THE PROVINCETOWN BOOK

NANCY W. PAINE SMITH

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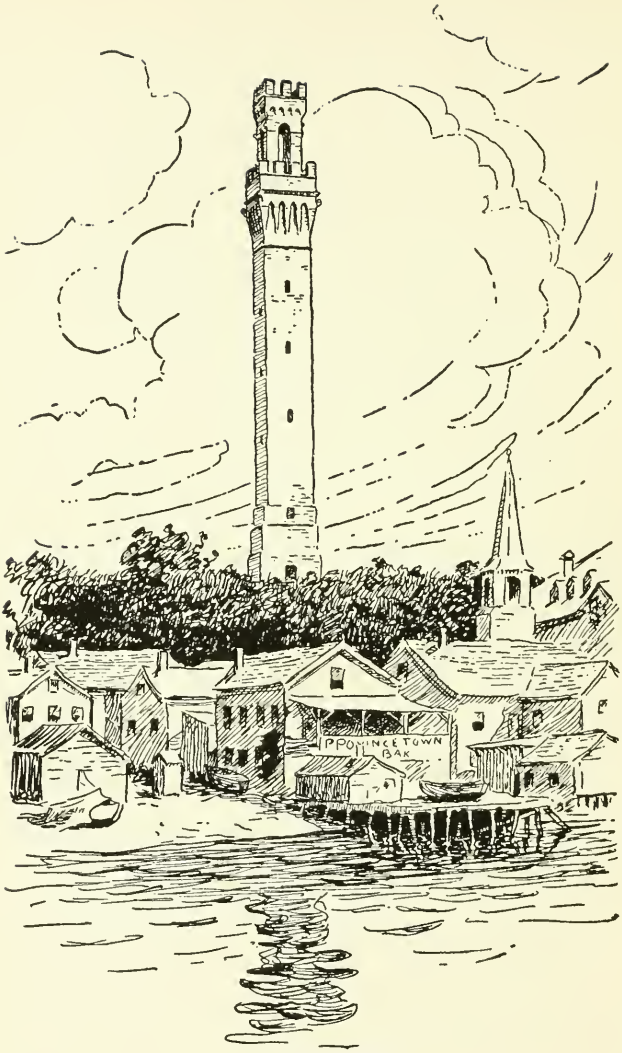

THE MONUMENT

THE PROVINCETOWN BOOK

by

NANCY W. PAINE SMITH

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Here Comes the Crier

THIS is the way the town crier cries the town. He walks from one end of the sidewalk to the other ringing his bell as he goes, three strokes up and down.

Ding-dong——Ding-dong——Ding-dong.

Then in a loud voice, "Notice — To be sold at public auction, this afternoon at two o'clock, at J. & L. N. Paine's wharf, three-sixteenths of the schooner *Granada*, with cables and anchors and all fittings."

If the weather is too bad for the steamer to make her trip on schedule, he cries this:

(Ding-dong——Ding-dong——Ding-dong.)

"Notice — The Steamer *George Shattuck* will leave for Boston to-morrow morning at nine o'clock — weather permitting."

On the afternoon of a show, he cries this:

(Ding-dong——Ding-dong——Ding-dong.)

"Notice — Fairbanks Lodge of Good Templars will give a dramatic exhibition in Masonic Hall, this evening at seven o'clock, presenting the four-act drama, 'Down by the Sea' and concluding with the laughable farce, 'Done on Both Sides.' Admission 25 cents."

When we hear the crier's bell, we all go to the door to listen, and thus the event is advertised in everybody's ears at the cost of one dollar.

Could there be a collection of all the notices of sales and sailings, of storms and shows, cried by the crier for two hundred years, we should have a history of the town. Let me be the town crier, and from memory and tradition, from the records, and from a deep love for my home, cry the town to you.

The Heavenly Town

by Alma Martin

A heavenly town is Provincetown.
Its streets go winding up and down,
Way-down-along, way-up-along,
With laughter, mirthful jest and song.
Dark Portuguese
From far-off seas
Their ships in bay
Pass time of day
With friends who wander up and down
The pleasant streets of Provincetown.

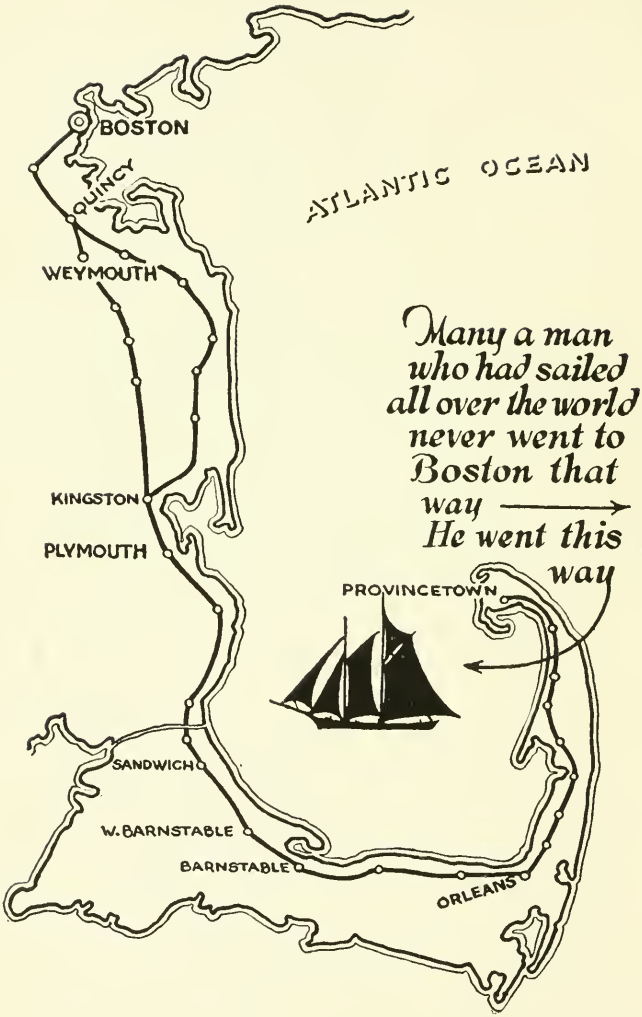
"Hello!" the friendly children call
To high and low, to great and small.
Bright blossoms gaily nod their heads,
Strong zinnias, yellow, purples, reds,
Gay marigolds and hollyhocks
Whose hues are matched by artists' smocks.
Dark laughing boys,
Dark smiling girls,
With here and there a native son,
With blue eyes full of Yankee fun,
Go up and down the village street;
Gay words for every one they meet,
And fill the summer air with song,
Way-up-along, way-down-along.

The air is crisp with briny smells,
The time is told by chime of bells,
The painters sketch each little nook,
In colors like a children's book.
Yellow shutters, windows pink,
Purple shingles, trees of ink.
Front street, Back street,
Narrow winding lanes,
Many colored fishing boats,
Sails and nets and seines,
East end, West end,
High sandy dunes,
Wonderful by moonlight
Or in shining noons.

Oh, a heavenly town is Provincetown
Whose streets go winding up and down.

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats?
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?

—*Emerson*


BOSTON
QUINCY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
WEYMOUTH
Many a man who had sailed all over the world never went to Boston that way
He went this way
KINGSTON
PLYMOUTH
PROVINCETOWN
SANDWICH
W. BARNSTABLE
BARNSTABLE
ORLEANS

Over the Road to Provincetown

GO SOUTH down the Old Colony
by the Weymouths and Kingston to Plymouth,
through the Plymouth woods,
past the old shop where the Sandwich glass was made,
across the Canal,
to old "High Barnstable", the county town,
along those pleasant streets which Joe Lincoln loves
Where every man but one is "Capt'n, and he is fust
mate"
to the west of Highland Light,
(you are now going north)
into the stretch of road
with the dunes on one side and
the bay on the other
"Way-up-along-the-shore,
to Provincetown.

Who First Found the Place

MORE than nine hundred years ago Thorwald, brother of Lief Erickson, came up the Backside toward the Harbor. Old Norse records tell how, as he made the end of the Point, he ran ashore and was compelled to haul his ship out for repairs. He called the land a goodly land, and sailed away to the northwest, to a bay full of islands (probably Boston Harbor). There he was hit by a poisoned arrow. When he knew that he must die, he directed his men to carry him back to the place where they repaired the ship, and there bury him. This they did. It may be that Thorwald's sepulchre is the stone structure under a house on Chip Hill. Many years ago this hill was lowered twenty or thirty feet for salt-works. When in 1853, Mr. Francis A. Paine built his house there, workmen, digging the cellar, came upon a wall of red stones. The wall was laid in mortar containing fragments of fish bones; the stones were blackened as if by smoke. In

making repairs to the house in 1895, the wall was again uncovered. There are no stones on the end of Cape Cod, except those brought here as ballast in ships. One glance at a model of those old Norse ships, high out of water, is enough to prove that Thorwald's ship, in order to cross the Atlantic Ocean, must have been well ballasted. This stone wall has been called *The Indian's Camp*, *The Norsemen's Fireplace*, *The Norsemen's Fort.* But Indians never made stone-work; wild Norsemen built their fires in the open; the Norseman's best fort was his ship afloat or ashore. May it not be that Thorwald's men made his grave on this hill a little removed from the shore, in the goodly land where he wished to be buried?

Max Bohm has on exhibition at the Art Association, a canvas of the Norse explorers on this coast. The title of the picture reads: "Eric, the Red, being in fine spirits, discovers the Land of the Free, and, having a cruel wit, dubs it Vinland (Wineland)."

Our Names

MANY early explorers made our harbor, and each gave it a name to please himself. Maps of the first French and Italian navigators mark the land *The Sandy Cape*. One called it *Keel Cape*; one called it *Cape of the Cross*. Captain John Smith called it *Cape James*. Champlain called it *Cape Blanc*. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold christened it Cape Cod.

Gosnold is said to have named Cape Cod from the first fish he caught in the harbor. Benjamin Drew put this story into rhyme, and read it in response to a toast at the first anniversary dinner of the Cape Cod Association, Nov. 11, 1851.

There sailed an ancient mariner,
  Bart Gosnold was he hight—
The Cape was all a wilderness
  When Gosnold hove in sight.

The hills were bold and fair to view,
  And covered o'er with trees.
Said Gosnold: "Bring a fishing line,
  While lulls the evening breeze.

"I'll christen that there sandy shore
From the first fish I take—
Tautog or toad-fish, cusk or cod,
Horse-mackerel or hake.

"Hard-head or haddock, sculpin, squid,
Goose-fish, pipe-fish or cunner,
No matter what, shall with its name
Yon promontory honor."

Old Neptune heard the promise made—
Down dove the water-god,
He drove the meaner fish away
And hooked the mammoth cod.

Quick Gosnold hauled, "Cape—Cape—Cape Cod!"
"Cape Cod!" the crew cried louder.
"Here steward take the fish away,
And give the boys a chowder."

The name Cape Cod now applies to the whole of Barnstable County, but in all early records and documents and in common usage until recent years, *Cape Cod* was used for Provincetown alone.

We are *Cape Cod*, we are also *Province Land*. Since a government has existed in Massachusetts, we have been the Province's land, the property first of Plymouth Colony, later of the Commonwealth. The State has repeatedly recorded its ownership, and has often leased and taxed the fisheries. It still appoints and pays a commissioner to care for the land. No one

may cut a tree or pick a cranberry without a permit. Not until 1893 was it possible to give a deed of land, except a quit-claim deed. At that time the Commonwealth set up granite bound-stones, ceding to the people the land on which the town is built, but reserving to itself most of the territory. These bounds can be followed along the hills just back of the town.

The Trustees of Public Reservations, State of Massachusetts 1892, made the following report on the State's title to the land. "The Colony of New Plymouth was granted all the coast from Cohassett to Narraganzett, by royal patent, dated January 29, 1629-30. The Colony in turn granted parts of its domain to sub-colonies, or plantations, but never so granted the extreme of Cape Cod. On the contrary, the Governor, under orders of the General Court, 1650, purchased the tip end of Cape Cod from an Indian named Samson, 'for the said Colony's use.' There was included in the purchase all the shore of Cape Cod Harbor from Long Point, easterly till it came to a little pond next to the Eastern Harbor, thence northerly to the back sea."

We were once a part of the Constablrick of Eastham.

In order that the State Land and the people on it, many of them transients, might be under the immediate eye of the law, we were made, in 1714, A Precinct of the Town of Truro. This plan was not satisfactory, and the next year a petition of the inhabitants of Truro was presented to the General Court by Constant Freeman, the representative, "praying that Cape Cod

be declared a part of Truro or not a part of Truro, that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons."

In 1727, we were incorporated by an act of legislature as a township by the name of Provincetown, though in this act the State reaffirms its right to the land.

At that time, we narrowly escaped being named Herrington. The original act shows the word *Herrington* crossed out and *Provincetown* written in. The stretch of water between Wood End and Race Point is still called Herring Cove.

We are Provincetown in Barnstable County. Sitting in the South Station in Boston, in the "Barnstable Pew" a stranger said to me: "Is it possible there is a place in the world with such a name as 'Barn-Stable'?" They who should know, say that the English town for which we are named was in the early days Barnstaple, "Big Barns."

Just a Little About the Pilgrims

"They planned wisely and they builded well."

IN THESE tercentenary days, the story of the Pilgrims has been told too often to be repeated here. But we never forget that the *Mayflower* passengers were Non-conformists. "Forms and ceremonies are inventions of men, sinful to observe, not authorized by Scripture." So they said. They were Separatists, for they had renounced the established church of England. They were Independents and Congregationalists, each parish electing its own officers, and each parish independent of every other and of all authority but itself. Their opponents, in derision, called them Puritans as being too pure to live on this planet. They were prisoners in England, for conscience' sake. They were exiles in Holland, "harried out of the land." They were Pilgrims on their way to a new world and a new era. They were the minority; the greater part were left behind with John Robinson in Holland. They were the signers of the Compact drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, in Provincetown Harbor, November 11, 1620, O. S.

The Compact

IN THE name of God, Amen.

We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith and the honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern part of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for the better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King James of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland, the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini 1620.

SIGNERS OF THE COMPACT.

John Carver
William Bradford
Edward Winslow
William Brewster
Isaac Allerton
Miles Standish
John Alden
Samuel Fuller
Christopher Martin
William Mullins
William White
Richard Warren
John Howland
Stephen Hopkins
Edward Tilly
John Tilly
Francis Cooke
Thomas Rogers
Thomas Tinker
John Ridgdale
Edward Fuller
John Turner
Francis Eaton
James Chilton
John Craxton
John Billington
Joses Fletcher
John Goodman
Digery Priest
Thomas Williams
Gilbert Winslow
Edmond Margeson
Peter Brown
Richard Bitterage
George Soule
Richard Clark
Richard Gardiner
John Allerton
Thomas English
Edward Doten
Edward Leister

From these *Mayflower* passengers, and from their friends who came the next year in the *Fortune*, and from those who came a little later in the *Ann*, sprung the natives of Cape Cod.

They were forced to make a landing by the weather and by the refusal of the captain of the ship to go further. They were outside any civil authority. They record that some of the strangers among them had let

fall mutinous speeches, that when they came ashore they would use their own libertie. They drew up this compact saying that they would make their own laws and then they would obey them. That seems a simple thing to us, and doubtless to them it did not seem a great event. But Hon. Francis Baylies, in his *History of New Plymouth*, says that this compact, adopted in the cabin of the *Mayflower* established a most important principle, which is the foundation of all democratic institutions and the basis of the Republic.

Here in the "pleasant bay" at Provincetown, on November 11, 1620, began the experiment of self-government. Governor Bradford's History says, "Being thus arrived in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet upon the firm and stable earth, their proper element." He adds that on Monday the women went on shore to wash, as they had great need.

For five weeks they lay at anchor here, while they repaired the shallop and explored the coast. To identify "the good harbor and pleasant bay circled round except in the entrance which is about four miles over from land to land," is easy. The changes made along the shore by wind and tide for three hundred years render it very difficult to locate the exact spots where the women made Monday the national wash-day, where they saw the Indians who ran away and "whistled their dogge after them," where dignified William Bradford

was caught in a deer-trap. But the Research Club of Provincetown, after most careful examination of all records, has erected a tablet at the extreme west end of the town, at "The Terminal of the King's Highway that goeth unto Billingsgate." The inscription on the tablet reads:

THE FIRST LANDING PLACE
OF THE PILGRIMS
NOV. 11, 1620 O. S.
THE MAP IN MOURT'S RELATIONS SHOWS
THAT NEAR THIS SPOT
THE PILGRIMS
FIRST TOUCHED FOOT ON AMERICAN SOIL

ERECTED BY THE RESEARCH CLUB
OF PROVINCETOWN
1917

"The Cape Cod Journal of the Pilgrim Fathers reprinted from Mourt's Relations" is a pamphlet costing twenty-five cents, done by Leon Sharman in 1920. The original "Relations" was made in 1622, by Bradford, Winslow, Morton and others, and has a title two hundred words long, "A Relation or Journall of the Beginning and Proceedings of the English Plantations settled in New England, etc., etc."

The manuscript of Bradford's History was lost for many years, and was at last found in the library of

the Bishop of London, by whom it was presented, through the efforts of Hon. George F. Hoar and of Ambassador Bayard, to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The Commonwealth sells copies of this most interesting book, at the State House in Boston, for $1.00

The Research Club has also erected a tablet in the Old Cemetery:

IN MEMORY OF
DOROTHY MAY BRADFORD (DROWNED)
JAMES CHILTON JASPER MORE
EDWARD THOMPSON
THE FOUR MAYFLOWER PASSENGERS WHO
DIED WHILE THE MAYFLOWER WAS
AT ANCHOR IN PROVINCETOWN
HARBOR, DEC. 1620.

There is the spot where, as Bradford says, "We found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us down and drank our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in our lives." This spring (in Truro) was easily identified. It is now faced with cement, marked with a tablet and is convenient for any one who, like the Pilgrim Fathers, would delight to drink drink of it.

The place where they found the corn is also marked. It still bears the name the Fathers gave it, Cornhill. Indian arrow heads are abundant here.

More important than the washing, or the spring, or the corn, was the arrival of a little boy baby on board the *Mayflower*. "This day" (Dec. 16), the record says, "It pleased God that Mistress White was brought abed of a son which was called Peregrine." The little traveller lived to be eighty-four years old, and has to this day a descendant bearing his name, Peregrine White.

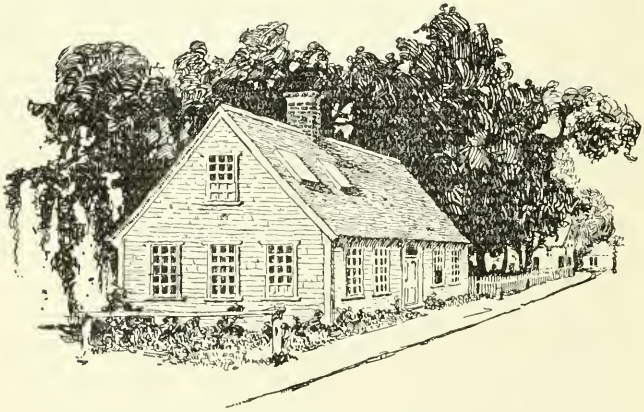
The Settlers

"God sifted a whole nation, that He might send choice grain into the wilderness."
William Stoughton, 1683.

SOME towns can say of themselves: "In such a year, a company came from such a place to this place, bought land, organized their church, elected their officers, began to make history and to keep the record thereof." We can not say that. We just growed. The settlers at Plymouth could look back from their hills and see our shore. They remembered "the whales playing hard by us, of which, if we had instruments and means to take them, we might have made a very rich return. Which, to our great grief, we wanted." Also, "There was the greatest store of fowl that ever we saw." They returned often to Cape Cod for the fishing, and probably built huts for shelter and for storing the fish. Permanent settlement, however, was slow and fluctuating. Could any town in the world be more exposed in time of war than this town, isolated, on a strip of land only a couple of miles wide, with a good harbor open to the enemy? Therefore, during the Colonial Wars, then at the time of the Revolutionary War, and again during the War of 1812, most of the settlers fled, returning on the declaration of peace.

The War of 1812 almost ruined the fishing. The admiral's ship *Majestic* lay off the Truro shore; Captain Richard Raggett, commander of the British ship *Spencer*, patrolled the bay. At first Captain Raggett was disposed to be lenient with the defenseless little towns.

Traces remain, on the premises of the late Elisha Nickerson, of an old well where British sailors came ashore for water. A well-authenticated family tradition relates the story of how little Sylvia Freeman, playing on the shore, was approached by a sailor from a boat, who said to her: "Little girl, there is a man on board the ship who is very sick. If you will get me a quart of milk, I will give you two dollars." This he did, and Sylvia bought for herself two French calico



House of Seth Nickerson, built before 1800

dresses at fifty cents a yard. Later the two calico dresses were made into a quilt which is still in existence, the calico dropping to pieces, but unfaded.

At length Captain Ragget was reprimanded from London for his laxness in enforcing the blockade. Some of the blockade-runners were then captured and sent to Dartmore Prison, England. Usually, however, their boats were taken and the men set free. Stories are told of Cape Cod skippers, employed by the English as pilots along the coast, with disaster to the English ships. "1812," by Fitzgerald, is a good little story and a true one of an English ship thus cast away by a Yankee pilot.

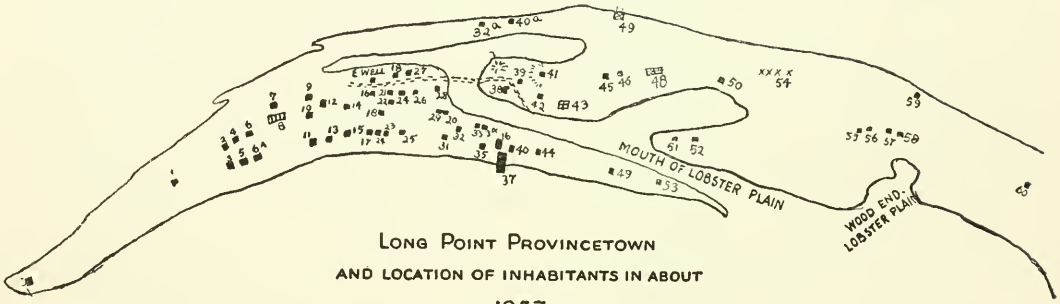
The end of this unpopular war soon came. When at last the Colonies were free from English taxes, and from embargoes, when the Constitution of the United States had been adopted and a stable government had been established, then came an era of great prosperity on Cape Cod.

By that time, the fathers had learned that their wealth was in the sea. The Pilgrims were farmers in Old England, and they expected to be farmers with great estates in New England, even on Cape Cod. The *Mayflower* evidently set sail without hooks and lines or a harpoon, for they record that they lacked instruments for taking the whales playing about, and that they could not catch many fish. They therefore ate the "great mussels" which made them sick. These were probably sea clams. No wonder they were sick, unless they made a chowder with the clams chopped fine and cooked a couple of hours; and that delicious and digestible

concoction is, I suppose, an evolution. For many years fishing was only an avocation to eek out their scanty crops. Shrewd old Captain John Smith, however, had seen the possibilities and had sent a cargo of dried fish to Spain, on which he made a profit of $7500, remarking that the richest mine of the King of Spain was not as valuable as the fisheries of Cape Cod. After long experience by the up-cape farmers in farming up-cape farms, many a man said, "I go a-fishing, I leave the women and the boys to care for the cow and the hens, and to tend the garden, I go to Provincetown, for there the fishing is good." They came from Truro, from Eastham, from Barnstable; at first for a week only, returning to their homes on Saturday night. Soon they built substantial houses close to the water, and brought their families. Every dwelling was flanked by a fish-store, a flake-yard, and salt-works.

Then, to be even nearer to the fishing, some went across to Long Point and made a settlement there. After forty years of the isolation of the Point, they returned "T'other Side," again. The houses were put on scows and rafted across the harbor, the people living within and the smoke curling up from the chimney. Most of the houses at the west end of the town were thus moved. The department store of Mr. Duncan Matherson is the Long Point Schoolhouse. Many houses were moved from Truro in the same way. Deacon John Dyer was justly celebrated as a mover. There were also so many people living at Race Point, that Race Point was made a school district, and a bridge was built across the Run.

Here follows a diagram of the settlement at Long Point; and the names of the householders.



LONG POINT PROVINCETOWN

AND LOCATION OF INHABITANTS IN ABOUT

1857

Key to Map of Long Point

1. Nunan
2. Richard Tarrant
3. Richard Tarrant store (last store left on Point. There when barracks were occupied, during the Civil War.)
4. Philip Smith, afterwards Chas. Adams
5. Philip Smith, store
6. Robert Smith

6a. Robert Smith, store

7. "Dick Flood" Smith
8. "Dick Flood" Smith, salt works
9. Eldridge Smith
10. Jonathan Smith
11. Jonathan Smith, store
12. Heman Smith
13. Heman Smith, store
14. Wm. Dill (last house left on Point)
15. Wm. Dill, store
16. Elijah Doane (house on Nickerson St.)
17. Elijah Doane, store
18. John Williams (only 2-story dwelling house on Point)
19. Joseph Butler
20. Joseph Butler, store
21. Jonathan Sparrow
22. John Weeks, moved from 34

23. John Weeks, store
24. Nathaniel Freeman
25. Nathaniel Freeman, store
26. Joseph Emery
27. Schoolhouse, removed from 50
28. Edward Starr
29. Prince Freeman
30. John Ghen, double house
31. John Ghen, store
32. John Atwood, Sen., 32a.
    His store on "Back of Point"

Somewhere near here, house of Barnabas Atwood, m. Sylvia Freeman. Isaac Paine her second husband

33. Joseph Farwell
34. John Weeks, afterwards moved to 22
35. John Weeks, store, afterwards moved to 23
36. John Atwood, Jr., shop, later kept by Chas. Adams only store on Point
37. John Atwood, Jr. wharf. Only one on Point
38. John Atwood, Jr., house and woodshed at end of bridge.
39. Nathaniel E. Atwood
40. Nathaniel E. Atwood, store
40a. Nathaniel E. Atwood, store
41. Chas. Freeman
42. Samuel Atwood, moved from 55
43. John Atwood, Sr., salt works
44. John Atwood, Sr., store with brother, Jeremiah
45. Eldridge Nickerson (or John)
46. John Nickerson (or Eldridge)
47. John Nickerson, windmill for salt works
48. John Nickerson, salt works
49. John Nickerson, store

50. Schoolhouse, afterwards moved to 27
51. Timothy Nickerson (?)
52. Henry Cowing (Somewhere near here, house
53. Henry Cowing, store of William Mears)
54. Where tree roots of tea cedar used to be found
55. Samuel Atwood, afterward moved to 42
56. John Burt
57. Isaac Atwood
58. Stephen Atwood
59. Stephen Atwood, store
60. Francis Abbott
61. A bulkhead to keep water from wearing back.

Dotted line marks road by which most of the teams came. At low tide there was no water in Lobster Plain, and most of the teams came then from town with coal, etc.

The Natives

The speech of Cape Cod people has preserved the old English tongue in singular fashion. We still hear the old plural "housen" for houses; we say, as Queen Victoria did, "put by" for embarrassed; "put out" for offended, "put up with" for tolerate; "falling out" for quarrel, vide Shakespeare; "heave" for throw, as in the days of the King James version; "clever" for good-natured; and "My kitchen is all in a maum," and "I'm gallied."

Shebnah Rich in his *History of Truro* says: "In dialect, in manners, in their sturdy independence, their picturesque and colored methods of speech, and their love of grim humor, they are essentially Yankee.

They have the breadth and generosity of language that is always accredited to dwellers by the sea. There is a sort of poetry in it." He illustrates this as follows: "I was coasting in a vessel that would sail well free of the wind, but on a close haul I was ashamed to be seen on deck. Uncle Nailor was my mate. One morning when a head wind had us, and common sailing vessels were passing us like steamboats, I ventured out of the gangway, and said, 'Mr. Hatch, how does she go along?' He promptly replied, 'By the prophet's nippers, Skipper, when you see her wake out of the weather hawse-hole, I call it a gallbuster.'" Could any saying be more descriptive than that of a captain, now on the quarter deck who "came in through the hawse-hole". Could any name mean more than "Ambergris Johnson," a lucky whaler, and "Virgin Rock David," a good Grand Banker?

The repetition of the same family name has led to a local system of naming. Since there are many Mary Nickersons, they are called Mary Frank, Mary Alfred, Mary Addison, Mary James, Mary Caleb, Mary Seth, et al. Two aunts, both named Hannah Small, are Aunt Hannah Isaac and Aunt Hannah Alfred. Two grandmothers, both Paines, are Grandmother Nancy and Grandmother Sylvia. By an almost universal custom, people are called by their first and middle names. It is confusing to those not to the manner born, that Billy May and Warren Baker are brothers named Smith, that Kate Kelly and Billie Kilborn are brother and sister, and that Nina Sweet is Miss Willis.

It is not strange that the speech is English, when you consider the stock. In 1644, the whole Plymouth Colony seriously debated moving to Eastham. The record reads, "Divers of the considerablest of the church and town removed." Those coming were Thomas Prince, John Doane, Nicholas Snow, Josias Cooke, Richard Higgins, John Smalley, Edward Bangs. Thomas Prince was three times elected governor of the colony, and a special dispensation was given that he might continue to live in Eastham. His old pear tree brought from England, was flourishing only a few years ago. The door-stone of the Governor's house in Eastham was given to the Pilgrim Memorial Association, and is placed at the entrance to the Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown, where all who enter cross the stone so often pressed by the feet of those who were building a new world.

To these first settlers in Eastham was added another group called the second comers. They were Rev. John Knowles, Joseph Collins, William Myrick, John Young, Thomas Paine and others. From these families the whole lower end of the Cape was populated. All were of pure English stock and their descendants are all related. Their speech, their manners, and their very names appear in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, where he paints the life of Devonshire, Eng., whence many Cape Cod people came.

How the Town Was Laid Out

HERE is the harbor broad and deep. At full tide, boats go to high-water-mark; at low water, the gently sloping shore is safe and easy. Here is the level sandy beach, circling the blue harbor, like the gold setting of a sapphire.

Up-along-the-shore and Down-along-the-shore the fathers made their homes. Few built on the hills. Who would live "Up-back?" They were squatters, with no title from the Indians and none from the Commonwealth. Their lots ran along the shore, and extended from the harbor to the ocean. When sons married, fathers gave them a place close by for building the new house; so that we became a series of neighborhoods. Way-up-along, on Gull Hill, were two brothers, Joshua Paine and Nathaniel Paine from Truro. There the soil was good, and "Nancy had the prettiest flower bed in town." At the foot of the hill were the houses of John and Arnold Small, also from Truro; their wives were sisters, and cousins to the Paines.

Next toward the east was Stephen Nickerson and his sons, and after Abraham Small and the Sopers, connected by marriage, came another Nickerson neighborhood, Seth Nickerson and his sons, Jonathan Nickerson and his sons, Thomas Nickerson and his sons. Stephen, Jonathan, Seth and Thomas were cousins.

Then the Lancy neighborhood, and the Freemans; Nathan, Phineas, Charles, Prince and Hatsuld. Then came a neighborhood where three Paine brothers married three Nickerson sisters; and two Paines, brothers to the first group, married two Nickerson sisters, who were cousins to the other girls. And yet there are persons in town who correctly trace their genealogy. Then Conants, Ryders, Atkinses, Atwoods, Hills, Doanes, Hatches, Smalls, Collinses, Higginses, Cooks, oh, many Cooks, Riches, Bangses, Williamses, Bushes, Mayos, and others. Some names once numerous, are now gone.

Many of these old families had coats-of-arms. About 1830, a man named Cole traversed the Cape and furnished the aristocracy with these beautiful designs, at a good price. He knew something of heraldry, and what he did not know his artistic fancy supplied. Many of the coats-of-ams are decorated with corn-stalks, some of them display an American flag, most of them are valueless, except as they have been a treasured keepsake in a family for near a hundred years. Who would believe that scarcely fifty years after the Revolution, these old patriots would be buying coats-of-arms? They were the people who during that war, from a village of twenty-three families, gave twenty-eight

men to the American cause. But they bought the coats-of-arms, and we prize 'em. Not many people in town are eligible for the Revolutionary Societies. Since five hundred British ships were captured by American privateers, we can guess the reason why our names do not appear on the records.

