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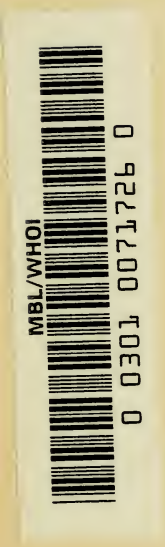

WHALING

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WHALING

BY

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

WHEREIN are discussed the first whalemen of whom we have record; the growth of the European whaling industry, and of its offspring, the American whaling industry; primitive whaling among the savages of North America; the various manners and means of taking whales in all parts of the world and in all times of its history; the extraordinary adventures and mishaps that have befallen whalemen the seas over; the economic and social conditions that led to the rise of whaling and hastened its decline; and, in conclusion, the present state of the once flourishing and lucrative industry.

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NOTE

IN my attempt to complete the work that my husband's sudden sickness and death left undone on his desk, I have drawn freely from all available sources: books old and new, magazine articles, and the first-hand information, criticism and advice of many generous and helpful friends. Indeed, so many are they to whom I would here make grateful acknowledgment of my indebtedness that, in the common phrase, I don't know where to begin. But the phrase is wrong. Beginning is easy; in the long and shining list I shouldn't know where to end.

D. C. H.

Gloucester, Massachusetts
August, 1924

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WHALING

WHALING

HIMSELF

WHALES, to most of us who have even caught glimpses of them, are known only by their spouting. True, a man who spends much time at sea, and in the right places, may now and again be blessed with that magnificent sight, the breaching of a great cachalot, or may be privileged to watch one of the whalebone whales rushing through the water to fill its capacious mouth with floating food. But most of us are lucky if we see only a white puff of vapour or a jet of steam, and perhaps catch a glimpse of the black back that lies awash, or—more lucky still—have sight of broad flukes poised for a moment above the sea as the beast turns to sound.

Yet verily, there is more to the whale than appears on the surface. Between the extremes of this large family are many and great variations: some whales are toothed, others are toothless; some are shy, others are fierce and malicious. But the greatest difference is in size, for the whale family, as zoölogists see it, includes dolphins and porpoises, thus ranging in length from two to more than a hundred feet, though, in the popular mind, the whale is synonymous with great size, and has been from very ancient days. Pliny reported, "in the Indian sea the fish called balæna, or whirlpool, . . . so long and broad as to take up more length and breadth than two acres of ground." Olaus Magnus, too, was very generous in measurements, giving nine hundred and sixty feet to certain "hirsute" whales. Even by actual measurements the whale remains the largest of living creatures and the largest that ever has lived, not excepting the dinosaur.

And almost, if not quite, as astonishing to the lay mind as the

whale's prodigious size, is the fact that this giant among fishes is not a fish at all, but a mammal. It is warm-blooded, it bears and suckles its young, and although there is no outward sign of any hind legs, and the fore legs appear to have developed into mere fins, yet under the skin are traces of rudimentary hind legs, buried deep in the interior of the animal; and for the framework of those mere fins are all the bones and joints, and even most of the muscles, nerves, and arteries, of the human arm and hand.

Outside of this singularly revealing skeleton and the flesh upon it, whales have a tremendous proportion of blubber, in a thick layer, for warmth and buoyancy—both of which are highly important to the mammal that tries to be a fish. Large and powerful flukes, a great head and no neck, a tiny eye, no visible ear, and only a pair of blow holes (in some species only one blow hole) for a nose—and, speaking very incompletely, the whale is complete.

There are among the Cetacea some thirty-five genera and perhaps eighty species—a small group from the scientific point of view, however alarming to the layman. For one interested in the whaling industry, however, there are but a few important types: the right whales, the fin whales, the sperm whale, the blackfish, the white whale, the bottlenoses—whale and porpoise—and the killer. Of right whales there are three: the North Atlantic right whale, the bowhead, and the southern right whale.[1] Of fin whales there are three that concern us: the blue whale, or sulphur-bottom, the sei whale, and the finback; closely allied to these are the humpback and the gray whale. Of them all, however, only the right and the sperm whales were of any vital interest to whalers—Occidental whalers, anyway—until about fifty years ago.

The right whale was so called because he was the right whale for the whaler to attack, since his "bone" was finer and longer

[1]The name black whale has been applied, at one time and another, to each of these three right whales. The Nordcaper is the North Atlantic right whale.

and his oil better and more abundant than that of other whales. As a matter of fact, sperm oil is distinctly superior to any other whale oil, and the bowhead, which is really only a larger right whale, has the longest and finest "bone" there is, but the name "right" was given to the North Atlantic fellow long before either of these other whales was known. There are, as I said, three accepted forms of right whale, but the differences between them, excepting that of habitat, are slight and of small importance to the whaleman. Variations in the shape of head, in the proportions of head and body, and in the number of vertebræ are not such matters as seriously concern a whaler; to him it is far more important that the bowhead is more wary, hence more difficult to take; that in the southern right whale the baleen is somewhat shorter and coarser, and that the bowhead is found in Arctic seas, the North Atlantic right whale mainly in temperate waters, and the southerner in the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic. Each of the three forms, of course, has an enormous head, and the enormous jaw that produces the so-called "bone."

Indeed, in the bowhead the head is more than one third of the beast's total length. His upper jaw is very narrow but is roofed high, and in this high roof the whalebone plates are formed. These plates are triangular, and broadest where they are attached; they are necessarily set very close together, for on each side of the jaw there are between three and four hundred of them. They hang down from the palate like a great fringe, longest in the middle of the mouth, where they may be from ten to fourteen feet long—in other right whales, rarely above seven feet long—and perhaps a quarter of that length at each end of the mouth. On their outer side, the blades are hard and straight; on the inner side they are frayed out almost to hairs. The right whale feeds on certain very minute crustaceans or, in whaleman's vernacular, "brit," or "right-whale feed," which swarm in such immense shoals as to "dye the Arctic Sea for acres." He rushes through the sea, close to the surface, with jaws apart, and takes in a vast bulk of this food and a considerable quantity of water with it; then, as the great jaws shut, the toothless lower jaw, with its big lip rising stiffly above it, forces the

elastic "bone" to bend like a bow—or like six or eight hundred bows—the "brit" slips down his absurdly tiny throat, and the water filters through the very effective baleen sieve.

The right whale is not naturally gregarious, although several may be found feeding together, and in spite of enormous bulk, great strength, and much endurance, he is rather a timid beast. Whalers have often remarked the strong maternal affection shown by right whales, as by other whales, and have told thereof tales better suited to the sentimental 18th and 19th centuries than to the present generation; the mother does guard her single foal, or "sucker," attentively and defensively for its first year or more. Still, tales of attack by right whales require the reminder that any creature sixty feet long and a hundred tons in weight would be dangerous when frightened or confused.

They have no voice and, of course, the loud noise made in blowing is simply breathing. They swim slowly, the enormous tail, or "flukes,"—placed horizontally for greater force—supplying motive power and steering. Sounding, like any other diving, is, of course, at a higher speed: some seven to nine miles an hour.

They stay under water, normally, about five or ten minutes and are on the surface about two minutes for breathing. They are longer under water when feeding and probably still longer when frightened, for there are authoritative reports of whales that stayed under even an hour and twenty minutes.

Among Nantucket and New Bedford whalers, the sperm whale, or cachalot, was considered the real prize of the seas. Though he had no "whalebone," his oil was of much better quality and his great "case" of spermaceti, the finest and most valuable whale oil on the market, was ample recompense for the lack of "bone." And his great jaws and big teeth apparently only added to the adventure of whaling.

The sperm is the largest of the toothed whales, measuring about sixty feet in length, a great clumsy creature with high, blunt, massive head; short, broad flippers which serve only for balance; a strongly marked "hump"; and the mighty flukes

that are characteristic of the entire family. Unlike the whalebone whales, he has a throat large enough, it is said, to swallow a man—hence the story of Jonah. He is commonly social, though there are occasional solitary bulls who appear to be natural misanthropes or to have been driven out of the herd and, in either case, with just such temperamental difficulties as one might expect. He is found in all tropical and subtropical seas, and now and then in northern waters, feeding rarely on fish but mainly on squid. It has erroneously been thought that it was this latter food that sometimes worked his ruin: that from squid he contracted a disease of the intestines, a sort of secretion around the beaks of the squid, which thickens and accumulates steadily as the whale sickens and perhaps dies from its effects.

This accumulation, greasy and rather soft, and with a disagreable odour when first it is taken from the whale, is ambergris. Upon exposure it soon hardens and the disagreeable odour is succeeded by a sweet and earthy smell; it is then used as a vehicle for perfume, in the manufacture of perfumery, and is very valuable, the black ambergris being worth twelve dollars and a half the ounce and the superior gray ambergris worth twenty dollars. It has served, or been thought to serve, other purposes, medicinal and magical, though apparently with no great success, for these uses have long since been discarded. Many ingenious guesses have been made as to its origin, none more amusing than that found in a manuscript discovered in the 17th Century on board a Dutch vessel, stating that ambergris, "issues out of the root of a tree, which tree howsoever it stands on the land, alwaies shoots forth its roots towards the sea, seeking the warmth of it, thereby to deliver the fattest gum that comes out of it, which tree otherwise by its copious fatness might be burnt and destroyed." The explanation commonly offered, that the disease which creates ambergris is caused by the squid diet, suggests the once fashionable theory that grape seeds were the primary cause of appendicitis—and is as incorrect. All whales eat squid, but very few whales yield ambergris in any quantity, large or small, and never did any sane man go whaling

for the sake of the ambergris he might find. In small quantities it is sometimes found floating in the sea; in the intestines of whales various amounts may be found, of which some $60,000 worth is the record.

The most valuable whale oil on the market, from forty to a hundred barrels of it in a single whale, including ten or fifteen barrels of spermaceti from the big "case" which forms the entire upper head, was the real end and object of "sparm" whaling.

Half a century ago, whaling took no account of any other than these two sorts of whales. It was commonly accepted that the presence of finners, white whales, and unicorns (narwhals) was "a sign that the season is over for killing the Black Whale, which then retires to the northward," but it meant little or nothing else; all whales but the sperm and the right were considered of equally little interest. To-day, however, these lesser whales have taken the place their two great brothers once held, and whoever is at all interested in modern whaling must know something about them. The fin whale group are to be found—largely speaking—everywhere. They are the mainstay of modern Norwegian whaling, both on the Norwegian coast and in the Antarctic Ocean, and of Japanese coastal whaling, and of what remains of British whaling about Newfoundland, Australia, and several groups of islands under the British crown. Also they are to be seen occasionally along our own coasts. In all his various species the fin whale is much more slender than the right whale or the sperm and consequently swims far more rapidly and is more difficult to catch. Perhaps it is for this reason that the Norwegians are said to have used poisoned harpoons against him, long before the days of the harpoon gun, the poison consisting of the decaying flesh of a dead whale and promptly setting up septicæmia. Individually he is less profitable than either of the other two, for his baleen is only about two feet long and his oil is not very plentiful. Another point of difference is his small dorsal fin, placed not far from the flukes—whence his name; and an even more con-

spicuous characteristic is indicated in his British and Scandinavian name "rorqual," which refers to the longitudinal folds or pleatings on his throat. There are from fifty to a hundred of these, and they operate accordion-fashion in enlarging the capacity of the mouth—perhaps also of the lungs—for the fin whale, like the right whale, feeds on very small fry. It was probably a fin whale of which John Evelyn recorded in his diary:

"A large whale was taken betwixt my land butting on the Thames and Grenewich, which drew an infinite concourse to see it, by water, horse, coach, and on foot, from London and all parts. It appeared first below Greenewich at low water, for at high water it would have destroyed all the boates, but lying now in shallow water incompassed with boates, after a long conflict it was kill'd with a harping yron, struck in the head, out of which spouted blood and water by two tunnells, and after an horrid grone it ran quite on shore and died. Its length was 58 foot, heighth 16; black skinn'd like coach leather, very small eyes, greate taile, onely two small finns, a picked snout, and a mouth so wide that divers men might have stood upright in it; no teeth, but sucked slime onely as thro' a grate of that bone which we call whalebone, the throate yet so narrow as would not have admitted the least of fishes. The extreames of the cetaceous bones hang downewards from the upper jaw, and was hairy towards the ends and bottom within side; all of it prodigious, but in nothing more wonderful than that an animal of so great a bulk should be nourished only by slime thro those grates."

The fin whale group includes, I have said, at least three important species. First among these—in size, anyway—is the blue, or sulphur-bottom, whale, which is the largest animal known. He is bluish-gray above and white or yellowish below, and generally from seventy to eighty-five or ninety feet long. One specimen sets the record of size among whales, having measured one hundred and eight feet in length—verily a whale of a whale. He swims faster than most whales, and even before his great size is discovered, whalers know him by his very tall spouting.

Another of this group is the sei whale, a slender fellow of moderate size, between forty and fifty feet long, and beautifully marked in white and several tones of gray. Whalers promptly identify him by a straight upshot column of vapour very different from the slanting puff of the sperm, and neither so high nor so dense as that of the finback. Like most of the whalebone whales he is inoffensive and only his confusion is dangerous to whalemen. Being a fin whale, he is a whale of the world, so to speak, found in many waters, wherever there are sardines to feed on, but the Japanese know him best and use his flesh, as they do that of the blue whale and the humpback, for food.

The finback has been called "the greyhound of the sea," for with a length of sixty to eighty feet he has pointed flippers eight or ten feet long, and very powerful flukes that can drive his slender gray body through the water faster than the fastest ocean liner. He is a fish-eater, as most whales are not, and feeds on herring along the coasts of the British Isles, where from time to time many finbacks have been stranded, particularly after storms or in winter. He is unmistakably a rorqual, for his ventral folds are many and deep. It is his dorsal fin, of course, that gives him his name, and that frequently identifies him, even to the sailor with a very slight knowledge of whales.

Another rorqual is the humpback; he is a clumsy-looking fellow with very long pectoral fins (ten to twelve feet), a low dorsal fin or hump, and, for good measure, a funny way of humping his back in sounding. Awkward as he looks, he is, in all his motions, and especially in his diving, most easy and graceful. His "bone" is short, broad, and coarse, but in proportion to his size he yields a large amount of oil, for though he is only between forty-five and fifty-five feet long, a single humpback has been known to give as much as seventy-five barrels of it. The oil is not of very good quality, more's the pity, since he is found in nearly all seas, swims in "gams," and is neither very timorous nor very fierce; therefore he is easy of capture. No one whale can have all the gifts, however, and in Japanese markets, where whale meat is the one staple meat, the flesh of the humpback is the most highly prized of all. He is an amusing

beast, much given to "breaching," "bolting," "finning," and "lobtailing"—which last means standing on his head and churning the sea with his great flukes! Besides these antics, humpbacks use their long flippers, during the breeding season, for the most preposterous caresses—love-pats, which, on a still day, resound across the water for miles. He is generally black with white markings beneath and with flippers entirely white or parti-coloured, and there are deep folds on his throat and chest.

The gray whale, or California gray whale as he used to be called, is a whale for whalers' yarns, and startling are the yarns that have been spun about him. He varies in colour from a mottled gray to black and for nearly half a century he was known to Occidental whalers and naturalists as native to the Pacific coast of North America only, migrating to Arctic regions in summer, and in the winter to warmer waters, but never below 20° North. Only lately we have learned that a whale so closely allied to the California gray as to be his twin is, and long has been, the basis of the winter whaling on the Korean seacoast. Here, be it observed, he was popularly known by the exact Japanese equivalent of the nickname long respectfully given him by Occidental whalers—devilfish. He frequents shoal waters, playing sometimes among the breakers in water not over thirteen feet deep. During the gestation period the females come virtually ashore, floated in and out by the tide. Here begin the amazing yarns of the gray whale: reputed to be fearless and evil-tempered, this wicked creature would without hesitation attack a boat and has even been reported, in sober earnest, to have pursued a boat's crew on land and "treed them all!" On the other hand, his complete and helpless terror of the orca, or killer whale, has not always been known in California, though it is common knowledge in Japan. From about 1850 to 1875 he was the mainstay of Pacific shore whaling, and during those years probably well over ten thousand were destroyed. By the same token, Pacific shore whaling also was, by that time, at an end. The baleen of the gray whale is only about fourteen to sixteen inches long and light-coloured, some-

times nearly white. His yield of oil varies greatly, from twenty to seventy barrels.

Besides right whales, fin whales, and sperm whales, is another group called the beaked whales, of which only one, the bottlenose, is known to commerce. Like the rest of his group the bottlenose is small, seldom over thirty feet long, and very quick of motion. His name comes from his curious, bottle-shaped snout, above which is an extraordinary forehead, flattened perpendicularly. In this forehead, as in the sperm whale's "case," is spermaceti of excellent quality, and a full-grown male will yield, besides two tuns of body oil, two hundredweight of this spermaceti—a large amount in proportion to his size. Bottlenose whaling was done mainly in the Arctic, beginning about fifty years ago, but it was only a brief phase of the industry as a whole, for although whalers are a hardy crew, the bottlenose led them a terrific chase: with an amazing speed in sounding when struck, he ran out whale lines so fast that, in proportion to the few years that it was practised, there were more fatal accidents in bottlenose whaling than in whaling of any other sort.

Let us not, however, confuse the bottlenose whale and his small brother, the bottlenose porpoise, which is found on our own coast, particularly about Cape Hatteras, where whole schools of them are taken at once in nets of extra heavy twine. This little chap is never over twelve feet long, has a similar out-thrust beak, with strong teeth in both jaws. His dorsal fin is strongly developed and his powers of locomotion are apparently endless. He too has a valuable "case" oil, commonly known as porpoise oil, which, like that of his big brother, is used as a lubricant for the delicate mechanisms of clocks and watches.

The three now remaining on our list, though popularly they are all named whales, are little fellows, and a layman would doubtless call them all dolphins or porpoises—and be right, for once. For dolphins or porpoises they are to the zoölogist also. In many ways conspicuous among them is the white whale of Arctic waters. He is between sixteen and twenty feet long and,

except for a gray-brown edge on flukes and flippers, and the dark brown tips of the flippers, the entire body is pure white. This is true of both male and female when full grown, but the young are born brown all over and the colour changes gradually as the little whale grows. The white whale is found in large schools and there the colour contrast between young and old is very marked. He has two surprising characteristics besides his beautiful white skin: a distinct neck—though, at that, in any beast but a whale it would be considered a distinct lack of neck—and so much of a voice that he has been called the "Sea Canary." How much that is, I cannot say: perhaps it bears a similar relation to a real voice. It is, in any case, more than that of the bottlenose, which does have a distinct voice and has even been said to have "sobbed"!

Probably the most familiar of these smaller whales, dolphins, or porpoises, is the blackfish, known also as the pilot fish, grindval, or caa'ing whale. He is a friendly beast, travelling in large schools and in nearly all seas. He is perhaps the one exception to the statement that only right and sperm whales were considered in old-time whaling. Wherever the sperm whale resorts, blackfish may usually be found, since they also feed on squid. Consequently, they were very familiar to whalers and served to practise the green crews and gear; also their oil probably saved many a voyage when sperm whales were scarce.

No general account of whales is complete without mention of the orca, or killer whale. He has little bearing on the whaling industry, unless as a rival whaler, but as a pirate he is too picturesque, perhaps also too dangerous, to be ignored. He is the largest of the dolphins, twenty to thirty feet long, with forty or more powerful teeth that he uses with frightful effectiveness. Thus armed he is indeed the terror of the seas and the wildest tales of his ravages hardly exaggerate the actual facts. Fish, sea birds, seals, and porpoises in enormous numbers are his daily diet, and walruses, sea lions and even whales are easy victims of his murderous cunning. The big gray whale is in abject terror of him; the sperm whale only, whose lower jaw

would surely inspire fear in any animal capable of fear, is virtually always free from scars of the orca's teeth.

It would seem, then, that when all's said and done, the cachalot is what American whalers have always thought him—King of the Whole Wide Ocean.

EUROPEAN WHALING

I

WHALERS OF LONG AGO

IN THE moneth of Aprill, 1614," that stout-hearted old seafarer, Captain John Smith, wrote in his "Description of New England," "with two ships from London, of a few Marchants, I chanced to arrive in *New England*, a parte of Ameryca: at the Isle of Monahigan in 43½ of northerly latitude: our plot was there to take Whales and make tryalls of a Myne of Gold and Copper. If those failed, Fish and Furres was there our refuge, to make ourselves savers howsoever. We found this Whale-fishing a costly conclusion: we saw many, and spent much time chasing them; but could not kill any: they beeing a kinde of Iubartes, and not the Whale that yeeldes Finnes and Oyle as wee expected. For oure Golde, it was rather the Masters device to get a voyage that proiected it, then any knowledge hee had at all of any such matter. Fish and Furres was now our guard; and by our late arrival and long lingring about the Whales, the prime of both those seasons were past ere wee perceived it: we thinking that their seasons served at all times."

Captain John Smith might have been one of the fathers of American whaling, if the elusiveness of our northern whales had not so sorely discouraged him; but he was not the first man to hunt whales in American waters. By the time he crossed the Atlantic to go whaling off our coast, expeditions sent out by Basque and Breton ship-owners, and merchants of Amsterdam and Bayonne and Bristol and London, had found the way to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where fish and whales abounded. Some writers contend that as early as the 14th Century the Basques, who inhabited the shores of the Bay of Biscay where the frontiers of

Spain and France meet in the region of the western Pyrenees, hunted, on the banks of Newfoundland, whales that they called "sarda" (whales of the kind that are found in schools), and went on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence where they hunted the "Grand Bay Whales."

Of the earliest days of European whaling we know little; they are lost in the unwritten history of the coast peoples. Whether Basque or Northman was the first to kill whales at sea and tow them to land and try out the oil is a debated question. There are reports of whaling both in the north and off the coast of Flanders in the 9th Century, and we know that there was whaling in the English Channel before the Norman invasion. But with lamentable want of foresight, the earliest whaling captains neglected to enlist the services of scholars and historians; and although, on the whole, tradition has it that the Basques were the first to carry on organized whaling, some say the Northmen; and a waggish gentleman has advanced the prior claims of a king in ancient Babylon, whose sporting proclivities led him to sea when the resources of his kingdom palled upon him.

In the Basque country, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay in northern Spain and southern France, ruins of the old look-out towers and try-works have existed until recent years; and ancient Basque records and documents contain evidences of the industry at a very early time. The seal of Biarritz shows a "chaloupe" harpooning a whale—the word "harpoon," be it observed, is a Basque word—and the Basques certainly were whaling before the mariner's compass was invented. In the 12th Century (1197) King John of England, acting as Duke of Guyenne, laid the first tax on whaling when he assigned to Vital de Biole a certain sum to be levied on the first two whales of the year captured at Biarritz. In 1261, all whales landed at Bayonne were tithed, which tithing undoubtedly had its origin in the earlier custom of giving the whales' tongues to the Church.

The Basques, like the Indian whalers of America, and later the first whalemen of Nantucket, watched from headlands or

lookout towers for spouting whales and put to sea after them in small boats. When the lookout sighted the white spout he sounded a bell to call the villagers, and they came racing helter-skelter, from plough and hut and shop, to their boats. The whales that they took they towed ashore and stripped of the blubber, which they boiled beside the sea. Whole communities shared the danger, the labour, and the gains of the industry.

As the whales became fewer and shyer, whaling became less directly a community undertaking. Building larger and better vessels than those sent out by their neighbours on the Continent and across the Channel, the Basques put to sea for whales, and they are said to have cruised on the banks of Newfoundland as early as 1372; but the story of those first expeditions is lost, excepting a few vague hints, and not until the middle of the 16th Century, when one Jean de Urdaire commanded a whaler and afterward, so simply were the navies of that day organized, became an admiral, is it possible to learn in detail the story of their voyages.

At that time the whale served various uses now forgotten. The flesh, especially the tongue, was sold for meat on the coast and was salted for sale farther inland. The whalebone, before its common use for "ladies' stays," was fashioned into knife handles and even shredded into plumes for the helmets of noble knights in tourney. The vertebræ were made into chair seats, and the entire skeleton into garden fences. For several centuries the oil—train oil, so called from the Dutch word *Traan*, a tear or drop—was of great importance in soap-making and in the manufacture of woollen cloth, perhaps before its use for street lamps—to which it succeeded—was even thought of.

At all events, whaling is an ancient trade. There is evidence that Basque whalers were crossing the Atlantic by the middle of the 16th Century, and we know definitely that late in that century the Basques commonly fished and whaled in the waters off Newfoundland.

Of early whaling on the western side of the Atlantic, there

is a quaint account in "Nova Francia: or the Description of that Part of New France, which is one Continent with Virginia." I have it in a folio collection of old voyages:

"There is a great traffick made in *Europe* of the oyle of the fish of Newfoundland. And for this only cause many go to the fishing of the whale, and of the *hippopotames*, which they call the beast with the great tooth or the *morses*; of whom something we must say.

