, he being very sick. He died about 9 o'clock A.M., aged 69 years. He was

¹Velina was the youngest child of Jeremiah and Eliza. She was married to Rev. Andrew M. McKeown, Methodist minister at Bristol. R.I.

considered a worthy member of the Methodist Church and died in the Lord, as we trust. He was a particular friend of mine from early life to his death. Did not attend Meetings at E'Ville on ac't. of Snow, etc.

18th. SSE, light. Cloudy & chilly. Funeral of Br. Collins, service by Rev. Sanfor Benton & Rev. Mr. Holmes of the Baptist Church. His loss will be very sencingly felt in society. He was esteemed an honest, respectable man and a very good citizen.

29th. SW, clear. Attended Meetings at E'Ville.

30th. Sly, light, cloudy. Set out for Bristol, R.I. Arrived at Bristol about 7 P.M. Remained there until April 9th when I returned. Conference of the M. E. Church set in Bristol during this week. It was a very pleasant session. I enjoyed a very agreeable visit. Yesterday closed another year of my short life.²

April 1857

9th. NEly, light, cloudy. Rains a little. 10th. NEly, light. Rains at nt. and all day. Mr. Thos. Smith died on the 1st day of this month, aged 75.

12th. NEly, light. Attended meetings at E'Ville.

16th. SW to SE, fresh. Ship American, Capt. Geo. Jernegan, arriv'd. from Pacific Ocean.³

17th. WNW, fresh. Cold, snow and

²Jeremiah obviously wrote this entry after his return to Edgartown on April 9th. His birthday, the 65th, was April 8th. In Bristol he doubtless stayed with his daughter, Velina, making what was his last birthday celebration, a pleasant affair.

³The American had sailed on Oct. 13, 1853 and returned with 138 barrels of sperm oil, 1135 barrels of whale oil and 6600 pounds of bone. Capt. George Jernegan was a cousin of Capt. Jared Jernegan (*Intelligencer*, Nov. 1986).

rain squalls.

18th. NW. Ditto.

19th. ENE. Ditto. Attended meetings at Middle District.

20th. E by S to ESE. Gale with rain, heavy storm. News of the death of Mr. Parlow, being killed by the machinery on board of steamer *Canonicus*, on her passage from N. Bedford to Fall River on _____.⁴

21st. NE. Gale with rain and squalls of snow, cold, storm.

22nd. NE. Gale, clear A.M., cloudy P.M.

23rd. SW, A.M., P.M. calm and light breeze N.E., clear. News confirmed of the loss of the Sch. *Delaware*, which was lately bo't. by Capt. Henry Pease and others, and fitted on a Whaling Voyage in the Atlantic Ocean. Crew were saved, vessel and cargo total loss.⁵

26th. SW, fresh. Attended Meetings at M.D.

27th. SE. Gale with rain.

30th. E to SE. Pleasant, cool. A cold month.

May 1857

3rd. SW. Pleasant. Attended meetings at E'Ville.

4th. SEly. Went to Boston, visited Frederick at E. Boston, remained there until the 9th.⁶

⁴The *Canonicus*, a steam paddle boat, was named after the chief of the Narraganset Indians who befriended the first white settlers of Rhode Island. In the 1850s, she ran from Fairhaven to Edgartown, stopping at Holmes Hole and Woods Hole.

⁵She was lost "in a white squall," according to Starbuck.

⁶Frederick was one of Jeremiah's sons and, at the time, was working as tollman on the East Boston Ferry. Later in life, he was named deputy collector of customs and became known as "the grand old man of the Customs House" in Boston.

10th. SW. Fresh breeze. Attended meetings at M. District.

11th. N to SE. Moderate breeze. Bark *Alfred Tyler* arrived from Pacific Ocean, commanded by Capt. Chadwick, the former Capt. Ripley, having returned on ac't. of sickness. Several of the crew are sick with the scurvy.

17th. SSW to NE. Squally, rainy, cold. Attended meetings at E'Ville.

19th. NE. Gale, cold, rains a little. William arrives from Milan, Ohio.⁷

Rains at nt.