The Street

At first there was no street. They carried their burdens in boats; they carried their dead on a bier. In 1829, the Provincetown minister, Mr. Stone, wrote to a friend, "Would you believe that there is a town in the United States, with eighteen hundred inhabitants, and only one horse, with one eye? Well, that town is Provincetown, and I am the only man in it that owns a horse, and he is an old white one with only one eye." A Provincetown boy, seeing a carriage driven along, wondered how she could steer so straight without any rudder. Shebnah Rich, in his *History of Truro*, says: "There was no road through the town. With no carts, carriages, wagons, horses or oxen, why a road? Every man had a path from his house to his boat or vessel, and once launched, he was on the broad highway of nations without tax or toll. There were paths to the neighbors, paths to school, paths to church; tortuous paths perhaps, but they were good pilots by night or day, by land or water. Besides, at low water there was a road such as none else could boast, washed completely twice a day from year to year, wide enough, and free enough, and long enough if followed, for the armies of the Netherland." This street led downward

to the sea and landward to the West.

Nevertheless, early deeds speak of the "Town Rode," and it seems that the present Front Street, laid out by the County Commissioners in 1835, must have followed a well-beaten track, the "Town Rode." Of course there was great opposition to such an innovation as a street. "We don't need it," "We can walk along shore as well as ever we did." "It will cost too much." It did cost $1273.04 for land damages. "We don't want any street along our back door." The houses faced the water then; since then some of the houses have been turned around; some of them still have the front door on the shore side. One man, a doctor, who had not lived long in town, proposed that the street be made sixty-four feet wide, but they soon voted down such foolishness as that from foreigners. He tried to compromise on thirty-two feet, but twenty-two feet seemed wide enough for all possible purposes, and twenty-two feet wide it is. The greatest difficulty arose when the County Commissioners, "supervised by a committee of three representing the town," took land. When they reached Lancy's Corner, Mr. Lancy came out and said: "Whoever saws through my salt-works, saws through my body." And Joshua Paine replied, "Where's a saw?" Nevertheless, the road went round the Lancy property and makes the two bad turns now so dangerous.

The Sidewalk

No sooner was the street laid out than extravagant souls began to talk of a sidewalk. The time was auspicious because the town had some easy money to

spend. This was during Jackson's administration when the Government had its debt paid and had in the national treasury $40,000,000 surplus revenue. This surplus was divided among the States, and by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was sub-divided among her towns. With this money the town paid its debt, and appropriated something for schools. The remainder, the conservatives wanted to put out at interest, and the progressives wanted to use to build a plank sidewalk. Debate in town meeting lasted a week. When it was apparent how close the vote would be, some one challenged Mr. Abraham Chapman (a sidewalk man) as not an American citizen. Full of indignation, Mr. Chapman demanded to know what was meant by such a word as that, and it was explained to him that his folks were Tories during the Revolutionary War; that they had gone from town to Nova Scotia, where he was born; that he was six months old when he came to the United States, that therefore he was not an American citizen and not entitled to vote. But Mr. Chapman's vote was admitted and when at last the votes were counted there were one hundred and forty-nine ayes and one hundred and forty-eight nays, and the sidewalk was built in 1838. Neither the town records nor the records of the Commonwealth tell what Provincetown's share of this surplus was, but tradition affirms that we received $6000. So incensed were some of the fathers at the use of the surplus revenue, that they refused ever to walk on the sidewalk and they continued all their lives to plough through the sand. Those who were young then

remembered to their dying days how springing and delightful was the new plank sidewalk. They do say that Cape Cod girls know the trick of walking in the sand without filling their shoes. Try this, ye off-islanders. Lift your feet high, toe in a bit, and put your feet down flat.

The King's Highway

The present main street through the town is "the Terminal of the King's Highway," laid out in 1717–20 "to connect to and through the Province Lands." From Eastham it passed around the ponds in the Wellfleet woods, came down through Truro woods near the ocean to the vicinity of the head of Pamet River by the present Coast Guard Station, continuing northward still through the woods along by the Lodge at the Highlands, on by Ocean Farm, passing about two hundred yards west of the Highland Coast Guard Station, along to the head of Eastern Harbor meadows, across the sand dunes to the harbor, (probably over Snail Road,) "to and through the Province Lands," whose eastern boundary is the Eastern schoolhouse. The present highway over Beach Point was laid out at a later date, about 1850.

The bridge across East Harbor was built in 1854. It was destroyed by the ice a couple of years later, and rebuilt. Before the building of the bridge, all travel up the Cape went across those drifting sand hills to the north and east of the dyke; hills which whaling captains say look exactly like the Desert of Sahara. They remind others of the snow-clad hills of Labrador. Bradford street was laid out in 1873.

The Town Landings

The streets running off Commercial Street are continuations of the town landings. These public landings are all along the shore, open for any one to moor his boat or unload his fish. One is at the foot of West Vine Street; one at the foot of Franklin Street; one at the end of Good Templar Street, which is the continuation of an alley running into Pleasant Street. One is across the front street from Atlantic Avenue. One is at the west side of the Excelsior engine house; one west of the Post Office; one at Hilliard's wharf opposite Freeman Street; one at the foot of Pearl Street. The streets opposite the landings are the old paths that led to the fish-flakes, to the salt-works, to the Backside. All these streets converge into four well-marked old roads. They are sandy roads and hard to travel (except the State Highway), but they skirt the beautiful ponds, cross the dunes and lead to the ocean. One is the Race Road, at the west end; one is the Atkins Mayo Road, laid out in 1803, not far from the Eastern schoolhouse; one is Snail Road, west of Mayflower Heights; one is the Nigger Head Road, now the State Highway, running out just east of Johnson Street, smooth and easy for walking or for automobiles.

It was hard to protect those old roads from the sinking sand beneath them and the shifting sand beside them. They were hardened with turf cut from the hills, and covered with clay, with brush, with shells, with chips, with old nets, with coal ashes and cinders,

but nothing was sufficient to make a permanent and hard road till the modern macadam was used. One would suppose that even this would be cut by the heavy auto-trucks, but on the contrary, the roads down the Cape are considered among the best in the State.

Indefinite Bounds

When the town was set off as a Precinct, the bounds between Truro and the Province Lands were determined by representatives from the General Court. These bounds were fixed by marked trees, "running from the jaw-bone of a whale set in the ground near a red oak stump and running to a red cedar post set in a sand hill, to the North Sea." The directions are fixed by compass, but no distances are given. Many old deeds describe land as running from somebody's flake-yard to the salt-works of somebody else. Here is an instance of a careless bound. George Adams kept a shop which stood and still stands on the shore. Trade was good as long as travel was along shore, but when the street was laid out and people walked on the side-walk, his trade suffered. He asked the town to lay out a road from the street to his shop. This the town refused to do. Then he applied to the county to lay out a county road for his use and that of his customers. The county did this, and the work of the county commissioners is recorded in the Barnstable Records, Book 2, page 129, as follows: "Commencing at a point on the county road running through Provincetown, five and a half feet westward of the dwelling house

occupied by Nathan Freeman, at a Notch cut in a board fence, and thence running south forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes east by compass about one hundred and thirty-three and a half feet to the west corner of an outbuilding or necessary belonging to the said George M. Adams, and sitting on the northwest corner of his land. The foregoing described line constitutes the north-easterly side of the way now laid out, and the south-westerly side is to be nine feet from this line in all places."

The Wharves

About the time the street and sidewalk were built, wharves began to appear along the shore. The first wharf was built opposite Masonic Hall by Mr. Thomas Lothrop. His neighbors predicted that the tide would cut away the sand from the piles, and the wharf would fall. They might have recalled how hopeless is a vessel caught on a bar. The sea rots the piles, sometimes the ice breaks them, but the sand holds them. The Union Wharf was built in 1831, by Jonathan, Stephen and Thomas Nickerson and Samuel Soper. Then followed thirty wharves in twenty years. The schoolhouses were built soon after, and the churches.

Prosperous Times

Business of all kinds flourished, till Provincetown was reckoned the richest town per capita in Massachusetts. Judge Henry D. Scudder in his oration at the first anniversary of the Cape Cod Association in

1851, said: "Provincetown, the Sahara of Cape Cod, where all the freehold property which nature ever gave her, if bid off at public sale, would hardly satisfy the auctioneer. Provincetown, in proportion to her population, is not only the wealthiest town upon the Cape, but in personal estate is, I think, the richest town in all the Commonwealth."

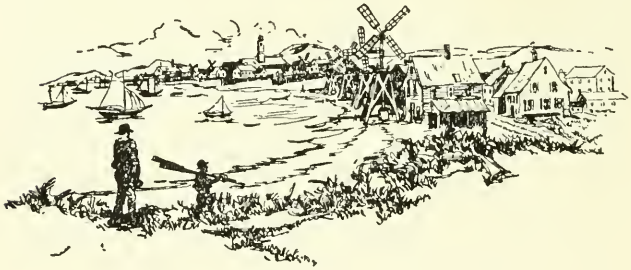
Most of the houses were story-and-a-half-houses, an architecture characteristic of Cape Cod and harmonius with the setting. They were set twenty feet back from the sidewalk, with a little lawn in front. They have been razed for more pretentious dwellings; they have been modernized; they have been extended to the sidewalk, but these changes have rarely been improvements.

Salt-Making

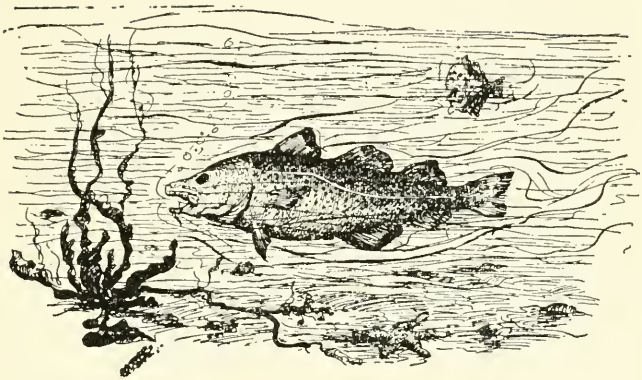
THEY prospered on the water. And on the land? Back of the houses were the Salt-works. A mill at the foot of the rising pumped sea-water into vats, through hollow logs made tight at the joints with white lead. The vats were about twenty feet square and eighteen inches deep. They were arranged in groups of three or four, the water-room, the bitter-water-room, the salt-room. The sea-water in the vats exposed to the sun, rapidly evaporated, leaving the salt. Three hundred and fifty gallons of water produced one bushel of salt. As the clear salt was shovelled from the last vat and spread out to dry, the partly evaporated water in the bitter-water-room was allowed to run into the salt-room, and new water was pumped into the water-room. These vats had covers on rollers, which were pushed over the vats at night or at signs of a shower. These rollers were ten inches in diameter; occasionally one of them, now used as a foot-stool, can be found. A man and a boy could manage the covers. As the boys of the family grew up and went off to sea, boys from Boston were adopted to help with the salt-works. They were seldom legally adopted, but they were in all respects members of the family. Some of these boys grew to be among our best citizens.

Salt-making was exceedingly profitable. The cost of building the salt-works was small. Uncle Jonathan took his Grand Banker, when she got home in the fall, and with his boys as crew, went to Maine and bought cedar posts, pine planks and joists, brought them home in the vessel, and threw them overboard at high tide. Men carried the lumber on their backs up from the shore to a level place not far from the dwelling house, and there they built a "string of salt-works," sixty or eighty vats. The work of tending salt-works was done by elderly men and boys, with sometimes, when black clouds rolled up in the west, the help of the women. The noise of many covers rolling over the vats, when a shower threatened, rivalled the thunder itself. Before the days of salt-works, when salt was manufactured in a kettle over the fire in the fire-place, its cost was eight dollars a bushel. In 1837, Provincetown had seventy-eight salt-works, producing 48,960 bushels of salt, and the price was one dollar a bushel. That would give an income of more than six hundred dollars for the old man and the boys, during the summer, while the Bankers were away. The brine left in the bitter water room, evaporating slowly during the winter, yielded a little pin-money in the form of Epsom or Glauber's salts. Reduction of the duty on salt, the repeal of the bounty, the discovery of salt in New York State, ruined the salt making here. The salt-works were dismantled, and houses and stores were built of the lumber. The two-story fish-stores, common along the shore, unpainted, but well proportioned, with double doors large enough to take in a boat, below and above,

were made of salt-works boards. They are now used as studios by the artists. The beams and the inside boards, so long saturated with salt, are silvery; they will last, I suppose, to the end of time. This shining background carries the draperies and the pictures of the artists. The building that looks to the chance passer-by like a bare barn, is all beautiful within. The house with rust around every nail-hole, though well painted, that house was built of salt-works.



Provincetown in 1839



Cod-Fishing

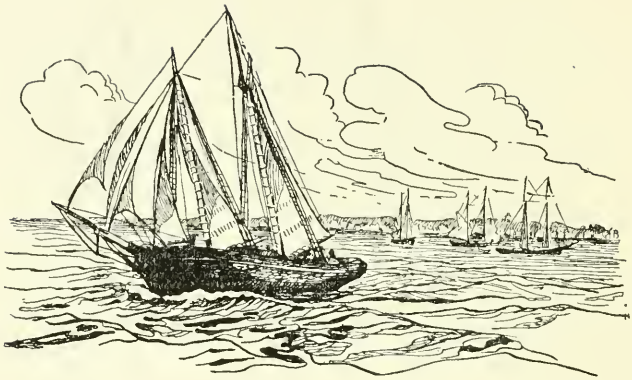
IN THE State House in Boston hangs the "sacred cod-fish," emblem of the prosperity of Massachusetts. The following is from the Official Guide-book of the State House. "Wednesday, March 17, 1784, Mr. John Rowe moved the House that leave might be given to hang up the representation of a cod-fish in the room where the house sit, as a memorial of the importance of the Cod Fishery to the welfare of this Commonwealth, as has been usual formerly. Possibly an emblem hung in the old State or Town House, but as this structure was burned Dec. 9, 1747. The cod-fish doubtless was destroyed. The State House in State street was erected in 1748, and although it is not known when the cod-fish was restored, in a bill of 1783, presented by Thomas Crafts Jr., to the

Province of Massachusetts Bay, the following item appears: 'To painting cod-fish—15 shillings.' As moved by Mr. Rowe, the emblem was suspended in the House, remaining there until transferred to the new State House, with the archives in 1789, and suspended in the House of Representatives. Just before its transfer it received a fresh coat of paint, as shown by a bill of Dec. 6, 1797, from Samuel Gore, 'Painting cod-fish —12 shillings.' On March 7, 1895, it was ordered that the Sergeant-at-Arms be and is hereby directed to cause the immediate removal of an ancient representation of a Cod-fish from its present position in the chamber recently vacated by the House, and to cause it to be suspended in a suitable place over the Speaker's chair in the new chamber. A committee of fifteen, under the escort of John G. B. Adams, Sergeant-at-Arms, proceeded to the old chamber when the emblem was lowered, wrapped in an American flag, and borne to the House of Representatives, by four messengers. It was repaired and painted by Walter M. Brackett, at an expense of $100, and on April 29, 1895 was ordered to be hung opposite the Speaker's chair. The codfish is made of pine; measures four feet eleven in cheslong, and ten inches through the largest part of the body."

Thus Mr. John Rowe put into the form of a motion before the General Court, the sentiment of Captain John Smith two hundred years before, that the fisheries of Cape Cod are better than a gold mine. Perhaps Mr. Rowe prefaced his motion with a speech, telling how the schools had been supported by a tax on fish, the minister in the same way, and how pensions for

old soldiers had come out of the State's fish money. Perhaps he went on to say, after the manner of political orators: "The fishing towns of the Commonwealth, ruined by the Revolutionary War, have perked up again, now that the Yankees in the treaty of peace have forced the Britishers to allow us to fish on the Grand Banks, without reciprocal rights of fishing on our coast." Mr. Rowe could readily make much of this, for governments find it easy to manipulate the fisheries. A man owns and controls his farm, but who owns the fish in the sea? The fishing business is a most uncertain business. There is always the uncertainty of what the Government may do. Changes of tariff or of bounties may make or break a fleet of vessels in a single year.

Fish come and fish disappear and nobody knows why they go or where. Methods of fishing change also. In 1885 there was invested in fishing in this town $964,573, in wharves, in vessels, in oufittter's firms, and all the related industries, as sail-lofts, block-maker's shops, rigger's lofts, iron-worker's places, marine railways, etc. Now scarcely a vestige of all this is left. Seines, weirs, motor-boats, refrigerating plants have entirely supplanted the Grand Bankers, the mackerel catchers and the whalers. The whole story of fishing is one of big voyages and broken voyages, of flush times and lean times, of vessels coming in scuppers down, and vessels coming in light as a bladder. Nothing is better property than a vessel with lucky wood in her, and nothing deterioriates so fast as a vessel hauled up.



On the Grand Banks

Dr. Johnson said that going to sea was going to prison with a chance of being drowned, besides.

THIS is the way the Bankers looked, as they sailed away for the Grand Banks in April. In early days they fished over the rail, half the men fishing, and half dressing down, turn by turn. The cook was usually a boy ten years old; the only qualification necessary for the berth of cook was the strength to lift the "great pot." In those days they made three trips a year to the Banks and they had good reason to hope for thirty per cent on the money invested, each trip. Captain John Paine Havender made fifty-seven successful voyages, and never made a broken one. On one voyage in the *Raritan* he was

gone from home seven weeks and cleared as his share $2200. He relates the perils of fishing on the Banks, as set forth by Jennings in his little book, thus: "We were at anchor to the windward of the Main Shoal, a big fleet there with us. A heavy gale came up, but the fleet thought they could ride it out. As the gale increased and the shoal water to the le'ward was breaking mast-head high, all at once the vessel gave a lurch, and I knew we were adrift. Grabbing an ax, I ran for'ard and cut the cable at the windless, hoisted the jib, and went aft and put up the helm. As I did so, a tremendous sea rushed down on us and I thought our last voyage was over. But the jib and the helm brought her stern to the sea, and rising on it we were driven ahead ten knot. I expected every second that she would go end over end, but quicker than I can tell it, we were over the shoal and in smoother water, where we reefed the fores'l, and hove her to and rode out the gale. When the wind moderated, we went back to the fishing grounds and finished up our trip. The rest of the fleet thought we had gone to the bottom; that no vessel could go over the Main Shoal and through the breakers and come out alive."

Now, they fish with trawls from dories, two men in a dory. If you ask what a trawl is, there is a classic answer from one who knows: "A trawl is what you go trawling with." A trawl line is often a mile long and carries a thousand hooks.

When the bankers left home, they carried sixty to a hundred and fifty hogsheads of dry salt. Day by day, as the fish were caught and dressed, the supply of

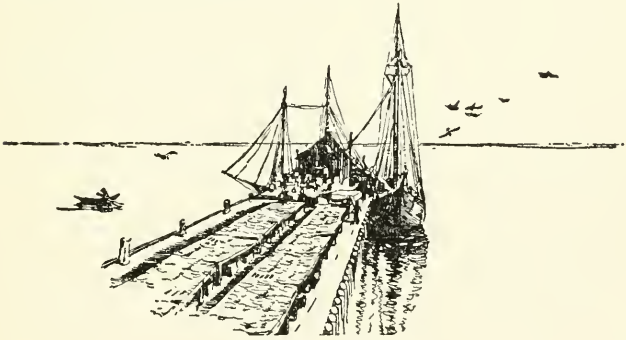
salt was wet, that is, was used, until the voyage was done. When we natives desire to say with emphasis that an undertaking is completed, we say, "I have wet my salt!" Having said that, further expostulation or entreaty is futile. We are done. The men go out from the vessel in dories and draw the trawls, and bring the fish aboard the vessel, where they are dressed. The throater, the gutter, the splitter are skillful with the knife; the fish are carefully washed, salted and stored in the kench in the hold; the tongues and sounds are salted in barrels; the livers cared for; the decks swabbed down, and the men who had their breakfast at three in the morning are ready for the bunk.

All this is in the day's work. Sometimes fog hangs thick and heavy and the men in the dories can not find their way back to the vessel. Sometimes an ocean liner, a thousand times as large as the stout little banker, looms above them out of the fog, and the men shiver to see her rush by, thankful that she did not ride them down. A good story and an accurate description of life on the Banks is given in Kipling's *Captains Courageous.*

Home again in September! While the vessel was yet a great way off, before she made Wood End, men on the hills with glasses saw her and knew her name and ran and told whether she was coming in deep or light. The fish were pitched into dories, boated ashore, and thrown into the water, there to be washed.

Washing Fish

This is the way they wheeled up the fish from the water. The banker's crew and every man along shore washed the fish. To all these men, the owners of the vessel were expected to give a dinner. Slang of to-day speaks of a "whale of a job." That is exactly what Cape Cod women mean when they say, "I would as soon get up a fishermen's dinner."



Drying Fish

This is how they dried the fish on flakes. They were spread every morning and piled and covered every night. If sometimes the girls said: "O father, you smell fishy!" father replied, "Smells money, girls."

The Stock Company

The vessel and the voyage were a stock company, with the stock divided into sixteenths. When a new vessel was to be built, the outfitters took one eighth, the Capt'n an eighth, the sail-maker, the block-maker, the spar-maker, the rigger, each took a sixteenth; the remainder was taken by the neighbors and the outfitter. Somebody would take a share for the privilege of naming the vessel; this privilege carried with it the gift to the vessel of the colors.

The Store of the Outfitter

The crew went on shares or hired as they chose. While a man was away at sea, his family lived from the store of the outfitter. These stores kept everything, and the goods were always arranged in the same order, beginning with dogfish chain hanging in the corner, with hooks and lines next, the raisins and crackers and cheese in a convenient place, a very limited stock of candy in glass jars near by, dry goods, crockery, hardware, around the store to the spy-glass on a rack at the rear door. Down cellar were flour, molasses, potatoes, kerosene and the corn-crib. In the attic were oil-clothes, nests of boxes, coils of rope, etc., etc., etc.

The Sailor's Wife

A woman at home took pride in keeping down the bills at the store while her man was away at sea. Her standing in the community was partly determined by the amount due him when the voyage was settled. If she could leave his voyage untouched, she was a smart one. Some poor fellows, however, always came home to find their voyage eaten up.

The Bank

The outfitters did also the work of a bank; receiving, investing and lending money. The Union Wharf Company was really a bank, a branch of Freeman's Bank in Boston till the organization of the Provincetown National Bank, in 1854. One night, the little old safe in the Union Wharf Store was broken open and the cash, about $15,000, was stolen. A few days later, the company received word that if they would say no more about it, they would find the money under the steps of the South Truro Meeting House. And there they found it.

Insurance

The thrifty Cape Codders hated to pay out money to "them Boston Insurance Fellers," so they organized a local, mutual, marine, insurance company, which charged low rates and was able to pay good dividends.

Some outfitters went so far as to be their own insurance company. This was prudent, but nerve-

racking in bad weather. The story is told of an owner who dreamed of seeing one of his captains on the Banks with his throat cut. Next morning he placed heavy insurance in Boston. Before Saturday night the captain was in with the biggest voyage he ever made.

Settling the Voyage

There was an accepted system of settling the voyage. First the great generals were taken out of the total. The great generals were bait, salt, gear, ice, towing, and canal charges if any. Then an eighth of the remainder was allowed for shrinking, and a fourteenth for curing the fish. Then the difference between an eighth and a fourteenth was given the owners. Nobody seems to know why this little dividend went to the owners here, except that custom decreed it. Then the vessel's part was taken out, and that was a third or a quarter as agreed upon in advance, then the small generals which were the food. The balance went to the sharesmen, who paid the wages of the men who were hired, (out of their share). A voyage to the Grand Banks lasted about five months. Each of the crew earned approximately three hundred dollars besides his food. Profits of owners varied. To quote one who had been at it many years: "You think you will get rich, but you don't; you think you will go to the poor-house, but you do not get there."

After the Voyage

The heyday of the year came after the voyage was settled and before it was time to fit out again. Those who think that Provincetown must be dull after the summer boarders go, forget that then many men are at home with money in their pockets, who feel that after a voyage at sea they are entitled to a good time ashore. They had a part in everything from the revival meetings in the Methodist Church to the Masonic Ball in Town Hall. The Minstrel Show and the Dramatic Exhibition packed the hall; the Old Folks Concert, with Cale Cook, who "caluped it" on the bass viol, filled the church. The beauty of Prof. Penniman's Cantata, *Flora's Festival*, given sixty years ago, has never been forgotten. Still persists the effect on the health of the town, of a series of lectures on sanitation and hygiene given by Dr. Miller. He used a skeleton and a manikin and many charts, and gave most sensible and instructive lectures. Everybody in town paid the price of admission and went to hear him. The worst storm of the winter did not diminish his audience. Men and women donned rubber boots and went to Dr. Miller's lecture.

The old Capt'ns had a debating club where they thrashed out topics the modern forums would not dare to touch: The North Pole, Spiritualism, Prohibition, Mesmerism, Endless Punishment, Free Trade, and the Merits of a Ship Against a Schooner. The debate on Temperance waxed personal, and one member was told, "I can smell it on your robin." In the days of

the Lyceum, the best speakers in the country came to Provincetown. The Odd Fellows had a large library for their members, and the Sunday Schools all had good collections of books.

Buying a Farm

They dreamed and they talked of the time coming when they would go to sea no more, but would buy a farm in Vineland, New Jersey. They always specified, however, that they would not buy a farm in Vineland, New Jersey, till they could get a patent milker.

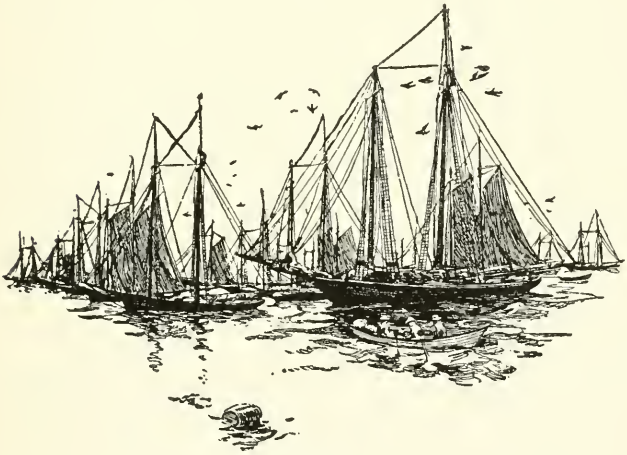
Farming, and especially a cow, is a kind of joke to us. A minister from the country settled here and naturally thought it a good idea to keep a cow, but his usefulness was gone when he became known as the Cow Minister.

Once upon a time, grandmother attempted to keep a cow. The cow was a wandering cow and a nuisance to grandmother and the neighbors, till grandmother's son determined to sell her, and nobody would buy. One of the vessels was almost ready for sea when a man came anxious to ship. Son told him that they did not need another man, but that if he would take his pay in cow, he could go aboard. The man said he would do this, if the cow could be delivered at his place in Truro. Early the next morning, before light, son sneaked out of town leading the cow. He met no one but the post-master getting ready the early mail. The cow in her new home was at her old trick of journeying abroad. In about a week came a letter addressed to "The Man Who Sold a Cow to Elisha Rich." This

the post-master promptly delivered to the right person, and for years the laugh was on the man who sold a cow to Elisha Rich.

Farm Bureau

The work of the Cape Cod Farm Bureau connected with the Massachusetts Agricultural College is giving dignity and instruction to phases of life on Cape Cod in which there are great possibilities.



The Fleet

Mackerel-Catching

MACKEREL-catching is less prosaic than Cod-fishing. Schools of mackerel follow the coast from North Carolina to the Bay of Fundy in the spring, and back again in the fall. The mackerel-catchers follow the fish. A good skipper can mark the place of the schools almost to a day. The mackerel-catchers are built to be swifter than the bankers, and much more rakish. They are never far from the coast and they make harbor often. I tell not of the dull old days when men fished over the rail; when they used their own hook and line and owned what they caught; literally every man on his own hook; not of the days when they went set-netting or dragging; but of the high days of mackerel-catching with a purse-seine. A purse-seine is large and deep and can be drawn up to form a pocket in the center. The vessel follows along near the school, every man on board, some in the rigging, some at the bow, watching for signs of fish. Old skippers locate the fish when the evidence is so slight that they themselves can hardly tell how they do it, whether by a little ripple on the water, or by a difference in color or by an odor. But they seldom make a mistake. The crew board the seine boat and surround the school, carefully, quietly, lest the fish get

wild. "Now boys, pus up!" The lower edge of the seine is gathered together by ropes leading to the middle, and in the purse are a hundred barrels of mackerel. If it is a big school, and the seine does not break, there are three hundred barrels.

Captain L. Dow Baker

Fish, however, are not as foolish as they look, and after a time when a thousand sail were following them, they left for parts unknown or they were exterminated, and mackerel catching went to nothing. Some of the captains used their vessels for freighting to the West Indies. One man, Captain L. Dow Baker, of Wellfleet, brought back from Jamaica a cargo of bananas, bought there for little, sold here for much. Out of this venture grew the United Fruit Company, owned at first by Captain Baker and his friends, and managed by his family and his neighbors.

Captain Si. Chase

After the mackerel had been out of knowledge for ten years, Captain Josiah Chase, in a port in South Africa, saw mackerel and mackerel a-plenty. He came home, fitted out a schooner and went back to South Africa to catch those mackerel. He died there of fever before he made a voyage. The next year the mackerel were again on our coast. The fleet said that the mackerel said that if Si Chase was after them, they might as well come and be caught first as last. There is now only a small fleet of mackerel-catchers. Motor boats and deep water traps are used instead.

Whaling

"Whales in the sea
God's voice obey."

From the New England Primer, published about 1785.

"The mighty whale doth in these harbors lie,
Whose oyle the mearchant deare will buy."
William Morrell, in Plymouth, 1623, published in London.

Richard Mather came to Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1635, where he saw mighty whales "spewing up water in the air like smoke from a chimney, of such incredible bigness that I will never wonder that the body of Jonah could be in the belly of a whale."

"In 1725, Paul Dudley of Massachusetts communicated to the Royal Society of London an essay upon the Natural History of Whales. Since that day the literature of whales has multiplied to an appalling degree. Much has been written, little is accurately known, for whales can not be observed and compared at will, without much labor."—*Glover M. Allen, Secretary and Librarian of the Boston Society of Natural History.*

"The Whaleman's Joys"

(*From Walt Whitman's Songs of Joy*)

O the whaleman's joys. O, I cruise my old cruise again.
I feel the ship's motion under me—I feel the Atlantic breezes fanning me.
I hear the cry sent down again from the mast-head "There she blows"
Again I spring into the rigging to look with the rest. We see. We descend wild with excitement.
I leap into the lowered boat. We row toward our prize—where he lies—
We approach stealthily and silent—I see the mountainous mass, lethargic, basking
I see the harpooner standing up—I see the weapon dart from his vigorous arm.
O swift again. Now far out in the ocean, I see the wounded whale settling, running to windward, tows me.
Again I see him rise to breathe—we row close again—
I see a lance driven through his side, pressed deep, turned in the wound.
Again we back off—I see him settle again—the life is leaving him fast.
As he rises he spouts blood—I see him swim in circles narrower and narrower, swiftly cutting the water, I see him die.
He gives one convulsive leap in the center of the circle and then falls flat and still in the bloody foam

A Long Story

Two men passed by my window. One said "Whale out in the Bay." The other replied: "Any herring in the Harbor?" This word "Whale hard by" is that spoken by the Pilgrims the first day here. Since that time the story of whaling has been a romantic adventure, all of which we understand, a part of which we are. Beginning with whales hard by and herring for their appetite, with dead whales washed up on the shore so many that the Fathers were willing to give one eighth part to the Indians, of voting the drift whales for support of the schools and the minister, the story of whaling runs out into Massachusetts Bay, to the Hatteras Grounds, to the Bay of Mexico, to Central America, to the West Coast of Africa, to the Pacific Ocean and to the Arctic.

A Tablet

A movement is now afoot to erect a tablet to all Provincetown whalemen and their Captains. If this is done, the tablet will record vessels and men who have sailed in all these waters. One hundred and seventy-five whalers have registered in Provincetown since 1820.

For many years before 1620, English, Dutch and Norwegians had whaled around Greenland and the Arctic. Our men knew this, and, as soon as whales grew wary of the shore, they were ready to follow them into deep water.

From the Boston News Letter in 1727

"We hear from the towns on the Cape that the whale-fishing has failed much among them this winter, as it has for several winters past, but having found out the way of going to sea upon that business, and having had much success in it, they are now fitting out several vessels to sail in the spring."

From the Boston News Letter in 1737

"A dozen vessels from Cape Cod, some of them of a hundred tons burden, are fitting out for Davis Straits whaling, so that not more than twelve or fourteen men are left at home."

There cleared from Provincetown in 1820, six whalers; in 1869, fifty-four; now not one.

Price of Oil

During the Civil War, the price of sperm oil was as high as $2.50 a gallon. Now that petroleum can be refined for every purpose, whaling is not profitable. However, in 1917, the brig *Viola* owned by Captain John Atkins Cook, brought in 1250 barrels of sperm oil, and 121 pounds of ambergris, all valued at $75,000.