"The Almighty, willing to show unto *Job* how wonderful are his works; *wilt thou draw* (saith he) Leviathan *with a hook, and his tongue with a string which thou hast cast in the water*? By this *Leviathan* is the whale meant, and all fish, of that reach, whose hugeness (and chiefly of the whale) is so great, that it is a dreadful thing, as we have shewed elsewhere, speaking of one that was cast on the coast of Brasil by the tide; and *Pliny* saith that there be some found in the Indies which have four acres of ground in length. This is the cause why man is to be admired (yea, rather God, who hath given him the courage to assail so fearful a monster, which hath not his equal on the land.) I leave the manner of taking her, described by *Oppian* and *St. Basil*, for to come to our *Frenchmen*, and chiefly the Basques, who do go every year to the great river of *Canada* for the whale. Commonly the fishing thereof is made in the river called *Lesquemin* towards *Tadoussac*. And for to do it they go by scouts to make watch upon the tops of rocks, to see if they may have the sight of some one; and when they have discovered any, forthwith they go with four shallops after it, and having cunningly boarded her, they strike her with a harping iron to the depth of her lard, and to the quick of the flesh. Then this creature feeling herself rudely pricked, with a dreadful boisterousness casteth herself into the depth of the sea. The men in the mean while are in their shirts, which vere out the cord where-unto the harping iron is tied, which the whale carrieth away. But at the shallop side that hath given the blow there is a man ready with a hatchet in hand to cut the said cord, lest perchance some accident should happen that it

were mingled, or that the whale's force should be too violent; which notwithstanding having found the bottom, and being able to go no further, she mounteth up again leisurely above the water; and then again she is set upon with glave-staves, or pertuisans, very sharp, so hotly that the salt-water piercing within her flesh she loseth her force, and remaineth there. Then one tieth her to a cable at whose end is an anchor which is cast into the sea, then at the end of six or eight days they go to fetch her, when time and opportunity permits it they cut her in pieces, and in great kettles do seeth the fat which melteth itself into oyl, wherewith they may fill four hundred hogsheads, sometimes more, and sometimes less, according to the greatness of the beast, and of the tongue commonly they draw five, yea six hogsheads full of train.

"If this be admirable in us, that have industry, it is more admirable in the *Indian* people, naked and without artificial instruments; and nevertheless they execute the same thing, which is recited by *Joseph Acosta*, saying that for to take those great monsters they put themselves in a canoe or bark, made of the barks of trees, and boarding the whale they leap nimbly on her neck, and there do stand, as it were on horse-back, attending the fit means to take her, and seeing their opportunity, the boldest of them putteth a strong and sharp staff, which he carrieth with him, into the gap of the whale's nostrils (I call nostril the conduit, or hole through which they breathe) forthwith he thrusteth it in far with another very strong staff, and maketh it to enter in as deep as he can. In the mean while the whale beateth the sea furiously, and raiseth up mountains of water, diving down with great violence, then mounteth up again not knowing what to do through very rage. The Indian notwithstanding remaineth still sitting fast, and for to pay her home for this trouble, fixeth yet another staff in the other nostril, making it to enter in, in such wise that it stoppeth her wind quite, and taketh away her breath, and cometh again into his canoe, which he holdeth tied at the side of the whale with a cord, then retireth himself on land, having first tied his cord to the whale, which he bereth out on her; which whilst she

findeth much water skippeth here and there, as touched with grief, and in the end draweth to land, where forthwith, for the huge enormity of her body, she remaineth on the shore, not being able to move or stir herself any more. And then a great number of *Indians* do come to find out the conqueror for to reap the fruit of his conquest, and for that purpose they make an end of killing of her, cutting her and making morsels of her flesh (which is bad enough) which they dry and stamp to make powder of it, which they use for meat, that serveth them a long time.

"As for the *hippopotames*, or *morses*, we have said in the voyages of *James Quartier* that there be great numbers of them in the gulf of *Canada*, and especially in the isle of *Brion*, and in the seven isles, which is the river of *Chischedec*. It is a creature which is more like to a cow than to a horse; but we have named it Hippotame, that is to say, the horse of the river, because *Pliny* doth so call them that be in the river *Nile*, which notwithstanding do not altogether resemble the horse, but doth participate also of an ox or cow. He is of hair, like to the seal, that is to say, dapple gray, and somewhat towards the red, the skin very hard, a small head like to a *Barbary* cow, having two ranks of teeth on each side between which there are two of them of each part hanging from the upper jaw downward, of the form of a young elephant's tooth, wherewith this creature helpeth herself to climb on the rocks. Because of those teeth, our mariners do call it *la beste a la grand dent*, the beast with the great teeth. His ears be short and his tail also, he loweth as an ox, and hath wings or fins at his feet, and the female calleth her young ones on the land. And because he is a fish of the whale-kind and very fat, our *Basques* and other mariners do make oyl thereof, as they do with the whale, and they do surprise him on the land."

II

SPITZBERGEN AND THE DUTCH PREËMINENCE

ON APRIL 4, 1594, the thirty-five-ton barque *Grace*, Silvester Wyet master, sailed from Bristol, England, for "train oil" and the "fins of whales." She crossed the Atlantic to the northern shore of Nova Scotia, salvaged several hundred "fins"—by which is meant whalebone—from the wrecks of two Biscayan ships, searched the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for stranded whales, and after fishing for cod off Newfoundland, returned to Bristol in the early autumn.

Another English voyage is recorded as early as 1576, "to the country called Labrador, which joins Newfoundland, where the Biscay men go in search of whales." And in that same year an English trading company formed, under the difficult name of "Merchants Adventurers of England for the Discovery of Lands, Territories, Isles, Dominions, and Seigniories, unknown and not before that late Adventure or Enterprise by Sea or Navigation commonly frequented." This company, later known as the Muscovy Company and protected by a twenty-year monopoly from the Queen, did most of the English whaling in Arctic waters during the unsettled years from 1610 to 1622. It was in 1610 that they first sent out two ships, little vessels of about seventy tons, to Cherrie Island, for whaling and exploring. They found "great store of whales" in Deere Sound and brought back blubber to be tried out at home. Evidently trying out on shore was understood and practised, for the company officers were much disgusted to see a cargo of blubber instead of a cargo of oil, and told their agents so in no uncertain terms. Train oil was now much in demand and the company consequently sent out two vessels the next year, with detailed instructions concerning the sorts of whale to be found

and what to do with each sort; the ship's discipline; the need of learning all the technique of whaling that their Basque harpooners could teach them; and, by no means least, the proper attitude for Englishmen to display in the event of their meeting with "any stranger." The little company included "six Biskayners, expert men for the killing of the whale;" on the twelfth of June these "Biskayners" killed the first whale of the voyage and tried out the "first Oyle that ever was made in Greenland." And the next year the company sent out two more vessels.

But such success could hardly fail to incite others to go and do likewise, and upon arriving at Cherrie Island, in 1612, the Muscovy Company's vessels there met with a Dutch whaler, another from San Sebastian, and two English vessels not of their company—all of which they promptly and haughtily termed "interlopers." Then and there began the international squabbling which for some years enlivened and hampered Spitzbergen whaling.

When that first Dutch ship appeared on the whaling horizon the English seem to have got a certain chilly comfort in observing that the Dutch, "to keep their wont in following of the English steps," had been "brought thither by an English man and not out of any knowledge of their own Discoveries." Moreover, the Englishman, who had been employed by the Muscovy Company in voyages of exploration some years before, had been obliged to leave his own country for debt and, having fled to Holland, had there found employment as pilot of this expedition. This appears to have been little short of treason, in the eyes of the Muscovy Company's men, and they made the most of it. Perhaps it was some encouragement to their own rather negative virtue of having found their own way there; encouragement they certainly needed, for as one whaling season succeeded another the Dutch became, after the first few years, steadily more formidable rivals.

It was there at Spitzbergen that whaling was first organized on a large scale. It is believed that the Basques had long ago found their way thither after whaling on the coast of Norway;

but England and the Netherlands both claimed Spitzbergen and its adjacent seas, on the ground, the one that an English, the other that a Dutch, navigator had discovered it. The two navigators were Sir Hugh Willoughby, who made a voyage to northern Russia in 1553, and Jacob van Heemskerk, who sailed early in May, 1596, in command of an expedition of two vessels —of which William Barendts was the pilot of one—to search for a Northeast Passage to the Orient, but stood approximately due north until he came upon a strange land that the pilots believed to be part of the coast of Greenland. The Dutch gave Spitzbergen its name by reason of its sharply pointed mountains, but it was known for years to the English as Greenland—for no reason yet discovered.

Thither the European whalemen soon resorted in growing numbers. By 1613, ships from England, the Netherlands, Flanders, and France were there—and all quarrelling like sparrows. The next year fourteen whaling vessels and four men-of-war came from the Netherlands alone, and in 1615 Denmark unsuccessfully attempted to hold the whaling against all other nations by sending a squadron of three men-of-war to enforce her demands.

In 1617, the English whalemen were more successful than those of any other nation—they came home with nineteen hundred tuns of oil—and for a number of years, in which the various nations had varying success, the Dutch had, as a general thing, little luck. Nevertheless, they were diligent, careful, and persistent. Alas, that they kept no logs! Fogs and contrary winds and the manifold dangers of the Arctic seas demanded close attention, with action rather than recording, and what little was ever written of these voyages was written from memory and undoubtedly with all the weaknesses of that form of history.

In 1623 they took with them, in extra large ships, the material for houses, tabernacles, and try-works, to be built at Spitzbergen, and established the first whaling base there, which they appropriately called Smeerenburg. As an example of their distressing lack of records, we have also the confusing

statement that there is evidence of such buildings at Smeerenburg as early as 1619. In any case this ancient oil boom was short-lived, like those of our own day, for twenty years later the whole place was deserted and in decay.

Still, in its day it was a boom indeed. Thither came vessels from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hoorn, Enkhuisen, Flushing, Middleburg, Viere, and Delft. They built "tents," and "oil cookeries," and warehouses, and sutleries, and bakeries where in the morning the blast of a horn announced to the fleet that hot rolls and white bread were fresh from the oven. They built, too, a church and a fort. At the height of Smeerenburg's glory more than a thousand whalers and their hangers-on visited the town every summer, and in the autumn sailed away home.

There were rough times in those old days. Some whaling vessels fell into the hands of privateers. It is recorded that five English ships, on their way to the whaling grounds, were about to attack two Zeelanders when a Dutch man-of-war bore down to the rescue. Rival fleets stole shallops left over from one season to the next, burned casks, and plundered houses and forts. It is significant that about 1675 "each [Dutch] ship had to deposit six thousand guilders caution money before starting, as a security that it would return with its cargo to the home port."

At first, of course, it was bay whaling only that they pursued, but as the whales became scarcer and shyer, the Dutch pushed on after them—ostensibly on voyages of exploration for the Northeast Passage—and reached a new ground northeast of Spitzbergen, at the north end of Hinlopen Strait. This they called "Waigat," the blow-hole.

By 1623, the Dutch had entered upon the preëminence that they held until long after American whaling had proved itself a profitable business; of 189 vessels in the northern fleets of the year 1698, 129 were Dutch; of the 1,968 whales that the whalemen of all nations took, the Dutch took 1,255. The aggregate proceeds of the Arctic whaling industry in 1697 were £378,449; of this, the Dutch got £249,532.

For some years all Dutch whaling was monopolized by the Noordsche Company but, after much complaint from without,

this monopoly was taken from them, and Dutch whaling as a whole improved rapidly from that time. With growing numbers the Dutch still held their own against all other nations. The whalers were well protected—the Government frequently granted armed convoy to and from the fishing grounds—and there were few restrictions on them. They were not allowed to sell their products outside of the Netherlands, nor might Dutch whalemen serve in the whaling vessels of any other country, or leave port in time of war. But these restrictions, it is immediately evident, were in the nature of protection to the whaling industry, a protection which was strengthened later in the century when (in 1675) the 2-per-cent. tax on foreign whale products was doubled, Dutch whale products being, of course, free in the Netherlands. Again there was a prompt and marked improvement in the state of the industry, and soon the Dutch whaling fleet numbered some two hundred and fifty ships a year.

After the very earliest of the Spitzbergen whaling, the French did but little, excepting the Basques, who were sought after by both English and Dutch as harpooners and speckshioners. In all the technique of the attack the Basques were counted experts, and both Dutch and English learned from them. (Similarly the Dutch and Basques appear to have evolved together the flensing and boiling methods, which other nations copied and which, only slightly modified, are still in use to-day). The French went whaling in small numbers only, at a time when much of the success of a whaling season for any nation depended on that nation's strength of numbers—and of arms. Consequently, they were attacked on all sides, for any vessel of any foreign nation was a legitimate prize, and in 1636, fourteen French whaleships were taken by Spaniards.

English whaling, on the other hand, was everlastingly harried by internal dissensions. From the very first of the "Greenland" whaling, the presence of "interlopers," foreign or English, was taken by the Muscovy Company as a personal affront, to be met with threats and reported at home with glowing tales of what the Company ships would have done had numbers, arms,

and divers other accidents of fortune been more favourable. Of course, when they were more favourable, this guerilla warfare was not limited to words. Several times the English took possession of land and sea in the name of King James and with what ceremony they could muster, even though the royal arms could be represented only by a sixpence; when they dared, they attacked the Dutch whalers and robbed them of their blubber and utensils—an amenity which the Dutch naturally felt bound to return in kind.

Besides this constant bickering, English whaling suffered from poor seamanship, inexperience with the details of whaling as a business, and the lack of those steadying Dutch qualities of caution, foresight, and perseverance that might have gone far to make up for the first-mentioned deficiencies. The blubber and the gear were carelessly handled, with inevitable loss, and many vessels were wrecked.

So matters went from bad to worse until, in 1617, five well-armed Dutch ships, in reprisal for previous similar attacks by the English, took two English ships and a pinnace, rifled them, and burned their casks, to the great confusion of the other English vessels, which promptly dispersed, their voyage "utterly overthrown."

Only a few years more of ill luck were needed to ruin the Muscovy Company, and in 1622 it was sold at auction. With new owners it struggled on a little longer, but when, in 1625, the company's ships arrived at Whale Head, they found their casks burned, their shallops stolen, their houses and fort demolished and all their fishing gear ruined, by "interlopers" from York and Hull; then and there the decline of English whaling definitely began. The Dutch and Basque whalers, finding that the whales were becoming scarcer and shyer in the bays, went out to sea and farther north for them; but the English stayed on in the bays long after profit had departed with the whales. All these elements combined to put an end to English whaling and it was not until the 18th Century that it revived at all.

When, in June, the whaling vessels would begin to arrive upon the coast of Spitzbergen they would find gaunt reindeer

roaming over a country covered with snow. In six weeks the snow would be gone and the deer would have two inches of fat on their ribs. The country afforded no trees or shrubs, but so much driftwood was cast ashore by the sea that there was more than enough fuel for boiling out blubber.

Along the shore the fleets of each country had their stations, or harbours, where they built huts and try-works and kept their tools for handling and boiling blubber and oil—the windlasses for hauling the whales on shore, the great knives for cutting the blubber, and the copper kettles for trying out the oil. All winter the warehouses and try-works and huts of the whaling towns were snowbound and silent, but when the fleets arrived in early summer, they swarmed with men and rang with the clatter and clamour of artisans and labourers.

It would be hard to find a better picture of the Spitzbergen whalers at work than Captain John Monck gives in his "succinct account of that monstrous fish called the whale, and the manner how it is taken, having not been treated of so circumstantially, as far as I know, by any other author before."

"The manner of catching and killing the whale," he says, "is performed thus: as soon as they espy a whale either from the shore or ship, they put out three chalops, man'd with six men each, among whom is one who being call'd the *harpuneer*, is the person who is first to wound the whale with his *harpun*. Those three chalops row as fast as possibly they can after the whale, but must be very cautious they don't come too near his tail; when they come pretty near him, they are as silent and make as little noise with their oars as possibly they can, for fear the whale should take to the bottom of the sea. When they are near enough, the *harpuneer* of one of these chalops, who believes himself to be within reach, throws his *harpun* at him with all his force; this *harpun* is about three foot long, having on both sides hooks or notches to prevent its being torn out again, after once it is fixed in the body of the whale: it has a wooden handle, the better to balance it for the conveniency of throwing, and a line fastened at the end, which being about two hundred fathom long, is laid in a vessel in the chalop; for no sooner finds the

whale himself to be wounded, but with incredible swiftness he goes towards the bottom of the sea; so that the line smoaks, being rubbed against the sides of the chalop, and would certainly take fire if the men did not continually pour water upon it. There is also one whose business it is to take care that the line be not entangled; for if that should happen, they have nothing else to do but to cut the line, for else it would overset the chalop. If they find one of the lines fall short, those of the next chalop furnish them with theirs, which they fasten to it: But all this would stand them in little stead, if the nature of this fish were such as to be able to abide long under water; whereas after he has run some hundred fathoms deep, he is forced to come up again to take breath, at what time he sends forth such a terrible sound through his pipes, that it may be heard at half a league distance, tho' some make a much greater noise than others. As soon as the fish appears upon the surface of the water, the chalops pursue him, being directed by the line, which shows them the way. The *harpuneer* who comes first nearest to him, throws another *harpun* into his body, which makes him once more take towards the bottom; but after he comes up again the second time, they don't make any further use of the *harpuns*, but of certain small pikes, not unlike a lance, of which there are two sorts, throwing lances and pushing lances. The throwing lances resemble an arrow, and are used much in the same manner, but have no hooks at the end; for they are thrown into the body of the whale, and drawn out again, the intention of which is to tire the fish by so many wounds till they dare venture at him with the pushing lances; for whilst he is in his full strength no-body dares to come near him, for whatever he hits with his tail and fins he batters in pieces, as has been seen sometimes in some chalops, which have been torn in flitters, and the men thrown up to a great height into the air. When they find him almost tired, and his strength considerably abated, they draw nearer to him, and make use of the other lances, which resemble our pikes; with those they wound him, but especially near the fins, where this creature is most sensible; and this they hold so long till they have hit his

lungs or liver, at which time the fish spouts out a vast quantity of blood through the pipes, which rises into the air as high as the mast: then they desist, and the fish finding himself wounded in so sensible a part, begins to rage most furiously, battering the sea and his body with his fins and tail, till the sea is all in a foam; and when he strikes the fins against his body, and his tail at the waves, you may hear it half a league distance, the sound being no less than if a great cannon was discharged. This struggling affords so agreeable a spectacle to the beholders, that those who have seen it assure us, that they could never be tired with the sight of it. Whilst the whale is making his last efforts, the chalops are obliged to follow him sometimes for two leagues together, till having lost all his strength he turns upon one side, and as soon as he is dead upon his back; then they draw him with ropes either ashore (if it be near *Spitsbergen*) or else to the ship, where he is kept so long till he rises above the water; for the first day he lies almost even with the surface of the water, the second he rises about six or seven foot above it, and the third sometimes as high as the sides of the ship. On board each ship there is one whose business it is to open the fish, who after he has put on his garment fitted for that purpose, cuts open his belly with a very large knife, which is not done without a roaring noise, and an intolerable smell sent forth from the entrails of this beast: but notwitstanding the man proceeds in his business, separating the flesh from the bones by pieces of two or three hundred weight, which are convey'd thus either ashore or on board the vessel, where they are cut again in smaller pieces. The tail of this creature serves for a hacking block, being so very nervous and strong, that it exceeds any wood whatsoever for this use. Being thus cut into small pieces, those who have their settlements at *Spitsbergen* extract the oil immediately by boiling it ashore, which being put into barrels, is thus transported to the respective places to which the ships belong. But those who want this conveniency, and go only abroad to catch the whales in the open sea, are fain to put up these pieces in barrels, which they carry home, and boil them after the same manner as they do at *Spitsbergen*; but this is of

less value than the other, as having a very disagreeable scent. Each fish is computed to afford from sixty to one hundred barrels of oil, at three or four pounds *sterling* the barrel, according as the market goes. There are three *harpuneers* to each ship, every one of whom has ten pounds for every whale that is killed; and sometimes one ship catches ten whales in a voyage."

The 16th or 17th Century whaling vessel out of Amsterdam, or Hamburg, or Bristol, or some Basque port, was strongly built, a slow sailer presumably, but staunch and stiff and capacious. Having, say, a dead weight of two hundred tons, she would carry a crew of from twenty-eight to fifty men, or even more, according to her size; and when she set out in the spring she would have on board four and a half hundredweight of ships' bread for each man—the list is taken from the pages of a 16th Century whaling vessel that carried a crew of fifty-five men—a hundred and fifty hogsheads of cider, six hundredweight of oil, eight hundredweight of bacon, six hogsheads of beef, ten quarters of beans and peas, a "convenient quantity" of salt fish and herring, four tuns of wine, and half a quarter of mustard seed. For equipment she carried a quern, a grindstone, perhaps eight hundred empty shaken hogsheads, three hundred and fifty bundles of hoops, six quintalines, eight hundred pairs of heads for the hogsheads, ten "estachas called roxes, for harping irons," ten pieces of arporieras, two tackles, two large hooks, six pulleys and a hawser twenty-seven fathoms long to turn the whales, fifteen large javelins and eighteen small javelins, with three pieces of baikens for the small javelins, fifty harping irons, six machetos to cut in, and two dozen machetos to mince blubber, three pairs of can hooks, six hooks for staves, three dozen staves for the harping irons, ten large baskets, ten iron lamps, five kettles (each holding a hundred and fifty li) and six ladles, fifteen hundred nails (a thousand small nails for the boats, and five hundred large nails or spikes for houses and wharf), eighteen axes and hatchets, six dozen hooks and twelve lines, two beetles of "rosemarie," four dozen oars, six lanterns, five hundred tesia, harquebusses with powder and matches, and from five to seven boats. To the crew were to be added as

many harpooners as there were boats, five or more coopers, and one or two pursers. Finally, but of importance, were the two "cutters of the whale," for whom the master provided "three pair of boots great and strong."

The immediate preparation for the voyage began in March, when they made hard bread of two thirds rye and one third wheat. In early April they made soft bread. They stowed down first the casks of water—two hundred more or less—then casks of hard bread, and sacks of soft bread and peas; quantities of fish, meat, bacon, butter, and cheese; barrels of beer and brandy; the empty casks to be filled with blubber, and later with oil; and between the casks, wood to start the fires for boiling out the oil, if driftwood should fail them.

As the time of sailing drew near, the master would inspect the vessel and the supplies, and examine the casks and sailcloth and whale lines and harpoons and lances and blubber knives, new and old.

In the cabins of those old whaling vessels of more than three hundred years ago, there were porcelain coffee services, mirrors, even table napkins. Times have not changed so much, after all. I have a two-fluked iron wrought by an East Boston smith, which looks for all the world like any one of the harping irons in the old engravings. A few months ago I went down into the forecastle of a New Bedford whaler, and then into the cabin, and found just such rough boards forward and such upholstered luxury aft, as prevailed in the whalers of three hundred years ago.

At some inn beside the water, the master would engage his crew and early in April he would sign them on in the presence of the owner and advance them substantial sums.

Here is a translation of the articles of a German whaler which sailed in 1671:

Contract Between the Commander and Crew who are Engaged for the Greenland Fishing

"We, the undersigned, officers, seamen, and others, have engaged ourselves at Hamburg, on board the ship *Jonah in the*

Whale, from the — day of the month of — 1671, promising to serve in the navigation, fishery, etc., of Greenland, and in his default, in case of death or any painful accident, to his successor, whether on board or on the land, to the conditions subjoined, to which we declare ourselves subject:

"1. That we will be present punctually at morning and evening prayers, on penalty of a fine such as the commander shall be pleased to fix.

"2. That we will be prudent and sober, avoiding drunkenness and all disobedience, whether against our officers or amongst ourselves, under penalty of losing one half our wages.

"3. That any person having a quarrel with another, if he shall come to blows and wound him, will lose his wages, and be punished according to the exigencies of the case.

"4. It will not be permitted for any member of the crew to traffic in aught relating to the whale, under a penalty of twenty-five florins.

"5. If the commander should undertake any copartnery fisheries, we promise to assist him, under the penalties above decreed for disobedience.

"6. We promise to be content with the food which shall be given us by order of the commander, under the above-mentioned penalties.

"7. If through shipwreck, or the length of the voyage, or any other unfortunate accident, it should happen that the provisions fail, we will be content with such a distribution of provisions as the commander shall order, under the above penalties.

"8. We promise not to keep our fires, candles, wicks, etc., alight without consent of the commander, under the above penalties.

"9. The commander promises and engages to satisfy and recompense, according to the custom of the country from which the vessel sails, any one who shall chance to be injured in the ship's defence.

"10. Whosoever shall learn or discover any evil design

against the vessel, etc., shall be held bound to denounce it, and shall be recompensed for his fidelity.

"11. All cases omitted in the foregoing shall be decided according to the usages and customs of the sea.

"Done at Hamburg, the —— day of the year 1671."

Though fashions come and go, and forms and phrases change, the spirit of ships' articles, like human nature, remains the same from century to century.

Old writers indicate that each boat carried from five to seven lines, of a hundred and twenty-five fathoms apiece, which were to be bent, one to the end of another. If the whale continued to sound when all the lines were run out, another boat would rush to the rescue and lend its lines to keep the first boat from the dilemma of losing the whale or being dragged under.

