

**THE ANCIENT WRECK. LOSS OF  
THE SPARROW-HAWK IN 1626.  
REMARKABLE PRESERVATION  
AND RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE  
WRECK**

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The Ancient Wreck. Loss of the Sparrow-hawk in 1626. Remarkable preservation and recent discovery of the wreck by Charles W. Livermore & Leander Crosby

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**CHARLES W. LIVERMORE & LEANDER CROSBY**

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The ancient wreck. Loss of the  
Sparrow-Hawk in 1626. 1865.

By Charles W. Rivermore  
and Alexander Crosby

The Ancient Wreck.

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LOSS

OF THE

SPARROW-HAWK IN 1626.

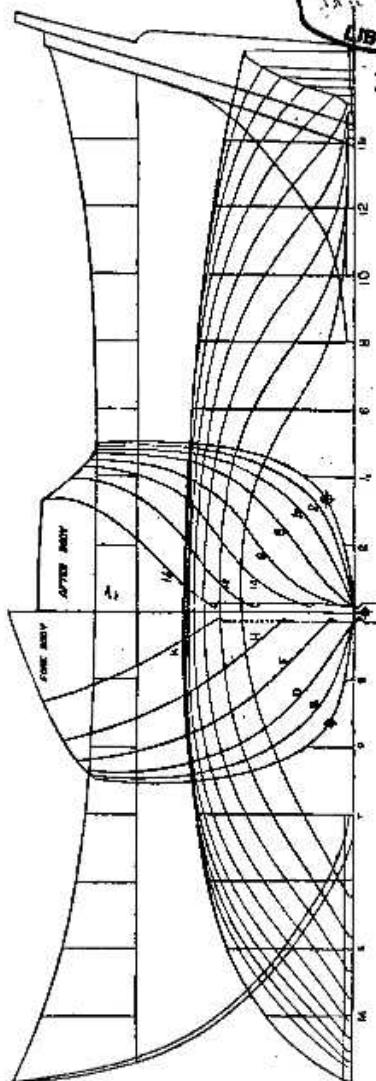
REMARKABLE PRESERVATION

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RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE WRECK.

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**Draught of the Pilgrim Ship Sparrow-Hawk.**

BODY, SHEER, AND HALF BREADTH PLAN.

Dimensions. — Length 40 feet; Breadth 19 feet, 10 inches; Depth 9 feet, 7 1-8 inches.

# THE ANCIENT WRECK.

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## CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.—REMOVAL OF THE HULL TO BOSTON.—  
COMMUNICATION FROM MESSRS. DOLLIVER AND SLEEPER.—  
STATEMENT OF D. J. LAWLER, Esq.—MODEL AND DRAUGHT.

**T**HE wreck of the Sparrow-Hawk, which was discovered in 1863, may be justly regarded as one of the greatest curiosities of the age. This ship sailed from England for Virginia, in the fall of 1626, with a large number of emigrants. After a long passage, she went ashore on Cape Cod, and was there finally wrecked in a place then known as Potanumaquut Harbor. Details of her passage and loss, and the subsequent career of her passengers, have been preserved by contemporary historians, from whom we shall make brief extracts in the course of this work.

From the several local histories of the Cape, the posthumous edition of Thoreau's work, and an important note from Professor Agassiz, the public have been made aware of the continuous geological changes of that remarkable mass of drift, which we denominate "Cape Cod." The statements of these various authors are singularly elucidated and confirmed by the history



of "The Ancient Wreck." The preservation and discovery of the Sparrow-Hawk present facts of startling interest to all, — but especially to those who are acquainted with the minutie of early colonial history. They have in mind, and can readily recall with us, the condition of the passengers, and the fate of their craft.

BENJAMIN DREW, Esq., of Chelsea, formerly of Plymouth, Mass., who had the good fortune to see the wreck upon the beach at Orleans, before its removal, presents us with the following remarks, which we here insert as a suitable preface to the historical details:—

As I stood upon the shore, surveying with my friend\* the remains of the vessel which crossed the ocean two hundred and forty years ago, imagination brought vividly before me the scenes of that early voyage, the wrecking of the ship, and the providential escape of the passengers and crew. Two hundred and forty years! yes, nearly that long period had elapsed from the time of its protracted and unsuccessful battling with the elements, and its subsequent submergence in these sands of Nauset; and to-day the sea, recovering the dominion it so long ago yielded to the land, has disclosed to us the hull in all its fair proportions and symmetry as it glided into the water from the builder's hand, in the reign of James the First.

The deep human sympathy which attaches to every scene where men have fought or suffered, — which treasures every relic of the times of the Pilgrims,

\* Dr. B. F. SEABURY, of Orleans, who made the measurements for the first drawings.

invests this ancient wreck with a deep and abiding interest. As we behold it, we seem to see Mr. Fells, Mr. Sibsie, and the "many passengers" casting anxious eyes to the west; for it is stormy weather, and the sea is rough, and they have been six weeks afloat, "and have no water, nor beere, nor any woode left;" and there is Captain Johnstou "sick and lame of ye scurvie," so he can "but lye in his cabin dore and give direction;" and we observe that the passengers are "mad for land," and so through "fear and unruliness," compel the mariners "to steer a course betweene ye southwest and norwest, that they might fall in with some land, what soever it was, caring not." And we recall, too, the wild scene, when in the night they grated on the bar of an unknown shore: the morning distress, when their cable parted and they beat over the shoal, — their joy at drifting safely on a beach with only the soaking of their cargo, — for they now discover that a plank has started, and that the oakum has left the seams. We listen with them to the strange voices of the red men; nor do we wonder that they "stand on their guard:" but hark! these red men talk English, and they tell of "New Plymouth" and "ye Góvornor." So Mr. Fell and Mr. Sibsie sit in the cabin here, — this same cabin! — and write to the Governor; anon that worthy personage crosses the bay, bringing spikes and material for repairs; he steps on board, and gives his advice in the premises. They get a supply of corn, and repair their ship, intending once more to make sail for Virginia; surely they will find it this time! Before, "they had lost themselves at

sea;" but now they will take a new departure, and will soon reach the land of their hopes. Not yet, my worthy friends,—your tight, "serviceable" craft, now afloat, must be driven upon the eastern side of the inner harbor, and hopelessly wrecked; you must sojourn with the Pilgrims; and the Sparrow-Hawk, giving a name to "Old Ship Harbor," must lie for centuries under the sand and under the salt-marsh; successive generations of Doanes shall swing the scythe, and toss the hay, over her forgotten grave; but, in due time, when these rocky, wooded islands, shall have sunk

"Beneath the trampling surge,  
In beds of sparkling sand,"

your ship shall stand revealed again,—timbers and planks all sound, the "occome" vanished from her seams, and "yc spikos" and all other iron dissolved away; but we shall find your old sandals, and the beef and mutton bones which you picked when you bade your vessel a last good-by; and we shall feel a kindred satisfaction in re-lighting the long-extinguished fires in these venerable tobacco-pipes which you forgot to take away; and we shall send your rudder for a while to the Exchange in State Street; and that, and all the timbers and planks which you feel so sorry to leave, we shall,—Mr. Fells, and Mr. Sibsie, and Capt. Johnston, by your leave,—remove to a dry locality, and there, at our leisure, explore the privacy of your cabin, and listen to your conversation with Samoset and Governor Bradford.

If the "Advance," which was shut in by Arctic ice, and abandoned by Elisha Kent Kane, should some day