Life on a Whaler

Life on a whaler was hard, but when the captain and crew were friends and neighbors, as ours were, it was not cruel and degrading, as some have pictured it. A few old captains are still living, quiet low-spoken men, who do not tell all they might tell of whaling. The

captain of a whaler must be unafraid. He steers his boat within ten feet of the whale for the man with the harpoon to strike, and the man with the harpoon must never be able to say: "He did not put me near enough to the whale." He must be undismayed, whether the whale runs or dives or fights, or whether the line around the roller blazes up aflame. He must never cut loose till the boat is pulled under. He must be a good marksman, or he would not have become captain. "He missed a whale!" is said as one speaks of a general who lost a battle. He must be something of a doctor, a dentist, a surgeon; for men get sick with the scurvy in the long cruising before they go into port for lemons, onions, potatoes, yams, cocoanuts; men are often hurt in killing a whale; a broken leg, a bad cut, a shoulder out of joint is for the captain's care.

He must be judge and father to the homesick boys. He must be a man of business if he goes into a foreign port and ships his oil home.

The mates have the rough work to do. They must keep order aboard ship. If the weeks lengthen into months and the men never once hear: "There she blows!" from the watch in the cross-trees, they get restless and hard to manage. They play high-low-jack-and-the-game, till they quarrel over the cards and the mate throws overboard every card in sight. They read books of all kinds; the Bible, Josephus, Latin Grammar, Bowditch's Navigator, and STORIES, STORIES, STORIES. In early days every man was tattooed and some had their ears pierced for earrings. They gossiped about every man, woman and child in

town. They told over again all their old yarns. If another whaler hove in sight, they went aboard for a gam. Perhaps then they got papers and letters from home. On fourth of July, they brought out the frosted cakes, "sea-cakes," made by the girls at home and kept for special occasions.

Scrimshawing

With a mahogany log, whale-bone, a lathe and a knife they made trinkets of all kinds, elaborately decorated. They made a tiny ship with masts and all the ropes so attached to a thread, that the model could be inserted into a small-necked bottle, and the masts and the rigging then raised to their places, by pulling the thread. They made beautiful spoolers. But those not skillful with the knife and the lathe could do scrimshawing. Everybody attempted scrimshawing. Now scrimshawing was decorating the whale-bone in colors. Using a paper pattern, they traced with a knife, a design, and then retraced it with a point dipped in India ink, indigo or a dye made from logwood. Whale's teeth thus decorated, were simply an ornament for the whatnot, but the busks were used as stays for a lady's waist. When busks went by for this purpose mothers utilized them in disciplining children. "If you are not a good child, I'll busk you."

The Captain's Wife

The wife of the captain often went along, and many a Cape Cod child was born in mid-ocean, an

American, if born under the American flag. Albatross, "Trossy," is the beautiful name borne by one woman born off Cape of Good Hope, the name given by the older children to interpret the story of the stork. The captain's wife was a good navigator, with occasion sometimes to test her skill. Once upon a time, there was a woman who always went to sea with her husband (on foreign voyages, not whaling) because the owners refused the ship unless she was aboard. On the voyage she was the navigator; in port she was the financier. When the captain died, she asked the owners for the ship, for just one more voyage, with the same mates who had been her faithful friends for many voyages. The owners declined to send a ship to sea with a woman captain, and she, who for years had been the real captain of a ship, was compelled thereafter to go out sewing for a living.

Ambergris

The tedium of whaling would be intolerable, were it not for the chance of a fortune which every morning brings. Perhaps a whale to-day and before night we may be dipping from his head bucketsful of the clear case oil. Perhaps to-morrow we shall be cutting in and trying out a hundred barrels. Perhaps ambergris. Ambergris is found in the intestines of a diseased whale. It is a gray, hard, waxy lump as big as your fist, as big as a bucket, having about the density of water, for sometimes it floats, and sometimes, alas, it sinks. It forms a base which retains the fragrant oils used in perfumery. It is worth more than its weight in gold.

In the Arctic

Whaling for bone in the Arctic is the latest phase of whaling. A captain goes across the continent to join his ship in San Francisco, sails for the far North in the spring, whales during six weeks of the summer, returns to the mouth of an Alaskan river in September, roofs over the ship and is frozen in till June, whales again the second summer, and unless he has poor luck and must stay another year, he returns to San Francisco in the fall. He probably receives letters and papers by Esquimau sled once each year. During the long dark winter the crew hunt and trade with the Esquimaux and find them friendly.

McMillen

Few of our men now go whaling, but our Jotty Small is with our Donald McMillen exploring Baffin's Land, and the incipient merchant marine is being recruited by our boys, both Yankee and Portuguese.

Alabama Claims

Any story of whaling in Provincetown must include the Alabama Claims. During the Civil war, Confederate cruisers, among them the *Alabama*, fitted out in English ports, made prizes of Provincetown whalers. The crew of the whaler were landed in the West Indies, and given as compensation for their loss, a Confederate bond. Some of these bonds are still in existence. In 1872, a joint commission, chosen to settle the claims of

the United States against England, made an award of $15,000,000 to this Government. This money was paid by the Government to those who had suffered loss. It is wonderful how such losses breed. The vessel and fittings, her cargo and the voyage she would have made had she not been captured, the wages of officers and crew and compound interest on all these items for ten years, made those who had escaped the *Alabama* wish that they also had been captured.

French Claims

Payment of the Alabama Claims revived the talk of the French Spoliation Claims, and the hope that now they might change from dreams into money.

"$5,000,000 for unlawful seizures, captures and destructions of vessels and cargoes, old General Jackson had forced the French to pay! Compound interest for forty years!" But nothing ever came of it.

The Mason and Slidell Gale

In the early days of the Civil War, Mason and Slidell, special envoys from the Southern Confederacy to Great Britain and France, were on their way to England in the *Trent*, an English mail steamer. Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States Sloop-of-war, *San Jacinto*, overhauled the *Trent* and demanded the envoys, who were delivered up to him. He took the prisoners into Fortress Monroe and sent word to Washington of his exploit. President Lincoln knew, and the

people of Cape Cod knew, that the war of 1812 had been fought for just this reason, the overhauling of neutral ships on the high seas. We knew this and we saw that the President was right in ordering the release of the prisoners. However, when a United States ship on her way to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, with the prisoners on board, made Provincetown Harbor during a fearful storm, the people of the town sought to vindicate the President and at the same time make way with Mason and Slidell by praying to the Lord to sink the ship. That storm is the Mason and Slidell Gale.

Fresh-Fishing

THE wind is seldom so high, and the cold is rarely so intense but the Boston market is served with fresh fish. The fresh-fishing vessels are built for speed. They make trips of a few days or a few weeks, going wherever there are fish, sometimes only a mile or two from shore, sometimes a hundred miles southeast to George's Bank. A fleet of power-boats and motor-dories also comes and goes about the shore. Fresh-fishermen are at sea in the pleasant days of summer and in the awful days of winter, when they come into port, floating icebergs.

Thus a fisherman described his day's work. "Yes we got into trouble in that breeze Sunday. He jibed her over and then he jibed her back again too quick, and snapped her foremast short off. There was the fores'l all in rags, new fores'l too, and the rigging going back and forth across the deck, over the dories and under the dories, and a block swinging from aloft just above the men's heads, (kill'em if it hit 'em) and a hell of a sea going. So cold a man could stand watch but fifteen minutes. We had twelve thousand of fish and lost six of them, and got into Boston all iced up."

The Clipper

The story of the evolution of the clipper from the clumsy old traps of the early days is a story as wonder-

ful as that of the locomotive from the wheelbarrow. When we look at the model of the *Mayflower*, high out of water, bow, stern and amidship, we are not surprised that she was sixty-seven days crossing the Atlantic. The wonder is that she crossed at all.

The first vessels and small boats made by the Pilgrims for use along the shore, seem to have been built on the lines of these old caravels, unmanageable in bad weather, and hard to steer against the wind. Their first attempts at fishing, also, were not successful, though they tried it at Plymouth, at Weymouth, at Cape Ann and elsewhere. Edward Winslow wrote: "Though our bays and creeks are full of bass and other fish, yet for want of fit and strong seines and other netting, they for the most part break through and carry all before them."

They quickly saw, however, the advantage of the light canoes of the Indians, and they began to experiment. They made a boat with masts without stays, and with square sails that must be lowered in order to tack. They made the pinkie, the lugger, the dog-body, the ketch, the cod-head-and-mackerel-tail, the heel-tapper, the jigger and the schooner, till there has been developed a type, safe, swift and beautiful, a craft that spreads twelve hundred yards of duck and that sails within three points of the wind in all weathers.

We no longer hear dreadful stories of a vessel on her beam ends and the crew in the rigging frozen with horror while they wait for her to right, or of a vessel bottom up with the remnant of the crew clinging to the bottom, drifting, starving, dropping into the sea.

Seldom now a vessel sails and is not heard of till the men along the shore begin to say, "She is overdue," and later, "The owners are getting anxious," and at last, "The Lloyds have given her up." Then a funeral sermon is preached for the men on board the vessel never reported. Once a minister with such a service, said: "Their bodies are in the deep and their souls are doubtless in hell." The widow of the captain and mother of the two sons who were the captain's mates, sat in the front pew and listened to the funeral sermon for her husband and her sons. Her head under her black crepe veil sank lower and lower as she listened. The neighbors helped her walk from the meeting-house, home. The women took off her black crepe veil and her black dress and put her to bed, from which she never again raised her head.

The minister said that he had done his duty.

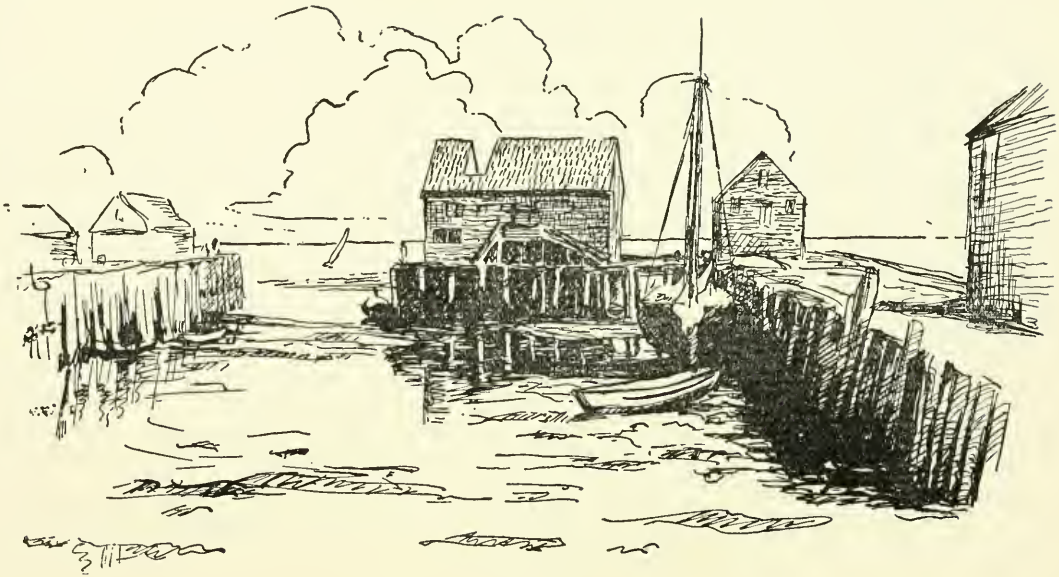
The Lipton Cup

We are proud of the trophy displayed in Town Hall, won in the Fishermen's race, 1907.

The Inscription on the Cup:

Won by Sch.
Rose Dorothea
Capt. Marion Perry
Aug. 1, 1907

Presented by
Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O.
Boston Old Home Week
1907.



THE DOCK

Allied Industries

Boat Building

WHEN white oak grew on the hills, large vessels were built on the shore, small boats also, a hundred and fifty of them in 1845. A boat-shop is an attractive place. The piles of clean lumber, the wide doors open to the harbor, the neighbors with the news make it a good place to loaf in. If, however, one does not belong to the clan, it is difficult for him to find conversation in the shop, or even to discover the shop itself, tucked away behind other buildings on the shore. For the initiated there are shrewd judgments of people and events. A pretty and stylish young girl of a petered-out family passed by. One man, scanning the horizon, said: "Rigged like a yacht." Another, studying an imaginary Arithmetic, "Naught from naught and naught remains."

Life Boats

In these boat-shops are built the Government life-boats. When the Life Saving Service was first established, the Government furnished all the stations with flat-bottomed boats, such as were used on the New Jersey coast. These our men could not use on

this shore. At the wreck of the *Annie J. Fort* the life-crew at Peaked Hill Bars tried in vain, all day long, to launch the Government life-boat. When they were exhausted, Captain Isaac Mayo, a spectator on the shore, sent into town for a whale-boat, and called for a volunteer crew. The boat was carted across the beach and manned by a fresh crew. They knew a whale-boat. They knew that a boat, with a keel, narrow, sharp at both ends, and deep, could be launched through the breakers and could be safely beached on its return. They watched their chance, they ran her off beyond the breakers, they saved the men on the wreck. A picture of this crew launching their boat hangs in the Public Library. After this experience the Government had the boats for the Cape Cod service built on Cape Cod, by Cape Cod men. They are a little smaller than a whale-boat, and they have air-tight compartments. For a long time they were built by William W. Smith, who prided himself that boats put on the stocks Monday morning were finished Saturday night.

Sail-lofts

Where there are vessels there must be sail-lofts. A sail-loft is also an attractive place, with a wide, clean floor, and rolls of white duck, and coils of new rope. He is a skilled draftsman who cuts a suit of sails that fit perfectly, and he is clever with a palm who sews them. The vessel going out of the harbor with new sails that "draw" is the butt of the watching connoisseurs on the shore. To say of any person: "I don't like the cut of his jib," is to express suspicion.

Spar-yards

There must be a spar-yard with its odorous floor of pine chips. Long before Bell and the telephone, Cape Cod children knew that the scratching of a pin at one end of a sixty-foot stick could be heard by an ear held close to the other end of the spar. Where there are vessels there must be block-makers, with a log of lingum vitae at the door; there must be calkers with their ringing mallets; and riggers with knives in their belts; and painters, for no self-respecting crew would ship in a dinghy, and no high-liner of a capt'n would put to sea in a vessel that did not look shipshape.

Uncle Disher

Where there are vessels there must be a blacksmith's forge, not often busy with horses to be shod, but always red with iron-work for the vessels. This is the story they tell in the Blacksmith's Shop:

Once upon a time, Uncle Disher thought he would make an anchor. Now Uncle Disher was not very bright, but he put the iron in the fire and he heated it red-hot and he put it on the anvil and he pounded and he pounded and he pounded, but when he got it done, it was too small for an anchor. So Uncle Disher thought he would make a horse-shoe. He put the iron in the fire and he heated it red-hot and he put it on the anvil and he pounded and he pounded and he pounded and when he got it done, it was too small for

a horse-shoe. So Uncle Disher thought he would make a nail. He put the iron in the fire and he heated it red-hot and he put it on the anvil and he pounded and he pounded and he pounded, and when he got it done, it was too small for a nail. So Uncle Disher said he would put it into the water and make a tiss. This is the story told to the ambitious with the warning, "Look out now that you don't make a tiss."

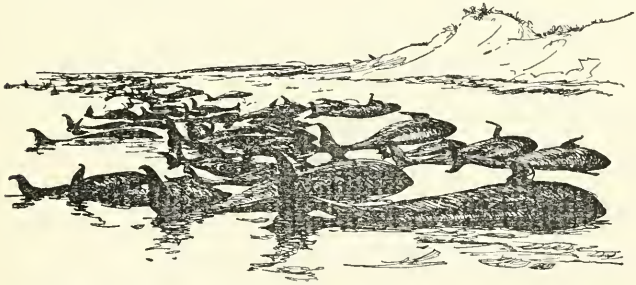
Up the Railway

Where there are vessels there must be marine railways where vessels are hauled out for repairs. At high water the cradle was slid under the waiting vessel; a pair of stout horses walked round and round the capstan in the railway house (with a notch cut in the roof for the vessel's boom), and they pulled the vessel up the ways. There the calkers calked her, and if she was going to southern waters, they coppered her, and the painters painted her and they made her tight. Children always loved to watch a vessel come up and to see Lion and Tiger walk round and round the capstan, waiting for the time when Lion and Tiger should get dizzy and fall down, as the big boys said they would some day. But Lion and Tiger never did fall down. The best place to go old-junking was under the railway, after a vessel had been coppered.

Cod Liver Oil

On every wharf in town were try-works, an iron kettle containing three barrels, on a brick foundation, where fish livers were tried out for oil. Dog-fish livers

yielded a crude oil for tanning and making rope. Fresh cod livers, over a slow fire, stirred constantly lest they burn, yielded the medicinal Cod Liver Oil. In 1848, Mr. Joseph Burnett, an apothecary of Boston, induced Mr. Nathaniel Atwood to fit his vessel with the necessary equipment and go to Labrador and there catch the cod and try out the livers on board. Later, perhaps encouraged by his friend and teacher Prof. Agassiz, Mr. Atwood did an extensive business in his shop here, both manufacturing and bottling the oil. This work is still done in little kettles along the shore, but the emulsions on the market have lessened the demand for pure oil. Time was when a barrel of oil made four hundred bottles, and a bottle sold for half a dollar.



Blackfish Oil

The finest lubricating oil, used on certain bearings of United States battleships and lighthouses, used on expensive watches and clocks, is refined from blackfish head oil. This fine oil is extracted from a quantity

which has been subjected to intense cold and has congealed to look like lard. From this frozen mass is pressed a small amount of oil that will not chill. This process takes two years.

The blackfish are small whales, five to thirty feet long, which swim in schools of hundreds. Following the herring or the squid, they come close in, and sometimes run ashore on the beach. If they remain sporting about in the bay, a noisy crew in a boat can drive them to their destruction. In the head is the melon, I suppose the brains, from which this finest oil is made. Schools of five hundred, of two thousand, have been taken along the Cape Shore. Marshal Foch, on his tour of the United States, was presented with a watch by the *Boston Post*. With the watch was a tiny bottle of oil made by Mr. David Stull of our town, the same David Stull who is the "Ambergris King."

Besides the fishing, large enough to be dignified by the name of business, there are incidental dollars to be gathered from the sea. Any boy can make a lobster-pot, and with care he can catch a few lobsters; men, women and children go clamming at fifty cents a bucket. Flounders, once fed to the pigs, are the delicious flatfish, and they are salable; pollock, despised pollock, are the famous Boston blues; whiting, which the town used to bury on the shore, are the delicate silver perch; when squid strike they can be almost dipped up at ten cents a bucket; and the Picketts buy small mackerel for canning. In the old days when in order to get the bounty, a man must go fishing

forty weeks in the year, whether there were fish or not, he could always go bounty catching.

Knitting Net

At the kitchen window of every home and in every back-shop hung a net. All members of the family and all loafers in the back-shop were expected to knit on the net, so that it grew continually. Children too young to knit (and a child was too young till he could knit without making a slip-knot) filled needles. The size of the lease, around which the twine was thrown, determined the size of the mesh, and whether the net was to be for spurling, for herring, for mackerel or for bluefish. Four or five cents a yard was the standard price for knitting; a fast knitter could do a yard an hour; some knitters could knit and read. The nets were seventy-five yards long and eighty meshes deep. That, with the corks on one side and the leads on the other, made a net worth about fifteen dollars. Hundreds of nets were made every winter. In due time a machine was invented for knitting nets. Everybody in town took stock in the new knitting company in Boston, and it proved very profitable. One condition of the stock was that the company should have first chance to buy any stock sold, and that when a stock-holder should die, his stock could be bought in by the company. Thus the whole of this valuable property has gone into the possession of the company, now the American Net and Twine Company, and of the Linen Thread Company of

England. Many people in town know how to knit net, and in many an attic are needles and a lease.

Oil Clothes

In the days before sewing machines, the fishermen's oil clothes were made by the outfitters. They bought the cloth, cut the pants, the jacket and the barvel, and put them out for women to sew in their homes. When the clothes were sewed, they were covered with linseed oil, two or three coats, put on with a paint brush. Rows of these stiff figures hung singly and with arms extended from fear of combustion, swinging gently in the dim store-loft, were a harrowing sight to a little girl.

The Whale Show

Far more forceful than the hard-worked word *efficiency* is the English *gumption*. It was real gumption that prompted two captains to take a whale to New York on exhibition. Anyone with a mathematical turn of mind, knowing how much odor arises from one pound of decaying meat, could calculate how great an odor would arise from a seventy-ton whale, how much disinfectant would be a daily necessity, and how long a board of health would tolerate a dead whale in the dock. How many people would pay half a dollar to see a whale, must be, for the wisest, a guess. The canny captains had taken all these things into consideration, and they calculated rightly that a whale on exhibition in New York would be a good thing—how good nobody but them ever knew.

Afterward a whale was put on a specially constructed flat car by a Chicago syndicate and was exhibited in western cities. A lecturer went with this show, and the lecturer says that he told a good story and that he had a good time.

No one has yet invented a successful tide-mill, though many have tried.

The Cold Storage Plants

At times in the summer, the harbor is alive with squid, excellent for bait. At other times there are no squid. Then the fishermen are clamoring for fresh bait. So many whiting swim the harbor that the dead fish thrown overboard by the fishing boats become a nuisance on the shore. These delicate silver perch, unlike larger and firmer fish, can not be sent to market simply packed in ice. With these facts in mind, Mr. D. F. Small, in 1892, built a "freezer." Experience has proved that fish bite eagerly at the freezer's bait and that food fish, if put fresh into the freezer, can not be distinguished from fish newly caught. Since Mr. Small's venture, five other freezers have been built at the average cost of $100,000. These plants are served by traps in the harbor. They take fish when fish are plenty in the summer and sell, mostly in the West, when fish in the winter are scarce. A circulation of ammonia and brine reduces the temperature to zero and keeps it there day and night for months. The fish are shipped in refrigerator cars and reach market in excellent condition.

The Coast Guard

THE Coast Guard was organized by the United States Government in 1872. It was called at first the Life-Saving Service. No shore more dangerous than the shore of Cape Cod faces the Atlantic Ocean. It has been well called the "Graveyard of Ships." Hundreds of wrecks are scattered on the bottom from Long Point to Monomoy. From 1907 to 1917 there were a hundred and fifty-six wrecks on the Backside. Few early charts were reliable. The shifting bars compel yearly a new survey and a new chart. The first lighthouse, that at the Highland, was built in 1797, Race Point in 1816, Long Point in 1826, Wood End in 1873. Each year now sees fewer disasters. Improvements in the charts and in the lights, in the fog-bells and horns, better appliances for rescue, entrance examinations, and regular drill for the men, and a pension for the men retiring, better models in building vessels, use of power against the wind, the Canal, all combine to defeat the hungry sea and the treacherous sand.

Wrecks

Nevertheless, every winter has its wreck. The horror of those who stand and see it marks the date more sharply than do the figures of the calendar.

"My son was born the day the *Caledonia* came ashore, the first day of January, 1863." The *Caledonia* was an English ship with broadcloth, linen, cotton cloth and thread, which next morning were washing in the tide. The last of that cargo is scarcely used up now. The Italian bark *Giovanni* with wine, white grapes, nuts and raisins will be recalled when 1872 has little significance.

Men on the shore stand helpless as they see a ship break in pieces on the bar, and dead men washed up with the flotsam and jetsam. They see the men on the wreck launch a boat and they shudder as it overturns in the breakers, just beyond their reach. They see men drop one by one from the rigging. They calculate the chances of a man swimming on a plank. They find the frozen body of one who reached the shore in the darkness and then wandered about till he died. Scenes like this fix the years for the life-savers.

Wreckers

In the early days, wrecking companies were organized to save ship, cargo and men. They had ready boats, oars and sails, cables and anchors, ropes, barrels, tackles, crowbars and axes, life-preservers, bandages, medicines, stimulants, dry clothes, dry wood and matches, everything needed. At news of a wreck they were early on the scene, prepared to help and not afraid to try. The story is told of how a company of wreckers floated a vessel at high tide and at dark in a howling southeast snowstorm. What then?

She would ground again on the ebb, the wind was ahead to take her into the harbor but fair for Boston. Therefore, "To Boston we go. It will not take long to get there in this breeze. Nobody else will be out to-night, so we shall have a clear road. She will likely keep afloat till morning." Two men took the leaking old craft to Boston and she was beside the wharf before daylight. Word was sent to the waiting wife in town, "Don't you worry about Joshua. He has gone to Boston on the wreck. We think it will moderate, bye-and-bye." Gone to Boston on a wreck!

The Humane Society

More than a hundred years ago, the Humane Society built on the beach huts for shelter. In 1802, Rev. James Freeman wrote a pamphlet on the work of the Humane Society and located the huts. He describes them as a rude charity house with fireplace, wood and matches and a signal pole. Which things, public-spirited citizens promised to keep supplied.

The Seamen's Aid Society

The Seamen's Aid Society for the care of shipwrecked sailors was organized in 1882, with a dollar a year membership and an annual public meeting. At one of these public meetings, Mr. James Gifford read a detailed account of the wreck on the Backside of three East India ships from Salem, owned by the Crowninshields, the *Volusia*, the *Ulysses*, the *Brutus*, February 22, 1802. The Commonwealth has now made provision that the towns shall furnish money

to shipwrecked persons and be reimbursed by the State. Therefore the treasury of the Seamen's Aid Society, about two thousand dollars, has been given to the Helping Hand, and the Seamen's Aid is disbanded.

Mooncussing

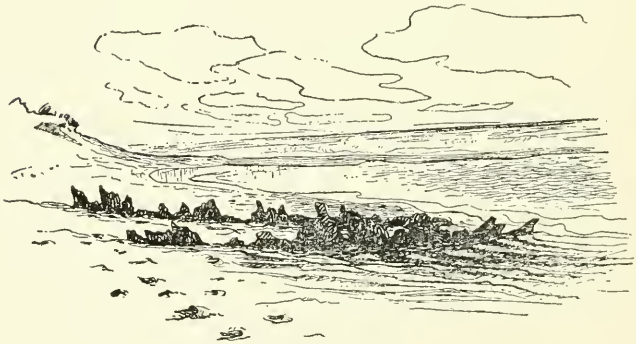
Since the Lloyds now have representatives in every town, the romantic days of "mooncussing" are done. How much was snatched from the maw of the sea and made useful will never be known, because only the audacious and the funny stories are told. To get ahead of Eben Smith, the underwriters' agent, was a laudable ambition, and to outwit another beachcomber was worth while. Once upon a time a man stood in the evening on the beach where during the day a vessel had gone to pieces. A rope washed up at his feet and he hauled it in and threw it behind him as he hauled. When he came to the end of the rope and turned to coil it, there was in his hand a piece only ten feet long. Somebody behind him in the darkness had coiled the rope as he hauled, and had cut it and disappeared.

The Life-saving Service on Cape Cod

This was established in 1874. Positions in the service are eagerly sought, for the men feel that life-saving is as much better than going to sea, as the life-savers in a storm are better off than the men on the wreck. Patrol along the beach in a northeast gale would be impossible for most people. Sometimes the

cutting wind and sand compel men to crawl on their hands and knees. But these men are young and strong, they are dressed for the weather, they know the beach, and they leave the station dry and warm. A vessel ashore in a bad time, however, taxes even their vitality. But there are many days of leisure and of comfort. One of their number goes into town every day to market and for the mail. More books than they can read are sent them. More visitors than they can entertain come to see them. They take turns at cooking, they keep hens and set lobster-pots, they build boats and braid rugs and have a pension bye-and-bye.

This is true of the lighthouse keepers also. A man is in luck when he is appointed keeper of the light.



The Wreck of the Somerset

The Portuguese

Our Neighbors

HALF the town is Portuguese. There is no race prejudice, but only friendly co-operation between Portuguese people and others. They themselves make distinctions according to the island from which they come. Others judge them as they judge all, by their worth. Some of the brightest pupils in the schools, some of the most esteemed citizens are Portuguese. This attitude of democratic good will was illustrated in the tercentenary parade, 1920. The signing of the Compact, the *Mayflower*, John Alden, Priscilla and the spinning-wheel, and all the Pilgrim band were portrayed by their descendants. The artists supplied the Indians, the pirates, and other picturesque adjuncts. There was no more significant group than the Portuguese with their fishing gear and the motto—

"Our Saviour fed the Multitude
Two thousand years ago.
We are Fishermen."

At their head marched a man descended by seven lines from *Mayflower* passengers.

The First Portuguese

Most of the Portuguese came on the whalers from Cape de Verde Islands. The first Portuguese, however, was Manuel Caton from Lisbon. When a boy he ran away from home to sea. The ship was captured by pirates and every man compelled to walk the plank. The boy was saved as a useful slavey. For a long time they cruised the Atlantic Ocean, and took many prizes.

At last the captain of the pirate ship fell sick and was near to death. Then the crew put the captain and young Caton into a boat and set them ashore on the Backside, and said to Caton: "Go into the town and tell the people that there is a man out here very sick." This he did. The captain was carried into town and nursed back to health. When he was well again, he said to Manuel: "The next time the packet goes to Boston we will go in her. I know where to pick the ship." But the young man said "no," that he liked the people and he liked the town and he did not like a pirate ship. Though the captain threatened vengeance if he stayed and if he told, he remained, married and lived to be an old man, always gentle, courteous and respected.

A Bit of Geography

Washing Up

GEOLOGISTS agree that High Head in Truro marks the original end of the Cape, and that all the land north of that point is a series of sand beaches built by the winds and the tides, each farther north than the last. At first they were narrow spits of sand just above the water. They increased year by year till they became wide enough and high enough to support vegetation. This process of building can be roughly traced even now. Off Peaked Hill, a vessel taking a familiar course may be caught on a bar newly made-off. Long ago Race Run was tide water from Race Point to Nigger Head, seventy-five years ago a bridge spanned the Run, fifty years ago the Run could be crossed afoot only at low tide, the State Road now lies where the tide once ebbed and flowed. Mill Creek at the West End is filling rapidly now that the breakwater shuts it off from the harbor. No longer boys and girls row "up crick" on the flood and drift back again on the ebb tide. Fresh Water Mill Pond and Salt Water Mill Pond fed by the Mill Creek have entirely disappeared, and Johnny Smith's Pond near the west end of the sidewalk is gone. Shank Painter Pond extended a mile west of the Meeting

House, and the Meeting House was near the old cemetery. Strout's creek is constantly mentioned in old records. It probably ran up into the hills from East Harbor, but there has been no trace of it for a hundred years. Lobster Plain on Long Point was almost an inland sea. Now it is difficult to find the Lobster Plain.

Washing Out

On the other hand, some land is disappearing. House Point, an island at the west end of the harbor has been washed away in our day, and an island called Hog Island at the east end of the harbor was once used for pasturing sheep. There are coverlets in town made of wool raised by the young brides who also spun and wove the cloth. Strangers approaching the low-lying shore for the first time exclaim: "How does anybody dare to live there!" People unaccustomed to a tide, inquire if it surely will stop at the high-water mark and go back again. Statistical friends calculate how long it will be before the whole end of the Cape will be washed away. We still live, although in 1851, during the storm that destroyed Minot's Ledge Light, the ocean really did break through at East Harbor. That fact probably hastened the building by the Commonwealth of the dyke at the East End, in 1869, and of the breakwater at the West End by the Federal Government in 1911.

Thus we live, as we always have lived, flung up by the sea, fighting the sea, fed by the sea.

The Harbor

All who see it are impressed with the extent of the harbor "wherein a thousand ships might ride"; with the safety of this land-locked haven, without a rock, a shoal or a current; with its ever-changing beauty, the dispair of the artists.

The harbor is the background of our whole life. The first duty of the morning is to learn which way the wind is, from the best weather-vane in the world, a vessel at anchor. On the way of the wind, and on the indispensable knowledge of the time of high tide, on these two hang all the work and play of the day.

Our Playground

It is a playground. Our boys can not remember when they learned to swim and to handle a boat. They scorn amateur seamanship, especially if they see it in Uncle Sam's sailors. Town and gown. Many of these sailors are western boys attracted to the navy by the romance of the sea, who never saw salt water until they enlisted. One of these youths in uniform was trying to put a boat alongside the wharf, while his critics stood grinning above him. One boy voiced the thought of the gang: "Straddle your legs apart, mister, or you will be overboard." This to a lieutenant! Boys stand up in a boat and scull rather than row, and they row, not with the long sweep of the racer, but with the short stroke of the man who rows in all weathers. Somebody, on a summer morning, home again, home again, after a year, loosed a man's dory,

found the oars hidden according to custom under the fish-house, and was almost out of sight when she was discovered by the owner, who said "That woman is no summer visitor. She learned to row in this dock. She is one of three girls, and I bet I know which one."