At the cry of "Val! Val!" or "Whale! Whale!" the men would leap into the boats and "spring" to the oars. They would give the first line a turn or two round the bollard that we now call the king-post, but that the Dutch called *Shipsteven*. To the free end of the line was seized a piece of the best hemp rope, the *Voorganger*, about five fathoms long, which in turn was secured to the iron and was kept coiled over a pin in the bow, to be always ready. The iron itself—the English then called it harping-iron, a happy medium between the approved word, iron, of to-day, and the familiar but unprofessional word, harpoon—had a steel head, well sharpened, of the arrow-head shape, a rather short shank, and a socket into which a six foot "harping staffe" fitted.

The harpooner struck and the whale sounded. There was a wet cloth ready to dash on the bollard if the outrushing line should set it on fire. As the whale dashed off with one line, then another, and another, the boat surged, bows down, in its wake. Ten lines were said to mark the limit of the whale's endurance. By the time it had run them out it would have to come to the surface, where with harpoons and lances the whalemen, if fortune favoured them, eventually killed the beast, and all the boats, rowing one behind

another and "one fast to another like a team of horses," towed it to the ship.

Of the flensing, or "cutting in" as it is now colloquially called, various descriptions have come down to us. They would let the beast lie for twenty-four hours, then take out the whalebone, or "finns," and the tongue, and cut off the blubber in big pieces, turning the body with slings and tackle while they worked.

It was customary to tow the blubber ashore, where the "waterside-man," standing mid-leg deep in water, removed whatever unclean flesh clung to it and cut it into pieces of some two hundred pounds each. These pieces two men with a barrow would carry to a stage beside the works, and there the "stage-cutter" with a long knife sliced them into pieces half an inch thick and a foot or so long, which he threw into the "slicing-cooler." Beyond the slicing-cooler were stationed five or six "choppers," who laid the sliced blubber on blocks cut from the whale's tail (because the tail was so tough), and chopped it into bits an inch or two long and a quarter of an inch thick. These they threw into the "chopping-cooler," which held two or three tuns.

The try-works, which stood beyond the chopping-cooler, are not easily visualized from the old descriptions alone. The terms are confusing and many phrases are ambiguous. But with the help of old engravings to illustrate the whalemen's descriptions, we can get a clear idea of how they looked and of how they were arranged. In a platform set upon a wall of masonry were from one to three "copper-holes" in a row, into which were set with mortar the coppers, or kettles for boiling out the oil, each of which held about a hundred gallons. At one side was the stoke hole, through which the whalemen fed the fires under the coppers, and from which a chimney built on an arch drew off the smoke and flame.

From the chopping coolers, the "tub-fillers" with copper ladles on six-foot handles would bale the chopped blubber into hogsheads, which they would draw from the cooler to the try-works and empty into the coppers. They began the boiling with a wood fire. At the proper moment, the "coppermen," working with long-handled copper ladles, bailed the oil and the

fried scraps of blubber, then as now called "fritters," into the "fritter-barrow," which stood above a cooler.

The fritter-barrow was in form like the conventional barrow, but the barrel boards were set half an inch apart, so that it was really a big sieve which drained the oil from the fritters into the cooler. The cooler, which would hold some five tuns, was made of deals and was filled with water to within an inch of the hole from which a spout, ten or twelve feet long, ran to a second cooler. There were three such coolers, and from the third the oil, by this time fairly cool, ran into a cask. Plugging the last spout, the men would roll the filled casks away, put others in their places, and open the spouts again. Thus the boiling and straining went merrily on and, as to-day, when it was well started it provided, in the form of the fritters, which burned with fierce heat, the fuel for the fires.

The casks, when the oil in them was cold, were closed and marked and rafted to the ships, where they were stowed down for the autumn journey south.

On board the Dutch whaler the captain divided his authority with a "specksnyder," or chief blubber-cutter, who had charge of the actual whaling, as the captain had charge of navigating and working the ship; the men—and this was true of our own whalemen at the very beginning of the American industry—boiled out the blubber on shore, as a general rule, instead of on board ship; and the owners paid wages instead of lays. (This also we did in the days of colonial whaling, and sometimes, though rarely, in the later days.) But though the lay appeared in the percentage of oil given to some of the Dutch captains and officers, and though there is a suggestion of the lay system in the rewards given certain of the officers and men of Dutch whalers for each whale captured, it does not appear that anything of the sort was offered among the English whalemen, and it is given as one of several explanations of their poor success, that the captains were paid wages and allotted no share in the profits. Evidently, in those days as well as later on, some incentive besides pure adventure was needed to offset the perils and hardships of whaling.

III

ENGLAND'S STRUGGLES

FOR nearly fifty years following that disastrous attack of 1625, English whaling was in a state of coma. The French had virtually ceased whaling and Danish whaling amounted to very little, but the Germans had entered the field and the Dutch successes there continued as the years passed. In a period of ten years early in the 18th Century the Dutch had outfitted 1,652 ships, caught 8,537 whales, and sold the bone and oil for more than 26,000,000 florins, of which their profit was 4,750,000 florins. In 1721, the ships that sailed from Holland to Greenland and Davis Strait numbered 251; those from Hamburg, 55; those from Bremen, 24; those from Biscayan ports, 20; those from Bergen, 5.

Finally the prices on whalebone and oil imported into England by Dutch, Hamburgers, and others reached such heights that the newly formed South Sea Company determined to revive English whaling and thus to secure some of these goodly profits for themselves. They had the foresight, however, to strengthen their chances of financial success by petitioning Parliament for "exemption from any custom, duty, or imposition whatsoever on oil, blubber, or whale fins taken, caught, and imported into this country in any ships or vessels belonging to the Company." This was in 1720; the mills of the gods ground for several years, and late in 1724 this exemption was granted for a period of seven years. Two years later, the products of "seals or other creatures taken or caught in any of the said seas" were also exempted, and "the said seas" included "Davis's streights and the seas adjacent."

In the spring of 1724, therefore, twelve ships set forth and among them they brought home twenty-five and a half whales

(when men from two vessels, of the same or of different nationality, have struck the same whale, each vessel takes half the beast). This barely paid expenses, since it had been necessary to get all the skilled men from Holstein, the English being fit only for unskilled labour, after England's long years away from whaling. More than three thousand pounds the Company had to pay in that one year, to those high-priced experts from Holstein!

The next year the Company had built twelve more ships and all twenty-four were sent whaling, but this time with less luck than before, for they brought home in all only sixteen and a half whales. The year after, luck was no better. Another ship had been added to the fleet, but two were lost during the whaling and the remaining twenty-three brought home less than one each. Each succeeding year up to 1732—with the exception of 1729, and even then the Company lost nearly seven thousand pounds in whaling—their luck was worse than before. They were desperately new at the game.

It was evident now that they must look for further help than mere exemption from duty on whale products. Consequently they appealed to the Government for bounty, and the sum of twenty shillings the ton was granted "all ships fitted out in Great Britain, of two hundred tons and upwards, for the whale fishery, and navigated according to law." There was no great addition to the number of whaling vessels, even with this bounty; so the sum was increased in 1740 to thirty shillings the ton. This was a war measure only, "during our then war with Spain"; and a companion measure protected whalemen against impressment. But whaling evidently needed still further stimulation, and in 1749 the bounty was increased to forty shillings the ton and was given also, under certain conditions, to vessels built in the British colonies in North America, upon their arrival, from the whaling grounds, in a British port. In 1755 the Government began to pay the bounty to vessels under, as well as over, two hundred tons, refused to pay further bounties on tonnage in excess of four hundred tons, and required the whalers to carry one apprentice for every fifty tons.

Thus it put the whaling industry once more on an even keel, and by 1759 England had established itself in a small way, but firmly, in the Greenland whale "fishery" and Scotland had begun its whaling fleet. Many seaport towns, both English and Scotch, took up whaling under the bounty system, but few continued long at it. Whales were scarcer and shyer every year and led their pursuers a chase, long and sometimes fatal, into the Arctic ice. Indeed, it was all ice fishing, for the Southern whaling, that bulked so large in our American whaling, was not yet known. The Greenland voyage was usually four or five months long but any vessel properly equipped carried provisions for nine months in case she should be caught in the ice.

Of course, the whalers of that day, among the English at any rate, were mortally afraid of the fin whales and kept at a very respectful distance. In the "AUTHENTIC RELATION OF A VOYAGE TO GREENLAND IN 1772 OF THE *Volunteer*, OF WHITBY, BY A GENTLEMAN, SURGEON OF THE SAID SHIP," we are told that, "these kind of whales have fins on their backs, and are seldom if ever caught, it being dangerous to attempt it for as soon as they are struck they are so strong and swift in nature that no boats can get up to the assistance of the boat that is made fast to them before they are gone, and there is great danger of the boat's oversetting. . . . I never heard of any that attempted striking any of that kind but a Dutchman some years since, but he was never more heard of, so that it was suspected the whale had run him quite off, and he had perished in the attempt." The white whale, and the narwhal—which they called the unicorn—they scorned taking, as they did the walrus and other Arctic creatures that later became recognized by-products of whaling. Thus they limited themselves to a difficult and elusive quarry and had only indifferent success with him. Yet the Greenland and Davis Strait fisheries were evidently prospering and whales must have been abundant, for the *Volunteer* was in sight of some fifty whaling vessels at one time, and as much as fifteen years later, three Hull vessels, the *Gibraltar*, the *Manchester*, and the *Molly*, together killed twenty-seven in one day. Of course, such catches would be extra-

ordinary at any time in whaling history. Still, coming at this point, they certainly do not help to explain the fiasco of the South Sea Company's ships.

Perhaps the Hull vessels were better manned. But Hull too had its struggles, owing first to the war with France and then to the American war. In the 1770's some sixty-odd vessels were sailing from English seaports, mainly from London, Whitby, and Hull. The Scottish vessels sailed mainly from Leith, Dunbar, and Dundee—a small but very persistent fleet. In the 1790's there were repeated instances of whalers' being boarded by press gangs. This was a sore trial, and to protect themselves, the whalemen would leave some of each crew at Dunbar—so many, in fact, that the vessel must needs come limping into port with scarcely enough men to furl her sails in the quiet waters of the Humber. This nuisance passed, however, and in the early 19th Century English whaling was strong enough to attack and capture Dutch vessels when opportunity offered, and greatly enriched themselves thereby. The Hull whalers grew and prospered by these prizes and good whaling accompanied it. In 1805 a record cargo was brought home by the *Aurora* of Hull: twenty-six whales which yielded nine tons of bone and two hundred and forty tuns of oil.

One of the best-known names in whaling history, that of Scoresby, belongs to Whitby and to these years. Father and son were master mariners and able historians of the industry which gave them their livelihood and which they in turn all but supported in its declining years, "by encouraging others to embark in the same lucrative business."

When, in 1806, William Scoresby, the father, commanded the *Resolution*, there sailed with him as surgeon one John Laing, who has left us, in his "Voyage to Spitzbergen of the *Resolution* of Whitby in 1806 & 1807," very vivid pictures of whaling of that time. "The *Resolution*," he tells us, "was a stout new ship of about four hundred tons burden, fitted out as a letter of marque, carrying twelve six-pounders besides stern-chasers, and well furnished with firelocks, pistols, swords, cutlasses, bayonets, etc. She was provided with nine fishing boats, and

her crew consisted of between sixty and seventy men. . . . Our ship was abundantly supplied with good beef, pork, bacon, flour, oat-meal, biscuit, peas, potatoes, cheese, butter, molasses, preserved fruit, fowls, eggs, dried fish, strong ale, small beer, English brandy, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, besides plenty of foreign spirits and wine for the use of the cabin. Neither was there any cost spared in laying in an ample supply of proper medicines for the sick." Very evidently the young surgeon ate in the cabin. This does not sound like any of the various accounts written by forecastle hands, on either side of the Atlantic, at that time or any other.

His entry for May day, too, has an encouraging touch of humanness: "In the morning about twelve or one o'clock, the Garland was put upon the main topgallant stay by the last married man, as is usual among the Greenland ships. It is formed by the crossing of three small hoops in the form of a globe, and is covered with ribbons, etc. The crew on this occasion blacken their faces with a mixture of grease and soot, and dance round the decks, their only musical instruments being frying-pans, mess-kettles, fire-irons, etc. This rough mode of festivity they continued till the Captain ordered them a plentiful allowance of grog."

Evidently English and American gear was much the same. "In every boat there is a line, 720 fathoms long, to the end of which is fixed a harpoon about eight feet five inches long; the iron part is better than two feet long, and is extremely sharp. On each side of the point is placed a barb, or wither, diverging from the harpoon at an angle of nearly forty degrees, to prevent the instrument from flinching and losing its hold. There are also several lances, or spears, about six feet long, the points of which are about two inches broad: by these the whales are killed after being struck with the harpoons.

"A boat's crew consists of a harpooner, a boat-steerer, a line-manager, and three or four men, more or less, according to the size of the boat."

While the Hull fisheries were prospering, those of the Dutch were failing correspondingly. There was lively competition

between the various European nations at that time, and the Government of the Netherlands, in an effort to regain its lost prestige, subsidized the industry. Without an allowance for insurance, repairs, and incidental expenses, an Arctic voyage cost about ninety-eight hundred florins for outfit, supplies, and wages, and the Government allowed any returned whaling vessel fifty florins for every cask of blubber necessary to bring its cargo up to a hundred casks, or five thousand florins if she returned empty—a most suggestive measure.

In the German whaleship *Greenland*, harassed by many fears, a young man named Köhler sailed on March 16, 1801. His curious narrative, to which his excessive and naïve prudence lends no little humour, dwells much upon such matters as the food and drink, of which he finds little good to say. At four o'clock every morning, they had coarse groats with butter for breakfast. On a Sunday they would have gray peas and pickled meat for dinner, on a Monday, yellow peas and stockfish, and so on in endless rotation day after day, and week after week. It was small satisfaction to calculate, on a Sunday morning, when gray peas and meat were in order, that the next Sunday, owing to inexorable succession, yellow peas and stockfish would begin the week. The bread was old and wormy, and they had to wash it before they ate it. Because they had thriftily filled the water casks with oil on one voyage, and used them again for water on the next voyage, the water acquired a flavour and aroma that ill suited the taste of the men. Each man provided his own supply of tea and coffee, and they drank much beer.

The two days when they got white beans, and the two days when they got sauerkraut stand out from the rest of the voyage as times of exceeding great rejoicing, and when, on the captain's birthday, they drank the health of the King of Denmark, with twenty-two bottles of wine and had potatoes, their enthusiasm knew no limit.

Whalers of the period sometimes ate whale meat, and sometimes they tried seagulls and bears. When they were at Spitzbergen they got ducks and birds' eggs in great quantity, shot reindeer, and gathered for salad, a plant that helped keep

scurvy away. A contemporary historian of a German whaling voyage, who for the most part exerted diligently the undeniable forecastle right to complain of his food, has left an ecstatic comment on the merits of "seal's heart with liver and lights."

Of the forty-two men in the crew of the *Greenland*, German though she was, all but five were Danes, Dutch, or Jutlanders. They were divided into three watches, and so had eight hours off duty for each four hours on duty; but their quarters were ill lighted and ill ventilated, the vessel shipped much water when a sea was running, thus the men, seldom having enough clothes to change at decent intervals, were liable to be wet and uncomfortable, and skin diseases and scurvy abounded.

There is an ingenuous charm in Köhler's unaffected pleasure at the escape of the first whale they attacked, which departed in haste just before they came near enough to harpoon it. Regarding his fear of the great beasts, Köhler had no false shame. He writes frankly of how his heart thumped with apprehension as they neared it. But the captain, considering that the incident represented the loss of eight thousand thalers, was a sad and angry man.

It is told of the English whaling vessels that when they met other vessels and the invariable question, how many whales they had taken, was asked, the English would make the others tell their catch first, and would then, regardless of facts, represent themselves as having caught one or two more. When the *Greenland*, with three whales to her credit, met an English vessel, Köhler stood on the poop ready to answer their question. "Give the number ten," the German captain said, "and you will see that the English ship will announce eleven or twelve." And he was right.

But the ten were a bit of strong local colour, for they took only three whales in all the season, and one of them stove three boats and fought for more than twelve hours before they killed it. Köhler has recorded for posterity his fears and his hunger on that great occasion. The stench of a dead whale that they found and cut in afforded him the text of another diatribe. He lived, I imagine, to regard his whaling experiences as one

of those things that are pleasant to look back upon after an interval of many years, for he wrote blithely and without animosity, but he would have made, at the best, a very poor recruiting agent for the whaling fleet.

Meanwhile, the first danger sign had appeared: coal gas was being substituted for oil gas. In vain did the champions of oil gas declare its great superiority over coal gas; the newer fuel had come to stay—at least until it should be superseded by a still newer one. Nor could record catches or record cargoes gainsay the fact that the actual whale hunting was each year increasingly difficult. The invention of the gun harpoon was destined to go far toward surmounting this difficulty, but whalemen were slow to accept it, and the Greenland fishery continued to decline.

IV

"REPORTED MISSING"

THE OLD copperplates, with their titanic whales playing about vast ships off the shores of diminutive continents, show the whalemen at work and play. Here are "harpuneers" plying weapons whose barbs spread to twice the diameter of a man's head. Here are whales that in shape and aspect, even to fins and vertical tails, look for all the world like overgrown cod-fish. Here are coopers hard at work closing casks of oil, sailors cleaning and scraping whalebone, boilers at the coppers—fore-runners of the try-pots of later days—handling blubber and oil; and venturesome spirits advancing with incredible valour against the most absurd bears and those grotesque "seamorces, in quantity as big as an ox," the walruses. There is something singularly fetching about their cranes and windlasses and barrows, as the ancient pictures show them. But through and above the quaintness of the old engravings and narratives stands out the fortitude of those men who endured hardships and braved dangers as great as, or greater than, those faced by any whalemen of later times.

On the first day of May, 1630, a crew of English whalemen set sail from London in the good ship *Salutation*, bound for Greenland on a whaling voyage "for the advantage of the merchants and the good of the commonwealth." At the end of the season, by sad mischance, eight of them were left in the Arctic when the fleet sailed for home.

It happened this way. When the ship lay becalmed off the "Maiden's Papps," a famous hunting ground for deer, the eight —a gunner, a gunner's mate, two seamen, a "whale-cutter," a cooper, and two landsmen—were sent in a shallop with two dogs, a snap-lance (an old form of gun), two lances, and a tin-

der box, to the land five leagues away for a supply of fresh meat. At nightfall, having killed fourteen "tall and nimble deer," they made camp, intending to resume their hunting in the morning, but by morning a fog had blown in on a southerly wind and floating ice forced the ship offshore. Losing sight of the ship, the eight started along the shore to Green Harbour, where they expected to find another of the three vessels in their fleet, which the *Salutation* was later to join. The journey took them seventeen days, and when they reached Green Harbour they found that the vessel they sought was gone.

Throwing overboard their deer, to lighten the shallop, they started in a panic north toward distant Bell Sound, the rendezvous of the little fleet, there in last resort to regain their ship before she sailed for England; but thick fog came upon them midway, and when the fog had passed they were of two minds in which direction to go. Actually, they had come within two miles of their port—this they learned long afterward—when the most experienced of them all, William Fakely, became convinced that they were going the wrong way and persuaded them to face about. On August 20th, the day appointed for the fleet to sail, the little band was hurrying south, away from the meeting place, with all possible haste.

Having discovered their fearful blunder, they put about once more in a desperate race back to Bell Sound, and encountering fierce headwinds at the mouth of the sound, they sent two men overland to the station. The ships were gone. The eight men were left in Greenland—the Spitzbergen of to-day—without food or extra clothing, or adequate shelter. They had realized the worst fears of the old-time whalemen.

An incident of a few years before shows, as could nothing else, what a dread of the Arctic winter prevailed in Europe early in the 17th Century. In order to learn if it was possible for human beings to survive the winter, a company of Muscovy merchants, which combined with its Russian trade considerable whaling projects, had got the promise of free pardon for certain criminals who were condemned to death, on the

condition that they should stay in Greenland from the end of one whaling season to the beginning of the next. The company provided, for the criminals, all supplies that would be needed during the period of their stay, and "these poor wretches," the old chronicler says, "hearing of this large proffer, and fearing present execution at home, resolved to make trial of the adventure. The time of year being come and the ships being ready to depart, these condemned creatures are imbarked who after a certain space there arriving, and taking a view of the desolateness of the place, they conceived such a horror and inward fear in their hearts, as they resolved rather to return for England, to make satisfaction with their lives for their former faults committed, than there to remain, though with assured hope of gaining their pardon."

That by intercession of the worshipful company of Muscovy merchants, the poor devils did in the end obtain pardon, notwithstanding they chose rather to return to the gallows than to brave the Arctic, in no way lessens the force of the vivid object lesson. It was sober truth that a band of condemned criminals had preferred to go home and be executed, when by facing the unknown terrors of a Greenland winter they could have got such chance for life as the winter offered.

With this very story in mind, the eight men from the *Salutation*, worn out by three weeks of desperate effort to overtake their ship before she left the country, counselled together concerning their plans for the future and decided, as with one mind, to return to Green Harbour and kill as many deer as possible, which should supply them with meat for the winter. So back to Green Harbour they went, nearly fifty miles away, and helped by a favourable wind, they reached the place in twelve hours. With nineteen deer and four bears to show for their hunting, with a store of the boiled-out greaves, or fritters, of whale, which they gathered beside the deserted try-works, and with an extra shallop which they found hauled up at the Green Harbour whaling station, they were on their way back to Bell Sound when a gale of wind sank both their shallops. How they salvaged their shallops and meat is a long story in itself. By in-

credible labour, they did accomplish it and when the storm subsided they continued their journey.

At Bell Sound, out of such material as the whaling fleet had left—boards from the sheds and bricks from the try-works—they built a hut—a tent, they called it. With inner walls of bricks and a mortar of lime and sea sand they reinforced the two most exposed walls of the larger hut; then with deal boards they built a double wall on the remaining two sides and filled the space with sand, so that the wall "became so tight and warm, as not the least breath of air could possibly annoy us." On these walls, and inside the larger hut, they laid a ceiling of "deal boards five or six times double, the middle of one joining so close to the shut of the other, that no wind could possibly get between." In the hut thus built inside a larger hut they made bunks. They dried deerskins for their beds; they searched far and wide for wood and broke up for fuel the least serviceable of the shallops left by the fleet. By September 12th they had finished their hut, and had piled on the rafters of the larger shed such fuel as they could find, which they hoped, by careful thrift, to make last until spring.

That day there was drift ice in the sound. "Early in the morning, therefore," says Pelham, "we arose, and looking everywhere abroad, we at last espied two sea-horses [walruses] lying asleep upon a piece of ice; presently thereupon taking up an old harping-iron that lay there in the tent, and fastening a grapnel-rope unto it, out launched we our boat to row towards them. Coming something near 'em, we perceiv'd 'em to be fast asleep; which myself, then steering the boat, first perceiving, spake to the rowers to hold still their oars, for fear of awaking 'em with the crashing of the ice, and I skulling the boat easily along, came so near at length unto 'em, that the shallops e'en touched one of 'em: at which instance William Fakely being ready with his harping-iron, heaved it so strongly into the old one, that he quite disturbed her of her rest; after which she receiving five or six thrusts with our lances, fell into a sounder sleep of death. Thus having dispatch'd the old one, the younger being loth to leave her dam, continued swimming so long about our boat, that

with our lances we kill'd her also. Haling 'em both after this into the boat, we row'd ashore, flay'd our sea-horses, cut 'em in pieces to roast and eat 'em. The 19th of the same month we saw other sea-horses sleeping also in like manner upon several pieces of ice, but the weather being cold, they desir'd not to sleep so much as before, and therefore could we kill but one of them, of which we being right glad, we returned again into our tent."

With their store of venison and the meat of bear and walrus, and with their scant supply of wood, they settled down for the winter. They reduced their allowance of food to one meal a day; they gave up meat altogether on Wednesdays and Fridays, and ate only the whale fritters, as the waste scraps of boiled blubber are called; they tended their fire with utmost care, burying the coals deep in ashes at night to conserve fuel; and, lest the supply of wood should fail them before spring if every day they built up a fire large enough to cook by, they roasted half a deer a day and packed the meat in hogsheads, until they had cooked all except enough to give them a freshly roasted quarter every Sunday and on Christmas. When the spring of fresh water froze, they melted snow for their needs. The nights lengthened into the one long winter night, and they fashioned a lamp of sheet lead. October, November, December, and January passed, and their store of food shrank until they faced starvation. Then, on the third of February, after a period of cloudy weather, the sun shone again for the first time.