20th. NE to SSW. Light wind, cloudy. Wrote a letter to Dr. W. H. Luce on business. Mate of bark *Alfred Tyler* dies.

21st. NW to N. Cloudy, squally. Funeral of the mate above mentioned. Service by Rev. James Worcester, who is here on a visit, Br. Stetson being unwell. The mate was a native of N. York and a stranger. The flags of a number of vessels in the harbor were hoisted half-mast; it was a solemn occasion. To see a stranger buried among strangers excites the sympathy of every feeling heart.⁸

24th. SW. Pleasant. Attended meetings at Middle District.

25th. SW. Pleasant. William leaves for Milan, Ohio, to attend the building of the U. S. cutters.

30th. SW. Pleasant. Planted corn.

31st. SSW. Cloudy A.M. P.M. thunders, lightens and rains. Attended

⁷Capt. William Cooke Pease, another of Jeremiah's sons, was the officer in charge of construction of six Revenue Cutters on the Huron River, near Lake Erie. For an interesting account of this, and the rest of his life, see *Captain Pease, U.S. Coast Guard Pioneer*, by Florence Kern, 1982, available at the Society.

⁸One person with a "feeling heart" surely was Jeremiah Pease.

meetings at E'Ville. Rains at nt.

June 1857

1st. S to SW. Squally and rainy.

2nd. SW. Moderate breeze. Very foggy. Surveyed land at Christian Town for James DeGrass [?] and others. (Run the line on part of N.E. side of Christian Town.)

3rd. SW. Clear, fresh breeze. Sister

Prudence Vincent dies of consumption, aged about 75 years. She was esteemed a pious woman for many years past and died in the Lord, as we trust.

4th. SW. Clear.

5th. SEly. Light, cloudy, a little rain in A.M.

Pencilled after the above entry:

[He died this date.]

Jeremiah and Eliza Pease



Courtesy Mrs. Frank E. McKay

This is the only known photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Pease, date not certain. It must have been taken in the 1850s, shortly before he died.

News of the Society

From the Director:

THE Third Annual Open House held on December 11 and 12 marked the beginning of the winter season at the Society. Crowds of members and visitors previewed "Jared Jernegan's Second Family," the special exhibition that will remain through February, keeping us busy filling punch bowls and cookie plates.

The exhibition compliments an article on the same subject in the November 1986 *Intelligencer* and will be on view during our winter hours, Thursday and Friday afternoons from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Work has begun cataloguing the large and important bequest from James E. Chadwick. Of particular interest are whaling tools, especially those used by coopers. Many carry notes on their specialized use written by the donor, himself a blacksmith for many years. The document collection begins with a seventeenth century deed and contains many items of eighteenth and nineteenth century Vineyard historical material. A copy of one, a British permission for a whaling voyage before the end of the Revolutionary War, was enclosed with our annual letters to members sent in January. We hope it gave you a taste of the excitement we feel as we work on such original documents and may even bring in some answers to the questions it immediately raised.

Guest tickets will be sent to all members, as they were last year, later

in the spring. At that time you will also receive an announcement of special programs including another off-Island bus trip. In addition, we will be asking for volunteer help in operating the Gate House during the summer, a most successful and helpful program begun last year. Several volunteers expressed an interest in serving as guides in the Cooke House, and we look forward to starting such a group this year to supplement our regular staff. We'll send out more detailed information later, but would be delighted to hear in advance from anyone interested in helping one morning or afternoon a week from mid-June to mid-September in either place.

Views of Oak Bluffs dating from the early 1940s by nationally known photographer Aaron Siskind will be on view from March through May. They capture the strength of the geometric forms that lurk behind much gingerbread decoration.

Response to membership renewal and contributions to the Preservation Fund have been both generous and prompt. The Council and staff are especially grateful for the encouragement you have given us in this year which holds hopes for major improvements not only in our operations and programs but also for expanded facilities in the near future.

MARIAN R. HALPERIN

From the Librarian:

OUR so-called Winter Months (September to June) are a busy time. Major accessions of documents

and books are received. Open hours contract with the change of seasons, but our correspondents at home and abroad give no respite to the postoffice and telephone company -- nor to us.