Our School

Uncle Sam's Ships, the incarnation of power, lie off there and beckon to the boys. "Aboard the Ranger," is said by some of them with the same air with which Bostonians say, "At the University." Thus, one young man tells what the harbor and the lifelong use of boats did for him. "'Board the transport was a lot of them Annapolis fellers. They was all right in good weather, but come a bad time and I see 'em faint away and fall down dead, with seasick, lot of 'em. We had one old he of a storm about half way across, and them fellers kept her agoing just as if 'twas fair weather. Never eased her up a bit. They got her down in the trough of the sea and I think she roll over sure. I take my cap in my hand and I go to the Capt'n (I don't know but he heave me overboard) and I say, 'Capt'n, I know how to steer a ship.'

'Who are you?' he say.

'Portugee from Provincetown.'

'Any more of you?'

'Five fellers.'

'Go get them and come here.'

When we get across, I get my promote."

Our Resource

Our harbor is the road over which young men set out to make their way. In it is our livelihood. A little boy starts with a lobster-pot or a bucket of clams. The old man who can still pull a dory feels that he can make his living. If a young man thinks he will be a farmer, and goes West to try farming, within a year he is a surveyor, a land agent, an employee in the bank. He wanders to the ends of the earth, but is always at some work that appeals to a rover, a trader, a captain.

The harbor is not often the scene of a tragedy; few people are drowned, few vessels are wrecked.

To those bred on these shores and transplanted to the country, the fields seem monotonous, and the mountains oppressive. Forever they miss the continual changes of the tide and the wide horizon of the sky, even until—

"That which drew from out the vasty deep
Turns again home."

Mr. Myrick C. Atwood, deputy collector for the port, estimates that in 1890 the number of vessels seeking this port was 4,000, and the value of their merchandise was $40,000,000.

The Hills

Two ranges of hills in parallel lines sweep round the circle of the harbor. The hills near the harbor side are Zion's, Gull, Telegraph, Chip, Lothrop's, High

Pole, Miller's, Mount Gilboa and Mount Ararat. The significance of these names is apparent, except that of Chip Hill, which was hardened with chips from Mr. Nathaniel Hopkins' spar-yard. Miller's was perhaps, long ago, the hill of the miller. The hill was owned, so Mr. Heman Cook says, by several families of Cook, who, like the kings of England in the days of the early explorations, owned America because they had driven down stakes. Mr. Cook's father bought the hill for two quintals of pollock and had the deed thus recorded. It was Miller's Hill then, but nobody knows now why. These hills are covered by vegetation. As Captain John Smith said, with hurts and such trash. The trustees of the Public Reservations of the State of Massachusetts, 1892, say of them that a surprisingly beautiful vegetation adorns them and that they support a charming growth of tupelo, sweet azalia, clethra and the like; that in the shelter of their ridges and even upon their crests grow oaks, maples, beeches and pitch pines.

Cranberries

In the valleys between the hills are small cultivated cranberry bogs; sanded, as all cranberry bogs must be, here by the action of the wind; watered, as all cranberry bogs are, here by the high-couse tides pressing up from beneath. These little bogs are not picked, as are the big corporation bogs up the Cape, by hired and often imported pickers. Cranberry picking here is a pleasant picnic in the October days after the beach plums are gone. Nothing carries more sentiment for

Cape Cod people than the cranberry. A young woman in the streets of New York, battered and old, looked into the window of a shop and saw cranberries. Cranberries meant to her Thanksgiving Day, father and mother, and home on Cape Cod, and they wrought in her what admonition and experience could not do.

Swamp Gardens

Between the hills are also swamp gardens which yield delicious vegetables. The Indians taught the forefathers to put a fish in every hill of corn; the Portuguese showed us that sea-weed makes plants grow, though perhaps they did not explain that sea-weed supplies the nitrates. Near the houses in the town, little gardens of flowers and vegetables prosper, if one waters his garden every day. But water every day he must, for the sandy soil is like a sieve and the water runs off and the soil is dry in half an hour after a shower. Every vessel which comes in ballast has a chance to sell the ballast to some one hardening his lot. Sods are cut from the hills for the same purpose, And so, with fish and sea-weed, a little soil and plenty of water, flowers and vegetables and small fruits flourish beyond belief.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in his *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, points out the end of Cape Cod as an illustration of what can be done on sandy soil. How did he ever hear of us, I wonder.

The Moving Hills

The hills covered with growing things near the town are probably older than the bare hills beyond

them—hills the artists call dunes and the natives think of as the second sand hills. The changes wrought on the shore by the wind and tide we view with accustomed eyes, but who could look without wonder and see a hill as it obeys the command of the wind: "Go hence and stand in another place." Here a single winter's gales remove a hill and pile it elsewhere, and the whirling sand covers well-grown trees, and, years after, uncovers them.

The Artists, Wind and Sand

The tales told of clear glass converted into ground glass by the sand are true. One of the crew at Peaked Hill wanted a panel with a conventionalized figure for his front door in town. He cut a paper pattern, pasted it on the pane of glass, and put it out of doors during a northeast wind. The next day the stencilling was perfectly done by artists Wind and Sand. Wind and Sand have acted also as curators of a museum. On November 3, 1778, the British frigate *Somerset*, Captain Bellamy, chased by a French cruiser, went ashore on Peaked Hill Bars. This was the same *Somerset* told of in *Paul Revere's Ride*, which covered the advance of the British up Bunker Hill. She caught on the outer bar. When they cut away her masts and threw overboard her guns, she came over the bar and up on the beach. Everybody for miles around rejoiced to see the *Somerset* cast away, and everybody hastened to strip her. But her oak and her iron defied even the fire. The sand, after a while, covered the wreck and the place where she lay was forgotten. In 1886,

after a succession of northeast gales and spring tides, the old hulk appeared. She was easily identified by her model, her port-holes, her six-inch oak plank. As they did a hundred years before, so again people used fire and gunpowder against her. But each flood tide undid the work done on the ebb, and after a few months the sand covered her once more, and there she lies, under twenty feet of sand, and well above the high-water mark.

The Ponds

The whole length of Cape Cod and Plymouth County also is dotted with ponds. There are more than three hundred in Barnstable County. Beginning with Shank Painter Pond nearest the tip end, they nestle unseen among the hills all along the Cape, suggesting in their beauty the Lake District of England. They are sparkling, and bright to taste, reminiscent of the time when they too were a part of old ocean, but they retain not enough salts to be brackish. Pickerel swim and pond lilies bloom there, though the swampy margins render it difficult to get either the fish or the flowers.

Drinking Water

At first the town was supplied with water by the rain caught in cisterns. Then tubular driven wells were used. The sand is so light and the water is so near the surface that the wells can be driven in any place and almost by hand. The water comes up abundant, clear and pure. Even when wells are sunk just

above the high-water mark, where the tide often covers them, the water is fresh and good. The town water now piped into the houses comes from Truro. The State's analysis shows it to be almost absolutely pure. Provincetown, crowded as it is, has no epidemics from contaminated water, for the sand is a perfect filter.

Anchoring the Hills

Just as some have feared that the ocean might engulf the town, so there have been apprehensions lest the drifting sand bury it, and destroy the harbor. The Commonwealth has, from time to time, done something to prevent such a disaster. Since 1892, the boundary between the town and the province lands has been distinctly marked by the State, and the work of staying the hills has been systematically and intelligently done. Mr. Frank Chase, Resident Commissioner of the Province Lands for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from his valuable experience and experiments of twenty years, supplies the following facts. Beach grass was first transplanted. Its tough roots, yards long and near the surface formed a close net. Much of this grass lived only four or five years, though beach grass, springing up from seed, lives forever. Scotch broom was suggested and tried. Its stiff foliage with spikes of yellow flowers adorns many spots along the roads. Buckwheat was also attempted but without perfectly satisfactory results. The next experiment was with the native pine, a stunted and slow growth. Soft pines from other parts of Massa-

chusetts, instead of growing to be tall and stately trees, simply sprawled out, so that we could not be proud of them. The Austrian pines, the seeds of which were sent from Austria, are now growing so well that the Commonwealth anticipates a revenue, before many years, from thinning and cutting these Austrian pines. Swedish and Norway pines are growing vigorous and shapely. Bayberries are easily transplanted and are useful in holding the sand. The most effective method, however, is the one most akin to Nature's. Green boughs cut from the pines and spread on the ground keep the sand from moving, and catch the seeds of beach grass blowing about. In two years a bare hill thus protected becomes green and in five years the sand is completely hidden. In 1921, the Commonwealth planted 65,000 pines, transplanted seven acres of bayberries, and "brushed" forty acres of sand hills. A million more Austrian pines, started in the State Nursery, will be set out on the hills. These methods and results have been inspected and approved by authorities in Washington. Representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad and gentlemen from Wisconsin have investigated the work and they all report that what they find here is most helpful in their problems with sand.

An extension of the State Road is projected. The road would run from its present terminus near the Race Point Coast Guard Station, two or three miles along the old Race Run, and in the hollow of the hills to connect with the Creek Road and so with the Front Street at the West End.

SAND DUNES.

by John R. Moreland.

What is your age, O Dunes,
And what ancient secrets
Are thrust deep in your yellow bosom?
The wind knows—
I have seen him
Whisper to you
And caress you.
And in his great anger
Smite you.

At noon your breath
Is hot as amber blaze,
And your topaz glow
Is brighter than the flash
Of a golden scimeter.

But at night
When the moon
Pours upon you
A sea of light
You are luminous, alluring
And beautiful.

A Cleopatra in gold and black
Drawing me to your
Rounded breasts.

Provincetown Weather

WHEN September comes, "it begins to thin out." Excursionists, writers-up, people of whom one old skipper with a big family of non-resident grandchildren, said: "Summer boarders and some're not," promenaders looking for natives, bathers on the shore, ships and sailors, auto-busses and motor-boats, antiques and curios, tea-rooms, art students—all thin out and the real town appears—a town which looks at residences, cars, the style, the crowd, and is not astonished nor anxious—a town where the schools, the churches, the lodges, the clubs prosper, because the town gives thought to their prosperity—a town where the sick, the poor, the outcasts are cared for, because the town cares—an intelligent and a friendly town.

They go who have made the summer delightful by incidents like this. One of the natives, a D.D., a thirty-third degree Mason, Grand Chaplain of the State, with his daughter, a teacher of Mathematics in college, went quahauging. Now the quahauging trip is one hitch harder than clamming. There is no doubt that as they rested on the breakwater, in clothes suitable to the occasion, with the bucket of quahaugs and the rake, they looked as if they had been washed

up by the tide. They had enjoyed the morning on the flats, but the real joy of the day came in the conversation with a summer visitor.

"Have you been gathering shell-fish, my good people?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"They will make you a nice dinner."

"Yes, ma'am."

That same day a moving-picture man asked them to pose, that he might get a little local color. So now we are in the movies.

The summer visitor waves a blithe good-bye to the proprietor of a little store, "You folks are all right, but you need to get out and see the world. Come to New York this winter and let me show you around." The proprietor of the little store thanks him, but does not mention that New York has been his home port for twenty-five years, from which he sailed to every port from Hong Kong to Liverpool.

These go and then comes the most delightful time of the year. The spring is chilly with fog and east wind, but the fall often keeps mild and bright up to Christmas. This is the time for tramping the hills, red in oak, ivy, cranberry, and woodbine, with a band of yellow sand all about them, and a rim of blue water always beyond.

Thoreau enjoyed our hills in autumn and says that he never saw an autumnal landscape so beautifully painted, that it looked like a rich rug over an uneven surface, with the sand-slides on the sides of the hills like rents in the rug. "No damask nor velvet

nor Tyrian dye nor stuffs nor the work of any loom could ever match it." Even Thoreau's pen fell short of the full round of beauty. Did he watch in a gray day the exquisite harmony of the sky, the sea, the sand, like a Japanese print? Did he see the tupelo tree near the ponds? In the late spring, its bright green leaves are aglow among the soberer trees; in the autumn, the leaves on the top branches are fire-red, those in the shadow beneath are yellow, and the lowest branches, bare and gray, are turned to purple by the sun shining through the splendor above them; in a winter afternoon the horizontal boughs make straight bars against a crimson sky.

Beach Plums

The fall brings the beach plums. On the head of the one who picks huckleberries, the sun beats down unmercifully; briers and brambles are synonymous with blackberries; but beach plums on the low bushes in the clean sand, the spicy bayberries under feet, the salt wind blowing free across the hills,—beach plums, purple beauties, a quart in a minute, ah, that is God's own invitation to a good time.

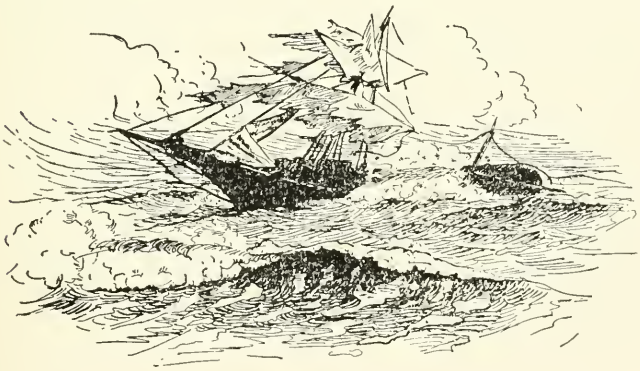
Flowers

I know a garden on the south side of a house, sunken a little as it slopes toward the shore, and protected by a tight board fence. Flowers bloom in that garden every month in the year, except in January. Marigolds, nasturtiums and sweet alyssum are under the sheltering leaves; pansies are tucked away in a

warm corner; gilly flowers persist, and chrysanthemums flourish into December: before the end of February crocuses push up. In January, along the edges of the swamps, pussywillows are telling that the sun is higher, and the mayflowers in Myrick's Pines peek out in March.

Storms

Oh yes, there is usually skating for some days. Ice six inches thick is as much as the icemen expect to cut. More than that is eleemosynary. Yes, there is coasting nearly every winter, and there are sleighs in town that have been used. The *Wind*, chilling to the bone, makes our winter. Northeast snowstorms come screaming in across the Cape and drive the vessels ashore on the Backside. With a southerly wind, ice crowds in from the bay, and unless the wind changes and carries the ice out again, it crushes the wharves.



During the winter of 1874–5, with persistent southeasterly wind, ice from the bay drifted in, crowded the harbor, and piled up on the shore. Then came a rain and a hard freeze. For weeks, from the shore to Long Point, there was good skating. This sheet of ice did no damage, but broke up under a thaw and drifted out to sea again.

The Portland Gale

The snow, the wind and the tide, one fearful night in 1898, wrecked half the wharves in town. That was the night the steamer *Portland* went down. The next morning, the shore was strewn with wreckage. For weeks, grief-stricken strangers paced up and down the beach, hoping that a dear dead body might wash ashore. They did not know how quickly a body in the sea disintegrates. Such storms are the awful days that come once in a generation. Every winter, however, brings howling gales that soon blow out as the wind whips in to the north and makes the harbor clear and bright and hard as glass. When the norther moderates, then the artists say that Cape Cod is like the south of France.

Blue and Gold

In summer the hills are a purple line separating the blue water from the yellow sand, and the town is a purple shadow under the hills. For a day in winter, the snow changes all to silver, but the silver soon tarnishes and again the town is a purple shadow between the blue and the yellow. Someone should write a jingle—

Provincetown the silver hook
Provincetown the sickle
Provincetown the shining blue and gold.

Such sights are not, however, for the summer transient sauntering along by the boat-landing and the restaurants. These visitors will very likely call it a hot and dusty old place. Like Yankee Doodle, they are troubled by the many houses. He who looks from the hills, from the monument, from the heights in Truro sees a picture, and he who lingers, loves it.

Here's to Your Health

Health lives on our dunes, long ago washed up from the sea and never contaminated by human habitation. Health breathes in the wind blowing across three thousand miles of salt water. Health glows in the sunshine pouring down on the hills unimpeded.

Years ago the artists discovered Provincetown the Picture-book, now invalids are enjoying Provincetown the Healer.

The Churches

The Old Parish

"The Lord has more truth yet to break forth of his Holy Word."
John Robinson, 1620.

AFTER the petition of Truro to the General Court, in 1715, that the Precinct of Cape Cod be declared a part of Truro or not a part of Truro, that the town might know how to deal with some persons, the General Court served notice on the people here to show cause why they did not entertain a learned orthodox minister of the Gospel to dispense the word of God to them as required by law. Two years later, the General Court granted £150 toward the expense of a meeting-house on Cape Cod, "the money to be expended under the direction of Thomas Paine, Ebenezer Doane, and John Snow of Truro, the edifice to be thirty-two feet by twenty-eight feet, with a gallery on three sides, the inhabitants to sustain the balance of the expense and keep the premises in order." This house was built on the plain, "Meeting House Plain" southwest of the Old Cemetery on Winthrop street, and not far from the place where later they built the jail. Shank Painter

pond then extended to a point near the meeting-house. The whole plain was doubtless once a part of the pond. Fifty years later, they built a second meeting-house on the same site, and in 1793, they built the Old White Oak from timber cut on the hills.

(*Acknowledgment should here be made to the careful study of the late Judge James Hughes Hopkins, who put in order many confused records and traditions.*)

The Old White Oak

Writing in 1870, he says: "The Old White Oak is still remembered by the elder natives of the town with sentiments of veneration. It is remembered, too, that the seats of the large square pews, hung upon hinges, were turned up during prayer and turned down at its close; that it was the delight of the boys in the galleries, despite the menace of tything-men armed with long poles, to throw the seats down with a bang that startled the congregation; an annoyance finally ended by enforcing the vote of the town to nail down the seats."

The first minister of the town was the Reverend Jeremiah Cushing. The birth of his son, Ezekiel Cushing, April 28, 1698, is one of the earliest items in the town records.

It was in November that they voted in town meeting to build the new meeting-house, the Old White Oak, and to set it near the North Meadow Gut, now Gosnold Street. In January, they voted to put the meeting-house near the residence of the Reverend

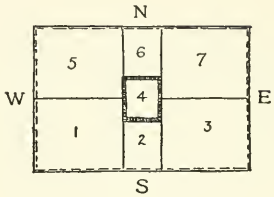
Samuel Parker which stood where the Catholic Church is now built. They put the meeting-house just east of Mr. Parker's house. They sold the stock in the new meeting-house in forty shares. A full share cost £7, 10s., and a half share cost £3, 15s. The pews were sold at public vendue to the highest bidder, and the highest bidder was Elijah Nickerson, who paid $186 for pew No. 20.

In 1807 the meeting-house was remodeled and four new pews added, at considerable expense to the town. At that time the highest bidder was Solomon Cook, who paid $342 for pew No. 39. Thus remodeled the old town meeting-house was dignified and handsome, and an expression of all that was excellent and permanent in the life of that day.

Reverend Samuel Parker

Jeremiah Cushing, the first minister (evidently not regularly "settled") and Hannah, his wife, and little Ezekiel are only names to us now, but the Reverend Samuel Parker seems a real person. His descendants are still living in the town. He was born in Barnstable, was graduated from Harvard University, came to Provincetown when he was thirty-two years old and lived here till he was an old man, and lies buried in the Old Cemetery. The town gave him the frame of his house and half the building of it. It was not a very large house, thirty by twenty-seven and eight feet in the walls. Perhaps it was planned like this: with two rooms in the attic and a barn for the cows:

1. The Fore-room
2. The Entry
3. The Study
4. The Chimney
5. The Kitchen
6. The Buttery
7. The Bedroom



They gave him also his firewood, meadow for two cows, and £66, 13s., 7d., lawful money. The General Court guaranteed also £45 annually for twelve years.

Mr. Parker had two hard experiences. The first during the Revolutionary War, when the British held the town and the inhabitants fled; the minister probably with the others. We know they had not gone far, however, when the *Somerset* came ashore, and that they returned soon after the war. The real tragedy came when his last days were saddened by the rise of Methodism in the town. A vote was passed in town meeting placing the Methodist minister in control of Mr. Parker's pulpit unless he was able to officiate. A Methodist selectman and "keeper of the meeting-house key" refused to open the door of the meeting-house for a regularly-warned town meeting, and the town adjourned to the store of Thomas Ryder to transact its business. He saw his people divided and many leaving the old parish for the "New Lights." Thus his pulpit, his people, his prestige slipped away from him. Through it all he remained kindly and tolerant. When he died he was greatly lamented.

Reverend Nathaniel Stone

His successor, Reverend Nathaniel Stone, attacked with vigor the problems under which Mr. Parker had suffered. A new element and complication was the refusal of people everywhere to pay the minister's tax, assessed by the towns. After the Revolutionary War, taxation without representation in the church, became as hateful as it had been in the state.

People revolted from the old Calvinistic theology, and from the authority of the ministers, and from the taxes for support of a parish in which they no longer had a part. This led to a long conflict, in which the best legal talent of the country was engaged, and which was largely led and financed by the Independent Christian Society (Universalist) of Gloucester.

Mr. Stone was an able man, but irascible and "sot," and anxious to fight the Methodists. Expostulations from his people could not prevent him, nor hints to resign move him. The sad end of it all was that in 1830 all his hearers had deserted him, the meeting-house was closed and the historic identity of town and parish was ended forever. Mr. Stone remained in town seven years after his parish was gone. His home was the present residence of Mrs. Grace F. Hall on Lothrop's Hill. From this pleasant height, he could see his old meeting-house closed, at the foot of the hill the new Methodist meeting house, and to the west the new building of the Universalists. A bitter cup for the valiant old minister who remembered, having done all, to stand.

When at last he went away from town and when the heat of the conflict had cooled, the faithful of the old order were again gathered, a new meeting-house was framed from the Old White Oak and set in a new place, and another parish organized. This was in 1843, and the house they built is the present structure near Town Hall.

Reverend Osborn Myrick

Here they prospered under the care of Reverend Osborn Myrick, whose kind heart and gracious manners endeared him to the whole town. Mr. Myrick left in Truro, where he first preached, a living and permanent memorial to his fine nature and public spirit. His early home was in Vermont, barren Cape Cod depressed him, he longed for green trees growing. He therefore ran furrows up and down the Truro hills and scattered therein seeds of pine. His trees have never grown to be like the stately pines of Vermont and they never will, but the brave stunted branches under which the mayflowers bloom bear the fragrant name of Myrick's Pines.

The Methodists

Methodism from its beginning has been strong on Cape Cod, and from the time when the first Methodist meeting was held in the fore-room of Thomas Ryder's house, it has been strong in Provincetown. It began in the days when the distinction between Christian living and orthodox opinion, long obscured, was being

asserted, and its rallying cry was "Salvation is free." It encountered furious opposition. The town voted in town meeting that no Methodist meeting-house should be built. When, notwithstanding this vote, the Methodists sent to Maine and bought lumber for a meeting-house, a mob gathered on the beach where the lumber lay, cut it into small pieces and carried it to the top of High Pole Hill where they set fire to it. They crowned the bonfire with an effigy of Jesse Lee, a Methodist minister. That was but a slight thing to the ardor of new converts. They got another vessel-load of lumber from Maine and built the meeting-house. While the building was in process of construction, Samuel Atwood and others kept guard, but they were unmolested. The house was, after the fashion of the early Methodists, small and bare of paint or plaster. About this time, John Kenny and twenty-eight others of the most respected citizens presented a statement in town meeting that they were attendants at and supporters of the Methodist meeting. There was no further opposition to the Methodists. They soon built a church, large and handsome, with a spire and a bell. Now children smile at what was to the fathers so serious.

According to the early Methodist policy of changing ministers every two years, a long succession of names is recorded and the men who bore them are forgotten. One name, however, that of Epaphras Kibby, a favorite minister, has been perpetuated in the Cook family.

The work of Reverend Edgar F. Clark is distinct-

ive and important. At the time when the Bible and science were supposed by some to be contradictory, Mr. Clark gave a series of Sunday evening lectures on Genesis, illustrated by charts on Geology and other natural sciences, to the edification of the faith of the community.

When Mr. Clark was questioned on the perennial issue of Sunday whaling, "If you had been out six months and had not seen a whale, and then on Sunday you sighted one, what would you do?" Mr. Clark replied, "I think I should call all hands together and ask the Lord to bless us, and then I would go and get the whale."

Obadiah Snow

Methodists are always a singing people. The singing of the Methodists of Provincetown has long been so excellent that it should be spoken of. For sixty years, Obadiah Snow was a chorister of remarkable ability. With a sweet and true tenor voice, assisted by a leader on each part, and by his son Olin at the piano, when he lifted the baton and said "Now Olin," he made the vestry rock with singing.

The Centenary Church

During a revival, led by a Mr. Dunbar, came a split in the Methodist church. Mr. Dunbar was a mystic and a man without the saving knowledge of when to speak. What a pity that some one had not sent him a note asking him to preach on Psalms CVI, 32–33. Meditation on what happened to Moses might have restrained even Mr. Dunbar.

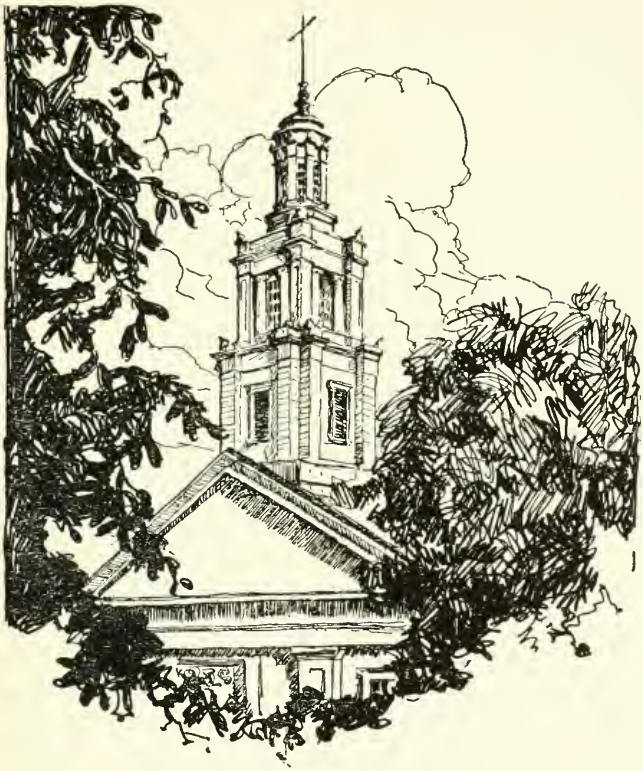
Anyway, ninety persons at the west end of the town seceded, bought the building vacated by the Universalists, named it Wesley Chapel and formed a new organization. In the fat years after the Civil War, they built a very large and handsome church. They were determined to have, and they did have, a steeple one foot higher than that of the mother church. Their ambition was their undoing, for this lofty point, above the stream of the fire engines, was one night struck by lightning. It burned so slowly and so

fitfully that many watching it thought it might be a corposant which plays harmlessly about the masts of vessels. There was no sign of fire within the building, and none without, except that lofty point, when suddenly the whole structure burst into flame. Blazing to the sky, the beautiful church and the splendid organ was in an hour a heap of ashes and charred timbers. This disaster happened in the lean years when fishing was dead and when young men were leaving town for Boston and the West. Many friends of Centenary, together with the presiding elder and the bishop felt that to rebuild was folly. However, there was the land, the insurance, and the parsonage. Those who had given the money represented by these resources had given it for Centenary Church, and some felt that no disposition, except for Centenary's use was permissible. With many problems to solve and with some opposition, Miss Phoebe E. Freeman held together the Sunday School, and, with Mrs. Lizzie Foster and other friends, canvassed the community for gifts. Thus was built by the devotion of a few, when it would have been easy to sit still, the convenient and beautiful chapel which stands to bless the whole west end of the town.

Reverend George H. Bates

Reverend George H. Bates, a relative of the Governor of Massachusetts, did a good piece of constructive work while he was pastor of Centenary Church. Mr. Bates was a quiet gentleman who patiently taught the excitable members of his flock

that hysteria and religion are not necessarily connected, and sometimes are far apart. Since his day, and partly because of his influence, there have been no more "high meetings." Methodism has no place for a parish, but Provincetown Methodist Churches retain the old parish organization in addition to that outlined by the discipline. Young ministers to whom a parish seems incongruous or unnecessary have tried in vain to ignore it—even to combat it. The minister is not supposed to attend the parish meeting. When one earnest and persistent brother appeared at the annual parish meeting, though the ways of parishes had been explained to him, Mr. Benjamin Dyer arose and spoke. "Mr. Moderator, I move that this meeting be adjourned to such time as it can be held without the presence of the minister." The vote was unanimous in favor of the motion, the minister departed, and the parish held its annual meeting according to custom.



THE UNIVERSALISTS.

Church of the Redeemer, Universalist

Following the picturesque custom of the Pilgrims whose children bore such names as Oceanus Hopkins, Peregrine White, Wrestling Brewster, and Hate-evil Hall, the Universalist church might well be called

Seaborn. Not only the local church but also the message of John Murray, the first great apostle of Universalism in America, was seaborn. John Murray was a friend of John Wesley in England and an itinerant preacher with him. Wesley denied the Calvinists who affirm that the elect alone are saved. Wesley preached always one sermon. With many texts and with varying phrase, his message was, "Christ died for all and salvation is free." John Murray outran his friend. Starting with Wesley's premise, "Christ died for all", Murray preached, "If Christ died for all, then are all men saved." John Wesley managed to hold his place in the established church, though with many discomforts, but John Murray was utterly cast out. Bereaved of his wife and child, imprisoned, in debt, he set sail for America to hide himself in the wilderness and never preach again. When the vessel was fog-bound off Barnegat, John Murray went ashore at Good Luck, N. J. for fish and milk. There he met a man who said to him, "You are the preacher for whom I built my meeting-house." When John Murray said that he was supercargo of the brig *Hand-in-Hand* and not a preacher, Thomas Potter replied, "You can not say that you have never preached, and preached the doctrine, 'If Christ died for all, then are all men saved.'" Pressed till he was ashamed, John Murray promised that he would preach in Potter's meeting-house, if the fog did not lift before Sunday. "The fog will never lift," said Thomas Potter, "till you have preached in my meeting-house." It did not lift, and John Murray preached on Sunday. Potter, who could

neither read nor write, had thought his way out of the darkness of the old theology into the light of, "God is love and all men are His children." Persuaded of his truth, he had built a meeting-house and was waiting for a minister to proclaim it. He said that when he saw the brig in the offing, and when he met John Murray on the shore, he was sure that his preacher had come. A romantic career followed this beginning at Good Luck, and at length, John Murray, his adventures, and his doctrines, were published in a book. Cast into the water by an unknown hand, the book floated in the tide to Long Point, even to the feet of Sylvia and Elizabeth Freeman, daughters of Prince Freeman. The name Prince Freeman is found often on the Cape. It is a heritage from Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Prince and descendant of Elder Brewster. Freemans, wherever found, love to read. Little enough Sylvia and Elizabeth had to read, when the mail was brought once a week by a man on horseback. But they had a schoolhouse and a good school and they loved to read. It was the daily task of Sylvia and Elizabeth to gather driftwood. You would never believe how many things and what strange things drift in from sea and wash up with the tide. We who live on the shore are always watching for what may come in on the flood. Sylvia and Elizabeth saw in the water, just beyond their reach, a book. Elizabeth waded off and with a barrel hoop hooked the book ashore. It was the life of John Murray, leather-bound and water-soaked, but legible. The girls did not tell of their prize, but they dried the book, read it, believed

its teachings and became the first Universalists in the community. The secret could not long be kept. They showed the book to their father and mother, to cousins and neighbors on the Point and to friends on T'other Side. Out of the discussion and agitation which followed, grew the Christian Union Society. The record book of this society, evidently not the earliest book, begins with the entry of a meeting in 1829 at Enos Nickerson's schoolhouse when they voted to build a meeting-house. This they did, setting the building on the eastern corner of Central and Commercial Streets. In process of time this building was sold to the up-along Methodists who refurnished it and named it Wesley Chapel. Then the Universalists built their present church. They spared no expense in their endeavor for the finest meeting-house south of Boston, and they succeeded in building a handsome colonial church, with a spire famous for its beauty.

Again across the sea came the man who decorated the interior. He was the father of the Reverend Charles W. Wendte, D.D., a German who had studied art in Italy. He came to America to introduce the frescoing of buildings, when most New England meeting-houses were bare. Unfaded in the passing years, the walls of this church repeat the designs the young man studied in Siena, Italy; and the ceiling reflects that of the Temple of Neptune in the Acropolis. The organ was bought by the subscriptions of the young men of the town, a long and valiant list. Sabin Smith was chorister and played the bass viol, Elijah Smith played the violin and William W. Smith played the cello. Isaiah Gifford and Captain Russell Elliot

played clarinets. These, with the organ and the choir of men-singers and women-singers made music to vie with the Methodists.

The daughters of Sylvia Freeman came every Sunday from the Point in the five-handed boat for the meeting in the new meeting-house. When the minister gave out the hymn, and the people in the pews turned round and faced the choir, and saw thirty-six young ladies, each with a beautiful bonnet tied under her chin by a broad and fluttering ribbon, and when the little girls heard that music, delight for them could go no farther. On Sunday afternoon, the two little girls played meeting. There were two essentials for the play. One was the broad ribbon bonnet strings, and the other was a mysterious word which the angelic singers seemed to utter. "Ssspersse, oh ssspersse," they seemed to sing. And now in Sylvia's family if anyone behaves in a very elegant and genteel manner, we say of her, "She is ssspersssing."