"*Aurora* with her golden face smil'd once again upon us, at her rising out of bed," Pelham writes; "for now the glorious sun with his glittering beams began to gild the highest tops of the lofty mountains: the brightness of the sun, and the whiteness of the snow, both together was such, as that it was able to have reviv'd a dying spirit: but to make a new addition to our new joy, we might perceive two bears (a she one with her cub) now coming towards our tent: whereupon we straight arming ourselves with our lances, issued out of our tent to await her coming. She soon cast her greedy eyes upon us, and with full hope of devouring us, she made the more haste unto us, but

with our hearty lances we gave her such a welcome, as that she fell down upon the ground, tumbling up and down, and biting the very snow for anger. Her cub seeing this, by flight escaped us. The weather was now so cold, that longer we were not able to stay abroad; retiring therefore into our tent, we first warm'd ourselves, and then out again to draw the dead bear in unto us. We flayed her, cut her into pieces of a stone weight or thereabouts, which served us for our dinners: and upon this bear we fed some twenty days, for she was very good flesh, and better than our venison. This only mischance we had with her, that upon the eating of her liver our very skins peel'd off: for my own part, I being sick before, by eating of that liver, tho' I lost my skin, yet recover'd I my health upon it. She being spent, either we must seek some other meat, or else fall aboard our roast venison in the cask, which we were very loth to do for fear of famishing, if so be that should be thus spent before the fleet came out of England. Amidst these our fears, it pleas'd God to send divers bears unto our tent, some forty at least as we accounted, of which number we kill'd seven: that is to say, the second of *March* one, the fourth another, and the tenth a wonderful great bear, six foot high at least; all which we flay'd and roasted upon wooden spits (having no better kitchen furniture than that, and a frying-pan which we found in the tent.) They were as good savoury meat as any beef could be. Having thus gotten good store of such food, we kept not ourselves now to such straight allowance as before, but eat frequently two or three meals a day, which began to increase strength and ability of body in us."

In March, when the migrating sea fowl returned, and the foxes came out of their burrows, the castaways trapped and ate both fowls and foxes. In May they found eggs to eke out their diet of meat; and on May 25th two ships from Hull came into the sound and let go their anchors.

The captain of the London fleet, when he arrived, received the eight with greatest kindness and with such care and food that in two weeks they quite recovered their health and strength. But not so Master Mason of the *Salutation*: "the noble cap-

tain sent William Fakely and John Wise [Mason's own apprentice] and Thomas Ayers the whalecutter, with Robert Goodfellow, unto master Mason's ship, according as themselves desir'd: but thinking there to be as kindly welcom'd as the lost Prodigal, these poor men, after their induring of so much misery, which thro' his means partly, they had undergone, no sooner came aboard his ship, but he most unkindly call'd 'em *Runaways,* with other harsh and unchristian terms, far enough from the civility of an honest man."

The castaways did well, though, to thank God for their "most merciful preservation, and most wonderfully powerful deliverance." The story of the misadventures and sufferings of the winter, which Pelham wrote, is fittingly named "God's Power in the Preservation of eight men in Greenland, nine Months and twelve Days."

It is hardly possible for us to-day to comprehend the sufferings of 16th- and 17th-Century voyagers in northern seas. In the winter of 1633 and 1634 seven sailors left on the island of St. Maurice died, one after another, leaving a journal in which the last survivor carried the narrative of their sufferings down to the day when he wrote the final and unfinished entry. For a while the records of whales sighted near at hand are interspersed between his comments on the scurvy that with increasing virulence attacked the men; but only once are whales mentioned after the grim entry, "The 16th being Easterday, our clerk died. The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all, we being all very sick."

If possible, the fate of seven other whalemen, who that same winter were left at Spitzbergen, was even worse, for they were tortured by various ailments, which are described in their journal, and those who lived longest left this letter, which the ships that came from Holland in the spring found in the hut where the poor fellows had barricaded themselves against bears:

"Four of us that are still alive, lie flat upon the ground in our huts; we believe we could still feed, were there one among us that could stir out of his hut to get us some fewel, but nobody

is able to stir for pain: we spend our time in constant prayers, to implore God's mercy to deliver us out of this misery, being ready whenever he pleases to call us; we are certainly not in a position to live thus long without food or fire, and cannot assist one another in out mutual afflictions, but must every one bear our own burthen."

"They were buried," the editor of their journal says in conclusion, "one by another, and certain stones laid upon their graves, to hinder the ravenous beasts from digging up their 'carcases:' These were the last that pretended to pass the winter at Spitzbergen."

Two hundred years passed—two hundred years of Arctic whaling—before the grim winter of 1837-38 caught and held fast in the ice a whole fleet: "the missing whalers of Dundee."

But two hundred years were not enough. Given fifty more, the vessels would have been stoutly reinforced with both iron and heavy timbers, their bows further fortified with "angle irons," and—gift of the gods—they would have been driven by steam! The easy and profitable trips of the steam-driven vessels of the late 19th Century were beyond the wildest dreams of "the missing whalers."

When the fleet set sail from Aberdeen and Dundee in April of 1837 for their usual six-months' trip to the Davis Strait fishing ground, there was no sort of indication that more or less than the common adventures, hazards, and monotonies of the whaling season were in store for them. They carried the usual supply of provisions and the usual complement of men, took on additional hands in Orkney and, proceeding north, reached ice about the fifteenth of May.

From one of them, the ship *Dee* of Aberdeen, Gamblin master, we have a detailed account of that agonizing winter. She bore northward through rather unsteady weather, loose ice, and icebergs, to latitude 66°, where the icebergs were so numerous as seriously to alarm the crew and greatly to delay her passage. She gained Northeast Bay, however, and the Frow Islands, and thence, a westerly course proving impossible, she sailed

east-northeast and reached the "north water" some days after. In Pond's Bay—it was the middle of August—fine weather awaited them, and whales were plentiful: the *Friendship*, of Dundee, had already taken fifteen when the *Dee* arrived. The *Dee* took four in the next fortnight and picked up three dead ones. But by September the season was well advanced, the whales were getting scarce, and Captain Gamblin thought it the part of prudence to start homeward. Prudence it was, but he was already too late!

They soon fell in with the *Grenville Bay*, whose captain reported all passage to the east impracticable because of the ice, and together with the *Grenville Bay* and the *Norfolk* they attempted the north passage. Meanwhile, they had gone on short allowance of rations. They reached latitude 75° and were within sight of Cape Melville, but the bay ice was "making too strong" for them and on the twentieth they bore away south. By the twenty-third they had reached 71°, with heavy bay ice around them, and there they found two more of their fleet, the *Thomas* and the *Advice*, of Dundee, who had also attempted the Northeast Passage and had found on an iceberg the marks of eight anchors. That night all five whalers anchored likewise to big blocks of ice—sconce-pieces, they were called—that they might keep together, and the next day they tried for an opening to the south. And the next, and the next. They were surrounded by ice. The allowance was cut again and, after a consultation of the captains, they all bore away to the north, but by October 1st, they had run into very rugged weather, an east-northeast wind, snow, strong ice, and a heavy swell. Resigning themselves to that from which there was no escape, they decided to get as far south as they could for the winter. But yet more irony was waiting for them: the wind failed, they could make no progress and by October 8th, within sight of each other, all five vessels were locked fast in the ice.

Then began their winter. They were in latitude 73° 12′, at the mouth of Baffin Bay. Fuel was scarce—they had thought to be in Scotland again by November—so that the beds were cold and damp. There was, of course, little or no "ship's

duty" to give the men exercise, but exercise they must have, to keep scurvy away; so they were sent aloft to bend and unbend sails that hung "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Between the other whalers the ice was so strong that the men could cross from one vessel to another, but all about the *Dee*, the swell made bad breaks in it, and in spite of the hard frost, the ice itself remained loose and daily threatened to crush the ship to kindlings.

On the 10th they had first noticed that they were slowly drifting south, all five of them; by the 16th they were in latitude 72° 50′. If this continued it would mean their release from the ice at last—provided their vessels were not completely crushed before that time; but at best it was a matter of months. And how many men among them all would live until such a release? On that very night the ice began to press so hard upon the *Dee* that she hung by the quarter with the ice high against her bulwarks. At daylight all hands were called up to get the provisions out of her. By night the wind had fallen, but the *Dee* still hung by the quarter; the next day the ice had so opened up that a warp had to be got out to secure her. Meanwhile the other four vessels were comparatively undisturbed.

On the 20th the ice closed again and pressed hard upon the *Dee*; her crew so placed casks as to strengthen her from within and put ten strong beams in aft. They were none too soon in their precautions: shortly after came two terrific crushes only half an hour apart, and the crew fled for their lives, with bags, chests—everything that could be lifted. Their sufferings on the ice can best be imagined; they had no shelter of any kind, and no fire, as for two days they watched their vessel reel and groan and waited to see her a total wreck. On the 22d the ice "fell quiet" and they returned to the ship with their provisions, but on the day following, many lanes of water appeared and another bad crush alarmed them. So it went.

Captain Gamblin determined to cut a dock for his vessel. Some of the crew of the *Grenville Bay* helped the *Dee's* men and with ice-saws, driven like piles through the ice and worked up and down by the men, the dock was finally accomplished.

The men had stood at work for hours in icy water, so their feet were badly frosted, but their ship, at least, was safe, and for the next three days they had some little peace of mind. Meanwhile those of them who could make the three-mile trip to the nearest iceberg dragged ice in boats from the berg to the *Dee*, to be melted for drinking water. On these trips several bears were seen and fired at, but, alas for hopes of fresh meat, not one shot took effect! It is to be hoped that the men of the *Dee* were better whalers than marksmen. Indeed, two of them narrowly escaped with their lives.

But worse was in store. On November 2nd the dock gave way and again ice threatened to crush the *Dee*. Captain Gamblin, confident that in such a dock lay her only safety, again got help from the *Grenville Bay*, and this time from the *Norfolk* as well; with great difficulty they cut a new dock and there they finally succeeded in mooring their ship. Three days of very rugged weather followed, and as the coal was nearly exhausted, one of the boats was broken up for fuel. Another followed soon after. On the 6th, the ice was jamming so badly that there seemed absolutely no hope for the *Dee*, and again her crew left her.

It has always been said that among other excellent reasons for the brutality of life in a whaler, was the brutality of her officers. This was often—very often—true, but not always, by any means. See now Captain Gamblin and Mr. Littlejohn, the ship's surgeon. The captain gave each man a yard of canvas from which to make himself a pair of shoes, with wooden soles. At the request of the men themselves, Mr. Littlejohn read prayers frequently, on week days as well as on Sundays. But neither care nor piety could check the spread of heavy cough, sharp pains and stiffness and swelling, nor keep away scurvy. By the 18th of December twenty-two of the crew were affected with scurvy. Again the ice gave way and threatened every one of the vessels. Scurvy increased. On January 5th, the men applied to Captain Gamblin for an increase of rations. Here was a real test of captain and crew. He refused them the increase. "And I hope," he added, "that ye knew your duty

From the sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

COOPERING

Before the voyage the casks to hold the oil are put together on the docks, stowed with the provisions of the voyage, and are then headed up.

better than to use force, for thereby ye can certainly get what ye choose." They returned to their quarters without further protest.

In late November the sun failed them and the discouragement of the long dark days was heavy indeed. Now misfortune fell upon the *Thomas*. On December 12th she was heeled over by the ice and her crew left her, in terror well founded. On the 13th she was a total wreck. During that one night two of her crew had died on the ice. The remaining men and the provisions were distributed among the remaining ships, but the *Thomas* was so far away that she was useless for fuel.

On the 6th of January a brilliant sky and a large sheet of open water brought new encouragement to the icebound crew of the *Dee*, but on the next day, yet more men were unable to leave their miserable beds. On the 11th of the month came the first death. Mr. Littlejohn read a prayer, and the crew—what few were still able—carried the body to an opening in the ice, for sea burial. On the 16th the sun shone again, but it was of small comfort; their captain was sick now and the crew was growing steadily weaker. Still they were drifting south—they were now in 69° 71′—and, in fear of utter helplessness in a gale, should they ever get to sea, the mate called up the crew to double-reef the topsails. Only fifteen were able to go aloft.

By the 1st of February, four more men had died. Two days later the captain died also. The cold was frightful: only six feet from the fire, the water cask was hung with icicles. The beds were in a shocking state, frozen solid and ridden with vermin of the most ravenous sort. By this time, of course, the men were too far spent with disease even to clean themselves. By the 12th, six more were dead. But the whalers were still drifting, and more rapidly now, the *Dee* ahead of the rest. On the *Advice*, twenty miles behind, six men had died within four days of each other, and five more died in the week that followed. This left fuller rations for those who still lived, but of course there was still no food of the right sort to check scurvy. Thus in early March the *Dee* had only six men able to do duty. The mate crossed on the ice to the *Grenville Bay* and asked her

captain if he could help them once they got to open sea, but the *Grenville Bay* had twenty men on her sick list and could promise no help of any kind.

On March 11th, with the *Norfolk* and the *Advice* still seven miles behind her, the *Dee* drifted out into open sea. Before the 15th, three more of her crew died, and the scurvy continued, but with light and favourable breezes she struggled on. A ship sighted on April 20th apparently did not see her signals of distress. Meanwhile, twenty more of the crew had died at sea. On the 25th a fishing boat was spoken and the *Dee* got bearings from them: she was off the Butt of Lewis.

Incredible as it seems, the fishermen refused to give any sort of help. . . . Let us suppose they feared the plague.

On the evening of that same day, the barque *Washington* of Dundee, Barnett master, bore down on the *Dee*, offered her help, and instantly gave it without stint. Then she took the limping ship in tow and brought her into Stromness harbour, where the little remnant of the crew received proper food and care at last.

The owners promptly sent new and able hands and on May 5th the first of the "missing whalers," came wearily into the harbour of Aberdeen. Provisioned for the six summer months, she had been gone over a year. Forty-six men had died on board her, including nine from the *Thomas*; and of her own company of forty-nine, exactly fourteen reached home alive.

V

THE SOUTH SEAS AND THE NORWEGIANS

NOT wholly unlike the threescore years and ten permitted to man, with its tentative beginnings, its growth and development, its period of full power and the gradual decline to its end, is the whaling life of a nation. The Basques were probably the beginners and later the leaders. With the decline of Basque whaling, Dutch whaling rose to its predominance; at the very moment when Dutch whaling was subsidized, like an old man reduced to a pension, the English whalers from Hull were at the height of their glory. Similarly it was quite evident to the English, early in the 19th Century, that their "Greenland fishery" was doomed—their so-called Southern fishery replaced it only for a relatively short period; and this very time marks the years of prosperity for the Scottish fleets and for American whaling.

American whaling is, for Americans at least, a story—several stories—in itself. It had its influence, however, on other whaling, for in 1712 a Nantucket whaleman, blown to sea by a strong northerly wind, made the first recorded capture of a sperm whale. Immediately and inevitably the superiority of sperm oil over other whale oil was discovered, small vessels, which undoubtedly seemed large to their builders and to their masters, were fitted out for whaling in "the deep," and in the course of time the great sperm whaling developed.

This could not, of course, long be monopolized by American vessels. Yet it was not until 1775 that the British made any attempt at it. Then it was that, in order "to starve New England," Parliament passed the famous act restricting colonial trade to British ports and placed an embargo on "fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland or on any other part of the North

American coast." In the same year, British ships were sent out, vessels of about a hundred tons, but with very little success, though they went into much the same waters frequented so successfully by American vessels. This "Southern fishery" was, of course, a matter of experiment for some years. The first vessels went to South Greenland, the Brazilian coast, the Falkland Islands, and the Gulf of Guinea; later they braved "the stormy waters of the Horn," and cruised in the Pacific. But it was all on chance; they knew little or nothing of the various sperm-whaling grounds or how, or why, those grounds were fruitful at certain seasons and barren at others. In 1792, London merchants sent out the sloop *Rattler*, under Colnett, on an expedition round Cape Horn, to find out these all-important facts. The *Rattler* carried an absurd little scratch crew, few of whom knew anything about whaling, and though, off Mocha Island, they found the sea fairly alive with whales, they succeeded in taking only six, four of which they got alongside, and of these four they actually saved two. We are not told how many they chased. Cruising thereabouts for several days, they saw great numbers of whales and managed to kill two, but lost one of these before reaching the ship. They had better luck later, as the crew became more practised, and they took four whales near Quibo and five at the Galapagos. As a whaling voyage, the cruise of the *Rattler* was not a great success, but they cruised widely and surveyed much and made many records which were of use to whalers who came after them. Such were the early days of the "Southern fishery." Whatever their luck in actually taking whales, these first adventurers told of seeing so many of them that by the early 19th Century a goodly number of English ships were engaged in the industry, and in 1834, over a hundred of them were reported at sea.

"The Southern Fishery," says Enderby, son of one of the wealthiest and most influential men ever concerned in English whaling, "may be said to embrace, with the exception of the seas constituting what is properly called the Northern or Greenland Fishery, the whole expanse of ocean." They called it Southern because the whalers first went South, usually to

Cape Horn, though from there they followed the whales in their seasonal migrations over what does indeed seem "the whole expanse of ocean." The Pacific grounds, the Japan grounds, New Guinea all were objectives, each in turn, on the same cruise of a "Southern" whaler. Sometimes they went as far north as Bering Strait, for they hunted both sperm and right whales and the right whale is a great traveller. "The Spermaceti Whale Fishery," Enderby tells us, "is carried on in the Pacific Ocean from latitude 50° south to 20° north, between the longitudes of 75° west and the Indian Ocean, as also on the coasts of Japan as far north as 45°. Its principal seats in the Pacific include the coasts of Chili and Peru, the Polynesian Islands, Japan, New Zealand, and the coasts of New Holland. The fishery prosecuted in the Indian Ocean extends, on the one hand, from the Cape of Good Hope to the western coast of New Holland; embracing also Molucca Island and those of Java and Sumatra; and, on the other, from Madagascar to the entrance of the Persian Gulf. The Spermaceti Whale Fishery is likewise carried on, on a small scale, in the Atlantic Ocean in the neighbourhood of the Azores or Western Islands."

Beginning in 1776, bounty was given to these Southern whalers as to the Greenland whalers; and the Southern fleet, in its later days, included sperm whalers, right whalers, and those who killed the southern walrus for "elephant oil." But for one reason or another, they could not make a success of it. In 1846 the decay of the fishery was beyond dispute and only a few hopeful souls ventured to attempt its reëstablishment on a new and different basis. Enderby drew up a detailed statement of the case, a few items of which are very illuminating: for instance, that between 1775 and 1844, 860 ships were fitted out for the whale fishery, and they made 2,153 voyages: of these 860 ships, 130 were lost, 87 were captured in war, and 37 were condemned. "This leaves six hundred and seven, but so many have been withdrawn from the trade that only thirty-six are now actually employed in it." Something was very radically wrong. The Americans were whaling on the same grounds and making a tremendous success of it, though equipment costs were about

the same in the two countries and chances of success would seem, likewise, to be equal. The English lengthened the time of their voyages, but whale products did not increase proportionately. Meanwhile, wages went down, the Government bounties were withdrawn, duties on foreign vegetable oils and oil seeds were lowered or withdrawn, though duties on materials for the construction and equipment of ships were not, and whale products from the colonies were duty-free. These were the reasons according to the English point of view; perhaps there were other and more fundamental reasons; perhaps not. At any rate, the odds were too much for the English whalers and by the middle of the century the Southern Whale Fishery had virtually ended.

It is interesting that, estimating costs in great detail, plotting with great care the improvement of every branch of the business, Enderby's proposal for reviving the moribund industry was to make bases in the islands of the Pacific whither British ships could take their cargoes for transport home. Thus, he said, smaller vessels could be used, and for shorter cruises, with a consequent saving of much expense. This was precisely what happened about fifty years later when the harpoon gun and the little steam whaler had brought about the shore station of modern whaling. But harpoon guns and steam whalers were beyond even an Enderby's foresight; the hand harpoon had reached its limit of effectiveness, sperm and right whales were increasingly difficult to take, and vegetable oils were fast taking the place of whale oils.

By 1874 all whaling from English ports had ceased, and Dundee and Peterhead were the only whaling ports in Scotland. The principal industry of Dundee was jute manufacture, for which whale and seal oils were essential, consequently Dundee, and Dundee alone, held out through the century. Consequently, too, the thrifty Scotch whalers had long before learned to take seals, walruses, and any other animals yielding oil or skins of commercial value, also quantities of bird down, to eke out the profits of a voyage. Even so, by the end of the century there were only seven vessels left in the little Dundee fleet.

I have suggested the division of whaling history on the basis of nationality; it might quite as naturally be divided according to the species of whale hunted. First, of course, came the Biscayan right whale of those earliest Basque whalers; then the Greenland right whale, and later his near relative, the bowhead; after these the sperm whale. Here the history of whaling and all our first-hand knowledge of whales might have stopped but for the use of steam vessels and the invention of the harpoon gun.

In 1850 two steam vessels, the *Pioneer* and the *Intrepid*, went into the Arctic: they were the first of their kind there. Immediately it was manifest that difficulties and even impossibilities for the sailing vessel might be matters of no moment to a steamer, and during the decade that followed, auxiliary steam engines were put into the sailing vessels then in use, and several iron steamers were built. Of course, steam whaling was still in the experimental stage and at first was almost constantly attended by failure. The iron vessels, especially, sailed forth with pride and returned, some of them, not at all. But mechanical errors were soon corrected, and by 1873 steam whaling had proved its value.

The *Arctic*, of Dundee, a vessel of four hundred and thirty-seven tons and seventy horsepower, substantially built and reinforced with wood and iron, brought home twenty-eight whales after a four-months' cruise. She had entered the ice at Davis Strait and had cruised among rolling pack ice and enormous bergs into the "north water" of Melville Bay, and far beyond. The passage of the "middle ice," which had taken sailing vessels between thirty and sixty difficult and dangerous days, she easily made in sixty hours. When she had secured her record cargo she turned about and pushed through the ice again—fifty miles of it. What would not steam power have meant to gallant Captain Gamblin of the *Dee* in that unspeakable winter of 1837–'38.

Such a vessel as the *Arctic* and such a trip were the general rule of their time. The Dundee fleet of ten, some of them built for steam whaling, others converted sailing vessels, all of

them under able and experienced masters, left home early in May for the North. There was a brief "southwest" fishing near Frobisher's Strait; then they went on past Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, to Melville Bay. Thence they worked westward, as best they might according to the state of the ice, to the entrance of Lancaster Sound where there was usually, in the month of June, whaling a-plenty. In July they went farther up the sound, perhaps as far as Prince Regent Inlet. Now and then a whaler needed only a month or two more to be ready for the return voyage, but more commonly they followed the migrating whales south to Home Bay, sometimes even to the Gulf of Cumberland, and the fleet as a whole reached Dundee again early in November. Like the *Arctic*, they were all staunchly built, "doubled and fortified by the application of timber and iron both inside and out." Particularly the bows were protected by "angle irons" against the ice they had to buck through. They were from three hundred to four hundred and fifty tons burden and each carried a crew of about fifty. The harpoon gun was in use by this time, though not on the steamer itself, as it is used to-day: each boat—the *Arctic* had six—had its own small harpoon gun, and hand harpoons and lances besides.

The *Arctic's* cargo that year was a remarkable one, and luck was as uncertain then, apparently, as in sailing days. For instance, in 1867 the Dundee whalers in Davis Strait caught exactly two whales; the next year they caught seventy-nine.

But all this was right whaling still. Some vessels combined whaling and sealing and those that went on to Cumberland Strait got white whales, but finners and other rorquals, being strong and swift, had long eluded whalers, and were considered of little value. The grapes were sour, anyway!

The Norwegians had been whaling ever since whaling began, and in 1864 a Norwegian named Svend Foyn invented the harpoon gun, which was to revolutionize whaling. Of course this first harpoon gun has been considerably altered as use has suggested improvements, but in essentials it was much like that

now in use. It was mounted on a swivel and it fired at from twenty-five to fifty yards, with four hundred fathoms of strong rope attached to the harpoon. With this harpoon was a little glass phial of sulphuric acid; this phial broke within the whale—crushed by the turning barbs—the sulphuric acid escaped, and the bomb exploded. It is easy to see that this must make of whaling another matter altogether. Even the finner, "the greyhound of the sea," hadn't a chance left. It was soon evident that the day of long cruises on the open sea was done; stout little steamers of about thirty tons and as many horsepower were built to hunt whales near shore and tow them in to a factory for flensing and trying out. They carried eight or ten men for an all-day or an overnight trip, and must have seemed a joke to old-fashioned whalemen. But the joke was on the older whalers, for these little vessels, like the harpoon guns mounted on their bows, though they were much improved in the years that followed, were—again like the guns—the models for all their kind in use to-day. And there are virtually no big whalers now.

Thus, with the little steamer and the harpoon gun and their possibilities for wholesale slaughter, a new shore whaling developed. The Norwegians began it in their own Varanger Fjords and were amazingly successful. New companies were formed, in haste to get this new wealth, and before long, about 1881, the industry began to spread to Finmark and Tromsö, and to Iceland, and then to the northernmost islands off the Scottish coast. In all these waters humpbacks, blue, and sei whales, and finners were taken in great numbers.