Letters range from inquiries about tracks which Ralph Waldo Emerson and Jeremy Bentham and Jackson Pollock may have left on the Vineyard, to questions about survivors and descendants of mutinies on the *Bounty* and the *Globe*. A man in California is collecting photographs of Ulysses S. Grant, and we respond with prints and copies of 1874 newspaper reports of the President's progress up the Cape and of his stay at Cottage City.

One day we get a request for material on Vineyard pilots and their vessels. The next, there is a letter from Mississippi asking for an early map of Vineyard Sound: the correspondent's mariner ancestor left a letter referring to "Tarpalin Cove" and "Old town on the Vineyard." We send copies of two old maps and, with some help from Nantucket, we include the unexpected information that the sailor in question jumped ship near Christmas Island in the Pacific in 1825.

A new international listing of all the whaling logs in public collections is prepared by the New Bedford Whaling Museum. In connection with that, we make an inventory of our own logs. With more than a hundred, ours is one of the six largest repositories in the world.

A Fulbright researcher drops in from New Zealand. She is writing a book about women on whalers, expanding the scope of *Whaling Wives* by Whiting and Hough. We dig out some correspondence about a Mayhew outpost in Maori country.

Whaling is the subject of some new books in our library. *Arctic Whalers, Icy Seas*, by W. Gillies Ross, is a compilation of first-person accounts of expeditions to Davis Strait and the eastern Arctic. The pictures and text are more vivid by reason of the personal involvement of the diarists, artists and photographers. Notable also is John R. Bostoce's *Whales, Ice, and Men*, a history of whaling in the western Arctic. Bostoce, curator of ethnology at the New Bedford Whaling Museum, is uniquely qualified to survey these fields of ice. He has hunted whales with the Eskimos and knows both the territory and its heroes, including George Fred Tilton and Hartson Bodfish. Vineyard maritime interests during the Civil War and the 1871 freeze-in of the whaling fleet -- two events that did much to end the boom in whaling -- are documented at length. The book is immediately the authority in its field.

Finally, the adventures of Jared Jernegan's "second family" echo in the pages of *Whale Song* by MacKinnon Simpson and Robert G. Goodman. "A pictorial history of whaling and Hawaii," the well-illustrated volume is said to be "the first coffee-table book created with [the Macintosh computer's] desktop publishing tools." More important to us is the retelling of the story of the diary of Edgartown's Laura Jernegan, which rests in our archives.

These paragraphs can only hint at what's going on in the library and archives "off season."

In the meantime, more important than these few notes is our invitation to members and friends to come in and browse.

ALVIN J. GOLDWYN

Bits & Pieces

WINTERS are not what they used to be. Edgartown harbor was closed by thick ice on Jan. 6, 1857. By January 15th, Holmes Hole was frozen solid and the Island was isolated from the mainland.

Monday, the 26th, masters of coastal schooners icebound at Holmes Hole decided something had to be done. They collected a purse of \$29 to pay someone "to proceed to the main to carry letters and procure what news might be had."

The *Gazette*, described what happened: "Consequently, Messrs. L. Winslow, Joseph Cleveland and Peter Claghorn proceeded from West Chop in a large skiff at 7 a.m. Tuesday. They effected a landing on Naushon at sunset, where they staid the night. The next morning, they proceeded to Wood's Hole.

"After gaining all the information possible, they started on their return. After battling with the ice, they landed on Nashawena, 3 miles west of Tarpaulin Cove. This morning (Friday), taking a new start, they succeeded in gaining the Vineyard at 10 a.m.

"They report the late storm to have been very severe on the main, with many marine disasters and many lives lost.

"No whaling intelligence to report.

"No mail has been received at Wood's Hole since the storm [Jan. 18th]. Anyone wishing to communicate with the main would do

well to procure the services of these men."

Four days later [Feb. 3rd], the ice broke up at Holmes Hole, the coasters left and the first mail since Jan. 15th arrived. Edgartown was icebound for two more weeks.

Now, that was a winter! And those were men!

SERENA Pease, daughter of Capt. Valentine Pease of Moby Dick fame, married William C. Pease, whose letters are quoted elsewhere in this issue. She seems to have been a tragic figure.