The minister who did distinctive work for this church was Reverend John Bovie Dods, one of the earliest. He was an eloquent preacher and a scholar. He was a teacher and proprietor of an academy. He was also what would be called now a mental healer and he conducted a successful clinic. He was the minister who declined an increase in salary—an increase that would have brought his pay up to six hundred dollars—saying that he had no use for so much money although at that time he had a wife and five children.

The story of the Catholic Church runs with that of the Portuguese people. The movement by the Episcopalians is supported largely by summer residents.

Benevolences

The Well-wishing for the Town

THE largest fund is that of the Helping Hand, a gift of $50,000 for the worthy poor by Mr. Edwin A. Grozier. The income is administered by six trustees. One of the conditions is that the names of the beneficiaries shall not be made public.

Rev. William Henry Ryder, D.D., gave a fund of $5,000, the income to be used for the poor of the town without regard to nationality or sect. This charity also is enjoined to make no public report. It is entrusted to three members of the Universalist Parish.

Dr. Ryder gave the site of the Town Hall. It was the old Godfrey Ryder homestead. Mr. Joseph P. Johnson gave the clock, and Mr. John F. Nickerson gave the bell.

The Public Library, both land and building, was presented to the town by Mr. Nathan Freeman. $1,000 for books was subscribed by friends of the town to meet the provisional vote of the town of $2,000, for books, when the library was first opened. The Sons of Temperance had before that time put at interest $300 toward books for a library. Mr. Augustus Mitchell selected and catalogued the first purchase of

books. Mr. Benjamin Small made a gift of $5,000 to the library, the income for books.

There is the Cemetery Fund, for the care of individual lots, one hundred and thirty-two gifts, amounting to about $35,000.

$25,000 were collected by the *Boston Post* for those made widows and orphans by the loss of three fishing schooners in 1917.

The Seamen's Aid Society Fund of $2,000, for shipwrecked sailors, is now absorbed in the Helping Hand.

We have benefitted by the Shaw Fund for Mariners' Children, a gift from Robert Gould Shaw for Massachusetts, in which needy children of Provincetown have had a share.

The Centenary Church has had a gift of $1,000 from Rev. Samuel McBurney, a former pastor, of $500 from Miss Rebecca L. Nickerson, and of $500 from Mrs. Nancy Hanley.

The Congregationalist Church, the Church of the Pilgrims, has been given legacies of $1,000 by Mr. Stephen T. Nickerson, of $1,000 by Miss Eunice and Miss Miranda Nickerson, of $1,200 by Mr. Lauren Young, of $1,000 by Miss Delia Mills, of $500 by Mrs. Esther W. Hutchins, of $500 by Mrs. Susan A. Mann, of $300 by Mrs. Joanna C. Myrick. Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Hutchins were daughters of Dr. Jeremiah Stone, for many years the physician of the town. Roughest with shams, tenderest with suffering, he knew us all.

The Universalist Church has been remembered in wills by a legacy of $100 for the Sunday School from

Mrs. Rebecca Noyes, of $300 for care of the church building from Mr. Atkins Nickerson, of $1,000 from Mrs. Ann Simmons Freeman, of $100 from Mr. Walter I. Nickerson, of $300 from Mr. Jabez Atwood. A memorial fund has been recently established, with a tablet in the church bearing the names of those in whose memory the money is given. Gifts of $50 are received. Half the income of the fund is at the disposal of the trustees of the parish, and half is annually added to the principal.

The Schools

"The Providence of God hath made Cape Cod convenient to us for fishing with seines—All such profit as may and shall accrue annually to the Colony from fishing with nets or seines, for mackerel, bass or herring, to be improved for and toward a free school, in some town of this jurisdiction for the training up of youth in literature, for the good and benefit of posterity—They shall be duly taught to read the Scriptures, a knowledge of the Capital Laws, and the main principles of Religion necessary to Salvation."

From the records of the General Court, 1671.

THUS, fifty years after our harbor floated the Compact of Government, our fish furnished money for the beginnings of the free public school system of America. This free school was not then established on Cape Cod, but in some town nearer Plymouth, probably in several towns. No sooner were we a real town, however, than the town record sets forth, "An account with Mr. Samuel Winter for keeping school one half year, £22, 10." And then, thus early, the fathers established the precedent of being generous with the schools, for the

next half year Mr. Winter's salary was £22, 15. Where did Mr. Winter keep the school? In the meeting-house, perhaps, for school in the meeting-house was not uncommon in those days, and often since, in case of need, we have used the meeting-house for a school. These early schoolmasters often boarded around, and the school followed them. Perhaps the school was kept part of the year in one section, and part in another, 'a moving school.'

Schoolhouses

A separate and fixed abode was not long delayed, for in 1795, the Masons' House was built for King Hiram's Lodge, the upper story a handsome hall, and the lower story divided into two schoolrooms. This building, now a dwelling, stands at 119 Bradford Street. It seems evident that in those years there were three little schoolhouses in the town. In 1828, the town did itself proud by creating six school districts, and erecting six district schoolhouses. Each district elected its own supervisor. One of these district schools was near West Vine Street, the Enos Nickerson schoolhouse was near Atlantic Avenue; one is still standing not far from the present Eastern schoolhouse. These ungraded district schools served until 1844, when the town built the Western, the Center, the Eastern schoolhouses, each for three grades, the Primary, the Intermediate, the Grammar. Five years after, the High School was established. These schools were furnished with blackboards, maps, globes, and all the latest appliances for education in that day, and were considered models.

The Books

What did they study in those early years?
The *Catechism* and the *Ten Commandments*.
The *New England Primer*, from

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

down to

"Zacheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see."

The *American First Class Book*, with selections from the classics.

The Young Reader, with—
"Devotion is a tender plant," and,
"The storm is o'er, how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds embowered lie,
Cloud upon cloud, a goodly sight,
Contrasted with the dark blue sky."

At a reception given Mrs. Ruth Holsbury of Truro, on her one hundredth birthday, in 1915, Mrs. Holsbury was able to repeat the entire Gospel of Matthew, learned in school when she was a little girl. What a background for the vicissitudes of ninety years!

Winter Boys' School

It was found that graded schools shut out sixty or seventy young men, home from sea in the winter, who wanted more education, but who refused to "sit

on the bench with the little boys, with legs sticking out across the aisle, and study Grammar. Rather go whaling." Out of the need thus expressed grew the Winter Boys' School, often taught by a Dartmouth College student. If he made a success of his school, he must be a young giant, not afraid to use his fists, and able to teach Navigation.

Mr. Nathaniel Dill of Wellfleet was Winter Boys' teacher, for many terms.

The High School

When the state law requiring towns to support a High School was passed, Provincetown promptly voted to establish a High School according to law, in town meeting March 22, 1849, and as promptly opened the school April 26, in the vestry of the old Methodist church under the Hill, for which they paid seventy-five cents a week rent, with Freeman Nickerson principal at a salary of four hundred dollars, and Miss C. A. Rogers, assistant. The records do not tell what salary Miss Rogers received. The school committee at that time were Godfrey Ryder, Esq., Dr. S. A. Paine and Rev. Osborn Myrick. With the building of the Town Hall and the High School on the Hill, in 1854, we had a High School indeed.

Private Schools

While the town was thus developing its public school system, private schools were not lacking. There were singing-schools, one kept by Mr. B. O. Gross

(named for the minister, Bartholomew Otheman) one kept by Mr. Caleb Cook (one of the many singers in the Cook family). There were dancing-schools (Mr. Caleb Dyer Smith was one of the dancing-masters) and writing-schools (Mrs. Anna J. Hutchinson taught the latest one), and without fail every winter, classes in Navigation, where Gershom Cutter was the teacher. Gershom was once a juryman, when the judge remarked:

"A sharp name you have, Mr. Cutter."

"Yes," said Cutter, "and my other name is Gashem," following the local pronunciation, a use of vowels like that of the people of Devonshire, whence most of us came.

Another illustration is a man who could not speak for stuttering, but who could sing, and who did sing to the captain:

"Overboard is Barnabus
Half a mile astarn of us."

Both the Methodists and the Universalists maintained schools for young ladies and young gentlemen; the doctor and the minister were always tutoring ambitious boys looking toward the professions; and there were private schools for children. For years Aunt Sally Conant kept a school in her house. She was a sister to Gamaliel Collins, a minister, and of a cultured family. We now acquire, at large expense, under the name of kindergarten, the methods used by this lady who was apt to teach. Elderly people remember with pleasure the crib where the little tots were put to sleep, the hand-work, the cookies passed around by the good child, the games at the open door.

The Seminary

In the days when academies and seminaries flourished everywhere, Provincetown's seminary was not behind the best. If any desires to read a list of pure English names, let him read the roster of Zoeth Smith's Seminary in 1845–6, on p. 224

From the First Annual Catalogue.
Tuition per Quarter.

For Common English Branches	$3.00
For Algebra, Geometry and Navigation, each	1.00
For Mental and Moral Sciences	.75
For Astronomy, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy	1.00
For Latin and Greek	1.25
For French and Italian	1.50
For Bookkeeping, single and double entry	1.00
For Physiology	.67
For Ornamental Branches	2.00
For Music with use of piano	8.00

Board—

The price of board varies from $2.00 to $2.50 per week, including fuel, lights, room and washing. Board may be obtained for $1.00 per week, exclusive of fuel, etc.

Address "Seminary" post paid.

This Seminary was in the old Masons' House.

Teachers

Buildings and curriculum do not make a school, but "President Mark Hopkins on one end of log, and a boy on the other." Many excellent teachers have served the schools, and many boys and girls on the other end of the log have responded to their inspiration. In 1825, Mr. Joshua Atwood of Boston was the teacher. It was his son Samuel who was town clerk for many years, and who always signed his records, "per me Sam'l Atwood." Samuel's grandson, Nathaniel, in his turn, kept the school on the Point. It was he who gave distinguished service to Prof. Agassiz, and who delivered a course of lectures on fish, at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

There are now about a thousand children in the public schools, and the town gladly pays near forty thousand dollars a year to support them.

Educators might fare far and fare worse for the essentials of an education than the requirements of our old schools,—the Bible, Navigation, and Music.

THE ART MUSEUM

The Art Colony

How did the largest art colony in the United States grow up in Provincetown? Mr. Marcus Waterman came long ago to make studies of the sand for a picture of Sahara Desert. We could supply the sand, but the lion of Sahara's wastes, he found elsewhere. A portrait of Mr. Waterman hangs in the Beachcombers' Club-room. Mr. Halsall, a sailor in his youth, came for the marine views. Mr. Brown's father was a Provincetown man. Mr. Webster married a Provincetown girl. Mr. Hawthorn had the first art school. These confirmed the word of occasional painters who told us that the light here is wonderful, and the sunsets rival Italy.

Behold how great a matter a little fire of enthusiasm kindleth! In 1914 Mrs. John Herring gave an address before the Nautilus Club, and suggested the organization of an Art Circle. This little group of young women made a beginning, and now, I suppose, it would be hard to find a handsomer, better-lighted, and more appropriate little art museum than ours. The by-laws of the Art Association tell us that its object is to promote and cultivate the fine arts—to establish and maintain a permanent collection—to hold exhibitions—to promote the advancement of art

by social intercourse between artists and others interested in art. Lectures on art are already ours, and a library on art is not far ahead. This prosperous colony of artists has grown up among us because, as they themselves say, everywhere they look they see a picture, and because the town's people are hospitable to them. The artists are hospitable to each other. The conservatives, the ultra-modern, the abstractionists, every school is welcome, and examples of their work are on exhibition. In this democratic atmosphere, and in a town now cosmopolitan, but with roots deep in a Puritan past, here where the sea and the land meet, is being wrought, perhaps, a truly American art.

Literary people, some of them writers of first rank, have also come to bide with us.

THE PEACE OF OLD CAPE COD.

Anonymous

Nobody ever tried to put it into words,
The birds, the trees, the ponds,
The sudden stretches of the sea,
The fields wind-swept and free,
The hills where quiet feet have trod,
The Heavenly Peace of Old Cape Cod.

Nobody ever tried to make a poem of it,
Or painted pictures doing justice to it,
And yet the lives that harassed, torn
And bleeding, becoming less forlorn,
Grew healed where lies the living sod,
The matchless Peace of Old Cape Cod.

Heartsick of city's clamorous strife,
And yearning for a wiser life,
Found here their hopes fulfilled.
The goldenrod and aster grew,
Above the sorrows once they knew,
Made o'er again they learned of God
And walked with Him on old Cape Cod.

The Monument and the Hill

THE hill on which the monument stands is the center of three heights, at whose foot the town lies. This one is High Pole Hill. A mill is said to have stood on the hill in early days. A description of the town in 1802, speaks of two mills in the town, "One of which goes with fliers on the inside and appears like a large and lofty tower. As it stands on a high hill, it can be seen at great distance, and to seamen entering the harbor it is a conspicuous object." This mill was probably where the monument is now. Though the mill was demolished and forgotten, the desire for a tower remained. In 1854, a Town House with a high tower was erected on the hill.

The land for the Town House was bought from Godfrey Ryder, Jonathan Cook, Asa Bowley, Phillip Cook, Seth Nickerson, 2nd, Joseph Atkins and Samuel Chapman, for three hundred and fifty dollars. The hill was lowered some feet, and a building to be proud of arose.

Three things the town demanded in the new Town House, a hall for town meetings, rooms for a High School, and a tower that could be seen half way to Boston Light. Because the top of the hill is wind-swept and bleak, the town offices remained in their

old quarters on the front street; and because Ocean Hall, now the New Central House, was convenient for parties and dances it continued to be the social center; therefore, the Town House was used only for town meeting once or twice a year, and for the High School. Winter gales straight from the Arctic sometimes swept the girls off their feet, but these things were naught compared with the tower. When the building burned in 1877, the greatest lament was for the beacon which could be seen "clear out in the Bay."

With the building went the marble tablet over the entrance, placed there by the Cape Cod Association.

"We can get another of them things," they said.

"But oh, the tower!" The inscription on the tablet read:

> In Commemoration of the Arrival of the Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor and of the First Landing of the Pilgrims in America at This Place, Nov. 11, 1620 O. S. This Tablet is Presented by the Cape Cod Association, Nov. 8, 1853.

An inscription on a tablet near the present Town Hall, in place of the one burned, is as follows:

> This Memorial Stone is Erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Commemorate the Compact of Constitution of Government, Signed by the Pilgrims on Board the Mayflower, Nov. 20th Old Style.

On the reverse is the text of the compact with the names of the signers.

The following facts about the Monument are from the official statement issued by the Memorial Association:

"The Monument was erected by the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, members of which are to be found in every state in the Union and in all our insular possessions.

The cost of the Monument was about ninety-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the site, which was given by the town of Provincetown. Of this sum forty thousand dollars was contributed by Congress, from the National treasury; twenty-five thousand by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; five thousand by the town of Provincetown, and the remainder by individuals in all parts of the country, in sums varying from one dollar to one thousand dollars. The whole number of contributors was between three and four thousand. The structure is the property of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, not of the General Government, nor of the Commonwealth.

The corner stone of the Monument was laid August 20, 1907, by the Grand Lodge of Masons in Massachusetts, in the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who made an address.

The Monument was dedicated August 5, 1910, the dedicatory address being given by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President-Emeritus of Harvard University. William H. Taft, President of the United States, was present and made an address.

The design of the Monument, after much deliberation, was copied from the tower of Terre del Mangia

in Siena, Italy. It is of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture. There are several other similar towers in different parts of Italy, notably one in Florence, which forms the Campanile of Palazzo Vecchio. There was no special reason for choosing this design save that of its extraordinary beauty and dignity.

The Monument is 252 feet, seven and one-half inches in total height, from the ground to the top of the utmost battlement. This is about thirty feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument. The site on which it stands, on Town Hill, is about one hundred feet above tide water, making a total height above sea level of upwards of 352 feet. Its foundation is sixty feet square at its base and is composed of concrete, reinforced with steel bars, placed in layers five inches apart. The Monument is built wholly of Maine granite, and is twenty-eight feet square at the base. Every stone of the structure is of the entire thickness of the wall. The arches of the bell-chamber are thirty feet in height. The masonry is of the most substantial character. Modern skill can not erect a better building.

The ascent of the Monument is extremely easy, an inclined plane, after the manner of that of the famous Campanile in Venice, taking the place of the usual flight of stairs. It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte rode up the original Campanile San Marco on horseback."

The design of the Monument was selected by a non-resident committee, who chose what they chose for its dignity and beauty, but seem not to have con-

sidered its site, and the event it marks. The Pilgrim Fathers would doubtless have called it papish and not to be put up with, but we know that the Pilgrims objected to much about which they had better have remained silent.

More than twenty thousand visitors register, pay the entrance fee, and climb to the top of the monument every summer.

The analysis of Pilgrim character in Dr. Eliot's address at the dedication of the Monument is especially fine.

The inscription on the Monument, also by Dr. Eliot, is as follows. "On Nov. 21st 1620, the *Mayflower*, carrying one hundred and two passengers, men, women and children, cast anchor in this harbor, sixty-seven days from Plymouth, England. The same day, the forty-one adult males in the company solemnly covenanted and combined together in a civil body politic. This body politic established and maintained on the bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness, a state without a king or a noble, a church without a bishop or a priest, a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were 'straightly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by every one.' With long-suffering devotion and sober resolution, they illustrated for the first time in history, the principles of civil and religious liberty and the practice of a genuine democracy. Therefore the remembrance of them shall be perpetuated in the vast republic that has inherited their ideals."

A Hint at the Natural History of Provincetown

Contributed by Mr. J. Henry Blake.

THE beauties of Provincetown have been proclaimed and pictured on canvas by the students of art and truthfully have shown to the world the enticing attractions in that line. The clear atmosphere, the open sky effects, the brilliant ripples to the high surf of old ocean, all have been studied by the lover of art, but they are like the old sailor who said: "I have been all around the world with Captain Cook, and all I saw was the sky above and the water below."

A noted art critique once said: "Nature is God's art, art man's." So in these few lines I wish to try to show some of the interesting and wonderful works in God's art, and such as can be easily seen and studied by those who have the pleasure of visiting Provincetown, the first landing place of the Pilgrims.

The whole geographical position of the Cape is such that it catches the animals of the north and those of the south, and the hand with the index finger bent inward holds varied faunæ. The Gulf Stream brings animals from the south, while the cold current from the north, which bathes the Maine coast to Massachusetts

Bay, brings animals from that region. The Sperm Whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*), and the Pygmy Sperm (*Kogia breviceps*), the only two kinds of Sperm Whales known, and the Bottle-nose Whale (*Hyperoodon ampullatum*), all of them tropical whales, have been captured in Massachusetts Bay, and with the Right Whale (*Balaena glacialis*), a representative of the North Atlantic. Because of these favorable agencies Provincetown's fauna is varied, and most interesting. Shells have been found alive in Provincetown, the true habitat of which is Florida and the West Indies.

The flora of Provincetown deserves consideration because of the wholly sea formation of its soil. In its woods and on the margins of its ponds are found 500 or more different plants, some of them having beautiful flowers and fragrant perfume. But there is no plant so useful to Provincetown as the Beach-grass (*Ammophila arenaria*, which means "a lover of the sand"), as is manifested by a trip to the sand dunes where this grass is about the only plant to grow, and is thus valuable in holding the otherwise drifting sands. It is a native of this country, and is found along the coast from New Brunswick to North Carolina, and also in the saline regions of the Great Lakes in the interior. Only one of the plants of Provincetown lives wholly in salt water, and that is the Eelgrass (*Zostera marina*, Fig. 1), from the Greek meaning sea-ribbon, or belt, from its resemblance to the same. This Eelgrass has monoecious flowers arranged alternately in two rows on the spadix, and the ribbed seeds ¼ inch long, and looking much like a Chinese lantern, are found plenti-

Fig 1 Zostera marina

fully among the cast-up seaweeds on the shore. It is a beautiful sight to see the *Zostera* waving its slender, green, ribbon-like leaves in the water, making a home for Hydroids, Bryozoa, and myriads of little creatures which live among its branches.

The algae, or seaweeds, of Provincetown are not numerous because of lack of rocks on the shores, but are very handsome, the rich brown, green and red making them objects of beauty when growing in the sunny pools or floating in the sea. There are about 50 species, some of which are found living in the waters all around the earth. They are attractive objects in albums, as they can be floated upon paper, pressed easily, and retain their natural colors.

The fishes consist of more than 125 species, none of them without interest, from the historic Cod to the little Stickleback (*Apeltes quadracus*) which makes its nest and rears its young in a homelike manner. Among

the curious fish is the Pipe-fish (Fig. 2), (*Syngnathus fuscus*), which lives among the seaweeds, and has this

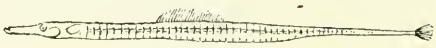


Fig. 2 Pipe Fish

peculiarity—that it is the male fish which takes care of the young by carrying them in a pouch on the ventral side, like the Kangaroo. The Horse-fish (Fig. 3), (*Hippocampus hudsonius*) is a near relative, and with the same habits, the young swimming out and into this pouch at will. The Torpedo (*Tetronace occidentalis*), with its electric batteries; the Swell-fish (*Spheroides maculatus*), which has the power to inflate itself as large as a football, as a means of protection; and the Sunfish (Fig. 4), (*Mola mola*), which is curious in form, and pieces of which can be used like a rubber ball, is sometimes 7 feet from tip of dorsal to tip of ventral fins, are all found at Provincetown.

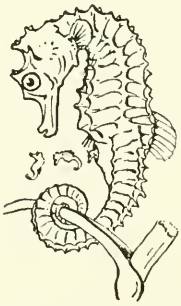


Fig. 3 Horse Fish

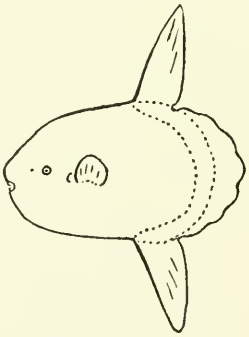


Fig. 4 Sunfish

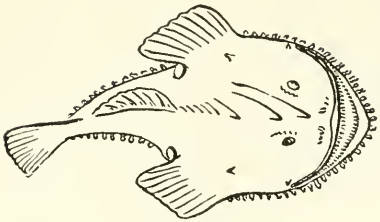


Fig. 5—Goose-fish

The Goose-fish, (Fig. 5), so named "because it does not know as much as a goose" is often found on the beach. It is known in the scientific world as *Lophius piscatorius*, and is noted for its large mouth, which is one-third as large as the fish. The gill openings are placed behind the pectoral fins, a feature possessed by no other Provincetown fish. Many instances are told of their swallowing large birds which were resting on the water, fish half as large as themselves, and even floating buoys.

The Flatfish are well represented, from the Halibut, weighing more than 300 lbs., to the small "Window-pane" Flounder. All Flatfish have their eyes on the two sides, like other fish, when very young, but as they grow and swim on the side, right or left, one eye is forced over, so in all adults the two eyes are on one side. To compare a Flounder with an ordinary fish it should be placed on its edge, when all fins will be in place. The skull of the Flounder is twisted to accomodate the eyes. Many other fish could be enumerated, such as the gamey Pollock, Horse-mack-

erel, weighing 600 lbs., and others. Provincetown has sport for the fisherman, food for the epicure, and abundant material for the student in natural history, all for the taking.

I have mentioned the Cetacea and the fishes which represent the Vertebrata as those animals which have "back-bones," or vertebral columns, but let me now call attention to the more numerous group of Invertebrates, such as are met with during a walk along the beach. It is said that "God is great in great things, but he is especially great in little things," which we can find illustrated in the animal life of Provincetown. In almost every handful of sand taken up from the beach, in places, some evidence of animal life is seen.

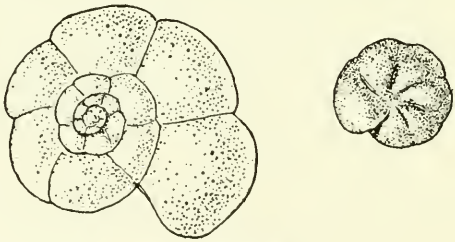


Fig 6 Foraminifera

The Foraminifera, Fig. 6, (microscopic, one-celled animals) exist by the thousands, and probably 50 different species could be found. It is computed that one ounce of sand from the Antilles contains 4,000,000 shells of Foraminifera. It is the shelly skeletons of these little creatures that largely compose the limestones and chalk of commerce, and the rock used in

building many of the beautiful houses of Paris. Some of these little shells, not one quarter as large as the head of a pin, are exquisite in architectural plan, and, although the animal, one of the lowest, is but a bit of protoplasm, with no eyes, mouth or stomach, yet it performs all these necessary functions, and moves by means of pseudopodia (false feet) composed of stringy threads.

But it is not necessary to consider such small things, as there is an abundance of larger and more observable forms along the beach. The shores are divided into zones, such as Littoral, Laminarian, Coralline, etc., but we will consider the Littoral zone only, or that which extends from high to low water

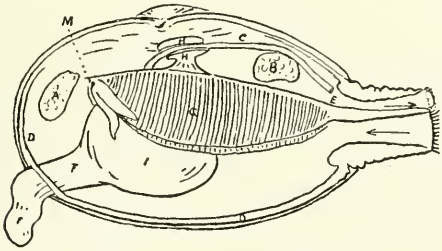


Fig. 7—Clam (Mya arenaria)
A, B, Muscles which shut the valves; C, intesine; D, mantle; E, anus; F, foot; G, gills; H, heart; I, contains stomach, liver, etc.

mark. The common clam, (Fig. 7) *Mya arenaria*, is the most conspicuous shell on the beach, and, although many are dug, few people know that the so-called

snout or siphon of the clam is its tail, that the head and mouth are in the opposite end, and that the large, brown mass seen on the inside is the liver, the richest part of the clam, although often thrown away by cooks. This illustrates the saying that, "We often know the least about those things which are the most familiar to us."

Of the 300 or more different species of shells found on the shores of Provincetown there is a large number which resemble clams, but are not. Therefore the name is very misleading. The so-called "little-neck clam," is simply the young of the quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*). The quahaug is common in Provincetown, and it was from the blue part on the interior of the shell that the Indians made their "suckanhock," or black money, which was twice the value of white money or "Wampum."

The common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*), is perhaps the next most familiar shell, and is of a beautiful blue, and edible, as the scientific name implies. In England it is sold for food in large quantities, but is seldom seen in the markets of the United States, simply because it is not fashionable to eat it. Unlike the clam, its habit is to live above ground, where, soon after its escape from the egg, it anchors itself by a strong byssus and spends its life near the spot. It has no foot that can be used to crawl with, but in the lower part of this corresponding organ is a long groove in which this strong anchor rope is prepared and extended to carry out this hair-like byssus and attach it to a stone or shell. This process repeated many times

produces a hair-like bunch of threads, and if the shell dies or is bitten away by some fish, this byssus is left attached to the stone or shell, and is often pulled up by fishermen who believe it is "growing hair." This process of the shell's anchoring itself is easily seen by placing a live mussle in a white dish of sea water.

Another interesting shell seen on our walk is *Astarte castanea*, found alive in only one place in the harbor, and on the Long Point shore. It is quite plentiful, one inch in diameter, chestnut color as the name shows, and the animal is bright orange. The shells are white when bleached in the sun, and washed by the sea, looking like white buttons minus the holes, and like the quahaug in shape. This shell is more interesting from the fact that it is a deep water shell, but with characteristics of those inhabiting island shores, and Provincetown, being almost an island, this shell thrives here.

Another little shell should not pass notice because of its beauty and great numbers. There is no common name, but the scientific name is *Gemma gemma.* It is shaped like the quahaug, but is seldom more than ⅛ inch long, and this little blue shell is found along the beach, and so plentiful in places that they make a blue streak as they lay upon the sand.

The "Ship-worm" (*Teredo navalis*), is not a worm, but a bivalve shell. The two valves are on the anterior end, within the wood bored by these little shells.

The few shells mentioned above are Bivalves (2 valves). I will now mention the Univalves, a group which contains the larger number. The two

most conspicuous univalve shells on the beach are "Sweetmeats" or "Conchowinkles," local names of no

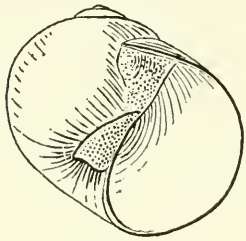


Fig. 8
Polinices duplicata

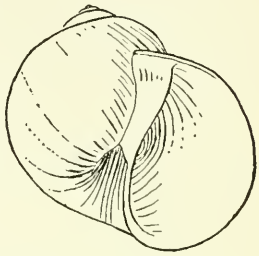


Fig. 9
Polinices heros

special meaning. The two species differ in one, (Fig. 8), (*Polinices duplicata*), having a large, purplish-red callosity on the under side, while the other, (Fig. 9) (*Polinices heros*) has none. Both are blind, and burrow in the sand for food, living upon dead fish or animals of shells which they bore with their radulae, or lingual ribbons, which are armed with hundreds of chitinous teeth, and then suck out the animals. This is largely responsible for the holes seen in many shells, although all univalvular shells have radulae for rasping holes. None of the bivalves have radulae.

The egg-cases of these shells are often seen on the flats and are called "sand-collars" (Fig. 10), because of their shape. These eggs are mixed with sand as they are layed around the anterior part of the shell and so moulded. If the shell is placed in this collar it fits perfectly, and if the collar or egg-case is held to the light the egg capsules containing the young are easily seen.

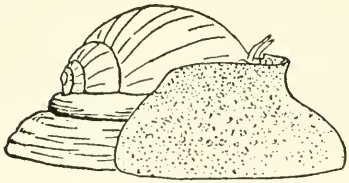


Fig. 10 Sand-collar

The most plentiful univalve shell seen at Provincetown is the "Periwinkle" (*Littorina litorea*), although not known here previous to 1869. It is a black shell, sometimes one inch in diameter, and was introduced from England, where it is used as food, to the Provinces, from which it has spread its way along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, until to-day it is plentiful as far as New York.

The shell which was the most attractive and abundant in Provincetown until recent years, is *Thais lapillus*, (Fig. 11). It could be seen by the thousands

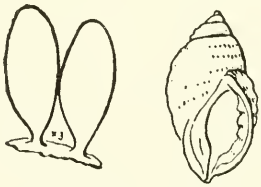


Fig. 11 Thais lapillus and eggs

on the piles of the wharves, where it fed on barnacles, but now few are left. They were one inch long, red, yellow, white and brown, also banded with colors, but since the introduction of the *Littorina litorea* and the destruction of the wharves by the "Portland Gale,"

few remain. The eggs of this species are shaped like ten-pins standing on the little ends, are quarter of an inch high, and there are 50 or more in a colony. They are found attached to piles or stones during the summer months.

A number of shells are found in the fresh water ponds, and some in the brackish estuaries, but the majority are found in the Littoral and Laminarian Zones, and so on, to the deeper sea. On the ocean side are found shells which are not seen in the harbor, the most common being *Mesodesma arctatum*, a clam-like bivalve with a truncated anterior end.

The Cephalopods (head-foot), are the most highly developed of all shell-fish, and include the Squid, which are found in Provincetown, at times, in great numbers. There are two kinds. One with big fins (*Loligo pealii*), and one with small fins (*Ommastrephes illecebrosa*). The Squid swim by ejecting a jet of water from the siphon which is under the head, and can dart through the water rapidly, always going tail foremost. When pursuing their prey, however, they can dart head foremost by reversing their siphons, and seize little fish with their two long tentacles, which have suckers on their tips only, then grasp it with the eight tentacles, which have suckers their whole length, thence to the mouth, situated between the tentacles, which is armed with beaks like a bird, except that the lower beak of the Squid laps over the upper, opposite to that of birds.

The shell consists of a thin, transparent "pen," just under the skin the whole length of the back, and

the Squid also carries a sack of ink for clouding the water, similar to the smoke screens used during the war, to enable them to escape from their enemies. They can also change their color at will, from a deep red to a pale white, which aids them in capturing their prey. Both species possess these characteristics, and there is no "boneless Squid."

The Radiata, Starfish, etc., are represented by several interesting forms. The common Starfish is recognized in different varieties. Any one arm of the star is able to reproduce its kind, and the five points, if separated, will grow into five individuals, all having five points and an eye at the extremity of each.

The "Basket-fish" (*Astrophyton agassizii*), named for the great naturalist, Prof. Louis Agassiz, is a common form, having the points of the star divided and subdivided until it has 81,920 terminal branches. The name "Basket-star" was given by John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut, who sent one to London in 1670. One of its modes of feeding is to raise itself and rest on the tips of its many arms, like an inverted basket, whence the name "Basket-fish," and little fish etc., are easily caught in this trap. The "Basket-fish" is caught off Race Point on the "Spider Bottom," a bank named for this starfish, where it can be found in great numbers.