At the same time the grindval or pilot whale was hunted, and had long been hunted, by the people of the Faroe Islands, in a method quite different from what we think of as orthodox whaling. This whale, sometimes called the caa'ing whale, and most commonly known to American whalers as the blackfish, is, excepting the killer, the largest of the porpoises, and sometimes as much as twenty-four feet long. His names are suggestive for he follows his leader, or "pilot," in guileless trust, and thus great herds can be driven like silly sheep—hence the Scotch

vernacular name, "caa'ing," which means "driving," whale. In the Faroes he is known as "Grindehval"—a herd of them as "grind"—meaning "lattice work." This is because of the way of capture: when a school is sighted, the entire village takes to small boats and forming a half circle on the outer edge of the herd, drives them, slowly at first but with increasing speed, into some bay or fjord. The boats close in upon them at the mouth of this fjord and form a lattice work three rows deep; so that if the whales suddenly turn and beat for open sea they may promptly and surely be driven back with oars and stones. The rest is obvious: when they reach shoal water, men are waiting for them with spears and knives and it is only a matter of time before the whole herd is slaughtered. This method of whaling was practised in the Faroes long ago and is practised there to-day with very little variation. It is community whaling, perhaps the only true community whaling of this day and generation: the sheriff divides the kill among the inhabitants, and his word is final. In the 19th Century about a thousand of these beasts were killed annually in the islands, though at Hvalfjord, Iceland, there was once a single record catch of eleven hundred grind taken in this way.

In the Arctic a similar method was used against the white whale, beluga, whose snow-white skin is valuable as "porpoise hide." There, nets were used in the final capture. And in New Zealand the humpback is sometimes so caught, in wire nets.

Still another whale became known to commerce when, in 1881, a Norwegian vessel captured thirty-one, and the Scottish vessel *Eclipse* captured twenty, bottlenose whales. In 1884 nine vessels, one of them a steamer, brought in two hundred and eleven bottlenoses; by 1891, seventy Norwegian vessels were after the superior oil that he yields, and, for a time, two thousand of the beasts were killed annually. But the bottlenose is not a numerous species, and such wholesale destruction did not—could not—last long. It was increasingly difficult, too, to get men for this sort of whaling, for it was wild work and extraordinarily dangerous. When a bottlenose is struck he usually dives straight down at terrific speed and five thousand

fathoms of line may go out in two minutes; suppose, then, that the line gets looped around the body, or even the arm or leg, of one of the crew. Suppose a knot forms, so that the line is shortened and the boat itself is pulled under in the place of that knotted line. And all this off the wintry coasts of Spitzbergen, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador. Small wonder that bottle-nose whaling was not a lasting fashion!

AMERICAN WHALING

I

'LONG SHORE

IN 1680, a certain John Hawes was appointed as one of four men who for four or five pounds a whale, according to circumstances, were "to look out for and secure the town all such whales as by God's providence shall be cast up in their several bounds." The town was Yarmouth on Cape Cod, and the method of "whaling"—let us call it that—which was practised then, was the one most used by the New England colonists of that period.

The dead whales that drifted on to the beaches of Cape Cod and Nantucket were indeed providental bounties. Whaling and the uses of whale oil were an old story and the enterprising colonists seized eagerly upon blubber and bone. Questions of ownership were settled for the most part by law. In the early days of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies the Government claimed a part of each drift whale, the town claimed a part, and the finder, claiming the rest, got it if no one successfully disputed his title. In the beginning the man who found a whale was liable to meet with difficulties of one kind or another. But in Plymouth Colony an order of the court, of June 6, 1654, declared that whales cast up on the lands that proprietors had bought belonged to the proprietors, which did away with considerable ill feeling; and in 1661 the colonial treasurer, Constant Southworth, offered Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, and Eastham whatever drift whales appeared on their shores, if they would pay the Government one hogshead of oil, delivered in Boston, for each whale thus obtained.

In the colonial records are to be found a tangle of other interwoven and overlapping statutes concerning drift whales and the questions of ownership that arose from them, as well as records

of cases general and specific; for such salt-water manna, it was evident at a very early period of the New England settlements, was coveted nearly as earnestly as godliness, and to the long, sandy shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket, which were swept by currents of the open ocean, dead whales not infrequently floated on the tide. But most of the old statutes are similar to those noted above, and except for their remarkable spelling, which soon becomes tiresome they make dull reading. Having little to do with active whaling, they need not concern us save as they indicate the lively interest that the very earliest settlers took in the economic possibilities of whales, an interest which soon led those thrifty and enterprising, if socially impossible, souls to take to the sea in pursuit of whales when those delivered "by God's providence" upon their shores proved insufficient to meet their needs.

For their first whaling the colonists found invaluable allies in the Indians native to the coast, who were hardy and adventurous and could be hired for a very moderate wage. As regards their experience in whaling there is room for argument, in spite of Joseph de Acosta's diverting and imaginative account of their methods, and Dr. Glover M. Allen in his monograph on the Whalebone Whales of New England gives it as his conclusion that probably they seldom actually attacked whales.

Of those times when they did attack whales, various reports of whaling at the very beginning of the 17th Century give the methods that they practised, and they all go to indicate that primitive whalemen have worked in much the same way the world over and in all times. With a great fleet of canoes and led by their "king," as the old writers call him, they put out, armed with bone harpoons and lines made of the bark of trees. They struck the whale and paid out the line, which very likely was made fast to floats or logs that served in place of the drugs that later whalemen hove over; then, when the great beast rose again, they drove flights of arrows into its black back. When at last the whale rolled fin out, they towed it ashore and divided it among all the people, who used the meat for food.

The first settlers of New England, then, came from a land

where whaling was an old story to a land where shore whaling had been practised long before the written history of the natives began. The abundance of whales in Massachusetts Bay influenced them in choosing the site of their new town. Finding dead whales on their beaches, they seized eagerly upon them and used every ounce of blubber and bone. When drift whales no longer sufficed them, they put to sea in small boats from Long Island and Cape Cod, and later from Nantucket, and began shore whaling as the Basques had done centuries before, and as the Indians and Esquimaux were still doing. And as was natural enough, they hired their wiry and adventurous neighbours, the red men, to help man their boats.

An old Indian was in the fleet of thirty boats that was once caught six miles off shore in a blizzard. The boatmen, Indians and white men alike, rowed for their lives until they were exhausted and ready to give up the struggle, when the old fellow yelled at them, "Momadichchator augua sarshkee sarnkee pincheeeynoo sememoochkee chaquanks wihchee pinchee eynoo," which Zacheus Macy translates as, "Pull ahead with courage; do not be disheartened; we shall not be lost now; there are too many Englishmen to be lost now." By his vehemence, or by some encouraging semblance of truth in his curious logic, the old man stirred them to such efforts that they gained way against the storm and, further encouraged by this, succeeded in reaching shore.

There are few, if any, records of the earliest whale hunting, unless we consider as such Bodford's account of the whale that rose on a warm day and lay dozing half a musketshot from the *Mayflower*. At the whale[1] "two were prepared to shoot, to see whether she would stir or no. He that gave fire first, his musket flew in pieces, both stock and barrel; yet, thanks be to God neither he nor any man else was hurt with it, though many were there about. But when the whale saw her time, she gave a snuff and away." Yet the orders of the General Court with regard to fishing privileges and with regard to whales that, after being harpooned, died at sea and floated ashore make it plain that

[1]Glover M. Allen. The Whalebone Whales of New England, p. 146.

midway in the 17th Century the white settlers on Cape Cod were whaling from the shore as an established industry. And from old-time Nantucket—which for a while pulled second to the Cape as a whaling community, then forged into the lead and later lost it to the New Bedford fleets—come more detailed accounts of how such whaling was carried on. Nantucket is blessed with better-known historians than the Cape.

First they put out in boats after such whales as they saw from shore. Then they erected as lookouts tall poles with cleats by which the islanders could climb up to watch for whales far at sea. Thus in calm weather they would go in their open boats nearly out of sight of land; and by the end of the first quarter of the 18th Century, in slightly larger vessels, they had worked their way up to Cape Ann and on as far as the coast of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Of their boats, Paul Dudley of Boston wrote in 1725:[1]

"I would take notice of the Boats oure Whalemen use in going from the Shoar after the Whale. They are made of Cedar Clapboards, and so very light, that two Men can conveniently carry them, and yet they are twenty Feet long, and carry six Men, viz. the Harponeer in the Fore-part of the Boat, four Oar-men, and the Steersman. These Boats run very swift, and by reason of their lightness can be brought on and off, and so kept out of Danger. The Whale is sometimes killed with a single Stroke, and yet at other Times she will hold the Whale-men in Play, near half a Day together, with their Lances, and sometimes will get away after they have been lanced and spouted Blood, with Irons in them, and Drugs fastened to them, which are thick Boards about fourteen Inches square. Our People formerly used to kill the Whale near the Shore; but now they go off to sea in Sloops and Whale boats."

Having taken a whale in the earliest days of colonial whaling, they would tow the beast to shore and with a crab, a contrivance that resembled a capstan, they would haul the blubber off as it was cut, and boil it close to the beach or load it into carts, and

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[1]Glover M. Allen. The Whalebone Whales of New England, p. 161.

thus carry it to more distant try-houses that they maintained for rendering it. Later, as in their small vessels they worked farther from home, they would "cut in" at sea and, leaving the carcass behind them, would bring home the bone and oil.

Of the years when whales came inshore along Cape Cod, and the whale-men boiled out the blubber in "try-houses," there is a vivid reminder in a newspaper note dated at Truro, July 14, 1741, which tells that an old man, Nath Harding by name, who was watching the work of boiling the oil, fainted and fell into a try-pot "and was scalded in a most miserable Manner."

The growth of shore whaling had one unfortunate effect on the simple and profitable industry of hunting for whales that had died natural deaths and drifted on to the beaches. Enterprising hunters who had struck whales at sea and lost them, laid claim to those that washed ashore, and bitter controversies were waged, which led the Colonial Government of Massachusetts Bay to place on its records a memorandum to the effect that the owner of a dead whale must pay any person who found it afloat and brought it to shore, twenty shillings; that if the whale was likely to be lost, and the finder saved blubber and bone, the owner must pay him thirty shillings; and that if no man had killed it, the "Admirall to Doe thaire in as he please." In order that the owners of any whale should have their rights, it was further specified that no persons should cut up a whale until two disinterested persons had viewed it; that no whale should be "needlessly or fouellishly lansed behind ye vital to avoid stroy"; that irons and lances should be distinctly marked on head and socket, by which it "would be possible to prove the ownership of whales"; that the ownership of those whales in which there were no irons should be decided "by thaire strokes & ye natoral markes"; and that in case of equal claims to a whale, the claimants should share equally.

The office of "whale-viewers," which the foregoing paragraph suggests, was more definitely defined when the General Court of the Plymouth Colony, on November 4, 1690, issued the following decree to prevent contests and suits by the whalers:[1]

[1]Glover M. Allen. The Whalebone Whales of New England, p. 152.

"1. This court doth order, that all whales killed or wounded by any man & left at sea, sd whale killers that killed or wounded sd whale shall presently repaire to some prudent person whome the Court shall appoint, and there give in the wounds of sd whale, the time & place when & where killed or wounded; and sd person so appointed shall presently comitt it to record and his record shall be allowed good testimony in law.

"2. That all whales brought or cast on shore shall be viewed by the person so appointed, or his deputy, before they are cut or any way defaced after come or brought on shore, and sd viewer shall take a particular record of the wounds of sd whale, & time & place when & where brought on shore; & his record shall be good testimony in law, and sd viewer shall take care for securing sd fish for the owner."

Meanwhile, in 1672, Nantucket had sent to Cape Cod and offerred James Lopar wood and water for his use, pasturage of one horse, three cows and twenty sheep on the common, and ten acres of land, to remove to Nantucket and there carry on whaling. Lopar, it seems, entered into the agreement, but never came. The Nantucketers, still considering the knowledge and experience of the Cape Cod whalemen as superior to their own, persisted in their plan, and eighteen years later persuaded Ichabod Padduck to come to the island to give them lessons in killing whales and trying out oil.

II

OFF SHORE

IT WAS right whales that old New Englanders were familiar with, and since they found right whales near their shores they hunted right whales with little regard for the possibility that there might be more valuable game in deeper water. But one day they found a dead sperm whale on the beach, and great was the dissension that followed, for Indians, white men, and an officer of the Crown claimed it, and each man's hand was turned against his neighbour. The Indians claimed it because they found it; the white men, because they had bought the island from the Indians and had got with the island the right to all such treasure trove; the officer of the Crown, because property without a definite owner belonged to His Majesty. Already, it should be remarked, a white man and an Indian, gifted with foresight and common sense, by working industriously before the vanguard of claimants arrived, had pried out the teeth and, it is to be inferred, expeditiously departed!

The whale eventually was shared by the white men who had first come upon it. They formed a company to cut up the beast and carry the blubber to their try-works and, regarding sperm oil as a sure cure for all diseases, they held it was worth its weight in silver. Thus Nantucketers became acquainted with the products of the sperm whale, which were to play so prominent a part in their subsequent history.

Christopher Hussey, Macy says, killed the first sperm whale that fell a victim to the irons of Nantucket whalers, and the circumstances are odd. "He was cruising near the shore for Right whales, and was blown off some distance from the land by a strong northerly wind, when he fell in with a school of that species of whales, and killed one and brought it home. At what

date this adventure took place is not fully ascertained, but it is supposed to be not far from 1712. This event gave new life to the business, for they immediately began with vessels of about thirty tons to whale out in the 'deep,' as it was then called to distinguish it from shore whaling. They fitted out for cruises of about six weeks, carried a few hogsheads, enough probably to contain the blubber of one whale, with which, after obtaining it, they returned home. The owners then took charge of the blubber, and tried out the oil, and immediately sent the vessel out again. At the commencement of this mode of whaling, it was found necessary to erect try-houses near the landing, and a number were built on the beach a little south of the wharves. North from these they erected small buildings, called ware-houses, in which they put their whaling apparatus, and other outfits."[1]

Thus Nantucket whalemen reached out and the industry thrived. But during the French and Indian Wars the Islanders learned the sad lesson that future wars were to drive home: war at sea means loss to the whaling fleets. In 1755 and 1756 the French burned six Nantucket whaling vessels with their cargoes, and imprisoned their crews; and in subsequent years a number of others fell into the hands of privateers. The loss was not large, to be sure; but in proportion to the size of the fleet, it was considerable.

Many quaint, tragic tales have come down from those old days of American whaling, preserved in the formal phrases of dusty old legal documents. There was Dinah Coffin of Nantucket, who petitioned the General Court, in 1724, for permission to marry. On April 27, 1722, her husband, Elisha Coffin, had sailed from Nantucket in a sloop bound on a whaling voyage of a month or six weeks. Almost immediately after he had sailed, a fierce storm had blown up, and the sloop and all hands had disappeared. No word had ever come back from Elisha Coffin or any of his shipmates. Of fighting whales, the colonial adventurers got a notable experience in May, 1736, when two boats from a whaling sloop commanded by Soloman Kenwick,

[1]Obed Macy. History of Nantucket, p. 48.

struck two whales about a hundred and twenty miles east of George's Banks. When they thought the whales were dying, one of the wounded beasts turned on a boat and stove it, killing a man, whose body immediately sank, and seriously injuring two others, then raged about on the sea in vicious fury. The second boat succeeded in rescuing the rest of the stove boat's crew.

Twenty-five years later a whaler arrived at Boston with a tale that deserves to be told in the original Boston *News-Letter* version:

"Capt. Clark on Thursday Morning last discovering a Spermaceti Whale near George's Banks, mann'd his Boat, and gave Chase to her, & she coming up with her jaws against the Bow of the Boat struck it with such Violence that it threw a Son of the Captain; (who was forward ready with his lance) a considerable Height from the Boat, and when he fell the Whale turned with her devouring Jaws opened, and caught him. He was heard to scream, when she closed her Jaws, and part of his Body was seen out of her Mouth, when she turned, and went off."

The manner of the young man's death, which was rare but not unique, impressed itself with singular force on the minds of our grandfathers, as terrible old woodcuts bear witness.

As Nantucket, eventually greater as a whaling port than any town on Cape Cod, went to school in the art of whaling to the older settlements on the Cape, so New Bedford, greatest of all our whaling ports, for a time merely struggled to emulate in a small way the whaling operations of Nantucket. The Joseph Russell who is said to be the first man living in New Bedford to engage in the whale fishing was born on October 8, 1719. He was an industrious, prudent, enterprising, upright farmer, owned a large tract of land and several vessels, and built the first sperm-oil factory in New Bedford, all besides his modest whaling fleet of a few forty- or fifty-ton sloops, which is famous as the beginning of the largest whaling fleet America has ever known.

About the middle of the 18th Century two or three vessels

from the Apponagansett River in Dartmouth, and one or two owned by the Russells, from the Acushnet River, were going on voyages of from four to six weeks' cruising for whales between Georges Bank and the Capes of Virginia. We know that a try-house and an oil shed stood beside the Achushnet in 1760, and an early historian (Ricketson) says that Joseph Russell pursued the business as early as 1755. Those earliest New Bedford whalemen increased the time of their voyages to three months, and their cruising grounds to the east of Newfoundland. At that time more vessels were sailing from the Apponagansett than from the Acushnet; but the better harbour, which we know as New Bedford, was found in the Acushnet, and that, although few foresaw it then, was to turn the tide of whaling thither.

Where the manufacturing city of New Bedford now stands, there was then a rough, wild country, sown with rocks and oaks and whortleberry bushes. A rough cart road led from the few farmhouses on the country road to the try-house by the shore.

When Joseph Russell died in 1804, at the age of eighty-five, he had seen the industry that he had established in the young town grow to a magnitude that probably no one on the Acushnet could have imagined sixty years before; he had seen the town that he had helped to found, grow from its early promise of becoming a farming community to a great port. But his own fortunes had not fared so well.

He had put abler vessels into whaling, until they need no longer, as the early sloops had done, scurry into port in time to escape the September gales. To carry on the business of refining spermaceti, he had brought to New Bedford (it was first a part of Dartmouth, then Bedford, before it took the name by which we know it to-day) at a salary of $500 a year—which was then regarded as enormous—a man named Chaffee, who worked behind closed doors lest any one steal his secret process. He had sent his trading vessels to southern and West Indian ports, and had kept a store at the foot of Centre Street and imported goods from London by way of Boston. He was a well-to-do man when Bunker Hill was fought, but the war broke him. He lost his vessels, and his Continental currency had so depreciated at

the end of the war that he and his son Barnabas had little left besides their real estate.

In 1765 four sloops were whaling out of the little village of Bedford. Between 1771 and 1775 some sixty, on an average, were fitted out each year, and some of them went voyages to the Falkland Islands. At that time sixty-five vessels were fitted out every year at Nantucket, whose whole fleet in 1775 numbered 150, twenty at Wellfleet, fifteen at Boston, and twelve at Martha's Vineyard. Four other Massachusetts ports, Falmouth, Swanzey, Barnstable, and Lynn, were whaling in a small way.

Meanwhile, whaling had taken root in Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the whaling from Long Island, which, as we have noted, is generally accepted as preceding that from Cape Cod, had survived the ups and downs of more than a century and a quarter.

In its earliest history, Long Island whaling closely resembled the early whaling in the New England colonies, and ran through the usual course: first, shore whaling, then ventures in small craft, and then in larger. Southampton, Easthampton, Southwood, Seatoocook, and Huntington appear prominently as whaling ports, in the records of the times. But in its relation with the Government of New York, it has a less conventional story.

Heavy taxation by "the Governor and the Dutch," and the threat to cut down the timber that the inhabitants of the island needed in making oil casks, aroused the three towns first named, to protest to the court at Whitehall in 1672; and that same month Governor Francis Lovelace appointed two men to look into irregular practices with regard to drift whales that came ashore on Long Island. The Long Islanders sold their oil through Boston and Connecticut towns, and this annoyed the New York Government.

In July, 1673, the Dutch regained control of New York and held it for some sixteen months, which precipitated unforeseen troubles upon the heads of the whalemen. In trade, the Dutch and the English were keen rivals, and among the European

nations Holland at that time was preëminent in whaling; so the Dutch refused the Long Island whalemen permission to buy tackle and gear from the English Colonies.

With the return of an English government, other annoyances arose or persisted. The Long Islanders were obliged to clear through New York all oil that they exported; many defied the law and some obeyed it, but at least one merchant, Benjamin Alford of Boston, got written permission to clear a large quantity of oil directly from Southampton to London, upon his paying all duties that the law required, and thus saved the time, hazard, and leakage of the voyage to New York. Some governors took pious pride in the taxes that they laid on the Long Islanders, and so matters went, in spite of the act of 1708 for the "Encouragement of Whaling"—largely concerned with keeping the Indians sober and out of jail when they were hired to go after whales—until in 1716 Samuel Mulford of Easthampton, a stout-hearted, energetic, and resourceful, if eccentric, man summed up his grievances in a petition to the King. He pointed out that it had been the old practice to lay a duty on drift whales and to exempt from duty whales killed at sea; but that in 1696 the Government had declared that a whale was a "royal fish" and belonged to the Crown; therefore all whales must be licensed and one fourteenth of all oil and bone must be delivered in New York, a hundred miles away. Also, although the Government had formerly made every effort, solely with the desire of furthering the industry, to keep the Indians in a state of sobriety appropriate to whaling, it had now begun legal action against Mulford for hiring Indians to serve in his whaling crews.

Mulford fought the matter out with Governor Hunter of New York, was downed by legal proceedings in the colony, slipped away secretly to London, read his memorial in the House of Commons, attracted vast attention by fish hooks sewed inside his pockets to catch a pickpocket—a novel scheme which proved surprisingly successful—and prevailed upon the authorities there to intervene with the Governor in behalf of the whalemen.

So up and down our Eastern coast, whaling was a flourishing industry in the early 'seventies. The Long Island fleets had held their own; and if the Cape Cod fleets had lost ground in the race for whaling supremacy, if whaling from Martha's Vineyard had never flourished as did whaling elsewhere, yet the Nantucket fleet had grown, and in the old township of Dartmouth was beginning the fleet that later was to outstrip all the others.

On both sides of the Atlantic the white flames of whale-oil lamps were lighting thousands upon thousands of homes, churches, factories, and shops. Manufacturers, who used oil in making soft soap, varnishes, and paints, in lubricating machinery, and in finishing leather and coarse woollen clothes, bought large quantities of it. The processes of refining spermaceti and making sperm candles, which for a long time were closely guarded secrets, had been made public property by the diligent experimenting of would-be competitiors. They filtered the head matter and treated it with potash-lye, which gave them the white, soft, brittle substance that they mixed with beeswax to keep it from granulating, and used in ointments as well as in candles. The market for whalebone was steady and profitable. In short, from most points of view, the future promised well for the whalemen.

III

THE REVOLUTION

WHEN the American Revolution broke out, Nantucket was the great whaling centre of the American colonies; New Bedford in a comparatively few years had given promise of its future preëminence; and the whalemen of Long Island were working away undisturbed by any thought of disputes between later historians as to whether the men of Long Island or those of Cape Cod were the first American whalers.

In Europe, Dutch whaling had gained rapidly from the year when the Noordsche Company lost its monopoly (1642), and, being thereafter free to all, it had made still greater gains, affected, of course, by the subsequent fall and rise of prices. Thus it had climbed to the first place among whaling nations. The Germans held a strong, although much less important, position. The French were still whaling in a small way. And England had made a sound, if as yet small, beginning of a new fleet. In spite of the bounties by which England sought to build her whaling, in spite of every hindrance given the colonial fleets, it was from the American colonies that the strongest rivals of the Dutch were sailing when a certain quaint skirmish was fought at Lexington, Massachusetts.

Already the seas where colonial vessels cruised for whales were threatened with a variety of perils, for such dangers as some people to-day associate, perhaps, with a more remote past persisted, in reality, until the founding of the republic was an old story. Occasional whalemen crossed boarding knives with the cutlasses of pirates; and of pirates there is something that should be said in this connection. The general glamour of romance that has somehow been thrown over piratical days blinds a good many fairly intelligent persons to the true char-

acter of the "good old times." The pirates who coursed up and down our coasts—and they were exactly like other pirates the world over—could have given lessons in ingenious, cold-blooded cruelty to the North American Indian: they could have given lessons in deliberate, abysmal vice to the most perverted cliques in ancient Sodom. If you think that I exaggerate, go back to the old narratives written originally in Dutch and French and Portuguese, and translated into English in the 17th Century. If to-day you were to print the whole, true stories of some of their exploits, you would have to defy the laws of the United States of America. And, as more than one tale set down by some lucky survivor bears witness, the days of piracy overlapped by a wide margin the days of American whaling.

In the 18th Century the word "pirate" meant privateers as well as sea-robbers, and, for the matter of that, there was sometimes no great difference between them. The slow "blubber-hunters," cruising back and forth across the whaling grounds, were easily found and taken. It was not uncommon to have news that one or another of the whaling vessels was thus lost.