In our Archives is an autograph album of hers, dated 1838, a gift from William before their marriage. In it, he penned some tender lines, as a young lover would. But his tenderness seems not to have lasted.

On the final eight pages Serena copied a letter she wrote to William that she may or may not have mailed. It hints of a sad and unhappy marriage (their second son, an infant, had recently died):

"I must entreat you not to send me any more unkind letters unless you wish to kill me. . . . Oh, William, if you only knew how distressed my mind is how differently. . . . you would feel for me."

On the first of the eight pages she made a crude drawing of a vessel such as the one William commanded on the West Coast. Standing behind a cannon on the bow is a male figure, no doubt William as seen by Serena.

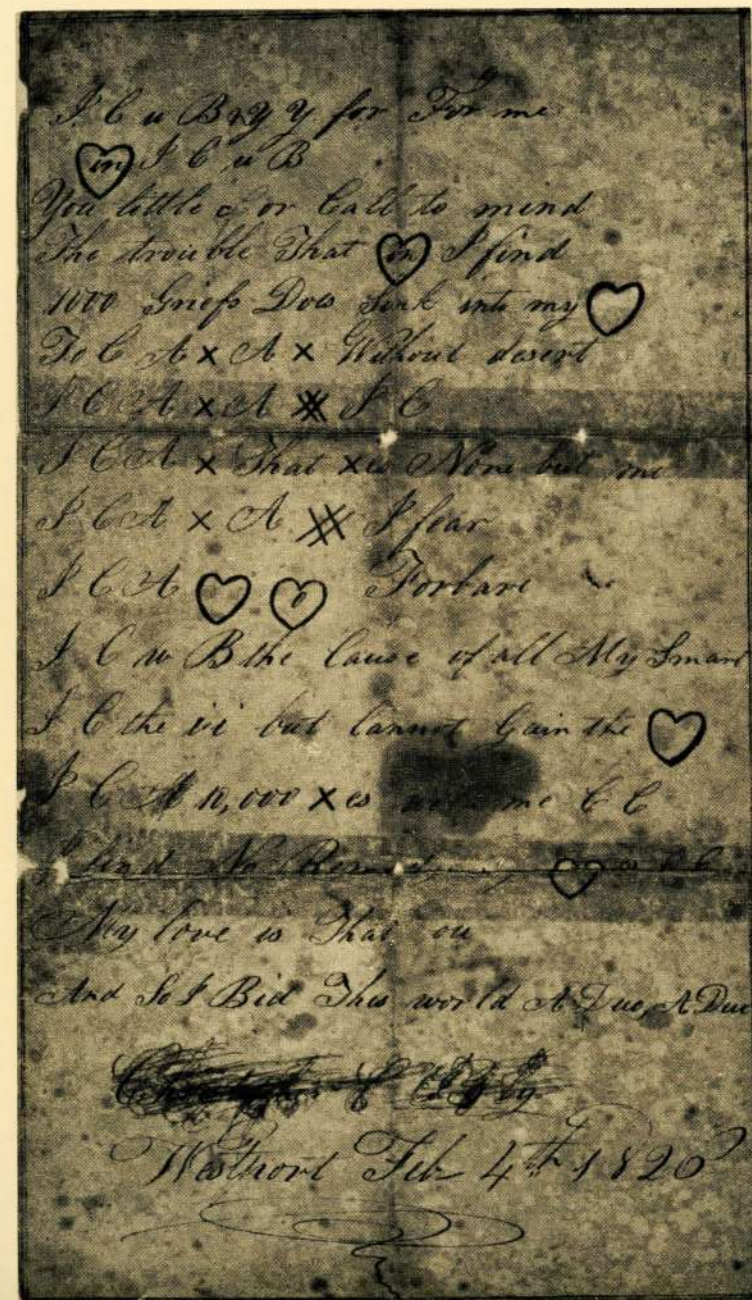
The eight pages were sewn together to protect them from prying eyes, like ours.

Perhaps we should not have cut the threads.

A.R.R.

Won't You Be My Cryptic Valentine?

Was this 1826 love note from our Archives an early Valentine? Can any of our members decipher the message?



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Edgartown, Nov. 10th, 1865.

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