But I think that the "Sea-urchin" is the most wonderful animal of its class—Radiata. The common Sea-urchin (*Strongylocentrotus drobachiensis*) is very plentiful in some localities and is found along the coast northward, Provincetown being its southern limit. It

is closely related to the Starfish, which is easily seen by bending the five arms of the Starfish upward to the dorsal center, the so-called legs corresponding to those of the Sea-urchin. It has no eyes, ears, feet, stomach, etc., yet has the power to substitute the functions of all these organs. It is covered with spines for protection, and these three kinds of spines are movable on little knobs which arise from calcareous plates which make up the test. The five ambulacra which radiate from the dorsal center have holes in the two rows of plates through which some 1800 long sucker-bearing tubes, used for locomotion, are protruded. The mouth, which is on the ventral side, is armed with five teeth, and this complicated structure (called Aristotle's lantern) requires 60 muscles to work the five jaws in masticating its seaweed food.

But the most interesting feature of the Sea-urchin is the fact that its body is covered with hundreds of

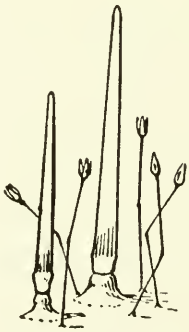


Fig. 12 Pedicellariae

pedicellariae (Fig. 12), whose purpose is to keep the body and spines clean. These little organs can easily be seen attached to the test at the base of the spines, and consist of a pointed stalk with a three-pointed pincer at the tip which can be seen picking up particles of dirt and sometimes handing them along to other pincers, until carried clear of the body. The mouth of the Sea-urchin is in the center of the ventral side, while the anus is in the center of the dorsal side.

The common Sand-dollar (*Echinarachnius parma*) is closely related to the Sea-urchin, and has most of its characteristics, the chief difference being that it is flat instead of round, and that it has short spines instead of long.

There are many forms of Crustacea (from "crusta" referring to the crust-like covering), or crabs, but the most familiar is the Hermit-crab which carries a borrowed shell on its back for protection. When very young it swims at the surface, after which it sinks to the bottom never more to rise. As it has no hard covering for its body, like other crabs, it looks about for a house to live in, and, finding a common shell handy, it backs in, thus protecting the soft part of its body which is a tempting morsel to some fish. From the Hermit-crab's early days instinct leads it to choose a house, and when the animal outgrows one shell it moves into a larger one without consulting a landlord.

The Fiddler-crab (*Gelasimus pugilator* or *Uca puligator*) lives in the marshes, in holes which they dig by rolling up and bringing out the sand in pellets,

carrying it some distance away from their holes. Their food, of algae, they carry into their holes the same way. Only the male has one small, and one large claw like a fiddle, hence the name, while the female has two small claws.

The common "Beach-flea" (*Orchestia agilis*) is found in holes along the beach, even above tide.

An interesting Crustacean is the common Horseshoe Crab (*Limulus polyphemus*), as it is the only living representative of a prehistoric race, the Trilobites, many of which are found in a fossil state. It has two sets of eyes, one compound eye on each side of the head, and a pair of simple eyes in the anterior middle of the head, a characteristic of the Spiders, to which it is more closely related than to the Crabs. As its hard, chitinous shell prevents growth, it is shed and a new one formed, thus allowing growth of the animal to take place. Not only is the outer covering shed, but all the chitinous internal structure, also. The shedding takes place by the anterior edge of the shell splitting, allowing the newly-formed animal to work its way out of the old shell. Many of the cast-off shells are seen on the beaches. The female is four times larger than the male, but at a certain molting, (Fig. 13), not yet discovered, the front claws of the male change to a pair adapted to holding on to the shell of the female, as they go in pairs in the breeding season, and lay their eggs in the sand to hatch in a month. When the young are hatched from the eggs, they have no tail, this terminal spine developing later.

I have mentioned only a few of the many marine

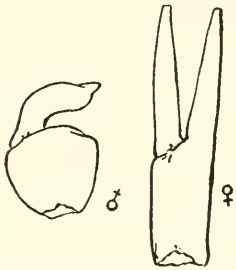


Fig. 13—Corresponding Claws of Horse-shoe Crab

animals found on the beaches of Provincetown, but I trust that enough have been mentioned to create some interest in the products which Nature has bestowed so abundantly. "Nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her," and to the one seeking wisdom in the line of natural history there is no better place than Provincetown. For the summer visitor, like Whittier's "Barefoot Boy,"

> "Eschewing books and tasks,
> Nature answers all he asks."

The Flowers

THE number of green things growing on the hills, in the swamps, around the ponds, and along the shore is greater than one would expect who remembers that our native soil is pure sand rolled and washed and heaped up in naked bars by the sea, for Cape Cod, thrust out sixty miles into the ocean, forms the natural boundary between northern and southern species; stray specimens, from both north and south, brought here by the wind and tide, catch in and grow. Some seeds and cuttings have been brought home from oversea, as the giant willows along the streets all sprung from a slip from St. Helena. Some seeds, hidden in the ballast of vessels, have germinated and grown. Some plants once cultivated near the houses have now escaped and are growing wild, as the lilacs, houseleeks, spearmint and the bouncing Bets, brought in 1838 from Orleans. The collector working around the ponds needs patience, for the ponds have no connection one with another, and a single specimen may be found in one locality and nowhere else.

I suppose that the seaweeds, green, red and brown, some so small as to appear like scum on the water, some like a young tree, are largely unexplored. Many varieties grow below the low-water mark, but after

a storm the beach is covered with these, and with others brought from long distances. Mr. Frank S. Collins, a native of Eastham, was an authority on seaweeds. He has published in the *Tufts College Studies* an interesting account, with pictures and directions for collecting, preserving and classifying the seaweeds.

Out of the swamps come a multitude of insects. Nearly a thousand different kinds of Provincetown insects are recorded in the Boston Society of Natural History.

The Pilgrim Fathers describe the shore as wooded to the water's edge. They mention oaks, pines, sassafras, juniper, birch, holly vines, ash, walnut. These are still found, with the exception of the ash and walnut. I like to couple with this list by William Bradford, the words of Bradford Torrey which he calls, "A Pitch Pine Meditation."

"The conifera are all symmetrical except the pitch pine. The Puritans of New England are mostly dead, but as long as the Pinus rigida covers the sandy knolls of Massachusetts, the sturdy, uncompromising, independent, economical, indefatigable, all-enduring spirit of Puritanism will be worthily represented in its sometime thriving-place."

The flora of the tip end of Cape Cod has never been collected, except as loving friends have brought home and preserved beautiful specimens. Mrs. Effie L. Cook made a list which, like the work of most amateurs, may be open to correction. Her list, with a few additions, is as follows:

Adder's Mouth (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*)
Anemone
Wild Azalea (*Rhododendron viscosum*)
Apple of Peru (*Datura stramonium*)
Asters, many kinds
Balm of Gilead
Bayberry (*Myrica cerifera*)
Beach Pea ((*Lathyrus maritimus*)
Beach Plum (*Prunus maritima*)
Beach Grass (*Ammophila arenaria*)
Black Alder (*Ilex verticillata*)
High Bush Blackberry (*Rubus*)
Running Blackberry (*Rubus hispidus*)
Black Medick (*Medicago lupulina*)
Horned Bladderwort (*Utricularia cornuta*)
Bluets (*Houstonia caerulea*)
Blueberry (*Vaccinium*), several kinds
Blue Flag, (*Iris versicolor*)
Blue Toad Flax (*Linaria canadensis*)
Blue-eyed Grass (*Sisyrinchium*) several
Bouncing Bet (*Saponaria officinalis*)
Green Brier (*Smilax rotundifolia*)
Bunch Berry, (*Cornus canadensis*)
Butter and Eggs (*Linaria vulgaris*)
Buttercup (*Ranunculus*) many species
Burdock (*Arctium Lappa*)
Bedstraw, rough (*Galium asprellum*)
Bedstraw, small (*Galium trifidum*)
Bedstraw, sweet-scented (*Galium triflorum*)
Buckwheat
Calopogon (*Calopgon pulchellus*)

Wild Carrot (*Daucus Carota*)
Cat-tails (*Typha latifolia*)
Cat-tails (*Typha angustifolia*)
Catchfly (*Silene noctiflora*)
Celendine (*Chelidonium majus*)
Chickweed, (*Stellaria*) several
Wild Cherry
Chicory (*Cichorium Intybus*)
Choke Cherry (*Prunus virginiana*)
Silvery Cinquefoil (*Potentilla argentea*)
Common Cinquefoil (*Potentilla canadensis*)
Red Clover (*Trifolium pratense*)
Rabbit's foot Clover (*Trifolium arvense*)
White Clover (*Trifolium hybridum*)
Yellow Sweet Clover (*Trifolium agrarium*)
Yellow Low Hop Clover (*Trifolium procumbens*)
Club Rush, many species
Wild Columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*)
Cow Wheat (*Melampyrum lineare*)
Cranberry (*Vaccinium*) several kinds
Carex, a sedge, very many kinds
Daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*)
Daisy Fleabene (*Erigeron annuus*)
Dandelion (*Taraxacum officinale*)
Dusty Miller (*Artemisia stelleriana*)
Dwarf Dandelion (*Krigia virginica*)
Fall Dandelion (*Leontodon autumnalis*)
Spreading Dogbane (*Apocynum androsaemifolium*)
Dogwood (*Rhus Vernix*)
Elderberry (*Sambucus canadensis*)
Evening Primrose (*Oenothera biennis*)

Everlasting, Pearly (*Anaphalis margaritacea*)
Everlasting, Fragrant (*Gnaphalium polycephalum*)
False Flax (*Camelina sativa*)
Ferns, Sensitive (*Onoclea sensibilis*)
Ferns, Shield or Wood Fern (*Aspidium spinulosum intermedium*)
False Solomon's Seal (*Smilacina racemosa*)
Flowering Fern (*Osmunda*) three species
Sweet Fern (*Myrica asplenifolia*)
Fire Weed (*Epilobium angustifolium*)
False Spikenard (*Smilacina racemosa*)
Gall-of-the-earth (*Prenanthes serpentaria*)
Purple Gerardia (*Gerardia purpurea*)
Golden Club (*Orontium aquaticum*)
Golden Rod, many kinds
Grasses, many kinds
Wild Grapes

Hairy Hawkweed (*Hieracium*)
Herb of St. Barbara (*Barbarea vulgaris*)
Hog Cranberry, Bearberry (*Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*)
Houseleek (*Sedum acre*)
Huckleberry (*Gaylussacia resinosa*)

Jack-in-the-pulpit (*Arisaema triphyllum*)
Juniper, Red Cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*)

Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*)
Ladies' Tobacco (*Antennaria* ——)
Wild Lettuce (*Lactuca canadensis*)
White Water-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*)

Red Wood Lily (*Lilium philadelphicum*)
Yellow Pond Lily (*Nuphar advena*)
Wild Yellow Lily (*Lilium Canadense*)
Loosestrife (*Lysimachia*) two kinds
Club-moss (*Lycopodium*) many kinds
Wild Lily-of-the-valley (*Maianthemum canadense*)
Common Mallow, "Cheeses" (*Malva rotundifolia*)
Marsh Rosemary (*Limonium Carolinianum*)
Meadowroot " "
Sea Lavender " "
May-weed (*Anthemis*) several
Meadowsweet (*Spiræa latifolia*)
Common Milkweed (*Asclepias syriaca*)
Sand Milkweed " "
Common Mullein (*Verbascum Thapsus*)
Moth Mullein (*Verbascum Blattaria*)
Dusty Miller
Mustard (*Brassica arvensis*)
Mustard (*Brassica nigra*)
Wild Mints, Spearmint, Peppermint
Nightshade (*Solanum Dulcamara*)
Oaks (*Quercus*) several kinds
White-fringed Orchis (*Habenaria blephariglottis*)
Yellow Oxalis, Yellow Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*)
Peppergrass (*Lepidium*) several species
Pipsissewa, Prince's Pine (*Chimaphila umbellata*)
Pickerel Weed (*Ponterderia cordata*)
Pine Weed (*Hypericum gentianoides*)
Swamp Pink, Wild Azalia (*Rhododendron viscosum*)
Pitcher Plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*)
Pussy Willow (*Salix discolor*)

Pitch Pine (*Pinus rigida*)
Plantain (*Plantago*)
Poison Ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*)

"Three leaves, foe; five leaves (Woodbine) friend."

Pond Lily (*Castalia odorata*)
Ragweed
Rattlesnake Weed (*Hieracium venosum*)
Wild Rose
Wild Rye (*Elymus arenarius*)
Common St. John's-wort (*Hypericum perforatum*)
Large St. John's-wort (*Hypericum canadense*)
Small St. John's-wort (*Hypericum mutilum*)
Marsh St. John's-wort (*Hypericum virginicum*)
Sand Spurrey (*Spergularia marina*)
Sand Spurrey (*Spergularia rubra*)
Broad-leaved Sandwort (*Arenaria lateriflora*)
Sassafras (*Sassafras variifolium*)
Bristly Sarsaparilla (*Aralia hispida*)
Scarlet Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*)
Scotch Broom (*Cytisus scoparius*)
Self-heal (*Prunella vulgaris*)
Shad-bush, "Jose-pear" (*Amelanchier oblongifolia*)
Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella Bursa-pastoris*)
Silver Oak
Sorrel
Yellow Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis corniculata*)
Southernwood
Seaside Spurge (*Euphorbia polygonifolia*)
Star Flower (*Trientalis americana*)
Steeple Bush, Hardhack (*Spiraea tomentosa*)

Long-leaf Starwort or Stitchwort (*Stellaria longifolia*)
Sumach, Staghorn (*Rhus typhina*)
Sumach, Poison "dogwood" (*Rhus Vernix*)
Strawberry
Round-leaved Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*)
Sundrops (*Oenothera fruticosa*)
Sedges, many kinds
Tansy (*Tanacetum vulgare*)
Tupelo (*Nyssa sylvatica*)
Willow
White Water Lily (*Nymphaea odorata*)
Woodbine (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*)
Wintergreen (*Gaultheria procumbens*)
Spotted Wintergreen (*Chimaphila maculata*)
Violet, Arrow-leaved
Violet, Common Blue
Violet, White Canada
Violet, White Meadow
Yarrow (*Achillea Millefolium*)
Yellow-eyed Grass (*Xyris flexuosa*)

Birds of the Provincetown Region

By Edward Howe Forbush,
State Ornithologist

THE list of birds given below should be regarded as incomplete and provisional. This list is based on two lists prepared by residents of the region.

The late Mrs. Effie L. Cook, of Provincetown, sent me a list of land birds mainly observed there from 1880 to 1902, and Mr. Joseph G. Peters, Jr., of North Truro, has sent me a larger list obtained more recently, mainly in the region about his home. As North Truro lies next to Provincetown on the south, and as Mr. Peters is more or less familiar with Provincetown and Truro, the two lists together may fairly represent the birds of the region. Acknowledgment is due Mr. Peters for his kindness. My own contribution to the list is not large.

The list lacks a number of birds of prey, sparrows, warblers, thrushes, etc., and some water birds and shore birds, which undoubtedly occur either regularly or casually in the region and eventually may be observed there and recorded.

The names used in this list, with the exception of those of the Black Duck and the Red-legged Black Duck, are those used in the third edition of the American Ornithologists Union Check-list, published in 1910. No attempt has been made to bring the names up to date.

Explanation of Terms Used

Resident—A species that remains in the region throughout the year.

(*a*) Summer Resident—
A species passing the summer in the region and presumably breeding, unless otherwise stated.

(*b*) Winter Resident—
A species passing the winter in the region.

(*c*) Spring or Fall Migrant, usually both.
Species that do not stay through either summer or winter in the region, but migrate through it.

(*d*) Rare—
This includes also some very rare birds; birds not listed as rare, occasional or accidental, may be more or less common.

(*e*) Occasional Transient Visitant—
Usually a migrant seen irregularly, or a seabird which rarely comes near shore.

(*f*) Accidental Visitant—
A bird out of its usual range through some accident, such as a severe storm, which sometimes drives birds over the sea far beyond their normal range.

Holboell's Grebe (*Colymbus holbœlli*) (*b*)

Horned Grebe (*Colymbus auritus*) (*e*) In fall, winter or spring

Pied-Billed Grebe (*Podilymbus podiceps*) (*c*)

Loon (*Gavia immer*) (*c*) Irregular, also in Winter

Red-throated Loon (*Gavia stellata*) (*b*)

Puffin (*Fratercula arctica arctica*) (*e*) Winter, off shore

Black Guillemot (*Cepphus Grylle*) (*b*) Irregular off shore

Brunnich's Murre (*Uria lomvia lomvia*) (*b*) Irregular off shore

Razor-billed Auk (*Alca torda*) (*b*) Irregular off shore

Dovekie (*Alle alle*) (*b*) Sometimes abundant off shore mainly

Pomarine Jaeger (*Stercorarius pomarinus*) (*e*) Commonest in autumn offshore

Parasitic Jaeger (*Stercorarius parasiticus*) (*e*) Commonest in autumn offshore

Long-tailed Jaeger (*Stercorarius longicaudus*) (*f*)

Kittiwake (*Rissa tridactyla tridactyla*) (*b*) Uncertain and irregular

Glaucous Gull (*Larus hyperboreus*) (*e*) Uncertain and irregular, mainly in winter

Iceland Gull (*Larus leucopterus*) (*e*) Uncertain and irregular, fall, winter or spring

Great Black-backed Gull (*Larus Marinus*) (*b*) Occasional in summer

Herring Gull (*Larus argentatus*) (*a*) Not known to breed. Abundant in winter

Ring-billed Gull (*Larus delawarensis*) (*c*)

Laughing Gull (*Larus atricilla*) (*e*) Mostly in summer. Increasing

Bonaparte's Gull (*Larus philadelphia*) (*c*) Also in winter more or less

Common Tern (*Sterna hirundo*) (*a*)

Arctic Tern (*Sterna paradisæa*) (*c*)

Roseate Tern (*Sterna dougalli*) (*c*)

Least Tern (*Sterna antillarum*) (*a*) Observed at Truro July and August 1921

Greater Shearwater (*Puffinus gravis*) (*e*) Common to abundant in summer on fishing banks

Sooty Shearwater (*Puffinus griseus*) (*e*) Uncommon in summer on fishing banks

Leach's Petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*) (*e*)

Wilson's Petrel (*Oceanites oceanicus*) (*c*) Common at times off-shore in summer

Gannet (*Sula bassana*) (*c*) An off-shore migrant

Double-crested Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax auritus auritus* (*c*)

Merganser (*Mergus americanus*) (*b*)

Red-breasted Merganser (*Mergus serrator*) (*b*)

Hooded Merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*) (*b*) (*d*)

Mallard (*Anas platyrhynchos*) (*c*)

Red-legged Black Duck (*Anas rubripes rubripes*) (*b*)

Black Duck (*Anas rubripes tristis*) Resident

Baldpate (*Mareca americana*) (*c*)

Green-winged Teal (*Nettion carolinense*) (*b*) (*d*)

Blue-winged Teal (*Querquedula discors*) (*c*)

Pintail (*Dafila acuta*) (*c*) (*d*) Seen irregularly in winter

Wood Duck (*Aix sponsa*) (*a*) (*d*)

Scaup Duck (*Marila marila*) (*b*)

Lesser Scaup Duck (*Marila affinis*) (*c*)
Golden-eye (*Clangula clangula americana*) (*b*)
Buffle-head (*Charitonetta albeola*) (*b*)
Old-squaw (*Harelda hyemalis*) (*b*)
Harlequin Duck (*Histrionicus histrionicus*) (*f*) Winter
Eider (*Somateria dresseri*) (*c*) Occasional in winter
Scoter (*Oidemia americana*) (*b*)
White-winged Scoter (*Oidemia deglandi*) (*b*)
Surf Scoter (*Oidemia perspicillata*) (*b*)
Ruddy Duck (*Erismatura jamaicensis*) (*c*) Has been known to breed
Snow Goose (*Chen hyperboreus hyperboreus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Canada Goose (*Branta canadensis canadensis*) (*c*) Seen sometimes in winter
Brant (*Branta bernicla glaucogastra*) (*c*)
Whistling Swan (*Olor columbianus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*) (*a*)
Least Bittern (*Ixobrychus exilis*) (*a*)
Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias herodias*) (*c*) (*d*) Seen every summer month
Egret (*Herodias egretta*) (*e*)
Green Heron (*Butorides virescens virescens*) (*a*) (*d*)
Black-crowned Night Heron (*Nycticorax Nycticorax nævius*) (*a*) About forty pairs nested within the region until 1920
Virginia Rail (*Rallus virginianus*) (*a*)
Sora (*Porzana carolina*) (*a*) (*d*)
Coot (*Fulica americana*) (*c*)
Red Phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*) (*c*) off-shore
Northern Phalarope (*Lobipes lobatus*) (*c*) off-shore
Woodcock (*Philohela minor*) (*a*) (*d*) Small flights pass

Wilson's Snipe (*Gallinago delicata*) (*c*)
Dowitcher (*Macrorhamphus griseus griseus*) (*c*)
Knot (*Tringa canutus*) (*c*)
Pectoral Sandpiper (*Pisobia maculata*) (*c*)
White-rumped Sandpiper (*Pisobia fuscicollis*) (*c*)
Baird's Sandpiper (*Pisobia bairdi*) (*c*) (*d*)
Least Sandpiper (*Pisobia minutilla*) (*c*)
Red-backed Sandpiper (*Pelidna alpina sakhalina*) (*c*)
Semipalmated Sandpiper (*Ereunetes pusillus*) (*c*)
Sanderling (*Calidris leucophœa*) (*c*)
Marbled Godwit (*Limosa fedoa*) (*e*) (*d*)
Hudsonian Godwit (*Limosa hæmastica*) (*e*) (*d*) formerly common
Greater Yellow-legs (*Totanus melanoleucus*) (*c*)
Yellow-legs (*Totanus flavipes*) (*c*) uncommon in spring
Solitary Sandpiper (*Helodromas solitarius solitarius*) (*c*)
Upland Plover (*Bartramia longicauda*) (*c*) (*d*)
Spotted Sandpiper (*Actitis macularia*) (*a*)
Hudsonian Curlew (*Numenius hudsonicus*) (*c*)
Black-bellied Plover (*Squatarola squatarola*) (*c*)
Golden Plover (*Charadrius dominicus dominicus*) (*c*) (*d*) Formerly abundant
Killdeer (*Oxyechus vociferus*) (*c*)
Semipalmated Plover (*Ægialitis semipalmata*) (*c*)
Piping Plover (*Ægialitis meloda*) (*a*)
Ruddy Turnstone (*Arenaria interpres morinella*) (*c*)
Bob-white (*Colinus virginianus virginianus*) Now nearing extirpation
Mourning Dove (*Zenaidura macroura carolinensis*) Resident
Marsh Hawk (*Circus hudsonius*) (*a*)

Sharp-shinned Hawk (*Accipiter velox*) (*a*)
Cooper's Hawk (*Accipiter cooperi*) (*a*) (*d*)
Goshawk (*Astur atricapillus atricapillus*) (*c*) Winter
Red-tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis borealis*) (*c*)
Red-shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus lineatus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Rough-legged Hawk (*Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*) (*c*) Winter
Bald Eagle (*Haliæetus leucocephalus leucocephalus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Duck Hawk (*Falco peregrinus anatum*) (*c*) (*d*)
Pigeon Hawk (*Falco columbarius columbarius*) (*c*)
Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius sparverius*) (*c*)
Osprey (*Pandion haliaetus carolinensis*) (*c*) (*d*)
Short-eared Owl (*Asio flammeus*) (*a*) (*b*)
Barred Owl (*Strix varia varia*) (*a*) (*b*)
Saw-whet Owl (*Cryptoglaux acadica acadica*) (*c*) (*d*)
Screech Owl (*Otus asio asio*) Resident
Great Horned Owl (*Bubo virginianus virginianus* (*c*) (*b*)
Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nyctea*) (*c*) (*d*) Appears rarely in winter
Yellow-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus americanus*) (*a*)
Black-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*) (*a*)
Belted Kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*) (*a*)
Hairy Woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus villosus*) Resident
Downy Woodpecker (*Dryobates pudescens medianus*) Resident
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker (*Shyrapicus varius varius*) (*c*) (*d*)
Red-headed Woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) (*e*) (*d*)
Northern Flicker (*Colaptes auratus luteus*) Resident

Whip-poor-will (*Antrostomus vociferus vociferus*) (*a*)
Chimney Swift (*Chœtura pelagica*) (*a*)
Ruby-throated Hummingbird (*Archilochus colubris*) (*a*) (*d*)
Kingbird (*Tyrannus tyrannus*) (*a*)
Crested Flycatcher (*Myiarchus crinitus*) (*e*)
Phœbe (*Sayornis phœbe*) (*a*)
Wood Pewee (*Myiochanes virens*) (*a*)
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*) (*e*)
Least Flycatcher (*Empidonax minimus*) (*a*) (*d*)
Horned Lark (*Otocoris alpestris alpestris*) (*b*)
Blue Jay (*Cyanocitta cristata cristata*) Resident
Crow (*Corvus brachyrhynchos brachyrhynchos*) Resident
Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Cowbird (*Molothrus ater ater*) (*a*)
Red-winged Blackbird (*Agelaius phœniceus phœniceus*) (*a*)
Meadowlark (*Sturnella magna magna*) (*a*)
Orchard Oriole (*Icterus spurius*) (*a*) (*d*)
Baltimore Oriole (*Icterus galbula*) (*a*)
Rusty Blackbird (*Euphagus carolinus*) (*c*) (*d*)
Purple Grackle (*Quiscalus quiscula quiscula*) (*a*)
Bronzed Grackle (*Quiscalus quiscula æneus*) (*a*)
Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina vespertina*) (*c*)Winter
Pine Grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator leucura*) (*c*) Winter
Purple Finch (*Carpodacus purpureus purpureus*) (*d*) Resident
Crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra minor*) (*c*)
Redpoll (*Acanthis linaria linaria*) (*b*) (*d*)
Goldfinch (*Astragalinus tristis tristis*) Resident

Snow Bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis nivalis*) (*b*)
Lapland Longspur (*Calcarius lapponicus lapponicus*) (*d*) (*e*) In early winter
Vesper Sparrow (*Poœcetes gramineus gramineus*) (*a*)
White-crowned Sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys leucophrys*) (*c*) (*d*)
White-throated Sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) (*c*) (*d*)
Tree Sparrow (*Spizella monticola monticola*) (*b*) (*d*)
Chipping Sparrow (*Spizella passerina passerina*) (*a*)
Field Sparrow (*Spizella pusilla pusilla*) (*e*) May breed
Slate-colored Junco (*Junco hyemalis hyemalis*) (*c*) Winter
Song Sparrow (*Melospiza melodia melodia*) (*a*)
Swamp Sparrow (*Melospiza georgiana*) (*a*) (*d*) Fairly common in migration
Fox Sparrow (*Passerella iliaca iliaca*) (*c*)
Towhee (*Pipilo erythrophthalmus erythrophthalmus*) (*a*)
Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Zamelodia ludoviciana*) (*a*) (*d*) Pair and nest seen in 1920 by Mr. Peters
Indigo Bunting (*Passerina cyanea*) (*a*) (*d*)
Scarlet Tanager (*Piranga erythromelas*) (*a*) (*d*)
Summer Tanager (*Piranga rubra rubra*) (*f*) Observed once by Mrs. Cook
Purple Martin (*Progne subis subis*) (*c*) (*d*)
Cliff Swallow (*Petrochelidon lunifrons lunifrons*) (*a*)
Barn Swallow (*Hirundo erythrogastra*) (*a*)
Tree Swallow (*Iridoprocne bicolor*) (*a*)
Bank Swallow (*Riparia riparia*) (*a*)
Cedar Waxwing (*Bombycilla cedrorum*) (*a*)
Northern Shrike (*Lanius borealis*) (*c*) Winter
Red-eyed Vireo (*Vireosylva olivacea*) (*a*)
Warbling Vireo (*Vireosylva gilva gilva*) (*a*)

Yellow-throated Vireo (*Lanivireo flavifrons*) (*a*)
Blue-headed Vireo (*Lanivireo solitarius solitarius*) (*c*)
White-eyed Vireo (*Vireo griseus griseus*) (*a*)
Black and White Warbler (*Mniotilta varia*) (*c*)
Northern Parula Warbler (*Compsothlypis americana usneæ*) (*a*) (*d*)
Yellow Warbler (*Dendroica æstiva æstiva*) (*a*)
Black-throated Blue Warbler (*Dendroica cærulescens cærulescens*) (*c*)
Myrtle Warbler (*Dendroica coronata*) (*b*)
Magnolia Warbler (*Dendroica magnolia*) (*c*)
Chestnut-sided Warbler (*Dendroica pensylvanica*) (*a*)
Bay-breasted Warbler (*Dendroica castanea*) (*c*)
Black-poll Warbler (*Dendroica striata*) (*c*)
Blackburnian Warbler (*Dendroica fusca*) (*c*)
Black-throated Green Warbler (*Dendroica virens* (*d*) (*a*)
Pine Warbler (*Dendroica vigorsi*) (*a*)
Yellow Palm Warbler (*Dendroica palmarum hypcohrysea*) (*c*)
Prairie Warbler (*Dendroica discolor*) (*c*)
Oven-bird (*Seiurus aurocapillus*) (*a*)
Northern Yellowthroat (*Geothlypis trichas brachdiactyla*) (*a*)
Redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*) (*a*) (*d*)
Pipit (*Anthus rubescens*) (*c*) (*d*)
Mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottos polyglottos*) (*b*) (*d*)
Catbird (*Dumetella carolinensis*) (*a*)
Brown Thrasher (*Toxostoma rufum*) (*a*)
House Wren (*Troglodytes aedon aedon*) (*a*) (*d*)
Winter Wren (*Nannus hiemalis hiemalis*) (*b*)
Brown Creeper (*Certhia familiaris americana*) (*c*)

White-breasted Nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis carolinensis*) (*b*)
Red-breasted Nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*) (*b*)
Chickadee (*Penthestes atricapillus atricapillus*) Resident
Golden-crowned Kinglet (*Regulus satrapa satrapa*) (*b*)
Ruby-crowned Kinglet (*Regulus calendula calendula*) (*c*)
Veery (*Hylocichla fuscescens fuscescens*) (*a*) (*d*)
Olive-backed Thrush (*Hylocichla ustulata swainsoni*) (*c*) (*d*)
Hermit Thrush (*Hylocichla guttata pallasi*) (*c*)
Robin (*Planesticus migratorius migratorius*) (*a*) Some winter irregularly
Bluebird (*Sialia sialis sialis*) (*a*)

Introduced Species

Ringnecked Pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*) (*d*) Resident
Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) Resident
English Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) Resident

Gravestone Record, to 1850, in the old Cemetery

Made by Mr. Edward H. Wharf
Mr. Phillip L. Cobb
Mr. Stanley W. Smith

Published in the *Mayflower Descendant.*

(An older Cemetery, with a few stones, and evidently unmarked graves, existed on Franklin Street, until fifty years ago.)

ALLERTON

Caroline, born 7 November 1823, died 17 December 1844

Ruth H., born 20 August 1834, died 17 December 1844

William J., born 11 July 1840, died 12 November 1840

Mary C., born 11 July 1840, died 1 December 1840

William J., born 23 April 1843, died 4 January 1845

William J., born 27 July 1848, died 14 August 1849

Six children of William and Ruth C. on one stone.