There is a story of one such adventure, in April, 1771, that turned out more fortunately. "Two Nantucket whaling-sloops, commanded respectively by Isaiah Chadwick and Obed Bunker, were lying at anchor in the harbour of Abaco, when a ship appeared off the mouth of the harbor with her signals set for assistance. With that readiness to aid distressed shipmates which has ever been a distinguishing trait of American whalemen, one of the captains with a boat's crew made up of men from each sloop hastened to render such help as was in their power. The vessel's side reached, the captain immediately boarded her to find what was desired, and much to his surprise had a pistol presented to his head by the officer in command, with a peremptory demand that he should pilot the ship into the harbor. He assured the commander that he was a stranger there, but that there was a man in his boat who was acquainted with the port. The man was called and persuaded in the same manner in which the captain had been. The argument used to demonstrate the prudence of his compliance with the request

being so unanswerable the man performed the service, anchoring the ship where a point of land lay between her and the sloops. This being done, the boat was dismissed and the men returned to their vessels. The Nantucket captains now held a consultation as to what course should be pursued. Those who had been on board the ship noticed that the men seemed to be all armed. They also observed, walking alone in the cabin, a man. The conclusion arrived at was that the ship was in the hands of pirates and that the man in the cabin was the former captain, and measures were immediately inaugurated to secure the vessel and crew. To this end an invitation was extended to the usurping captain, his officers, and passengers to dine on board one of the sloops. The courtesy was accepted, and the pirate captain and his boatswain, with the displaced captain as representative of the passengers, repaired on board the sloop. After a short time he became uneasy and proposed to return to his own vessel, but he was seized by the whalemen and bound fast and his intentions frustrated. The actual captain now explained the situation: the ship sailed from Bristol to the coast of Africa, from thence carrying a cargo of slaves to the West Indies, and was on her return home with a cargo of sugar when the mutiny occurred, it being the intention of the mutineers to become pirates, a business at that time quite thrifty and promising. Our fishermen now told the boatswain that if he would go on board the ship and bring the former mate, who was in irons, and aid in recapturing the vessel, they would endeavour to have him cleared from the penalties of the law, and they prudently intimated to him that there was a man-of-war within two hours' sail from which they could obtain force enough to overpower his associates. As a further act of prudence they told him they would set a certain signal when they had secured help from the ship of war.

"The boatswain not returning according to the agreement made, one sloop weighed anchor and stood toward the pirate-ship as though to pass on one side of her. As she approached, the mutineers shifted their guns over to the side which it seemed apparent she would pass and trained them so as to sink her

when she sailed by. But those who navigated the sloop were fully alive to these purposes, and as she neared the ship her course was suddenly changed and she swept by on the other side and was out of range of the guns before the buccaneers could recover from their surprise and reshift and retrain their cannon. The sloop stood upon her course till they were out of sight of the ship, then tacking, the signal agreed with the boatswain was set and she steered boldly for the corsair. As she hove in sight, the pirates, recognizing the sign, and believing an armed force from the man-of-war was on board the whaling vessel, fled precipitately to the shore, where they were speedily apprehended on their character being known. The whalemen immediately boarded their prize, released the mate, and carried the ship to New Providence, where a bounty of $2,500 was allowed them for the capture and where the chief of the mutineers was hanged."[1]

In spite of oppression and pirates, whaling as an American industry had grown and prospered until the Revolution, but when the war broke out, it came virtually to an end. A vessel that put to sea was almost sure to be captured, and if by adroit management, uncommon speed, or God's compassion she escaped capture, she could reach no foreign market with her oil. Lost vessels, raided ports, plundered warehouses, were the harvest of those years. Nantucket, hardest hit, because most dependent upon her whaling fleets, struggled desperately against starvation. For a time the Islanders succeeded in using some of their vessels in trading with the West Indies—oil, candles, fish, and lumber for such cargoes as salt and molasses—but the growing privateer fleets, which the British sent out as soon as they had seized American ports, soon put an end to even this. Some of their prisoners enlisted in the British Navy, for there were Tories by sea as well as by land; some officered and manned a whaling fleet of seventeen vessels for the coast of Brazil; some burrowed out of prisons; and some, who came home from the prison ships, brought back from Old England to the whaling ports of New England, grim stories of vermin, hunger, and death.

[1]Alexander Starbuck. History of the American Whale Fishery, p. 55.

In 1781, in answer to one of numerous petitions sent to the British commanders from time to time by the people, Rear Admiral Robert Digby issued twenty-four permits according to which the Nantucket vessel named within each was allowed to go on whaling voyages unmolested by His Majesty's ships and vessels of war, as well as by all privateers and letters of marque. Seventeen Nantucket vessels sailed with these permits in 1781. Of these, fourteen made successful voyages, one was burned, in defiance of her papers, and two were taken as prizes to New York. The next year twenty-four vessels sailed, of which twenty-one succeeded in their voyages. One the British took to New York, in defiance of her papers; two the Yankees took to Salem and Boston, because of their papers. These two the courts released, for the plight of Nantucket was well known, and in 1783 the American Congress agreed that the Islanders should be allowed to go whaling unmolested by Continental vessels, notwithstanding their British papers.

When the war ended, the once vigorous, firmly rooted industry, was—except for the struggling Nantucket branch, which persisted feebly—quite dead.

IV

IN THE DOLDRUMS

ALTHOUGH, for the time being, the American Revolution virtually made an end of whaling out of American ports, circumstances at the end of the war were so favourable for rebuilding the industry that the whaling towns were vastly encouraged.

On February 3, 1783, the ship *Bedford*, owned by William Rotch of Nantucket and flying the Stars and Stripes, arrived at the Downs with a cargo of four hundred and eighty-seven butts of whale oil. On the same day she passed Gravesend, and three days later she was reported at the custom house. "This," an old historian says, "is the first vessel which has displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes of America in any British port."

So many acts of Parliament against the American "rebels" were still in force that the Commissioners of Customs consulted the Lords of Council before they would admit a whaler built, manned, and owned by Americans. But they did admit her, and both she and the *Industry*, another Nantucket vessel which arrived shortly, sold their oil for a good price.

Meanwhile, the vessels that put to sea on whaling voyages found that whales were more plentiful. The years of war, when whaling virtually ceased, had enabled them to regain something of their former numbers, and they showed signs of returning to the New England coast, whence the activities of whalemen before the Revolution had been driving them. Above all, they were less wary than in the old days when the life of the more fortunate whale had been one long succession of hairbreadth escapes from the irons of eager boat-steerers.

With brightest hopes for the future, then, the old whaling

families began to rebuild their fleets; and they pursued the industry with such vigour that in their eager search for larger and more easily obtained cargoes they pushed out into new whaling grounds and thus laid the foundation of the great period of exploration in the middle of the next century.

Nantucket, Boston, Hingham, Welfleet, Braintree, Newburyport, Plymouth, Bristol, Providence, New London, Sag Harbour, and Hudson, all reëntered the industry, and the whaling houses undertook to restore whale products to the place of economic importance from which the various substitutes evolved during the eight years of war had thrust them. But the period of hope was short-lived, and the whalemen soon found need of the determined spirit with which William Rotch of Nantucket, in spite of losing more than sixty thousand dollars, had maintained his fleet during the war.

The arrival at London of the oil-laden American vessels, *Bedford* and *Industry*, had seriously disturbed the English Government, which was paying heavy bounties in order to build up the British whaling industry. In 1784, Leith, Dunbar, and Dundee were about at the ebb tide of the Scottish whaling that had reached its high-water mark in 1755 and 1766; but whaling out of Liverpool was growing; and the Hull whaling fleet, which had suffered heavily during the war with America when the Government took most of its vessels for transport service, was making a new start. (It is interesting to note that the most famous of Hull whalers, which sailed on her first whaling voyage in 1874, was the *Truelove*, a vessel built in Philadelphia in 1864 and captured by the British.) Not to mention in detail other ports that swelled the total of the British whaling fleets, nine vessels in the southern whale fishery were registered from London, Poole, and Bristol in 1783. To secure the industry, but recently placed on a firm base after long competition with a newly revived and vigorous rival, the British Government placed a duty of £18 a tun on foreign oil.

That, so far as American whalemen were concerned, closed the British market for sperm oil. The price of oil, which had been £30 before the war, fell to £17; this meant an actual money loss.

The number of whaling ports suddenly decreased. It was even suggested that Nantucket, as a desperate measure, be made neutral territory and thus saved from ruin. And in 1785 the Massachusetts Legislature offered bounties of £5 a tun on white sperm oil, £3 a tun on yellow sperm oil, and £2 a tun on whale oil, provided that residents of Massachusetts owned and manned the vessel, which must land the oil at a Massachusetts port.

This caused another curious disturbance in the industry, for the whalemen, stimulated by the bounties, went to work with such enthusiasm and diligence that they flooded the market and forced down the price of oil. Tallow candles had of necessity replaced oil for many purposes during the Revolution, and the demand for oil did not begin to require the supply the vessels brought home. At that time the whalemen had abundant reason to regard their last state as appreciably worse than their first.

In 1785, the year in which the Massachusetts Legislature established the bounty on oil, sperm and whale, that indomitable whaleman, William Rotch, sailed for England to take into his own hands the future of the Nantucket whalemen.

It was he who had gone to New York to persuade Rear-Admiral Robert Digby to permit the Nantucket ships to go whaling during the war. It was he, again, who had gone with Samuel Starbuck to Philadelphia to persuade the Continental Congress to permit Nantucket vessels carrying British permits to go unmolested by American cruisers. And it was he also who appeared in court at Boston in behalf of two such vessels which American privateers had brought into port in defiance of the papers issued by the authority of Congress. His success in these various missions had given him a position of prominence and authority.

Arriving in England, he applied to the Government for financial assistance in transplanting a body of whalers from Nantucket to an English port.

That the British Government appreciated the resourcefulness and skill of American whalemen there is no doubt whatever.

When English privateers or men-of-war had captured American vessels, the officers had given all whalemen in the crews their choice of sailing in the British whaling fleet or in the British Navy. Thus they got enough whalemen to man seventeen vessels, who preferred whale hunting to fighting against their own country.

A pleasing story is told, too, that exemplifies the willingness of the British to use a good man in one capacity or another, with small regard for minor differences of opinion. When in Halifax one day the Duke of Clarence, Admiral of the British fleet (and later William IV, King of England) was annoying a girl with his attentions, and one Mr. Greene, the young mate of a Nantucket whaler, came to the rescue and threw the Admiral down a flight of stairs. When the Admiral had recovered his composure, he showed his sportsmanship by sending for Mr. Greene, the mate, to offer him a commission in the navy, but Mr. Greene, who had discreetly retired to his own vessel, was unwilling to put his trust in princes and refused to stir thence.

Further, besides knowing that the British were glad enough to get American whalemen for their own whaling fleets, we know that the Government was trying its best at that very time to promote British whaling for its own sake. But William Pitt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, kept the doughty Rotch a long time waiting, and Lord Hawksbury, whom Pitt appointed to deal with the American, stimulated by an ill-considered thrift, attempted to drive a close bargain by offering Rotch £87 10s. for the transportation of each family of five persons, instead of the £100 for transportation and the settlement of an additional £100 that Rotch asked.

Rotch then went to France. There the five ministers who had authority to handle the matter agreed to give him what he asked, and closed the bargain in just five hours.

This project of Rotch's introduces the brief passage in the history of the American whaling fleet, that we may call its Book of Exodus, and although to Rotch the response of Nantucketers to his plan was disappointing, it affords an interesting

reversal of our usual experience with regard to immigration. Tempted by the offer of religious freedom, land, no import duty on their whaling products and food supplies, all the bounties and other privileges of native fishermen, besides a special premium awarded in proportion to the tonnage of those of their vessels that engaged in whaling, exemption from military service, the right to command their own ships and choose their own crews, and the assurance that the French Government would exact increased duty on all oil that might come into France from other countries, nine families, comprising thirty-three persons, sailed from Nantucket to France.

When Rotch had refused to bargain and had left England for the Continent, the British Government had sent straight to Nantucket and had succeeded in persuading two families to remove to Nova Scotia. Of course, they tried to persuade others, but the more cautious were kept back by an appeal from Lafayette that they wait for further word from France. Later a number of these other families followed the first two, and founded the village of Dartmouth on Halifax Bay, and still others moved across the Atlantic to Milford Haven.

Thus, under the embargo of 1807, it came to pass that there was a period between our Revolution and the War of 1812, when one hundred and forty-nine Nantucket captains commanded British whaling vessels and eighty-one Nantucket captains commanded French whaling vessels.

The experiences of the emigrants were various. British cruisers, presumably by order of the chagrined Lord Hawksbury, intercepted at least one of Rotch's vessels on the way to France, and when in 1793 Rotch himself, knowing that war between France and England was inevitable, hurried to England, he got there in time to recover two more of his vessels laden with oil, that the English had captured and condemned. Other members of the family remained in France and carried on a whaling business there until 1855, but William Rotch, when, after eight years on the Continent and another in England, he returned to Nantucket, was so ill received there, because of stigma incurred by his first leaving the Island, that he moved

to New Bedford. In New Bedford he lived the rest of his life and died in 1828.

Some whalemen, meanwhile, had sold their vessels and abandoned the business, and whaling prospects in the America of the seventies and eighties were gloomy; but in 1789 France offered a market for whale products from America, and business picked up. The "boom" lasted only three years or so, and in itself it was of small importance; but in certain ways it had a peculiarly far-reaching influence on the American whaling industry as a whole.

Finding that whales were once more scarce in New England waters, the whaling towns sent out larger vessels on longer voyages. Following the example of English whalemen, who had gone a few years before to the whaling grounds of the Pacific, which various earlier sailors and travellers had discovered and recorded, they sent their vessels round the Horn. It was in 1791 that a fleet of six sails, the first American vessels to hunt whales in the Pacific, put out from Nantucket and New Bedford on a pioneer voyage and began the expansion of the industry that was eventually to reach the Arctic seas beyond Bering Strait, the Indian Ocean, and South Georgia.

And from all this, the end of whaling out of Nantucket followed logically and surely!

That island home of American whaling, where for a time the industry had grown fastest and prospered most, has a harbour in some respects excellent, but blocked by a bar at its mouth against vessels that drew more than ten feet. Small vessels, such as those earlier whalemen had sailed, crossed the bar with little hindrance; but as the whalers went on longer voyages and used larger vessels to meet the new conditions, they found the bar increasingly difficult to cross, and though the Islanders resorted to lighters, with which they landed part of their cargoes, they were only postponing the day when Nantucket must fall behind in the race for supremacy among whaling towns and must finally abandon the race altogether. Nantucket had shown many another town the way, and she fought hard to hold her place, but the Government would not help the com-

munity cut a channel through the bar nor would it abate the necessity of paying custom-house expenses twice when the vessels were forced to visit other ports to discharge cargoes. So, although the Islanders even resorted to a floating dock in an effort to carry their vessels into harbour, the bar defeated them conclusively after a losing fight of nearly three quarters of a century.

As for the lively times in the whaling industry, which followed when France began to buy our whale products, they came to a sudden end when the French Revolution broke out. There was no profit in shipping oil and bone to France, and the activities of the whaling fleet served only to flood the home market and drive down the prices, until bone that had brought a dollar a pound would bring only ten cents a pound, and oil would not bring enough to pay the cost of getting it. Add to this the danger of losing whaling vessels to French privateers during our brief naval war with France in the last two years of the century, together with insurance rates so high that even a "full ship" must lose money, and it is a matter for small wonder that our whaling again nearly ceased.

Nearly fifty years later, although the Government arranged with France a settlement of our claims for losses sustained at this time, some of the old Nantucket families that had lost virtually all their property by the raids of French privateers were left in actual poverty. Of the ship *Joanna*, Captain Alpheas Coffin, which was lost, with 2,000 barrels of oil on board, to a French privateer, one of the owners, one of the crew, and the children of master and mate, were living in poverty in 1846. The vessel and her cargo were valued at $40,000. Of the ship *Minerva*, Captain Fitch, which was lost with 1,500 barrels of oil on board, one of the owners, the master, and one of the crew were living in comparative poverty, though her cargo had been worth $30,000. The ship *Active*, Captain Garder, worth, with her cargo of 300 barrels of oil on board, $50,000, was another example—the survivors and heirs of those who had owned and sailed her were left virtually penniless. One of those Nantucketers who lost vessels to privateers died in the alms-

house. In 1853 aged Captain Coffin Whipply, who had lost two vessels, one in 1796, the other in 1798, was dependent on charity.

The 25,000,000 francs that France, by the treaty concluded on July 4, 1831, agreed to pay the United States, was enough to pay for about a fifth of the damage she had done, and there was a further delay of five years before we succeeded in collecting even that.

During the period when French privateers were plundering our shipping, the alliance between France and Spain, which made it possible for French vessels to use Spanish ports and islands as bases, caused further disasters to our whalemen by stimulating Spanish privateersmen to emulate the French. In January, 1799, the Nantucket ship *Commerce*, Captain Amaziah Gardner, ran afoul the Spaniards at St. Mary's, who sorely misused the captain, the mate, and a boat's crew; the ship *Maryland*, Captain Liscomb, of New York, on a whaling and sealing voyage, suffered the double misfortune of falling first into the hands of the Spaniards at St. Mary's, who abused them barbarously, and then into the hands of a French privateersman, who robbed the ship of 2,000 sealskins.

A French privateer, the *Reliance*, captured the ship *Nancy*, Captain Swain, of New Bedford, which sailed February 12, 1798, on a whaling voyage to Desolation, whither no American vessel and only one English vessel had preceded her; the United States brig *Eagle* recaptured her. In 1799, a French privateer captured the ship *Rebecca*, Captain Andrew Gardner, of New Bedford. This ship an English vessel recaptured, and claiming half the value of vessel and cargo as salvage, sent her into Nova Scotia.

Every turn of European politics affected the fortunes of our whalemen in the years between the Revolution and the War of 1812; each brief season of prosperity came to a disastrous end. There are few records of personal adventure during those years. We know little or nothing about most of the men who officered and sailed the whaling fleets. But they worried along, somehow or other, and with inextinguishable hope went back

to the whaling grounds when the state of the seas permitted.

The embargo of 1807 for a time made an end of exporting whale products, thus also keeping the prices at home too low to permit a fair profit; and the danger from English privateers made it virtually impossible to get any insurance at all. Then, although American whaling had been gaining somewhat between 1800 and 1807, the Berlin and Milan decrees, and the retaliatory orders which closed European ports to our commerce, hit it still another blow.

Adventure and romance there must have been. Rough and dirty though the trade was, they were unquestionably a part of it, as they are part and parcel of every trade—when viewed from enough distance to give the right perspective—in which men match their powers against superior physical force in a war to the death. And though the history of the fighting whales, the stove boats, and the mutinous crews of the period is unwritten, even the mere business side of it all is pregnant with stories of brave tilting against adverse fortune.

But America then, as at virtually all other times in her whaling history, had no monopoly of the industry, and in the years when the American whaling fleet was rolling in the doldrums of war and peace and glutted markets, gay young men were adventuring in the whaling vessels of northern Europe, and at least one lad, who wrote a book that ran through many editions, was observing the methods of whaling practised by the Indians of the Northwest Coast of America, where the Nootka Indians had taken his ship and massacred every member of the crew but himself and one other. As a prisoner among the Indians for nearly three years, he observed their methods of whaling and eventually incorporated them in the book that he wrote to tell the story of his adventures.[1]

As one of the principal sources of their food, and as the source of the bones of which they made war clubs and the sinews that they used for fishing lines, whaling held in the eyes of the Nootka

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[1] "A Narrative of the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt."

Indians a place of marked importance; hence it is not a matter for wonder that it should partake of the characteristics both of a royal sport and of a religious festival. It was the prerogative and duty of the king to kill the first whale of the season, regardless of the opportunities that chance might afford to someone else, and no person whatsoever was permitted to strike any whale until the king had drawn first blood, if the king was present at the hunting. Further, so long as any chief was present, no one of the common people was permitted to touch a living whale.

As the season approached in the spring, the king would go secretly, very early in the morning, into the mountains to sing and pray for successful whaling, and after a day of solitude, would return late at night. Twice, as the tribe neared the whaling ground, he would repeat the ceremony, and after the third day in the wilderness he would affect a thoughtful and gloomy manner for forty-eight hours, fasting and scarcely speaking, wearing a broad band of red bark round his head as a mark of humility, and a branch of spruce in his top-knot, and always carrying a great rattle in his hand.

The rites grew in severity and importance as the day of whaling drew near. For a week the king and his canoemen ate little, and several times every day, going into the water to bathe, they sang and rubbed themselves from head to foot with shells and bushes until the skin was bruised and torn. Finally, as the one thing that above all others was necessary to bring them success, they abstained from intercourse with women. If ill fortune attended them during the whaling season, they attributed it to someone's transgression of this rule.

To make their harpoons, they sharpened pieces of bone on one side and hollowed them out on the other, and so shaped them that when they were set together in the forms of flukes or barbs with the sharp edges pointing out, the staff or shaft would fit into the hollow. These they lashed to the shaft, and to crown the whole they fitted a point of mussel shell ground sharp, which they fastened in place with pitch. To the head of the harpoon they then made fast a line of whale sinew some nine feet long,

and to this, fifty or sixty feet of bark rope to which were secured at intervals twenty or thirty inflated sealskins.

Seriously hindered in his flight by this buoyant trailer, the whale, once fairly struck, was doomed unless the barbs or points broke, for the head of the harpoon, slipping off the shaft, as does the removable toggle of the Esquimaux' harpoon, remained deep in the wound, and the howling horde of red men in their dugouts swarmed after the frightened beast and sooner or later badgered it to death. But many whales were lost, because the bone and shell broke, and because it was not easy, with so crude a weapon, to strike fairly; perhaps also because so much depended upon the skill of a single man, especially early in the season, when not the mightiest chief would presume to strike a whale before the king had killed.

"The whaling season now commenced," Jewitt says, "and Maquina was out every day in his canoe in pursuit of them, but for a considerable time with no success, one day breaking the staff of his harpoon, another, after having been a long time fast to a whale, the weapon drawing, owing to the breaking of the shell which formed its point, with several such like accidents, arising from the imperfection of the instrument. At these times he always returned very morose and out of temper, upbraiding his men with having violated their obligation to continence preparatory to whaling. In this state of ill humour he would give us very little to eat, which added to the women not cooking when the men are away, reduced us to very low fare.

"In consequence of the repeated occurrence of similar accidents, I proposed to Maquina to make him a harpoon or foreganger of steel, which would be less likely to fail him. The idea pleased him, and in a short time I completed one for him, with which he was much delighted, and the very next day went out to make a trial of it. He succeeded with it in taking a whale. Great was the joy throughout the village as soon as it was known that the king had secured a whale, by notice from a person stationed at the head-land in the offing. All the canoes were immediately launched, and, furnished with harpoons and sealskin floats, hastened to assist in buoying it up and towing

it in. The bringing in of this fish exhibited a scene of universal festivity. As soon as the canoes appeared at the mouth of the cove, those on board of them singing a song of triumph to a slow air, to which they kept time with their paddles, all who were on shore, men, women, and children, mounted the roofs of their houses, to congratulate the king on his success, drumming most furiously on the planks, and exclaiming *Wocash—wocash Tyee.*

"The whale, on being drawn on shore, was immediately cut up, and a great feast of the blubber given at Maquina's house to which all the village were invited, who indemnified themselves for their lent, by eating as usual to excess. I was highly praised for the goodness of my harpoon, and a quantity of blubber given me, which I was permitted to cook as I pleased, this I boiled in salt water with some young nettles and other greens for Thompson and myself, and in this way we found it tolerable food.

"Their method of procuring the oil, is to skim it from the water in which the blubber is boiled, and when cool, put it up with whole bladders for use, and of these I have seen them so large as, when filled, would require no less than five or six men to carry. Several of the chiefs, among whom were Maquina's brothers, who after the king has caught the first whale, are privileged to take them also, were very desirous, on discovering the superiority of my harpoon, that I should make some for them, but this Maquina would not permit, reserving for himself this improved weapon. He, however, gave me directions to make a number more for himself which I executed, and also made him several lances, with which he was greatly pleased."

All this, remember, was going on in the wild and remote regions of the Northwest Coast when the wars of Napoleon were shaking Europe, when the whalemen of little New England were teetering up and down in fluctuating prosperity, helpless before economic forces to which they bent as best they could, and when our own naval war with Britain was growing every day more certain.

V

TECHNIQUE

WHALING out of American ports at the end of the 18th Century was much the same as Greenland and Spitzbergen whaling. It had passed through the various earlier phases of the industry. Blunt-bowed deep-water vessels, slow but capacious, pursued it; a great force of mechanics got their livelihood by keeping the fleet fit and equipped for sea; the growing business of the chandlers in whaling towns had already reached an impressive bulk. And at the same time the cost of outfitting a whaleship was still not prohibitive.

An 18th-Century whaling schooner out of Edgartown carried the following supplies for a cruise:[1]

"Five barrels of beef, six barrels of pork, twelve hundred pounds of bread, sixty pounds of butter, three small cheeses, five hundred pump-nails, six hundred board-nails, fifteen hundred shingle-nails, twenty-four deck-nails, thirty spikes, one mallet, two wine glasses, one dipsy-line, two scrapers, one adze, two axes, five spades, one tunnel, four barrels of flour, twelve bushels of corn, fourteen bushels of meal, a hundred pounds of rice, two barrels of rum, fifty-five gallons of molasses, twenty pounds of candles, three hundred and fourteen feet of boards, two hundred and thirty feet of boat boards, six hundred fathoms of tow line, a hundred and thirty fathoms of main ways, twenty-eight guns, twelve lances, three cod-lines, two log-lines, six gimlets, three skeins of twine, six bowls, six knives and forks, six plates, four pounds of tea, five pounds of chocolate, fifteen pounds of coffee, a hundred pounds of sugar, fifty pounds of hog's fat, five bushels of beans, one platter, two brooms, two hour glasses, one lantern, fifty pounds of spun

[1]Alexander Starbuck. History of the American Whale Fishery, p. 110.

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yarn, four pump-bolts, three pump-brakes, six upper boxes, four lower boxes, one pump-hook, one draw-bucket, two cedar pails, one hand-pump, two finishing planes, one pound of pepper, one speaking-trumpet, two half-minute glasses, one punch bowl, six tea cups and saucers, one and a half pounds of powder and shot, one drawing knife, one candle-stick, three skeins of marling, three skeins of housing, eight spare blocks, one cat-block, forty fathoms of spare rigging, one sounding-lead, one boat-hook, twelve sail needles, eighteen yards of mending cloth, one pare knife, one Jackknife, ten pounds of chalk, one bung-borer, three chisels, one hand saw, one large hammer, one pump-hammer."

Besides all this, the one small whaling vessel about to sail on a short cruise required the services of riggers, sailmakers, carpenters, and smiths. Thus equipped for sea, she might be worth ten or twelve thousand dollars. Now consider that the men who worked on her, outfitted her and officered her—even, possibly, some of those who manned her—very likely owned shares in her and thus shared directly as well as indirectly in the profits of the voyage. One thing that sent American whaling forward with such vigour that it soon overtook its far older European rivals was the common interest, in every voyage, of all upon whom the success of the voyage depended. The intense local pride of particular communities in their whaling fleets, which survives to this very day, is in large part the result of that complete coöperation.

A Nantucket ship setting out on a sperm-whaling voyage of a year and a half into the Pacific carried a crew of seventeen and included in her equipment four hundred iron-hooped casks and fourteen hundred wooden-hooped casks, forty barrels of salt provisions, three and a half tons of bread, thirty bushels of beans and peas, a thousand pounds of rice, forty gallons of molasses and twenty-four barrels of flour. During her voyage she bought in addition, two hundredweight of bread. She was a vessel of two hundred and forty tons and, including her outfit, she cost $10,212. In size she might be anywhere from thirty to three

hundred tons. The extent of her voyages would vary from brief offshore cruises to an absence of more than two years beyond the Horn. Her crew would range from the few men necessary in handling the smallest craft to the twenty-five or thirty, or more, needed to man the vessel of four or five boats. She might carry one boat; she might carry four or five.

To assert that one thing or another was, or was not, done at a given period in the history of whaling, and that the rule knows no exceptions, is dangerous. Whoever ventures such assertions is likely to be tripped up by the heels. It takes no great study of the available documents to reveal that the number of exceptions to every such rule is liable at any time to become disconcerting; and the fallacy of saying that customs not practised today were never practised is obvious. The various forms through which the cry of the lookout on sighting a whale has passed in the years from the old Dutch "Val! Val!" to the modern "Blo-o-o-o-ows!" afford an example of this. Every reader is familiar with the traditional "There she blows!" Scores of unimpeachable authorities have testified to it. It has come down through various combinations and abbreviations—"Thar blows!" "She blows!" "There she blows!" "Blows! Blows! Thar blows!"—to the familiar cry of the modern whaleman, which begins in a rumbling bellow deep down in his chest and rises to a wailing falsetto, where it clings and trembles, until it is quite breathed out. Yet there are whalemen of brief and recent experience who will say, on the authority of their own observations, that the call with which they are familiar is the only one that has ever been.

The whaleship of the period would carry, besides her captain, two, three, or four mates, according to her size and the number of her boats, and from one to four boat-steerers. The mates lived aft, the boat-steerers probably in the steerage, and all ate at the cabin table. Except for the presence of those "warrant officers," if we may borrow the term, the boat-steerers or harpooners, which were peculiar to the whaling industry, the personnel and precedence of the cabin was exactly like that of any merchantman, although the whaler usually carried more mates in pro-

portion to her size. But the boat-steerers were an anomaly in sea life, and strange stories are told of awkward situations and hungry days to which they sentenced themselves when they visited merchantmen where, their pride of office and precedence passing unrecognized, they were excluded from the cabin table and would not cast official dignity to the winds for the sake of comfort and plenty in the forecastle.

Of the formalities of a whaler's cabin, I have found no picture that equals the one drawn by Herman Melville in "Moby Dick."

"It is noon; and Dough-Boy, the steward, thrusting his pale loaf-of-bread face from the cabin-scuttle, announces dinner to his lord and master: who, sitting in the lee quarter-boat, has just been taking an observation of the sun; and is now mutely reckoning the latitude on the smooth, medallion-shaped tablet, reserved for that daily purpose of the upper part of his ivory leg. From his complete inattention to the tidings, you would think that moody Ahab had not heard his menial. But presently, catching hold of the mizzen shrouds, he swings himself to the deck, and in an even, unexhilarated voice, saying, 'Dinner, Mr. Starbuck,' disappears into the cabin.

"When the last echo of his sultan's step has died away. and Starbuck, the first Emir, has every reason to suppose that he is seated, then Starbuck rouses from his quietude, takes a few turns along the planks, and, after a grave peep into the binnacle, says, with some touch of pleasantness, 'Dinner, Mr. Stubb,' and descends the scuttle. The second Emir lounges about the rigging awhile, and then slightly shaking the main brace, to see whether it will be all right with that important rope, he likewise takes up the old burden, and with a rapid 'Dinner, Mr. Flask,' follows after his predecessors.

"But the third Emir, now seeing himself all alone on the quarter-deck, seems to feel relieved from some curious restraint; for, tipping all sorts of knowing winks in all sorts of directions, and kicking off his shoes, he strikes into a sharp but noiseless squall of a hornpipe right over the Grand Turk's head; and then, by a dexterous sleight, pitching his cap up into the mizzen-

From the sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

THE DEPARTURE

The scene is New Bedford harbour. The ship is being towed out of Buzzard's Bay. In the upper right hand corner the owner's family is seeing her off from the "whale walk."

top for a shelf, he goes down rollicking, so far at least as he remains visible from the deck, reversing all other processions, by bringing up the rear with music. But ere stepping into the cabin doorway below, he pauses, ships a new face altogether, and, then, independent, hilarious little Flask enters King Ahab's presence, in the character of Abjectus, or the Slave.

"It is not the least among the strange things bred by the intense artificialness of sea-usages, that while in the open air of the deck some officers will, upon provocation, bear themselves boldly and defyingly enough towards their commander; yet, ten to one, let those very officers the next moment go down to their customary dinner in that same commander's cabin, and straightway their inoffensive, not to say deprecatory and humble air towards him, as he sits at the head of the table; this is marvellous, sometimes most comical. Wherefore this difference? A problem? Perhaps not. To have been Belshazzar, King of Babylon; and to have been Belshazzar, not haughtily but courteously, therein certainly must have been some touch of mundane grandeur. But he who in the rightly regal and intelligent spirit presides over his own private dinner-table of invited guests, that man's unchallenged power and dominion of individual influence for the time; that man's royalty of state transcends Belshazzar's, for Belshazzar was not the greatest. Who has but once dined his friends, has tasted what it is to be Cæsar. It is a witchery of social czarship which there is no withstanding. Now, if to this consideration you superadd the official supremacy of a shipmaster, then, by inference, you will derive the cause of that peculiarity of sea-life just mentioned.

"Over his ivory-inlaid table, Ahab presided like a mute, maned sea-lion on the white coral beach, surrounded by his warlike but still deferential cubs. In his own proper turn, each officer waited to be served. They were as little children before Ahab; and yet, in Ahab, there seemed not to lurk the smallest social arrogance.

"With one mind, their intent eyes all fastened upon the old man's knife, as he carved the chief dish before him. I do not suppose that for the world they would have profaned that

moment with the slightest observation, even upon so neutral a topic as the weather. No! And when reaching out his knife and fork, between which the slice of beef was locked, Ahab thereby motioned Starbuck's plate toward him, the mate received his meat as though receiving alms; and cut it tenderly; and a little startled if, perchance, the knife grazed against the plate; and chewed it noiselessly; and swallowed it, not without circumspection. For, like the Coronation banquet at Frankfort, where the German Emperor profoundly dines with the seven Imperial Electors, so these cabin meals were somehow solemn meals, eaten in awful silence; and yet at table old Ahab forbade not conversation; only he himself was dumb. What a relief it was to choking Stubb, when a rat made a sudden racket in the hold below. And poor little Flask, he was the youngest son, and little boy of this weary family party. His were the shin-bones of the saline beef; his would have been the drumsticks. For Flask to have presumed to help himself, this must have seemed to him tantamount to larceny in the first degree. Had he helped himself at the table, doubtless, never more would he have been able to hold his head up in this honest world; nevertheless, strange to say, Ahab never forbade him. And had Flask helped himself, the chances were Ahab had never so much as noticed it. Least of all, did Flask presume to help himself to butter. Whether he thought the owners of the ship denied it to him, on account of its clotting his clear, sunny complexion; or whether he deemed that, on so long a voyage in such marketless waters, butter was at a premium, and therefore was not for him, a subaltern; however it was, Flask, alas! was a butterless man!

"Another thing. Flask was the last person down at the dinner, and Flask is the first man up. Consider! For hereby Flask's dinner was badly jammed in point of time. Starbuck and Stubb both had the start of him; and yet they also have the privilege of lounging in the rear. If Stubb even, who is but a peg higher than Flask, happens to have but a small appetite, and soon shows symptoms of concluding his repast, then Flask must bestir himself, he will not get more than three mouthfuls

that day; for it is against holy usage for Stubb to precede Flask to the deck. Therefore it was that Flask once admitted in private, that ever since he had arisen to the dignity of an officer, from that moment he had never known what it was to be otherwise than hungry, more or less. For what he ate did not so much relieve his hunger, as keep it immortal in him. Peace and satisfaction, thought Flask, have for ever departed from my stomach. I am an officer; but, how I wish I could fist a bit of old-fashioned beef in the forecastle, as I used to when I was before the mast. There's the fruits of promotion now; there's the vanity of glory: there's the insanity of life! Besides, if it were so that any mere sailor of the *Pequod* had a grudge against Flask in Flask's official capacity, all that sailor had to do, in order to obtain ample vengeance, was to go aft at dinner-time, and get a peep at Flask through the cabin sky-light, sitting silly and dumbfoundered before awful Ahab.

"Now, Ahab and his three mates formed what may be called the first table in the *Pequod's* cabin. After their departure, taking place in inverted order to their arrival, the canvas cloth was cleared, or rather was restored to some hurried order by the pallid steward. And then the three harpooneers were bidden to the feast, they being its residuary legatees. They made a sort of temporary servants' hall of the high and mighty cabin.

"In strange contrast to the hardly tolerable constraint and nameless invisible domineerings of the captain's table, was the entire care-free license and ease, the almost frantic democracy of those inferior fellows, the harpooneers. While their masters, the mates, seemed afraid of the sound of the hinges of their own jaws, the harpooneers chewed their food with such a relish that there was a report to it. They dined like lords; they filled their bellies like Indian ships all day loading with spices. Such portentous appetites had Queequeg and Tashtego, that to fill out the vacancies made by the previous repast, often the pale Dough-Boy was fain to bring on a great baron of salt-junk, seemingly quarried out of the solid ox. And if he were not lively about it, if he did not go with a nimble hop-skip-and-jump, then Tashtego had an ungentlemanly way of accelerating him by darting a

fork at his back, harpoon-wise. And once Daggoo, seized with a sudden humour, assisted Dough-Boy's memory by snatching him up bodily, and thrusting his head into a great empty wooden trencher, while Tashtego, knife in hand, began laying out the circle preliminary to scalping him. He was naturally a very nervous, shuddering sort of little fellow, this bread-faced steward; the progeny of a bankrupt baker and a hospital nurse. And what with the standing spectacle of the black terrific Ahab, and the periodical tumultuous visitations of these three savages, Dough-Boy's whole life was one continual lip-quiver. Commonly, after seeing the harpooneers furnished with all things they demanded, he would escape from their clutches into his little pantry adjoining, and fearfully peep out at them through the blinds of its door, till all was over."

The exigencies of the whaler's trade made necessary a cooper and a carpenter. Sprung casks must be repaired and new casks must be built, and no amateur workmanship would do, when leakage meant loss; and as for the carpenter, of what avail were two or three spare boats, except to serve while a skilful workman was restoring to their former strength and soundness, those stove by whales? A blacksmith often sailed in the whaler, for old irons and lances were to be straightened, and new ones forged. Always there was a cook, often a steward, and very likely a cabin boy or two. Thus the quota of "idlers" was filled. Then came the sailors, four or five for each boat, able seamen and green hands together, whose broad backs carried the industry forward from the primitive earliest whaling to the magnitude and wealth of its golden age.

It is of the sailors that one thinks first and last. They came from the whaling ports and from up-country farms. Some were eager to learn the business and to captain ships; others, especially in later years, were lured by the specious advertisements posted the country over, and were sent on their way by glib shipping agents. A few of them persisted and rose to commands; many became convinced that it was better to steal a horse and go to jail, as a saying of the day had it, than to go

whaling, and struggled home as best they could, after a single voyage. The sailors of the late 18th Century, whose oars had struck foam in seas from Davis Strait to Tierra del Fuego, were the forerunners; and although years of vicissitude were before them, they sprang to their oars and pulled to their last ounce of strength after right whale or sperm, establishing the tradition of "a dead whale or a stove boat" that every subsequent generation of whalemen has striven to maintain.

Such were the vessels, their outfits, and their personnel. Their boats were in outline trimly proportioned, double-ended craft built of thin cedar planking laid on a light frame of white oak, buoyant enough to weather virtually any sea, strong enough, thanks to the stiffness of gunwales and keel, to swing, loaded, up to the cranes, by tackles at bow and stern, and remarkably light in proportion to their strength. There were thwarts of pine, an inch thick, for five oarsmen and for the steersman, who, as soon as the boat left the ship, was in command. The clean-cut model and decided sheer made the whaleboat quick to answer the steering oar or rudder and exceptionally seaworthy.

For four feet at the stern and three feet at the bow the typical whaleboat was decked. Under the deck at the stern was the cuddy, through which the loggerhead, a well-braced timber some six inches in diameter on which to snub the running line, passed from the keel to which it was secured, up through the decking, and above it for some eight inches. Next in order, besides the centreboard, came the five thwarts, through the foremost of which was a three-inch hole for stepping a mast. Like the loggerhead, this bow thwart was braced with extra knees. Then came the "clumsycleat," a notch cut in a heavy pine plank just abaft the forward deck, into which the harpooner set his knee to brace himself for striking. Then on the sunken forward deck was the "bos" for the spare line attached to the harpoons or irons, and in the very stem the deep groove or "chocks," with a bronze roller at the bottom, through which the line was to run. To close the groove and keep the line in place a wooden pin was used; but lest a knife should catch and

take down the boat with all hands, the pin was small enough to break readily. Add, then, a crotch fixed to the bow to hold the "line" harpoons—those made fast to the line—and you have the whaleboat just as she lay, ready to be fitted.

Whaling by that time had become, perhaps, a more complicated business than it had been a few hundred years before. Given the whaleboat on deck, an almost incredible amount of fitting and tinkering was necessary before her crew would pronounce her ready in a fight where men's lives hung in the balance while she responded to the steering oar and where there was always a chance of hours, if not days, alone on the open sea. "There were numberless little beckets and cleats to be nailed and fastened in numberless little out-of-the-way nooks and crevices about the bow and stern. There were thole-pins and thole-pin mats to fit. There was a boat-spade, a boat-hatchet, and boat-compass, and water-breaker, and boat-sail, and divers nameless little necessaries to provide and fit. To see all these articles lying together upon deck, before they were placed in the new boat, one would scarcely have believed that one little whaleboat would contain them and her crew of six full-sized men into the bargain."[1]

When all minor fittings were in place there remained still the gear and craft to be installed. In the stern the officer who commanded the boat, technically the boat-header and usually a mate, wielded the longest oar of all, the sweep by which he steered the boat. This oar worked through a grommet—a ring formed by twisting on itself a single strand of unlaid rope, secured to the stern post. When the boat was under sail, especially at a later period of whaling, he might use a rudder, but for quick work in tight places the steering oar was far more effective. The harpooner, usually a boat-steerer, pulled the "harpoon oar" until he struck, then, immediately, he changed places with the boat-header who assumed responsibility for lancing the whale. Thus, from his point of vantage in the stern, the officer in command was able to direct the chase with judgment based on broader experience, and held the post that required

[1]Charles Nordhoff. Whaling and Fishing, p. 112.

greatest skill and knowledge. (Incidentally, the ranking officer thus escaped the backbreaking labour of many a long pull after the whale.)

It will be seen that this division of responsibility and labour gave the boat, since the harpooner pulled a starboard oar, three oars to starboard and two to larboard or port. This want of balance was compensated by varying the lengths of the oars. The oarsmen were called, from bow to stern, harpooner, bow oarsman, midship oarsman, tub oarsman, and stroke oarsman. Taking the oars of a particular boat as an example, since the lengths were relative and not arbitrarily fixed, the harpoon and stroke oars were fourteen feet long, the tub and bow oars sixteen feet, and the midship oar eighteen feet. Thus the two shortest and the longest pulled against the two of medium length, and when the harpooner or mate was standing in the bow to strike or lance the whale, the longest and shortest oars pulled against the other two.

If wind permitted, the boats swept down on whales under sail, lest the sound of oars alarm them. If a dead calm prevailed, paddles were used for the same reason. When oars were used, the sound was muffled as well as might be by mats carefully greased.

To the different oarsmen fell different responsibilities. Of the four the bow oarsman had most to do, and to choose a man to pull the bow oar was to honour him above his fellows. He took the lances out of their beckets for the boat-header, took the sheaths off the lance-heads, and held the line according to the boat-header's orders, to bring the boat into the best position for lancing. The midship oarsman, having to pull the longest oar, was chosen for size and strength. It devolved upon the tub oarsman to drench the line when the whale was sounding, lest friction set it on fire; and the stroke oarsman, besides setting the stroke, was called upon to help clear the line and coil it down as they hauled it in.

In the after part of the boat, as the position of the tub oarsman indicates, rested the big tub which held the whale line. It was perhaps a yard in diameter, and the two ends of the line

thrust out over the edge, one with an eye-splice in it, to make it easier to bend on with haste the second line that many boats carried, or a line from a second boat, if a whale bade fair to exhaust the first line.

One of the great dangers of whaling was a kink in the line. There are innumerable records of lost limbs, or of men snatched bodily out of whaleboats by a running line, some of them to be found, hours later, dead in the hempen coils, others taken so suddenly that their shipmates knew of their loss only when they discovered their absence, and never seen again. Hence the most scrupulous care was exerted to make sure that the fakes should lie in exact spirals without wrinkle or twist. Melville tells of harpooners who used to spend a morning coiling down the line and who made sure that it was free of every twist by carrying it aloft to reeve it through a block before bringing it to the tub.

The line itself was made of hemp in the old days, but later of long-fibred manila, which is softer, more flexible, and, it is said, stronger. It was loosely but carefully laid, and very lightly tarred, since much tar would make it too stiff for its purpose. Each line was between two hundred and three hundred fathoms long.

From the tub, the line led aft to the loggerhead, over which it was given as many turns as the occasion might require. Thence it led forward, passing always above the looms of the oars and between the groups of three on each side of the boat, to the chocks through which they rove it, drawing out a couple of dozen fathoms to be coiled and laid in the box in the bows.

To the whale line were made fast two irons. These, in the earlier days of our whaling, as in the whaling days that preceded our own, were of the conventional arrowhead shape. Of later forms, I shall speak in the proper place. The heads of those old irons were forged of steel; the shanks, of soft iron. Into the hollow sockets were fitted rough handles of, say, hickory with the bark left on it to give, by its roughness, a sure grip. Round the shank, they spliced fast one end of a short piece of

whale line, which terminated at the other end in an eye-splice. This line they lightly seized to the wooden handle and made fast to the end of the whale line that led from the tubs. Two irons were secured thus to the single line and laid in the crotch ready for the harpooner, whose intention it was to get fast with both, but who was obliged at all cost to get the second iron overboard in case he failed to drive it home, lest its razor-sharp edge do irreparable damage when the line snapped taut.

Several spare irons and two or three lances lashed above the thwarts, a knife and hatchet in the bow to cut the line in an emergency, and a boat-spade or fluke-spade and a boat-hook completed the armament of the old-time whaleboat.

Add to all this equipment a lantern, candles, a compass, hand cloths, bandages, the means for striking fire, waifs, and a drug.

The whaling lance was a spear without flukes. The oval head was ground to a keen edge, and the long shank and long handle, to which a light warp was secured lest it be lost, fitted it admirably for the purpose of piercing to the "life" of the whale.

The boat-spade, or fluke-spade, was of somewhat the size and shape that a man's hand would be if he held it out flat and cut his fingers off at the first joint, but somewhat thinner and larger. It was mounted on a long handle to take the place of the man's arm and was intended to cut by thrusting or pushing. With this weapon, ground to a fine edge, the boat-header would try, if occasion offered, to "hamstring the whale" by cutting the tendons of its flukes.

The waifs were pennants to mark the floating bodies of dead whales. The drugs were structures of plank to be made fast to the line and impeded the flight of the whale by dragging like a sea anchor in its wake.

A whaleman of four boats would usually (there have been, I know, many exceptions to this rule) carry three on the larboard side—the larboard, the waist, and the bow boats—and one — the captain's, or starboard, boat—on the starboard quarter.

Such was the equipment of the whaling vessel. Each single part of her complicated mechanism was chosen with greatest

care. The whole was assembled with a meticulous regard for every least detail. For a puff of cottony white miles away at sea was liable at any moment to call into action every resource in a wild sea battle that would try to the uttermost the last fibre of the lines and the last plank of the boats.

VI

THE WAR OF 1812

AT THE beginning of the war of 1812, virtually all the whaling fleets of our American towns were in commission, many vessels were at sea, and a number had sailed on long voyages to the Pacific. Now the average whaler was built for capacity rather than for speed, and the business of whaling required vessels to cruise for long periods, on the whaling grounds where, until news of war reached them and rendered them wary, an enterprising frigate or privateer could be reasonably certain of finding them in considerable numbers. Hence American whalemen presented a broad mark for British attack, and many of them were taken.

Those that learned of the war in time to run for cover lay idle in port; and although Captain David Porter and Lieutenant Commandant John Downes recaptured some of those which fell into British hands, the British destroyed most of them, or used them as transports. As happened during the Revolutionary War, whaling out of American ports came virtually to an end; the people of Nantucket, face to face with destitution when the one industry on which their livelihood depended was threatened, and therefore keeping up their whaling in spite of all odds, lost twenty-three out of forty-six vessels.

The one spectacular incident of wide importance, so far as whaling is concerned, was the cruise of the *Essex*. She had been a British whaler and had been taken as a prize, then armed and converted as an American cruiser. Captained by David Porter, and with John Downes as second in command, she sailed from the Delaware on October 28, 1812, to join, at St. Jago or at Fernando de Noronha, Commodore Bainbridge, who had sailed from Boston two days earlier with the *Constitution*

and the *Hornet*. Not finding Bainbridge at St. Jago, Porter pushed on to the second rendezvous.

There, although he did not find Bainbridge, he did find a note from Bainbridge. He sent Lieutenant Downes ashore in civilian dress, who represented the *Essex* as "the *Fanny*, Captain Johnson, from London via Newfoundland, bound to Rio Janeiro for a cargo; out sixty days; short of water; crew down with the scurvy; refreshments greatly needed; all anchors lost but one; cables bad and unable to anchor." They exchanged gifts with the Governor—porter and cheese for a supply of fruit—and learned that two frigates reporting themselves as H. M. S. *Acasta*, forty-four guns, Captain Kerr, and H. M. S. *Morgiana*, twenty guns, bound to India, had left a letter "for Sir James Yeo, of the British frigate *Southampton*, to be sent to England by the first opportunity." So the captain of the "*Fanny*" sent word that a gentleman on board his ship, who was to return directly to London from Brazil and who was intimately acquainted with Sir James Yeo, would willingly undertake to deliver the letter. The Governor thereupon sent out the letter; Porter, having been instructed to represent himself under certain conditions as "Sir James Yeo," suspected well enough who had written it, and therefore broke the seal before putting to sea. It ran thus:

MY DEAR MEDITERRANEAN FRIEND:

Probably you may stop here; don't attempt to water; it is attended with too much difficulty. I learned before I left *England* that you were bound to the Brazil coast; if so, perhaps we may meet at St. Salvadore or Rio Janeiro. I should be happy to meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity; recollect our secret in these times.

Your friend of H. M. S. ship *Acasta*,
KERR.

(Bainbridge and Porter had been imprisoned together in Tripoli, which gave particular significance to "My dear Mediterranean Friend," and "our old affairs of captivity.")

By the heat of a candle flame, Porter made visible a postscript written in sympathetic ink:

I am bound off St. Salvadore, thence off Cape Trio, where I intend to cruise until the 1st of January. Go off Cape Trio, to the northward of Rio Janeiro, and keep a look-out for me.

YOUR FRIEND.