ATKINS

Benjamin, son of Benjamin E. and Elizabeth, drowned 29 October 1809 in his sixteenth year

Benjamin E., died 29 November 1823, aged 54

Bethiah, wife of Silas, died 29 July 1803, in her 36th year

David, drowned 7 March 1828, aged 24. An affectionate husband and a tender parent

Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin E., died 2 May 1836, aged 35

Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin E. and Elizabeth, died 20 November 1806 aged 1 year 9 months

Joshua, son of Silas and Bethiah, died 2 May 1803 in his ninth year

Louisa, daughter of Capt. Jos. and Ruth, died 16 July 1808 aged 3 years 9 months

Martha, daughter of Silas and Bethiah, died 21 January 1803 in her 10th year

Phoebe, wife of Richard White, died 5 November 1803 aged 18 years 6 months

Polly, wife of Benjamin E., died 3 May 1816 aged 37

Reuben, son of Capt. Jos. and Ruth, died 8 August 1808 aged 8

Sally, died 20 November 1800, aged 11 months 9 days

ATWOOD

Barnabas, lost at sea 1834 (This should read

1838) aged 28, (on stone with Isaac Paine)

Bethiah, relict of Capt. Stephen, died 27 July 1807 in her 72nd year

Betsey R., daughter of Richard R. and Elizabeth, died 16 April 1843 aged 10

Elizabeth, wife of Richard R. died 31 July 1847, aged 49 years and 10 months

Jeremiah, born 23 May 1820, died 3 March 1857

Lydia S., born 23 May, 1820 died 10 January 1827

(These two on one stone)

Stephen, died 29 September 1745, in his 39th year

Stephen Jr., died 5 June 1794, in his 24th year

Capt. Stephen, died 18 December 1802 aged 69

BACON

Mary, wife of Isaac, died 5 August 1727 aged 27 years 10 months

Mary, daughter of Isaac and Mary, died 18 August 1727 aged 3 weeks

BAKER

Ruth, daughter of Thatcher, died 11 June 1797 aged 6 weeks

BEALS

Mrs. Louvisa, formerly of Edgarton, died 26 April 1841 aged 74

BLANCHARD

Betsey, wife of Ephraim, died 19 October 1806 in her 23d year

BOWLEY

Asa Smith, died 27 December 1802, aged 30

Elizabeth, wife of Oliver, died Jan. 1, 1844, aged 71

Freeman M., son of Sarah, wife of Eleazer Young, died at Straits of Belle Isle, 23 July 1818, aged 17

(On the stone of his mother)

Hannah, wife of Oliver deceased, died 30 November 1813 in her 64th year

Oliver, died 30 November 1794, in his 47th year

Oliver, born 27 August 1775, died 6 January 1854

BRYANT

Polly, wife of George, died 1 August 1821, aged 29

BURCH

Huldah E., wife of James, died 20 January 1847, aged 32 years, 5 months, 25 days

BUSH

Desire, wife of William, died 11 May 1810 in her 48th year

C———

R——— (a footstone)

CATON

Emanuel, born 13 November 1829, died 23 March 1830

Louisa A., born 9 November 1829, died 19 July 1830

Mary A., born 11 Feb. 1825, died 18 July 1830 (These two last on one stone)

CHAPPELL

Jeremiah, son of Samuel and Tassey, of New London, Conn., drowned in Provincetown Harbor, 10 September 1815, in his 32d year

COLLINS

Cynthia, daughter of Reuben and Mary, died 13 May 1832, aged 18 years 10 months

Emina, daughter of Richard and Emina, died August 1832, aged 26

Mary, wife of Reuben, born 22 June 1783, died 10 May 1861

Reuben, born 17 July 1779, died 27 October 1849

Reuben, died 1 June 1798, aged 25

Reuben, son of Reuben and Mary, died 5 October 1817, aged 1 year 3 months. Also their six infant children

Richard, died 18 October 1849, aged 75

Richard, son of Richard and Emina, died 27 July 1808, aged 5

CONANT

Cordelia, daughter of John and Lucy, died 3 February 1828, aged 7 years and 2 months

John, died 4 June 1809, in his 67th year

Pattey, wife of John, died 22 May in her 62nd year. (On the stone with her husband. The year not given)

Samuel, son of John and Lucy, died 23 March 1823, aged 4 months 23 days

Simeon Jr., died 28 May 1843, aged 32

Capt. Simeon, died 26 July 1849, aged 69

Susan A., wife of Capt. Simeon, died 3 July 1820, in her 41st year

Susanna, daughter of Simeon and Susanna, died 29 June 1848, aged 43 years 8 months 18 days

COOK

Abigail, wife of Elisha, died 18 April 1800, aged 32

Barzill S., son of David and Lydia, aged 6 months (On his mother's stone)

Betsey, wife of Solomon, died 13 October 1808 aged 70

Catherine, wife of Capt. Solomon, died 14 May 1822, aged 54

Cornelius, son of Ephraim and Rebecca, died 19 February 1816, aged 11 months

David, born 30 December 1775, died 16 June 1849

David Jr., son of David and Lydia, lost on passage from Boston to Port au Prince, 26 January 1838, aged 30. (On his mother's stone)

Emeline, daughter of Jesse and Thankful, died 14 March 1811, aged 11 months 22 days

Huldah, wife of David, died 28 December 1802, aged 24 years 7 months

Lemuel, son of Elisha and Abigail, died 25 April 1800, aged 5 months 7 days (on his mother's stone)

Lydia, wife of David, died 9 April 1812, aged 32

Mary P., widow of David, born 16 November 1781, died 22 February 1851

Nancy, wife of Newcomb, died 17 February 1815, aged 28

Paran, died 2 November 1808, in his 19th year

Rebecca, wife of Solomon, died 19 August 1788, in her 74th year

Ruth, wife of Elisha, died 3 June 1810, aged 32

Solomon, died 21 November 1781, in his 73d year

Solomon, died 24 July 1819, in his 82d year

Susanna, wife of David, born 28 September 1769, died 10 August 1839

COWING

Desire, wife of John, died 8 February 1723–4 in her 40th year
(The oldest stone)

CRAWLEY

Andrew, Capt., drowned 24 September 1840, aged 27½

CROSS

Jonathan K., son of Joseph and Rhodica, died 7 February 1844, aged 4 months and 10 days

CROWELL

Catherine, wife of Solomon Jr., died 16 De-

cember 1836, aged 62 (On the Crowell obelisk)

David Francis, son of David and Lydia, died 28 March 1839, aged 10 days

Elisha, died 26 November 1845, aged 44 (On the obelisk)

Eunice S., wife of Amaziah, died 28 August 1830, aged 19

Jane B., wife of Amaziah, died 14 April 1840, aged 35

John Young, son of Amaziah and Jane B., died 4 September 1840, aged 8 months (On his mother's stone)

Sarah Jane, daughter of Amaziah, died 25 August 1832, aged 11 months

Solomon Jr., died 28 March 1815, aged 45 (On the obelisk)

Solomon 2nd, perished on a wreck 14 October 1825, aged 20

CUTTER

Joanna, wife of Josiah, died 13 September 1840 aged 26

DITSON

Lawrence A., son of James L., and Rebecca, born 11 January 1842, died 2 July 1842

Rebecca, wife of James L., born 30 October 1819, died 27 January 1853

Rebecca A., daughter of James L. and Rebecca born 12 December 1847, died 5 July 1851

(These three on one stone)

DUNHAM—DONHAM

Rebecca P., daughter of Nathan and Sally, died 5 April 1839, aged 17

Nathan, died 29 September 1850, aged 61

Sally, wife of Nathan, died 20 January 1843, aged 50

DYER

Deliverance, widow, died 28 November 1836, in her 85th year

Elijah, son of Elijah and Rebecca, died 26 April 1826, aged 18 months

————, infant son of Elijah and Rebecca, died 1823 (On the stone with Elijah)

Eunice B., daughter, of Henry and Sally, died 29 April 1834, aged 2 years 9 months 14 days

Henry Jr., died 22 May 1821, aged 28 years 8 months

Joshua, died 28 November 1822, aged 37

Nehemiah M., son of Henry and Sally, died 6 October 1825, aged 8 months 4 days

Pamelia Ann, daughter of Henry and Sally, died 28 June 1834, aged 4 years 6 months

Peggy S., wife of William, died 5 April 1846, aged 78

Sally, wife of Henry, died 16 July 1847, aged 46

William, killed by lightning, 18 June 1819, aged 52

EMERY

James, son of James and Mary P., died 23 May 1847, aged 4 years

Nathan P., son of Joseph and Almira, born 28 September 1856, died 22 October 1858

Sarah M., daughter of Joseph and Almira, born 26 October 1845, died 21 September 1847

Also five infant children of Joseph and Almira on one stone

EWELL

Tryphena, wife of Lyman Ewell, also widow of Andrew Crawley, died 13 October 1848 aged 32

Mrs. Tryphena, daughter of Prince and Tryphene Freeman, born 1816, died 1848 (On the Scammons Hopkins obelisk)

(Two records of the same person)

FAIRBANKS

Dolly W., daughter of David and Hannah, died 18 March 1828, aged 2½ years

——— five young children of David and Hannah buried between March 1828 and September 1844

FOSTER

William H., born 8 September 1838, died 21 August 1840

William P., born 10 October 1843, died 17 August 1845

William P., died 13 January 1862, aged 50 years 15 days

FREEMAN

Catherine, wife of Charles, died 16 April 1827, aged 40

Charles, died 12 February 1848, aged 67

Charles H., son of Elisha and Phebe, died 1 October 1826, aged 10 months

Elisha, died 8 March 1825, aged 66

Eliza, daughter of Elisha and Phebe, died 6 November 1821, aged 16 months

Elizabeth, wife of Hatsuld, died 15 December 1839, aged 48

Hatsuld, died 9 February 1844, aged 56

Joseph, died 14 August 1844, aged 56½

Josiah, son of Joseph and Phebe, died 10 November 1836, aged 10 years 6 months

——— Also two sons and two daughters of Joseph and Phebe, died in infancy (On stone of their brother Josiah)

Josiah K., son of Charles and Catherine, lost at sea 1829, aged 21 (On his father's stone)

Lydia, wife of Elisha, died 1 April 1821, aged 54

Mary, daughter of Warren and Mary, died 4 July 1831, aged 19

Nabby, wife of Joshua, died 11 July 1822, aged 34

Nabby, daughter of Joshua and Nabby, died 10 October 1828, aged 1 month (Nabby the wife and Nabby the daughter are on one stone. Evidently one date is wrong)

Phebe, widow of Joseph, died 9 May 1857, aged 67 years 6 months

Prince, died 12 April 1847, aged 72

(Also on the Scammons Hopkins obelisk)

Sally, wife of Elisha, died 12 July 1824, aged 38

Sally E., daughter of Hatsuld and Elizabeth, died 14 February 1825, aged 10 years 4 months 15 days

Tryphena, wife of Prince, 14 February 1842, aged 59 (Also on the Scammons Hopkins obelisk)

Warren, died 15 December 1827, aged 56

Warren Jr., died 16 April 1848, aged 31 years 10 months 10 days

William W., son of Nathaniel and Mercy K., died 27 August 1849, aged 1 year 10 months 4 days

GALACOR

Mary, daughter of William and Mary, died 21 April 1802, aged 5 months 19 days

William, son of William and Mary, died 5 November 1800, aged 11 months 12 days

GHEN

Daniel H., son of Capt. Samuel and Ann, died 17 August 1835, aged 3 years 1 month 26 days

Samuel A., son of Capt. Samuel and Ann, died 26 July 1835 (Both on one stone)

GROSS

Alexander, 1757–1828 (A Revolutionary Soldier)

Betesy, died 5 September 1831, aged 32 years (On the Crowell obelisk)

Elizabeth, daughter of Micah and Elizabeth, died 3 April 1786, aged 7 years

Elizabeth Creed, wife of Alexander, 1767–1819 (On her husband's stone)

Joshua, son of J. & B. lost at sea in April 1849, aged 18 years (on the Crowell obelisk)

Solomon C., son of J. & B., lost at sea in May 1837, aged 19 years (On the Crowell obelisk)

HANNUM

Elizabeth B., daughter of Charles A. and Olive N., died 7 April 1845, aged 2 years 6 months 22 days

HARTFORD

Eliza N., daughter of Richard C. and Martha M., died 25 October 1845, aged 4 years 4 months 16 days

Martha, daughter of Richard C. and Martha M., died 20 October 1845, aged 2 years 6 months 20 days

HATCH

Elizabeth, wife of Rodolphus, died 10 October 1727, aged 46 years

HILL

Caleb Dyer, son of John and Susanna, died 29 March 1803, aged 2 years 3 months 26 days

John, son of John, died from home, 16 December 1814, aged 26 years (on his father's stone)

John, died 10 August 1822, aged 76 years

Rebecca N., daughter of Caleb D. and Parmelia, died 30 June 1833, aged 3 years 9 months 9 days

Susanna, wife of John, died 18 July 1830, aged 74

HINCKES

Tempy, wife of Elisha, died 22 April 1798, aged 22 years, 8 months

HINCKLEY

Joshua, died 15 August 1808, in his 32d year

Sarah, wife of Allen, died 7 March 1799, in her 24th year

HOLMES

Saviah, wife of Capt. Elisha, died 24 December 1817, aged 30 years

HOPKINS

James A., lost at sea 1836, aged 26 years (On the stone with Scammons Hopkins who died in 1835)

Mary, wife of Deacon Jonathan, died 12 October 1814, in her 58th year

Mary, widow of Phineas, died 27 April 1838, aged 52 years

Nabby, wife of Scammons, died 23 July 1821, aged 52 years (on the stone with her husband)

Phineas, died 19 January 1833, aged 51 years

Scammons, died 15 December 1822, aged 52 years (On the stone with Nabby)

Scammons, died 26 March 1835, aged 38 years (On the stone with James A. Hopkins)

Scammons, born 1798, died 1837. First husband of Mrs. Patty Pierce

HOWES

Abigail, wife of David, died 31 March 1804, in her 28th year

Daniel, died 28 July 1802, in his 26th year

Daniel, son of Daniel and Polly, died 29 August 1802, aged 10 months 27 days

Priscilla, wife of Joshua, died 19 May 1800, in her 22d year

Reuben, son of David and Abigail, died 5 March 1800, aged 2 years 5 months 10 days

Reuben Orcutt, son of David and Abigail, died 30 March 1798, aged 1 year 7 months 24 days

JOSEUS

Eliza A., daughter of Joseph and Olive, born 30 June 1835, died 17 January 1836

KILBORN or KILBURN

Betsey, the wife of David, died 16 July 1794, aged 28 years

Betty, wife of Thomas, died 13 August 1746, in her 20th year

Thomas, died 4 August 1794, in his 76th year

William, died 6 November 1785, in his 27th year

KINNEY

Hannah, daughter of John and Hannah, died 6 September 1781, aged 11 months

Nehemiah, son of John and Hannah, died 25 September 1780, in his 2nd year

KNOWLES

Josiah, born 14 June 1782, died 25 February 1850

Mercy, widow of Josiah, born 13 October 1782, died 8 November 1850 (on her husband's stone)

LANCY

Jane, daughter of Benjamin and Jane, died 16 August 1816, aged 9 years 6 months

LARRY

Mrs. Louis, died 14 March 1807, aged 38 years

MAYO

Joanna, wife of Joseph, died 9 October 1822 in her 27th year

Joshua A., died 25 June 1816, aged 58 years

Thomas, son of Joshua Atkins and Martha, died 3 December 1807, in his 19th year

(Five infant children of Joshua and Martha on the stone with Thomas)

MIERS

William, born 1 November 1798, died 25 September 1854

MILLER

Rebecca, wife of William, died 20 October 1795, in her 30th year

NEWCOMB

Mrs. Elizabeth, died 30 October 1805, aged 63 years

NICHOLSON

Abigail, wife of George, died 11 February 1798, in her 21st year

Ebenezer, died 8 December 1792, in his 48th year

NICKERSON

Abigail C., daughter of William and Abigail C., died 18 August 1804, aged 14 days

Abigail C., wife of William, died 5 May 1818, aged 41 years

Anna, daughter of Josiah and Sally, died 19 September 1793, aged 17 months 5 days

Apphia, wife of Reuben, died 22 July 1811, aged 29 years

————, son of Reuben and Apphia, died 8 August 1811, aged 2 months 8 days. Her only issue (On his mother's stone)

Bethiah, widow of Capt. Isaiah, died 26 January 1806, in her 24th year (On the stone with her husband)

Bethiah, widow of Jonathan, died 19 October 1834, aged 79 years

Betsy, daughter of Jonathan and Bethiah, died 26 October 1805, in her 10th year

Betsy Eliza, daughter of Simeon C. and Sarah, died 15 December 1837, aged 10 months 10 days
(On the stone with her brother John W.)

Ebenezer, died 15 February 1768, in his 71st year

Elijah, son of Elijah and Jemima, died 13 August 1763, aged 13 months

Elijah, son of Elijah and Jemima, died 10 February 1777, aged 2 years 9 months

Elijah, son of Joseph and Lucy, died 6 October 1800, aged 13 months 5 days

Elisha, son of Elijah and Jemima, died 12 September 1780, aged 1 year 2 months

Eliza S., daughter of Seth and Elizabeth S., born 19 August 1819, died 28 October 1832

Elizabeth, wife of Ebenezer, died 27 February 1789, in her 83d year

Mrs. Elizabeth, died 24 August 1828, aged 84 years

Hannah, daughter of Seth and Mary, died 6 February 1772, aged 12 years

Hannah, wife of Nehemiah, died 26 September 1846, aged 69 years 3 months 13 days

Hannah K., daughter of William and Abigail C., died 4 February 1800, aged 16 months

Isabella, wife of Seth, died 3 August 1837, aged 85 years

Isaiah, Capt., drowned at Bonavesta 26 May 1806, in his 29th year (On the stone of his wife Bethiah)

Jemima Atkins, daughter of the late Mr. Josiah and Ruth, died 30 September 1805, aged 1 year

John, died 13 October 1825, aged 25 years

John W., son of Simeon and Sarah, died 8 May 1839, aged 3 years 7 months (On the stone with his sister Betsey E.)

Jonathan, son of William and Abigail C., died 20 July 1802, aged 10 months

Jonathan, died 17 June 1807, in his 53d year

Joseph, son of Joseph and Lucy, died 10 August 1801, aged 8 days

Joseph, son of Joseph and Sally, died 31 July 1808, aged 15 months 18 days

Joshua, died 22 October 1794, in his 32d year

Josiah, son of Josiah and Sally, died 2 August 1794, aged 7 months 3 days

Linda, wife of Nathaniel, died 19 August 1819, aged 39 (On the stone with her son Nathaniel, Jr.)

Louisa, daughter of Thomas and Patty, died 14 March 1828, aged 6 months

Lucy, wife of Joseph, eldest daughter of Simeon Jenkins of Barnstable, died 8th September 1801, in her 23d year

Martha, widow of Seth, died 28 August 1817, aged 82

Mary, wife of James, died 15 September 1789, aged 19 years

———, infant son of James and Mary, (On the stone with the Mary who died 1789)

Mary, wife of James, died 27 April 1796, aged 23 years

Mary, wife of Josiah, died 24 January 1799, aged 24 years

Mary L., died 7 March 1823, aged 7 years 9 months

NICKERSON

Nabby Y., daughter of Nathaniel and Linda, died 1 August 1808, aged 7 months 6 days

Nathaniel, died 27 July 1823, aged 48

Nathaniel Jr., drowned 13 May 1820, aged 17 years 8 months (On the stone with Linda, wife of Nathaniel)

Deacon Nehemiah, died 31 January 1804 in his 79th year

Phebe, wife of Capt. Elisha, died 22 September 1809, in her 25th year

———, infant daughter of Capt. Elisha and Phebe, died 26 November 1809, aged 2 months 13 days (on its mother's stone)

Phineas, son of Phineas and Phebe, died 23 July 1800, aged 2 years 6 months 23 days

Sally, wife of Josiah, died 3 March 1794, in her 21st year

Sally, daughter of Seth and Isabel, died 4 March 1796, aged 7 years

Sally, daughter of Josiah and Mary, died 28 November 1798, aged 20 months

Sally, daughter of Jonathan and Bethiah, drowned 1 October 1808, aged 2 years 8 months

Sally, wife of Caleb, died 30 June 1827, aged 26

Salome, wife of Ebenezer, died 11 June 1804, in her 36th year

Sarah, wife of Simeon C., died 5 July 1839, aged 28

(On the stone with her husband)
Seth, died 10 September 1789, in his 56th year
Seth, died 11 April 1801, aged 63 years
Simeon C., lost at sea, in 1837, aged 28
(On the stone of his wife Sarah)
Susanna, wife of Phineas, died 19 May 1802, aged 64 years
———, infant of Timothy and Mary H., died 3 April 1843
———, infant of Timothy and Mary H., died 29 April 1844
———, infant of Timothy and Mary H., died 26 October 1851
(These three on one stone)
Uriah, son of Elijah and Jemima, died 24 October 1788, aged 12 days
William, son of William and Abigail C., died 23 September 1796, aged 14 months
William, died 4 January 1817, aged 45 years

ORCOTT

Hannah, widow of Reuben, died 13 November 1825, aged 67
Reuben, died 16 September 1814, in his 60th year

PAINE

Abigail, wife of Isaac, died 6 July 1834, aged 31
Elkanah, son of Henry and Mercy, died 10 October 1803, aged 4 years 9 months 14 days
Enos N., son of Lot and Olive, died 20 November 1832, aged 11 months 15 days

Isaac, son of Moses and Priscilla, died 10 October 1799, aged 4 years (on the stone with his sister Priscilla)

Isaac, son of Isaac and Sylvia, died 7 September 1848, aged 1 month (On the stone with his brother Isaac B.)

Isaac B., son of Isaac and Sylvia, died 7 August 1848, aged 2 years 6 months

Isaac, died 27 August 1855, aged 54 years (On the stone with Barnabus Atwood)

Capt. Lot, died 11 May 1853, aged 64 years

Mary, wife of Henry, died 27 October 1797, in her 31st year

Mercy, daughter of Henry and Mercy, died 5 November 1803, aged 2 years 4 months 15 days

Olive, wife of Lot, died 5 September 1847, aged 53 years

Phineas, son of Isaac and Abigail, died 26 July 1824, aged 11 months

Phineas, son of Isaac and Abigail, died 29 June 1832, aged 7 years

Prissa, daughter of Moses and Priscilla, died 11 October 1799, aged 2 years (On the stone with her brother Isaac)

Stephen H., died 15 November 1848, aged 21 years 2 months

Susan N., daughter of Isaac and Abigail, died 25 December 1834, aged 6 months 22 days

Mrs. Sylvia, died 17 May 1872, aged 65 years 9 months 17 days

PALMER

William, died 17 September 1834, aged 44

PARK

Eliza N., daughter of Elisha and Susanna, died 18 June 1844, aged 7 years 8 months

Ellen N., daughter of Elijah and Susanna, died 4 January 1845, aged 3 years 1 month 10 days

Susanna, wife of Elisha, died 14 April 1844, aged 32

PARKER

Rev. Samuel, born in Barnstable 18 November 1740, died 11 April 1812. The first settled minister in Provincetown. Was ordained in Provincetown in the autumn of A. D. 1769

Mary, wife of the Rev. Samuel, died 20 November 1785, in her 32d year. Best of wives, tenderest of mothers

PARRY or PERRY

Rebecca, wife of Richard, died 29 June 1798, in her 53d year

Richard Jr., died 30 April 1805, aged 31

Mrs. Elizabeth, died 12 January 1812, in her 40th year

Richard, born 6 June 1805, died 25 November 1873

PARSONS

John W. B., son of Joshua and Ann, died 30 August 1856, aged 2 years 22 days

Martha Ellen, daughter of Joshua and Ann, died 20 February 1852, aged 5 days

Mary Jane, daughter of Joshua and Ann, died 27 August 1850, aged 22 months (These three on one stone)

PECK

Bethiah, wife of Dr. Stephen, died 27 September 1810, in her 23d year

Dr. Stephen, died 1 August 1818, aged 41 years

PIERCE

Patty, widow of Scammons Hopkins, of William Miers, and of William Pierce, daughter of Prince and Tryphena Freeman, born 1802, died 25 December 1864

William, 3rd husband of Patty, born 1794, died 1860

(Both on the Scammons Hopkins obelisk)

RICH

Betsey A., daughter of Solomon and Sally, died 28 June 1833, in her 19th year

Solomon S., son of Solomon and Sally, lost at sea in the summer of 1831, in his 23d year (On the stone with his sister Betsey)

Deacon Solomon, died 14 January 1855, aged 75 years

Sarah, wife of Deacon Solomon, died 9 August 1846, in her 73d year

RIDER or RYDER

Anna, wife of David, died 1 May 1820, aged 55

Atkins, son of Samuel and Lydia, died 19 August 1794, aged 16 months

Benjamin, died 29 December 1759, in his 73d year

Benjamin, son of Samuel and Lydia, died 7 March 1796, in his 5th year

Benjamin, son of David and Lucy, died 10 August 1827, aged 7 months

David, died 1 April 1760 in his 24th year

Deacon David, died 12 February 1841, aged 79 years (On the stone with Capt. William)

Ebenezer, died 16 March 1809, aged 74

Elisha, son of David and Anna, died 21 December 1795, aged 1 year 8 months

Experience, wife of Samuel, died 21 December 1745, aged 40 years

Rebecca, widow of Thomas, died 13 December 1793, in her 54th year

Samuel, died 6 January 1745–6, aged 45 years

Sylva, wife of Isaiah, died 8 January 1823, aged 49

Thomas, died 8 October 1786, aged 49 years

William, Capt., drowned at sea 21 September 1835, aged 29 years (on the stone of Deacon David)

RIDLEY

Elizabeth, wife of Thomas, died 14 April 1792, aged 74

ROBERTS

George N., son of Charles W. and Ruth S., born 13 September 1849, died 13 September 1850 (On his mother's stone)

James, son of David and Margaret, died 10 November 1848, aged 14 months 7 days

Ruth S., wife of Charles W., born 18 January 1828, died 7 August 1850 (On the stone with George N.)

ROTCH

Samuel, son of William and Mary, died 22 May 1736, in his 15th year

SEARS

Joseph, born 27 May 1803, died 3 October 1853

Olive P., daughter of Joseph and Hannah, died 7 May 1842, aged 1 year 9 months 5 days (On the stone with Joseph)

SMALL

Heman, died 24 July 1838, aged 32 years

Mehitable, wife of Lot, died 30 November 1842, aged 22

Polly, wife of Isaac, died 7 August 1826, aged 52

Samuel, died 28 April 1856, aged 84 years

Thomas, R. died 13 March 1839, aged 25 years

SMALLEY

Betsey, wife of Thomas, died 12 November 1803, in her 37th year

Hicks, son of Samuel and Sarah, lost at sea 30 October 1823, aged 25

Loiza W., daughter of Capt. Thomas and Hannah, died 5 April 1807, aged 7 months

——— three infant daughters of Capt. Thomas and Betsey (On the stone with Loiza W.)

Mary, wife of Taylor, died 4 January 1815, in her 52d year

Sarah, wife of Samuel, died 26 September 1830, aged 52

Taylor, died 1 May 1835, aged 71

Uriah, son of Samuel and Sarah, lost at sea 26 July 1824, aged 20

(Hicks, Sarah, and Uriah all on one stone)

SMITH

Elizabeth, wife of Seth, died 25 December 1803, in her 58th year

Esther, wife of Ebenezer, died 14 February 1823, aged 33

Hannah, daughter of Richard F., and Sally, died 29 September 1835, aged 1 year

Harriet, daughter of Richard F. and Sally, died 11 September 1828, aged 18 months 9 days

Heman N., son of Jonah E. and Clarissa, died 6 September 1841, aged 8 months

Heman N., son of Jonah E. and Clarissa, died 5 October 1843, aged 11 months

Josiah, son of Jonah E. and Clarissa, died 12 August 1839, aged 13 months
(These three on one stone)

James Jr., died 1 October 1807, in his 25th year

Lorilla, daughter of Richard F. and Sally, died 29 September 1838, aged 11 months

Mary, wife of Joshua, died 21 October 1831, aged 41

Mary, wife of Capt. Ebenezer, died 23 December 1833, aged 40

Ruth, wife of Seth, died 29 August 1829, aged 59

Seth, died 17 November 1802, in his 60th year

Seth, died 20 July 1835, aged 64

Susanna, wife of Edward, died 20 August 1848 aged 54 years 9 months

SOPER

Betsy, wife of Capt. Samuel, died 15 April 1826, aged 30 years

Eben N., son of Capt. Samuel and Eveline, died 23 September 1836, aged 2 years 6 months

Elisha H., son of Capt. Samuel and Betsy, died 10 September 1826, aged 5 months 12 days

Eveline N., 31 May 1804: 9 October 1900

————, infant died 3 November 1818

Salome C., daughter of Capt. Samuel and Eveline, died 17 April 1832, aged 4 years 4 months

Capt. Samuel, died 8 December 1860, aged 69 years 4 months (above all on the Soper obelisk)

Isabel, daughter of Robert and Isabel, died 17 August 1796, aged 9 months 8 days

STONE

Elizabeth A., daughter of Rev. Nathaniel and Mary, died 26 June 1816, aged 13

John Andrew, son of Rev. Nathaniel and Mary, died 18 April 1813, aged 9 years

SWIFT

Josiah, son of John and Lydia, died 5 September 1816, aged 1 year 9 months 15 days

TALCOTT

Capt. John, of Glastonbury, Conn., son of Deacon Benjamin. Died here on his return after the victory obtained at Cape Breton, A. D. 1845, in his 41st year

THOMAS

Orasmus Esq., born at Brookfield, Mass. 18 March 1771, died at Provincetown 2 November 1822

Orasmus Jr., born at Provincetown 17 June 1808, died at Port au Prince 11 January 1841 (both on one stone)

TUBBS

Dorcas, died 11 July 1811, aged 49

Nathan, lost at sea, aged 33

Nathan Jr., lost at sea 11 July 1816 aged 19

(All on one stone)

WALKER

Jabez, died 24 December 1798, aged 19 years

WATKINS

Sarah, widow of Capt. Thomas, died 27 August 1831, aged 77

Thomas, died 20 July 1824, aged 73

WEEKS

Ruth, Mrs., daughter of Prince and Tryphena Freeman, born 1819, died 1844 (On the Scammons Hopkins obelisk)

Ruth, wife of John C., died 27 August 1844, aged 25 years. (Two records of the same person)

WELLS

Sarah H., daughter of Edward and Elizabeth A., died 27 August 1849, aged 7 months 13 days

WHORF

Jonathan F., died 16 November 1820, in his 20th year

Sarah Ann, wife of John died 9 December 1791, in her 64th year

WINSLOW

James, lost at sea 2 March 1846, aged 27 years

Mary S., died 25 October 1892, aged 72

YOUNG

David, born 7 March 1758, died 30 October 1832

Capt. David, born 15 February 1795, died 19 September 1872

Eleazer, son of Eleazer and Rebecca, died 24

January 1829, aged 37 years 2 months 24 days

Eleazer, died 1 January 1832, aged 72 (On stone with William N.)

Elizabeth, widow of David, born 17 August 1764, died 10 December 1840

Fanny, wife of Nehemiah, died 22 December 1831, aged 30

Hannah, wife of David, died 13 March 1847, aged 46½ years

Hannah S., daughter of Eleazer and Rebecca, died 1 March 1837, aged 11 years 4 months

Isaiah, son of Elisha and Hannah, died 9 June 1803, aged 3 years 6 months

Isaiah, died 5 September 1815, aged 34

Nabby, wife of Reuben, died 15 April 1794 in her 33d year

Nehemiah, died 17 June 1877, aged 80 years, 9 months 24 days

Phebe H., daughter of Nehemiah and Fanny, died 18 December 1822, aged 6 months.

Rebecca, wife of Eleazer, died 18 April 1804, in her 47th year

Rebecca, wife of David, died 8 December 1849, aged 57½ years

Sarah, wife of Eleazer, died 17 June 1823, aged 53 years (on stone with her son Freeman M. Bowley)

Mrs. Tamsin, died 23 January 1887, aged 88 years 22 days

William N., son of Eleazer, lost at sea 1831, aged 24 (On the stone of Eleazer, who died 1832)

List of Teachers in the Provincetown High School

PRINCIPALS

1849 — Freeman Nickerson
1852 — James Crocker
1853 — James T. Allen
1854 — E. Albee, for seven weeks
1854 — Freeman N. Blake
1855 — Eben S. Whittemore
1856 — The school was discontinued
1857 — A. L. Putnam
1858 — Alexander Rankin
1860 — Isaac Smith
1861 — Harrison Leland
1861 — Albert Stetson
1862 — Edward B. McCarty
1863 — Henry Leonard
1863 — Samuel G. Stone
1864 — Solomon H. Brackett
1865 — Ansel O. Burt
1870 — Henry F. Burt
1871 — Mr. Sheldon
1872 — Albert F. Blaisdell

1875 — A. G. Fisher
1878 — J. B. Hingeley
1882 — A. M. Osgood
1884 — Charles D. Seeley
1884 — Frank Wiggin
1889 — S. H. Baker
1891 — W. M. McKenzie
1891 — W. H. Walralf
1891 — Ira Jenkins
1907 — Percy C. Giles
1909 — Charles P. Savary
1910 — A. L. Bennett
1911 — Charles A. Sprout
1911 — M. F. Holbrook
1912 — Alvin Thomas
1915 — Albert Norris
1915 — Aubrey F. Hills
1919 — Edith L. Bush
1921 — William H. Winslow

ASSISTANTS

C. A. Rogers
Eliza A. Cook
Anna M. Kittridge
Mary Cook Johnson
Lucia N. Cook
Lizzie Chase
Sara A. Hamlin
Hattie F. Weeks
Nancy W. Paine

Emma Baxter
Lucinda W. Whorf
Alice Shortle
Emma Gardner
Phoebe E. Freeman
Carra Wilcox
Jennie G. Freeman
Isabelle Gilpatrick
Ruth E. Thomas
Elizabeth Moseley
Martha E. Fernald
Joyce Bisbee
Stephen Fitzgerald
Penelope Kern
Elsie G. Moreau
Porter G. Penn
Kathleen Donovan
Sarah A. Everett
Benjamin Bissell
Mrs. Osmond Cummings Jr.
Ann Featherstone
Adeline Wetmore
Phillip Skerry
and others

Roster of the Provincetown Seminary 1845-6

Gentlemen's Department

Benjamin D. Atkins
Alfred Adams
Peter Avery
Joseph Russell Atkins
Henry F. Baker
Reuben L. Bangs
Benjamin Brown
Paul L. Bangs
Oliver E. Bailey
Elisha Baker
William Bulger
Benjamin D. Crocker
Atkins D. Cook
Joseph Cook
Ephraim P. Cook
Reuben F. Cook
William Clark
John Curren
E. Kibbe Cook
Benjamin Coan
Elisha W. Cobb
Nathaniel Covell
Lamuel Cook
Benjamin Crosby
Oliver B. Conant
Cornelius Cook
James Cashman
David R. Cook
Phineas Cutter
William T. Collins
Elisha Cook
Daniel N. Clark
Henry T. Dyer
Atkins Dyer
William L. Dyer
Amasa Dyer
William T. Dutton
Nehemiah M. Dyer
James S. Dyer
John Evans

John L. Eldridge
Oren R. Dunham
James C. Dunham
Thomas Watkins Dyer
Nathan D. Freeman
Francis C. Freeman
Ezra Freeman
Augustus M. Freeman
Jesse Freeman
Asa A. Franzen
Nathaniel Freeman
Samuel H. Ghen
John M. Gill
Henry S. Ghen
Alexander Galer
E. Henry Harvender
N. P. Holmes
James M. Holmes
James Hopkins
Solomon Higgins
Haskell P. Higgins
James Kenyon
John W. Lovejoy
Phillip Lovejoy
Albert W. Lavender
John R. Lavender
Joseph A. Lavender
Edmund B. Lord
Henry J. Lancy
Phillip C. Lewis
Atwood Mott
Silas Mott
H. S. Miller
Francis C. Miller
Charles E. Morgan
George W. Nickerson
Solomon D. Nickerson
Joshua Nickerson
Charles W. Nickerson
Amos Nickerson
Stephen T. Nickerson
Solomon Newcomb
James Nickerson
Richard Elliot Nickerson
Jesse Nickerson
Frederic W. Proctor
Abner L. Pettis
Lysander N. Paine
Henry Paine
Michael A. Parker
Xenophon Rich
James N. Rich
David Ryder
William T. Ryder
Benjamin Ryder, Jr.
Thomas Ryder
Henry Ryder
Reuben C. Small
Abram Small
Alexander Small
Uriah Small
George O. Smith

Freeman A. Smith
James H. Small
Benjamin F. Small
Samuel C. Small
Ebenezer A. Shed
Zenas Snow
Henry A. F. F. Smith
J. D. P. Small
Samuel T. Soper
Richard R. Small
Robert Soper
Joseph Swasey
Gamaliel Smith
B. H. Small
Thomas D. Smith
Phillip R. Smith
William H. Sprague
Jesse E. Smith
Samuel G. Smith
Josiah F. Small
Joshua P. Small
Taylor Small
John T. Small
George Thatcher
William R. Taylor
Michael Turben
Benjamin Turner
Andrew T. Williams
Richard S. White
Eliphat Whilding
Nicholas White
Edward Q. Weeks
Enos N. Young
Newcomb C. Young
Elisha T. Young
John W. Young
Charles A. Young
Eleazer Young

Ladies' Department

Hannah W. Atkins
Sarah E. Atkins
Clarissa A. Atwood
Sarah Maria Adams
Ruhamah H. Atkins
Olive Atkins
Nancy Avery
Mary N. Adams
Betsey K. Bowley
Euphemia Brown
Mary H. Baker
Maria O. Crocker
Naomi B. Cook
Phoebe W. Cook
Mercy F. Crosby
Martha W. Cook
Rebecca Cook
Mary A. Cayton

Ann Gross Cook
Martha A. Collins
Phoebe N. Cook
Elizabeth Cook
Rebecca Cook
Phoebe A. Cook
Sarah L. Cook
Sarah M. Dyer
Eunice B. Dyer
Parmelia Ann Dyer
Malintha Dyer
S. Maria Dyer
Betsey E. Dyer
Thankful Dyer
Susan R. Eldridge
Eliza A. Freeman
Cynthia Freeman
Phoebe Freeman
Abigail Freeman
Eunice Gross
Savina Galagher
Sarah H. Ghen
Martha A. Holmes
Malvina C. Higgins
Rebecca A. Higgins
Abigail H. Howes
Caroline Howard
Bethia Higgins
Aseneth Howe
Almira G. Hudson
Mary B. Hilliard
Adeline C. Hilliard
Paulina B. Hilliard
Deborah Harvender
Matilda A. Harvender
Hannah Hill
Mary C. Johnson
Martha A. Johnson
Susan M. Kelley
Adeline E. Lovejoy
Sabra C. Lewis
Aphia C. Nickerson
Rebecca F. Nickerson
Lucy M. Nickerson
Ellen Nickerson
Melvina F. Nickerson
Louisa A. Nickerson
Sarah Newcomb
Miranda J. Nickerson
Sarah G. Peterson
Belinda N. Pettingill
Fanny Roxanna Paine
Martha A. Pettis
Rebecca Pierce
Sarah Parks
Rebecca R. Ridley
Hannah W. Rich
Mary Rich
Betsey N. Ryder
Rebecca Ryder
Ruth C. Ryder
Mary A. Ryder

Hannah N. Small
Mary S. N. Small
Ann S. Small
Emily J. Shed
Harriet N. Small
Esther T. Small
Sarah Small
Salome C. Soper
Elizabeth T. Small
Mary Joan Smith
Jane C. Small
M. E. Smith
Lucinda H. Smith
Delia Ann Smith
Augusta Small
Betsey C. Small
Abigail Small
Hannah Thatcher
Harriet B. Thomas
Electa A. Whitney
Henrietta L. Whitney
Harriet N. White
Abigail F. Weeks
Harriet M. Young
Dorinda Young

List of Provincetown Whalers

From History of American Whale Fishing, by Alexander Starbuck

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
	1820	
Laurel	Cook	
Margaret	Atwood	
Minerva	Soper	
Nero	Smalley	
Neptune	Cook	
Sophronia	Smith, Ryder	
	1821	
Cora		
Charles	Grozier	
President	Soper	
Unitaro		
Vesta	Holmes	
	1822	
Four Brothers		
General Jackson	Atkins	
Hannah and Eliza	Cook	
Mary	Cook	

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Olive Branch	Cook	
Seventh Son	Cook	
	1823	
Ardent	Soper	
	1831	
Fair Play		
	1834	
Imogene	Smalley Atkins	James Smalley
	1836	
Louisa	Tilson, Cook, Young, Ryder	
	1840	
Fairy	Ginn, Cook, Soper	Abraham Small
Franklin	Soper, Nickerson, O. W. Allerton	Robert Soper
Phoenix	Small Puffer	Leonard Small
	1841	
Belle Isle	Cook Smith Howard Turner Nye	Eben Cook
Gem	Fluker Nickerson	Timothy P. Johnson

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
John B. Dods	Prior, Ghen Winslow	E. S. Smith
Spartan	James Small Cook	Stephen Nickerson
Samuel and Thomas	Soper, Swift Nickerson Swift	Samuel Soper
William Henry	Ryder Cook, Chase	Godfrey Ryder

1842

Amazon	Cook	
Carter Braxton	Sparks	Joseph Atkins
Joshua Brown	Small, Ghen	Seth Nickerson
Pacific	Cook, Tilson Perry	Stephen Cook Jr., D. Small
Louisa Handy	Cook, Handy Ryder	

1844

Edwin	Cook	
Esquimaux	Cook	Parker Cook
Medford	Cook, Dyer Ryder	
Rienzin	Cook, Snow Joseph, Caton Miliken, Goodspeed	
Stranger		

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
	1845	
Cadmus	Soper	Samuel Soper
	Nickerson	
Counsel	Ghen	Samuel Cook,
	Higgins	Howe & Lord
Carter Braxton	Martin	J. Adams
Grand Island	Cook	S. Cook
Jane Howes	Bowley	
	Nickerson	
	Doyle	
John Adams	Higgins	R. L. Thatcher
	Freeman	
	Burch	
	Doyle	
	Ghen	
Outesie	Chapman	C. U. Grozier
Parker Cook	Smith, Cook	
Tarquin	Sparks	H. Sparks
	1846	
Samuel Cook	Cook	S. Cook
	Handy	
	1849	
Allstrum	Ghenn	
Chanticleer	Cook, Young	
	Dyer	
E. R. Cook	Cook	
	Higgins	
	Cornell	
	Nickerson	

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Robert Raikes	Swift	Ephraim Cook
Sam Cook	Atson, Smith	
Shylock	Hersey	
	Green	

1850

A. Nickerson	Sparks	J. H. Hilliard
	Cornell	
C. Allstrum	Snow	J. Adams
E. Nickerson	Nickerson	Enoch Nickerson
	Ryder	
	Soper	
	Pettingill	
Harriet Neal	Bush, Ryder	R. L. Thatcher
H. N. Williams	Fisher	Phillip Cook
	Joseph	
	Young	
Jane Howes	Young	J. E. Bowley
John Adams	Freeman	John Adams
Lewis Bruce	Young	B. Allstrum
Medford	Dyer	Ephraim Cook
R. E. Cook	Cook	John Dunlap
	Nickerson	
	Tilson	
Rienzi	Iverson	J. E. Bowley
Shylock	Hersey	Nathaniel Holmes
Union	Smith	Jonathan Nickerson

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Vesta	Rich	Phillip Rich
Virginia	Morton	Winsor Snow
Walter Irving	Nickerson	Atkins Nickerson
	Small, Paine	
	Holmes	
	Atkins, Law	
Walter K.	Tillson	Henry Cook
	Heath	
	Ghen	
Willis Putnam	Foster	E. S. Smith
	1851	
Alexander	Young	B. Allstrum, Johnson & Cook
	Cook	
	Nickerson	
	Dunham	
	Rich	
	Carlow	
	Hopkins	
Antartic	Howard	J. E. Bowley
	Snow, Costa	
	Young, Hill	
	Bell, West	
	Johnson	
Hanover	Holmes	T. Hilliard
Preston	Handy	Samuel Cook
	Smith	
Sea Shell	Cook	E. Cook

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Eschol (Truro	Smith Nickerson Miller	Richard Stevens Hannum & Co. Robert M. Miller
	1852	
Alleghany	Cook Young Nickerson Dyer Graham Fisher, Snow	Enoch Nickerson Daniel C. Cook
F. Bunchina	Francis B. Tuck	
Germ (Truro)	Rich Goodspeed Ryan	Richard Stevens
S. R. Soper	Soper, Cook Abbott Needham Eldridge	S. Soper
	1853	
Montezuma	Freeman Chapman Curren, Nye	T. Hilliard
Mountain Spring	Young	J. E. Bowley
Richard Seychelle	Young	
Waldron Holmes	Young Holmes	Allstrum and Holmes

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
M. King	Pettingill	Thatcher, Cook & Co.
	1856	
Acorn	Puffer	Nickerson & Tuck
J. H. Duvall	Young	J. E. & G. Bowley
Olive Clark	Tribble	S. Soper
	Martyne	
	Tucks, Sparks	
	Dyer, Atkins	
V. Doane	Cook, Dyer	H. & S. Cook & Co.
	1857	
Emporium	Cook	D. C. Cook
	Curren	
	Caton, Leach	
	Dyer	
	Chandler	
	Young	
	Downer	
E. Nickerson	John Pettingill	Samuel Soper
Estella	Chapman	J. E. & G. Bowley
	Snow, Higgins	
Montezuma	Chapman	T. & S. Hilliard
N. J. Knights	Sparks	D. Conwell
	Dyer	
	Foster	
Oriad	Bannister	E. S. Smith & Co.
Panama	Rich	John Adams
	George Powe	
Thriver	Leonard	S. Small
	Small	

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
V. H. Hill	Freeman Cornell Small	E. & G. Bowley
	1858	
Metropolis	Graham	
Oneco	Herrick	
Oread	Farwell Young	E. S. Smith & Co.
	1860	
Civilian	Burch	
Mermaid	Robert Soper, Jr.	S. R. Soper
Weather Gage	S. C. Small	H. & S. Cook & Co.
	1861	
Arizona	Cook Goodspeed John Bell Higgins White	Stephen Cook
Courser	Young	H. & S. Cook & Co.
E. H. Hatfield	Cook, Small Rich, Keith Burch Freeman Kirkconnell	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
E. Gerry	Small Remington Dunham	Taylor

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
	Smith, Emery Fisher	
G. W. Lewis	Holmes	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
Quickstep	Cook, Ryder Thompson Burch, Manley Chas. Marston	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
William Martin	Martin	Heman Smith (Orleans)
	1862	
Abbie H. Brown	Higgins Ewell	E. & E. K. Cook
C. L. Sparks	Sparks Roberts Atwood	D. Conwell
Courser	Silas S. Young	H. & S. Cook & Co.
Ellen Rizpah	Smith Taylor Dunham	Stephen Cook & Co.
Rising Sun	Young Taylor Clark Freeman Stevenson Gonsaloes Sparks	E. S. Smith & Co.

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Watchman	Tillson, Stidd J. E. Cook	Jesse Cook
	1863	
E. B. Conwell	Kilborn Marshall Cannon Cook	D. Conwell
Sassacus	Ryder Freeman Leach Nickerson Nickerson	E. & E. K. Cook
	1865	
Mary Curren	Curren Farwell Fisher Nye, Taylor Nye, Taylor	Freeman & Hilliard
M. E. Simmons	Cook Parsons	E. & E. K. Cook
	1866	
A. L. Putnam	Handy	H. & S. Cook & Co.
Alcyone	Dyer, Smith Hudson	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
A. Clifford	Brown Baldwin Dyer	H. & S. Cook & Co.

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Allegro	Ryder	James Rich
Ada M. Dyer	Isaac Dyer	Alfred Cook
B. T. Crocker	Chandler	John Atwood & Co.
Cetacean	Nathaniel Atwood Atkins	A. T. Williams
C. H. Cook	Cook Gelett Crowell	Stephen Cook
E. P. Howard	Hudson	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
G. W. Lewis	Carlow Atkins	C. H. Rich
J. Taylor	Smith	John Atwood Jr. & Co.
John A. Lewis	Lewis Chapman	B. A. Lewis & Co.
W. A. Grozier	Moses Young Roberts John Dunham	E. S. Smith & Co.
Winged Racer	Xenophon Rich Graham	David Conwell
L. P. Simmons	Cornell Atkins	
	1867	
Albert Clarence	Small	J. Freeman

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
Alice B. Dyer	James S. Dyer Tripp	David Conwell
Carrie Jones	Connell	J. & G. Bowley
D. C. Smith	Kenny	John Atwood
Emma F. Lewis	George W. Powe	B. A. Lewis & Co.
Etta G. Fogg	Thompson	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
Express	Cook Atkins Merithew	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
Gage Phillips	Taylor Cook Nickerson Dyer Marston	S. Coko
J. M. Collins	Ira B. Atkins Ryder	David A. Small
Joseph Lindsey	Ryder	James Rich
Mary D. Leach	W. A. Leach Atwood	Union Wharf Co.
O. M. Remington	William Remington	Union Wharf Co.
S. A. Paine	Curren	Freeman & Hilliard
Willie Irving	White	C. H. Cook
	1868	
Allie B. Dyer	Orlando J. Tripp	

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
B. F. Sparks	Cook Goodspeed Bell, Ewell	Stephen Cook
Carrie W. Clark	William Clark, Jr. Dyer Marshall	Atkins Nickerson
Charles A. Higgins	N. Y. Higgins	Union Wharf Co.
D. A. Small	Josias Ryder Curren Winslow Rose	David A. Small
G. W. Lewis	Stidd	Joshua Lewis
Grace Lothrop	John S. Smith	Union Wharf Co.
Lizzie J. Biglow	Josias Cook	B. A. Lewis
L. P. Simmons	Dunham	J. & G. Bowley
	1868	
Mary E. Nason	H. Sparks	David Conwell
N. F. Putnam	Dyer	H. & S. Cook
	1869	
Agate	Benjamin Atkins Rich, Days Winslow	William A. Atkins

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
	1870	
Gracie M. Parker	Isaac Dyer Chas. Marston	Alfred Cook
	1872	
Alyceone	Ewell	E. & E. K. Cook & Co.
John Atwood	Mello Stevenson Fisher	E. E. Small
	1875	
Edward Lee	Aseph Atkins	Aseph Atkin
Lottie E. Cook	Benjamin Sparks Isaac Dyer	W. A. Atkins
Charles Thompson	Leach Amasa Dyer	S. S. Swift
	1880	
Crown Point	Fisher	
	1881	
Bloomer	Smith, Rose	
	1885	
Baltic	Fisher, Dyer Marston Gonsaleos	

Name	*Captains*	*Agents*
	1888	
Carrie D. Knowles	Charles Marston	
	Stevenson	
	Stevenson	
	Nichols	
	1889	
Joseph A. Manta	Fratus	
	Manley	
	Rose	
	1893	
Ellen A. Swift	Emmons Dyer	
	Gibbons	
	Mandley	
	Dunham	
	1905	
John R. Manta	Smith	
	Mandley	
	Garcia	
	Garcia	
	Luis, Santos	

List of Dates

1000 A. D. Visit of the Norsemen.

1529 Map of the New World, with Cape Cod distinctly outlined.

1602 Visit of Bartholomew Gosnold, who gave the name Cape Cod.

1605 Visit of Champlain.

1614 Visit of Captain John Smith, who said that of all the places he had ever visited, not inhabited, he would rather live here.

1620 November 11 O. S. Arrival of the *Mayflower* and the Signing of the Compact.

1620 December. Birth of Peregrine White, drowning of Dorothy Bradford, death of Jasper More, James Chilton and Edward Thompson.

1621 Arrival of the Fortune. Indian runners carried the news to Plymouth.

1651 William Bradford added to the other lessees of the fisheries of Cape Cod.

1668 These lands were voted to be within the Constablrick of Eastham.

1670 The General Court passed the following.

"Whereas the Providence of God hath made Cape Cod commodious to us for fishing with seines," therefore a duty of twelve

shillings per barrel was imposed upon mackerel and bass.

1670 Laws prevented the taking of fish at times previous to spawning.

1671 "Prince and Bosworth petitioned the Right Honored Massachusetts and Deputies of the General Court of New Plimouth, now sitting, relating to the mackerel fishery."

1671 Thomas Prince appointed Water Baliff, to have charge of the fisheries of Cape Cod.

1673 The revenue of the fisheries on Cape Cod granted for the support of a free public school.

1680 Cornet Robert Stetson of Scituate, and Nathaniel Thomas of Marshfield hired the Cape fisheries for bass and mackerel.

1684 The Cape fisheries were leased to Mr. William Clark for seven years at £30 per annum.

1685 Barnstable County incorporated, one of the three first counties.

1689 It was ordered that the magistrates of Barnstable County dispose of and manage the fisheries.

1690 The General Court voted to pay Major William Bradford the sum of £55 for the release of his title to lands bought at the Cape of the Indians.

1690 Icabod Paddock went to Nantucket to instruct the whalemen there in his method of taking whales.

1696 April 1st. Earliest recorded birth, Ephraim Doane.

1714 Cape Cod a precinct of Truro.

1717 The General Court granted £150 toward the expense of a meeting-house.

1720 A road forty feet wide was laid out from Eastham to and through the Province Lands. —The King's Highway.

1724 April 29th. The first entry in the treasurer's book. "Precinct of Cape Cod to John Traill Dr. Cash paid Mr. Samuel Spear for his salary 10s." Mr. Spear was a minister who preached here.

1724 The oldest recorded death, Desire Cowing. Her grave is in the old cemetery, near the entrance.

1727 We were incorporated as a township under the name of Provincetown.

1731 The records of the town began to be regularly kept.

1737 Provincetown fitted out twelve ships for whaling in Davis Straits. This took all the men in town but about a dozen.

1739 From the *Boston Postboy*—"We have advice from Provincetown Cape Cod, lamenting the small number of whales taken in the harbor during the winter, not more than seven or eight. Seven or eight families, among whom are the principal inhabitants, design to move to Casco Bay in the spring."

1774 Rev. Samuel Parker installed.

1776 The town was called upon to furnish goods for the Continental Army. A ship of the enemy, laden with army supplies came ashore on the Backside. This event was called "A Providence of God."

1778 The wreck of the *Somerset*. Her guns were used for fortifications.

Note. Not many people in Provincetown are members of Revolutionary Societies. During the Revolutionary War, five hundred English ships were captured by Yankee privateers, it is easy to see why few Provincetown names appear on the records.

1789 The General Court granted a bounty of five cents a quintal on dried fish or on a barrel of pickled fish, exported.

1792 Congress gave a bounty of a dollar a ton, or a little more, depending on the size, to vessels going cod-fishing four months in a year, three-eighths to the owners and five-eighths to the crew.

1793 The White Oak meeting-house built.

1795 The first Methodist meeting-house built.

1796 King Hiram's Lodge, A. F. and A. M. instituted with a charter signed by Paul Revere.

The Mason House built.

1797 Highland Light built.

1797 About the time of the death of Jesse Holbrook of Wellfleet, the famous whaler who killed on one voyage fifty-seven sperm whales.

A London Company employed him for twelve years to teach their men his art.

1801 Town schools closed on account of an epidemic of small-pox.

1802 Feb. 22. A great storm in which three East India ships belonging to the Crowningshields of Salem, were wrecked on the Backside.

1811 Death of Rev. Samuel Parker.

1816 Light house at Race Point built.

1822 Birth of Prince Freeman, said to be the first child born on the Point.

1826 Lighthouse built on the Point.

1828 Six district schoolhouses built.

1829 The Christian Union Society (Universalist) built a meeting-house.

1829 A fire and marine insurance company was organized.

1830 The first wharf was built.

1835 The county road was laid out through town.

1836 The first fire engine was bought.

1838 The sidewalk was built.

1838 2,686 barrels of mackerel were inspected.

1840 A thousand men were engaged in cod and mackerel catching.

1842 The Steamer *Express*, the first steam packet to Boston.

1843 The Pilgrim Church was built.

1844 The three new schoolhouses built.

1845 Nov. 21. Marine Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted.

1845 The jail was built.

1847 Universalist Church was built.

1848 The second Methodist church bought the Universalist Meeting-house and named it Wesley Chapel.

1851 Seamen's Savings Bank was instituted.

1854 Provincetown National Bank was organized.

1854 Town Hall and High School building was erected.

1854 Commonwealth again recorded its ownership of the Province Lands.

1854 A bridge over East Harbor was built.

1860 Center Methodist church was built.

1863 The Sons of Temperance at their last meeting give $300 as a nucleus of a public library.

1866 Centenary Methodist church was built.

1869 A dyke was built across East Harbor.

1870 The present Town Home was built.

1872 Wood End Light was built.

1873 Railroad was opened for traffic.

1873 Bradford street was widened and extended.

1874 The Life Saving Service was established.

1874 The Catholic church was built.

1874 46,173 barrels of mackerel were packed.

1874 The Public Library was opened.

1877 The Town House and High School building was burned.

1880 The new High and Grammar School building was built.

1882 Seamen's Relief Association was organized.

1885 The capital invested in fishing business, $964,573.
1889 The new Town Hall was dedicated.
1898 The Portland gale.
1907 Cornerstone of the Monument was laid.
1908 Centenary church was burned.
1909 New Centenary chapel was dedicated.
1910 The Monument was dedicated.
1920 The Tercentenary Celebration.

List of Books

Governor Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantations,
for sale at the State House, Boston, Price $1.00

Mourt's Relations—
at the Advocate Shop, price $.25

Freeman's History of Cape Cod. 1858
The chapter on Provincetown was written largely by Mr. Elisha Dyer, for twenty-seven years town clerk.
For reference at the Public Library.

History of Barnstable County, Deyo.
The chapter on Provincetown was written by the late Judge James Hughes Hopkins.
For reference at the Public Library.

Shebnah Rich's History of Truro—
Full of anecdotes, tradition, genealogy.
For reference at the Public Library.

Cape Cod, by Henry D. Thoreau.

Old Cape Cod—The Land, the Men, the Sea,
by Mary Rogers Bangs.

Maritime History of Massachusetts—
by Samuel Eliot Morison.

The Pilgrims and Their Monument—
by Edmund J. Carpenter. Containing the address of Charles W. Eliot, delivered at the Dedication of the Monument.

Foot Path Ways—
by Bradford Torrey, containing a delightful essay on Long Nook.

Heroes of the Storm—The Life-Savers of Cape Cod,
by J. W. Dalton.

The Seabeach at Ebb Tide
by Augusta Foote Arnold.

Life on the Sea Shore
by J. H. Emerton.

Seaside Studies in Natural History
by Mrs. Agassiz.

Sea Shore Life
by Alfred G. Mayer.

Sea Shells of Land and Water
by Frank Collins Baker.

Sea Mosses
by A. B. Hervey.

The Whalebone Whales of New England
by Glover Allen, secretary and librarian of Boston Society of Natural History.

A History of the American Whale Fishery
by Walter S. Tower.

American Merchant Ships and Sailors
by Willis J. Abbott.

History of the New England Fisheries
by Raymond McFarland.

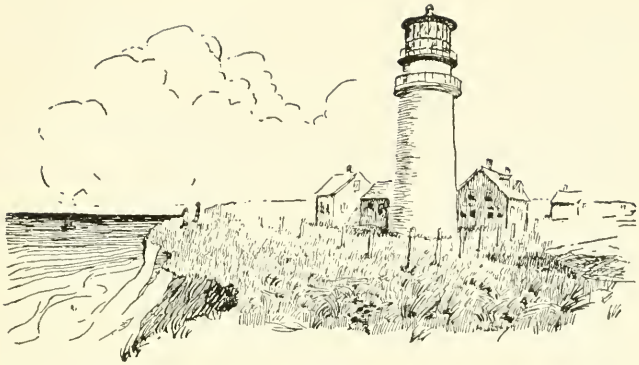
Evolution of the American Fishing Schooner
by J. W. Collins,—an article in the American Magazine, May, 1898.

Library of Cape Cod History and Genealogy—
A Series of small pamphlets.
Published by C. W. Swift, Yarmouthport.
No. 56 Richard Rich of Dover Neck and His Descendants
No. 63 Stephen Hopkins
No. 76 Paine of Payne
No. 78 200th Anniversary Address of the Town of Chatham
No. 65 Rider
No. 91 Children of William Nickerson
No. 94 "Hoppy" Mayo, Hero of Eastham
No. 98 Ryder
No. 99 Atkins
No. 101 Eldred, Eldridge
No. 102 William Nickerson

Stories by Joseph C. Lincoln, especially "Capt'n Eri" and "Mr. Pratt."

Stories for Girls—
The Little Maid of Provincetown, by Alice Turner Curtis.
Georgiana of the Rainbows, by Annie Fellows Johnston.
Mary Gusta, by Joseph C. Lincoln.

The Mayflower Descendant—
A Quarterly Magazine of Ancient Records, by Mr. George E. Bowman.



Seeing Provincetown

IF YOU have only an hour, a ride through the town is the best you can do. Take the barge, and the barge is not a boat, but a bus. For a small fare the auto-busses whirl you up-along and down-a-long. Do not fear a collision in the narrow streets. The drivers are good navigators. Some of us like better the old "accommodation," which, with a dozen passengers, drove leisurely along, stopping at the postoffice, or at the bakeshop or at any corner, and stopping long enough for a passenger to do a little errand and for the other passengers to enjoy the scenery. On Sunday morning the accommodation took people to church without charge.

If you have a day to stay, walk the length of the sidewalk, three miles or more on the crowded street hugging the harbor. This is the street strangers refer

to when they say there is but one street in Provincetown. Climb to the top of the Pilgrim Monument. Visit the Art Museum.

If you have a week to give, take a daily dip in the sea. The tide comes slowly up the sunny flats till it reaches the high-water mark delightfully warm and perfectly safe. Exhilarated by your dip, go for a sail, not in a prosaic motor-boat, but in a sail-boat, with an old skipper. With his hand on the tiller, you are happy. The wind is sure to be southwest in the afternoon and a good breeze. Drive to the Highland Light, seven miles along the state highway. The Light and the clay pounds are worth seeing, and the story of the Lighthouse-keeper is worth hearing.

Go out into the harbor in the early morning with the trap-crew to draw the traps. You will see the stars fade, then a copper sun above a copper sea, then a golden sun walking a golden path from the horizon to you. At length you are in a world of blue and silver.

The crew pulls the nets to the surface, and with help of a tackle, dips the fish into the boat, twenty barrels, a hundred barrels, three hundred barrels of whiting and mackerel. There is also a goosefish or two which they pitch back into the water, and maybe a few dogfish. The gulls are fishing too, and calling, "Funiculi, funicula."

By nine o'clock you are back at the wharf, with fish for the freezer, unless the crew sells to a Boston fish-boat, waiting in the harbor to buy. The freezer-crew takes the boat-load, and before noon, fish that were swimming the night before are packed and frozen.

They can now be kept indefinitely, and, shipped in refrigerator cars, are in the market as fresh and good as when they went into the freezer.

Climb to the top of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument, 252 feet from its base and near a hundred more from sea level. The ascent by a series of inclined planes is easy, and the effort is well repaid by the view of the majestic harbor below, the glittering spiral of sand surrounding it, and the bay broadening into the ocean. Fix the points of the compass and place Boston to the northwest. Follow the line of land to Duxbury and the Standish Monument, to Barnstable, to Truro, to the Jumping-off Place.

Go to Long Nook, one of a series of delightful valleys running across the Cape from bay to ocean. The nearest is Long Nook which a man who loves it calls, "A Vale of Gentle Seclusion."

Go by the state road across the green hills, past the dunes planted with beach grass and pines, into the naked dunes, to the Race Point Coast Guard Station. There, nothing is between you and far-off Spain, except myriads of rolling billows like those breaking at your feet. Gather driftwood for a fire, cook your supper on the coals, watch the sun sink into the sea, and feel the darkness fall from the sky above and gather from the limitless horizon, till, refreshed and quiet, you turn again home.

If you linger long, you may enter into the life of the men and women here whose roots run back three hundred years. They may tell you stories of storm

and wreck, they may amuse you with funny stories, of which they know many. They may invite you into the unpretentious homes and show some of their treasures. Dealers are buying the old sea-chests, the luster, the scrimshawing, the daguerreotypes, though most of it is still untouched.

By-and-by, the charm catches you, and, like the native sons and daughters, scattered over the globe, always homesick for Cape Cod, you will return year after year, and hope to lay your bones at last, among neighbors and friends, in the clean white sand.

Things to See

TABLET marking the first landing of the Pilgrims; at the West End.

Tablet in memory of the Pilgrims who died here; in the Old Cemetery.

Tablet commemorating the Landing of the Pilgrims, erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; near Town Hall.

The Pilgrim Memorial Monument.

Governor Prince's Doorstone at the entrance of the Monument.

Bas-relief "Signing of the Compact;" in the Approach to the Monument.

The Pilgrim Church, with old records, etc.

Universalist Church, with "Christopher Wren" tower and old frescoing.

Oldest house in town, built by Squire Rich; Pleasant Street.

Collection of Historical Objects, made by the Research Club; in Town Hall.

Cup presented the *Rose Dorothea* in the Fishermen's Race; in Town Hall.

Paintings by Mr. Halsall; in Town Hall.

Old Fire Engine, made expressly for the Town (with

very wide wheels) in 1836; in the basement of the Town Hall.

Picture, "Launching the Life Boat;" in the Public Library.

Lighthouse and fog bell at Long Point, (A good trip in a row boat).

Lighthouse and Coast Guard Station at Wood End, (A pleasant walk over the Breakwater).

Lighthouse, fog-horn and Coast Guard Station at Race Point, near the end of the State Road. (A three-mile walk, over a good road.) Coast Guard Drill every Thursday morning.

Coast Guard Station at Peaked Hill Bars, "The Graveyard of Ships," near the end of Snail Road, (A long and hard walk).

Highland Light, conveyance daily.

The Refrigerating Plants.

The Whaling Gear, blackfish head oil and ambergris at the office of Mr. David Stull, the "Ambergris King."

Fishing Traps and Weirs.

Burgess Ship Designing Establishment.

Art Association Exhibition of Paintings.

Cornhill, where the Pilgrims found the first corn, (in Truro).

Pilgrim Spring, where the Pilgrims drank their first water (in Truro).

The Gift Shops and the Dealers in Antiques have many interesting things.

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