"Kerr of the *Acasta*" was Bainbridge of the *Constitution*, and Porter, in accordance with his instructions, cruised off Brazil until he was convinced by such information as he gathered from occasional vessels, that there was small prospect of meeting him. Left to his own contrivances, he then doubled Cape Horn, anchored for provisions and water at the island of Mocha, and stood for Valparaiso, where the Chilians, who had recently achieved independence and thus were no longer hampered by Spain's alliance with England, cordially welcomed him.

The surprise of the welcome was great, for English influence had hitherto dominated South America, and Porter eagerly seized the opportunity to get needed supplies. But there was other news of moment. There were many American whalers in the Pacific; most of them had left home in time of peace and were entirely unarmed; some of them, having kept the seas for months, probably did not even know that war existed. The British whalers in the Pacific, on the other hand, were all more or less armed; some of them had even sailed as regular letters of marque; and the Viceroy of Peru had actually sent out cruisers against American vessels. Porter's judgment in entering the Pacific, after missing Bainbridge, had been excellent; he had arrived at the moment when an American man-of-war was sorely needed.

On March 20th, after five days in port, which served to replenish the supplies of food, water, and cordage, and with such news of the whaling fleets as a whaler that had happened into Valparaiso from the islands had given him, Porter again put to sea; and on March 25th he fell in with the ship *Charles*, of Nantucket.

From the master of the *Charles*, Porter got news on which he based immediate action: two days earlier a Peruvian privateer, accompanied by an English ship, had captured the American whalers, *Walker* and *Barclay*, off Coquimbo. The *Essex*

next evening sighted a cruiser disguised as a whaler. The stranger showed Spanish colours; the *Essex*, English colours, for Porter recognized the stranger, by a description he had received, as one of the vessels that had been raiding the American whaling fleet. The stranger fired a shot off the bows of the *Essex*, drawing a few high shot, in return, as a summons to approach, and sent an armed boat aboard; whereupon Porter, still maintaining the character of an English officer, sent the boat back with an order that the Spaniard should run under the lee of the *Essex* and apologize for firing on an English frigate.

When Porter ran out his guns the Spanish lieutenant, still believing that the *Essex* was a British ship, came on board and reported that it was they who had taken the *Walker* and the *Barclay*. Their vessel was a Peruvian privateer—the *Nereyda*, of fifteen guns—and they were looking for the British letter of marque, *Nimrod*, which had driven the *Nereyda's* prize crew out of the *Walker*, to get satisfaction. The ingenuous, or ingenious, Peruvians were seizing American ships because they believed that Spain, being at the mercy of England, must soon declare war on the United States, which declaration would render legal the *Nereyda's* prizes.

Convinced that the *Nereyda* had acted illegally in taking the *Walker* and the *Barclay*, Porter ran up the American flag, fired two shots over the Spaniard, at which she struck her colours; he then threw overboard her guns, small arms, and ammunition, rescued her American prisoners, got from her all possible information about the shipping thereabouts, and left her only topsails and courses with which to make her way back to Callao.

When on the 29th the *Essex* sighted three vessels standing in for Callao—in the meantime her men had so painted her sides as to make her appear to have a poop, and had otherwise made her resemble, so far as possible, a Spanish merchantman—she crowded on sail and made every effort to intercept them. That she in any way succeeded was owing to the wind, for the nearest vessel was becalmed when she doubled San Lorenzo, and the *Essex*, then three miles away, kept the wind until she came near enough to take the chase with her boats.

That vessel, as Porter had suspected, was the *Barclay*. The others appeared to be Spaniards and the *Essex* pursued them no farther. In company with the recaptured *Barclay*, she made sail for the Galapagos Islands.

On searching the Charles Island "post office"—it was only a box nailed to a post—Porter found records of the visits of five whalers within a year. There was no mail for the *Essex*, but one letter that they found, typical of the literary efforts of whalemen of the period, has survived the ups and downs of a hundred and ten years:

June 11th, 1812.

Ship *Sukey* John Macy 7½ months out 150 Barrels 75 days from Lima No oil since leaving that Port Spanyards Very Savage Lost on the Braziel Bank John Sealin Apprentis to Capt Benjamin Worth Fell from fore top Sail Yard in a Gale of Wind Left *Diana* Capt paddock 14 days Since 250 Barrels I leave this port this Day With 250 Turpen 8 Boat Load Wood Yesterday went up to Patts East Side to the Starboard hand of the Landing 1½ miles Saw 100 Turpen 20 Kods A part Road Very Bad

Yours Foreiver
JOHN MACY.

For some days the *Essex* cruised about the islands without lifting a sail, but on April 29th she began, in earnest, the series of captures that was to destroy British commerce thereabouts. At daylight the call, "Sail ho! Sail ho!" brought the captain on deck, and at nine o'clock the *Essex* had taken the British whaler *Montezuma* and her catch of 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. She then pursued the British whalers *Georgiana* and *Policy*, which had a start of about seven miles, and although the wind failed at eleven o'clock, Porter sent out a force of boats in command of Lieutenant Downes, which took both vessels in the early afternoon. In the *Georgiana*, which had the reputation of being the swiftest of the prizes, they mounted, besides her own six guns, ten guns from the *Policy*, and placed Lieutenant Downes in command.

The letters of marque *Atlantic* and *Greenwich*, next fell into Porter's hands, then the *Catherine* and the *Rose*, vessels of eight guns each, and the *Hector*, of eleven guns.

Finding it necessary because of the number of prisoners to rearrange his squadron, Captain Porter, at Tumbez on the 24th of June, mounted twenty guns on board the *Atlantic*, a much larger and faster vessel than the *Georgiana*, placed in her a crew of sixty men, and gave her to Lieutenant Downes, whom he promoted to the rank of Master-Commandant. They renamed her *Essex, Jr.* Having already made the *Rose* a cartel and sent her to St. Helena with a cargo of paroled prisoners, they placed in the *Greenwich* the stores from the other prizes, and sent the *Barclay*, the *Montezuma*, the *Policy*, the *Catherine*, and the *Hector* to Valparaiso, with the *Essex, Jr.* as an escort, while Captain Porter in the *Essex*, with the *Greenwich* and the *Georgiana*, sailed for the Galapagos.

In command of the recaptured American whaler, *Barclay*, there was a twelve-year-old midshipman named David Glasgow Farragut. Consider what must have been the emotions of that hard-handed old sea-dog, Captain Gideon Randall, the master whaleman who had commanded the *Barclay* until she fell into the hands of the *Nereyda*, when he found a lad of twelve placed in authority over him.

When young Farragut ordered the mainsail filled away, the old man roared that he would shoot any one who touched a rope without his orders. He "would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a damned nut-shell."

He went below to get pistols; but young Farragut called his "right hand man of the crew" and told him what had happened and what was to be done; then, vastly encouraged by the fellow's determined response, the boy called down to the captain not to come on deck with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard. They made sail and pressed after the *Essex, Jr.* and Captain Gideon Randall manifested commendable discretion in dealing with the juvenile fire-eater. David Farragut, at the age when most boys are playing with marbles and kites, was a youth not to be lightly crossed.

Meanwhile, the *Essex* and her companion ships took the *Charleton*, the *New Zealander*, the *Seringapatam*, and the *Sir Andres Hammond*. After that, there was a period of inactivity;

then one day she was attacked by the British ships *Phoebe* and *Cherub*, and in spite of determined resistance she was obliged to surrender—literally cut to pieces.

The *Essex*, cruising in the Pacific, had defended the whalers of her own country, and for a time she had destroyed British whaling in those waters, for the vessels that escaped her fled to port and dared not come out again so long as she herself was at sea. But that stirring voyage, which for a time turned the tables, gave England only a small dose of the medicine that we ourselves took more copiously, for at the end of the war our whaling industry was for the second time nearly at an end. Our whaling towns had lost many vessels to England. The market for whale products had almost ceased. The business structure of the industry had scarcely one stone left upon another. It is doubtful if there was a prophet so sanguine by half as to dare foretell the golden future that awaited those nearly ruined towns.

VII

IS THE WHALE A FISH?

ON MARCH 31, 1818, the Legislature of the State of New York passed an act authorizing the Governor to appoint certain "gaugers and inspectors of fish oil," who should provide themselves with proper instruments for gauging and inspecting oil; who should, whenever requested, "gauge and inspect any parcels of fish oil" in their respective districts; and who, further, should "inquire diligently, and seek out any parcels of fish oil" in their districts. On the head of each cask of oil that an inspector thus examined and gauged, he must brand his name, the name of his district, the number of gallons in the cask, and the quantities of water, of sediment, and of pure oil that he found. To the owner of the oil he then must give a certificate stating the results of his inspection; and for his labour he was entitled to collect twenty cents for each cask, large or small, that he thus gauged, inspected, and certified.

It was common knowledge that various ingenious scoundrels, having no fear of God in their hearts, practised all manner of clever schemes to dilute or adulterate oil to their profit. Drawing out several gallons of oil from a cask, they would fill the cask up with water; or by inserting in a cask a few blocks of wood, or a quantity of some other substance worth less than oil, bulk for bulk, they would contrive thus devilishly to increase their lawful profits. The wariest purchaser was liable to run foul of a rogue cleverer than himself, which was, of course, distinctly annoying. So the law was a good one, and to compel men of light morals to observe it, the act provided that for every cask of fish oil bought, sold, or bartered, without being thus gauged, inspected, branded, and certified, the

offender, either buyer or seller, should pay the gauger and inspector, as a penalty, twenty-five dollars. Obviously, this provided a strong incentive for the gauger and inspector to be diligent in pursuing his duty. Now the exact standing of the whale among the various creatures that inhabit the deep sea has from very early times caused a certain confusion of phrase, which to a less extent persists to this very day. Men of science long since classed the whale as a mammal, but seafaring men have persisted in calling it a fish. The general term "whale fishery," right or wrong, is firmly established by popular usage during hundreds of years, and appears in the title of a recent and excellent book published by a doctor of science and of philosophy, the superintendent of the Lancashire and Western Sea Fisheries. But usage clashed with science, and theology with mere scholarship, when James Maurice brought action against Samuel Judd, on December 30 and 31, 1818, in the Mayor's Court of the City of New York, basing his suit on the legislative act of March 31st, to decide legally and for ever whether or not a whale is a fish.

It appears that on September 14, 1818, five and a half months after the act had become a law, Samuel Judd bought of John W. Russell of New York, three casks of sperm oil, ungauged, uninspected, unbranded, and uncertified, for which James Maurice, appointed gauger and inspector in New York City, with commendable diligence attempted to collect the forfeit of twenty-five dollars a cask, or seventy-five dollars in all. This sum Samuel Judd stubbornly refused to pay, insisting that a whale was not a fish, that sperm oil was not fish oil, and, hence, that his three casks were not subject to the act; so Mr. Maurice brought suit, and the case came to trial before a jury of twelve men, upon whom devolved the grave responsibility of deciding for all time that much-debated question.

Let the names of those jurors not be forgotten; their meditations and conclusions deserve the enduring reverence of posterity. They were Elijah Curtis, William S. Hick, Augustus Craft, Samuel Dodge, Robert Wiley, Garret Banta, Isaac Underhill, George Niven, William Cruikshanks, Robert Blake, William

Wilmerding, and Robert McConbrey. Messrs. Anthon and Samson appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Price and General Bogardus for the defendant.

There is reason to suspect that these great men did not regard the case with quite the seriousness worthy of so grave a question and one so long contested; certainly the audience, which packed the courtroom to the doors, was now and then impelled to smile. Indeed, it is recorded that these impulses were so violent that the officers of the court found it difficult to restore order!

Mr. Anthon, representing the plaintiff and opening the case to the jury, anticipated the leading contention and the chief witness for the defence, one Doctor Mitchell, when he declared that the statute was to be interpreted by common and popular usage, not by the learned distinctions of naturalists. "We shall on this subject," he said, "be opposed by the eloquence and great learning of a witness, who will be produced before you with much triumph, by the counsel for the defendant, as their great bulwark. This gentleman, we admit, is an ornament to his country, and adorns the science which he possesses, by the amenity of his deportment, and his readiness to extend freely to others the knowledge he has laboriously acquired. I have had the honour and good fortune to enjoy his instructions as his pupil, and from esteem and regard for him must always feel inclined to receive his opinions with great deference and respect. This learned gentleman will tell you that a whale is not a fish, and I am well aware of the grounds on which he will rest that opinion; he will tell you that he breathes the vital air through lungs, that he has warm blood, that the whale copulates *more humano*, that the female brings forth her young alive and nourishes them at her breasts when brought forth; all these and the like peculiarities we admit to be true, but still the whale remains a fish, until naturalists can show him existing on dry land, and destroy in him the plain discriminating feature between the fish and the rest of the marine creation. Again; it is worthy of remark, that if the whale, by reason of his peculiarities, is to be removed from the finny tribe, the porpoise puts in

an equal claim to this distinguished honour, inasmuch as he enjoys, in common with the whale, all the peculiarites we have just noted. Many of us may not have seen a whale, and might, as to it, be led astray by the learning of philosphers; but the porpoise is an inhabitant of our own waters, we can judge of his claims for ourselves; and as the porpoise is as much and no more a fish than a whale, in the acceptation of naturalists, we shall all have the demonstration of our own senses to keep us right on this great question.

"While we, however, rely ultimately on the decision of common sense, we shall not abandon to our adversaries the field of learning. We shall call to our aid the great father of natural science, to combat the visionary theories of modern times. My learned friend, with whom I have the honour to be associated, has now arrayed before you ponderous volumes of recondite learning, and the wisdom of the ancients will be powerfully invoked by him in support of the conclusions of common sense. But, gentlemen, independent of all that learning can urge on this subject, we shall rely on the sacred volume as conclusive. From it we learn that the great division of all created things, fixed by the Deity himself, and which naturalists may mar, but cannot mend, is, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea." Here Mr. Anthon read from the first chapter of Genesis, the 26th, 27th, and 28th verses, and concluded the theme thus: "With such auxiliaries, therefore, we stand forth the advocates of the ancient empire of the whale, which, although fearfully shaken by the efforts of naturalists, we trust will be established by your verdict."

Seldom, outside the pages of "Pickwick Papers" has there been such a trial. On the witness stand appeared emissaries of the court, dealers in whale oil and in fish oil, legislators, educators, sailors, sea captains, tanners, and leather dealers. Attorneys and witnesses hurled at one another the lore of the ancient Hebrews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and Romans. The Bible and the doctrines of Berosus, Pliny, Aristotle, Linnæus, Sir Isaac Newton, Oliver Goldsmith, Buffon, Cuvier, and La

Mack, to name a few from many, were entered as evidence. They discussed the problem, as William Sampson remarks on the title page of his report of the case, "theologically, scholastically, and historically." There is, however, reason to doubt that they argued it seriously.

That, in the usual language of the trade, "fish oil" meant the oil from the livers of cod, haddock, pollock, sharks, mackerel, and other fish, as opposed to whale oil, most witnesses agreed; and the cross-examination of various witnesses established the fact that "elephant oil" came from a creature neither fish nor whale. But whether oil was made from the liver of the whale appears doubtful, and one witness, Thomas Hazard, who had been whaling for nearly thirty years, went so far as to declare himself uncertain whether whales had livers at all. Hence a distinction was made, to the satisfaction of all, between the particular fish oil known to commerce as "liver oil," and sperm or whale oil.

The attorneys for the plaintiff, however, were of no mind to let the matter rest there. They contended that in the generally accepted use of the word, whales were fish, and hence that whale oil was fish oil, regardless of the more precise definition, and equally regardless of the testimony summed up in one dealer's statement that he would no sooner send whale oil to a customer ordering fish oil than he would send molasses to a customer ordering sugar. They elicited from certain luckless witnesses curious and original distinctions between whales and fishes, and hurled upon the head of the learned chief witness for the defense a series of questions so annoying that he protested to the court against being "catechised and questioned like a college candidate." One whaleman and oil dealer of long experience, bearing the singularly felicitous name of Captain Preserved Fish, declared that a whale had no character of a fish except that it lived in the water. And after a lively cross-examination, in which he asserted that the whale had arms rather than fins, that its tail was flat, that it swam like a man, that it could not breathe with its nose under water, and, finally, that both whale and porpoise were mammals, he ex-

plained that the reason they were mammals was because they could not breathe under water.

With regard to both men and monkeys belonging to the order of mammals, Captain Fish and Mr. Sampson, the cross-examiner, exchanged innuendoes of a distinctly personal nature; and Captain Fish, upon being reminded later that flounders, as well as whales, had flat tails, acrimoniously retorted that if flounders, which swam on their sides, were to swim instead on their edges, their tails would be like the tails of any other fish. Captain Fish's patience appears to have been nearly exhausted; he remarked during his final appearance on the witness stand, that he was "not interested in as much as a gallon of oil, further than for burning in his own family, nor did he expect to be."

The examination of Doctor Mitchell ranged from the kraken to the oyster and from the lobster to the flea. The unlucky scholar, directed by the questions of his cross-examiner, discussed at length the characteristics of fishes and of whales, outlined the literature of cetaceans from Genesis to the "modern school" of French naturalists, propounded nice distinctions between words in Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldean, Greek, and Latin, and, with a parting fling at his questioners, retired from the court. But alas! he was not yet done with his tormentors.

"The whale is elevated to the same class with man," Mr. Anthon said in his address to the jury, toward the close of the second day of the trial, "because he breathes the vital air through lungs, and has, in common with man, the various peculiarities which have been enumerated in the progress of this trial. The monkey possessing them also, in a still more eminent degree, is also classed with us; he is, in truth, in the language of the naturalists, no more a brute than a whale is a fish: he is, in short, in form and structure, a man.

"We have a statute, which declares that every freeman shall be entitled to a vote at our public elections; let us suppose, then, that at some one of those arduous struggles, where everything in the shape of man has been by the zeal of politicians urged to the hustings, the learned Doctor had appeared, lead-

ing forward with all due gravity to the polls an orang outang, or man of the woods, would the stranger's vote be received, although the Doctor should learnedly and eloquently urge his claims, as he has those of the whale on the present occasion? He breathes the vital air, the Doctor might say, through lungs; he moves erect, etc., has warm blood; the female brings forth the young alive, and rears the bantling at her breasts. The inspectors would say, in reply to all the learning and eloquence of the Doctor, as we do in the case of the whale. "All this indeed is very strange and curious, but still, Doctor, it is a monkey in common acceptation, however naturalists may choose to hail and class him as a brother."

The jury deliberated for fifteen minutes and returned a verdict for the plaintiff. The defendant moved for a new trial in the January term, and the attorneys argued the motion, but the recorder, having learned that there was a petition before the Legislature to amend the law, withheld his decision, until the Legislature in due time passed another act, which declared all oils exempt from the provisions of the earlier act except "liver oil, commonly called fish oil."

Holding that the Legislature by this new act had indicated that the phrasing of the earlier act made whale oil subject to inspection, the recorder then denied the motion for a new trial. Samuel Judd paid the fine of seventy-five dollars. And James Maurice, whom the new act thus unkindly deprived of by far the most lucrative field for his duties, immediately resigned his office as gauger and inspector.

The whale was act-ually a fish!

VIII

THE "GLOBE" MUTINY

IN THE original papers of the Nantucket whaler *Globe*, Captain Thomas Worth, which sailed from Edgartown, Massachusetts, in December, 1822 (her registry and crew list are in the Boston Custom House) you can see for yourself, if you wish, the starkly simple outline of such a story as few responsible imaginative writers would dare set down in black and white. On those authoritative, matter-of-fact pages are scrawled, in faded ink, the name of each man in the crew, a brief description of his person, an abstract of his life, and, after certain names, the significant comment, "Dead, killed Jany. 26, 1824."

But the story of the *Globe* is more than a mere thrilling tale of the mutinous exploit of a band of boys and young men, which has stood for a hundred years as one of the grimmest in our history: in the old narrative, written by Hussey and Lay, the two survivors of all that happened at sea and ashore—and between its lines—there is a concrete and extreme example of such sanguinary madness as sometimes occurred on board the old whaling vessels, during their long voyages in distant seas.

In many of their log books, cases of melancholia appear, unnamed but unmistakable; and now and then one can find in the stained pages strangely detailed accounts of suicides at sea. There was scarcely a voyage that had not its mutinies; there were floggings and desertions galore; and once in a long while, as on board the *Globe*, the monotony and loneliness and hard-handed discipline during years at sea resulted in downright mania.

A hundred years ago, when thousands of square-riggers were laying their courses to every point of the compass, and our

whalers had already rounded the Horn and thrust their bows into unfamiliar seas, the sailing of any one whaling vessel was an affair of little moment; the *Globe* weighed anchor on December 15th with probably no more ceremony than attended the farewell of any other whaler. An accident to her crossjack-yard while she was working out of port forced her to return; but, having fitted and sent aloft another yard, Captain Worth sailed again, four days later. It appears that, in spite of the strong influence of superstition on seafaring men, no one regarded the accident as ominous, for, of all the men on the crew list, only one failed to sail in the *Globe*, and he was "taken out of the within-named ship by order of law previous to his leaving this port." He was luckier than he knew.

Twenty men, nearly all of them natives of New England and bearing good old Yankee names, sailed in the *Globe*. Besides the captain, whose age is not given in the crew list, the oldest of them, Chief Mate William Beetle, was twenty-six, and of the rest, who ranged down to fourteen, eight were seventeen or younger.

The brutality of life in a whaler has been, for more than a hundred years, a commonplace; and the author of that quaint old book, "Evils and Abuses in the Naval and Merchant Service Exposed," and other writers of an early time, exaggerate little, if at all, when they say that it was a common practice in whaling vessels so to abuse the men that they would run away, or make a show of insubordination, whereby they would forfeit their lays and help a thrifty captain to save money for himself and the owners. It was entirely typical of the times and the trade that, while the *Globe* lay at Oahu in the Sandwich Islands, after an uneventful voyage, six men deserted and one was discharged.

To fill their places, the captain shipped four Americans—Anthony Henson, Thomas Lilliston, Silas Payne, and a Negro steward named William Humphries—an Englishman named John Oliver, and a native of Oahu, who went by the name of Joseph Brown. And the recruits were as vicious an aggregation as the average sea captain could wish to be delivered from.

The friction between officers and men, which had found expression hitherto in grumbling about the food, a universal prerogative of sailormen, now sprang up anew in various hot-headed outbursts, and a new party of malcontents formed a plan to desert at Fanning's Island, whither the ship had laid her course.

Consider then, the officers and crew who sailed in the *Globe* from the Sandwich Islands. Most of them were striplings at best, and some of them were young boys, who might far better have been in school. They were never to reach Fanning's Island.

The number of those who left the ship at Oahu exceeded by one the number of those who joined her, for a certain Joseph Thomas, who shares his name with a distinguished earlier citizen of New England, had entered the crew at some time during the voyage. He is not on the original crew list, and nowhere is he represented as one of the new men who were shipped at Oahu. As we see him dimly through a hundred intervening years, he appears to have been a peculiarly negative person; yet, in odd paradox, he was destined to play a part as decisive as it was passive in the fate of the *Globe* and her men; and of all those who were criminally concerned in her remarkable story he alone was ever brought to trial.

On the morning of Sunday, January 26, 1824, approximately two years and a month from the day the *Globe* had sailed, the ill-temper of all hands culminated in general disorder, and that mysterious wretch, Joseph Thomas, insulted Captain Worth, who thereupon flogged him with the end of the main buntline, while those of the crew who were not stationed stood in the hatchway, looking on.

All that day, the spark kindled by the flogging smouldered, but with no sign at the time to warn the officers and honest men. We know only that a great deal, all knowledge of which went to the grave with Joseph Thomas, was going on under the surface of the ordinary routine of life in a ship.

But concerning the events that occurred that night there is no slightest doubt. The grim history of the *Globe* has come

down to us in the terse narrative of Hussey and Lay, in the depositions of other members of the crew, and in the newspapers of 1824 and 1825. The returned crew list bears it out; and the court records, so far as they go, confirm it.

It was the custom of the *Globe* that the captain and chief and second mates should not stand watch at night, unless the crew was boiling blubber. The third mate and the two boat-steerers had charge, respectively, of the three watches; and during the first watch that night, from seven until ten o'clock, Gilbert Smith, a boat-steerer, had kept the deck.

Captain Joy, of the ship *Lyra* of New Bedford, had spent most of the day on board the *Globe*, and had agreed with Captain Worth that, during the night, one or the other would show a lantern as a signal for tacking, so that the two whalers could come together and bear each other company for at least another day. When Captain Joy had returned to the *Lyra*, Captain Worth had gone down into the cabin; but at eight o'clock he had come up for an hour, had had two reefs taken in the top-sails, and had given orders to continue by the wind until two; then, setting the light as a signal for the *Lyra* to keep company, to tack.

Gilbert Smith, the boat-steerer in charge of the first watch, had gone below with his men at ten o'clock, leaving on deck Samuel B. Comstock, the other boat-steerer, and the crew of the waist boat, with George Comstock, the younger brother of Samuel, taking the first trick at the helm.

Assume for a moment young Comstock's point of view, since he represents the majority of those on board the *Globe*, and since he, by reason of his station, saw certain things that no one else saw. Two hours later, when the time for his relief had come, the boy—he was only sixteen years old—sounded the sailor's rattle that was used for such signals on board the old whalers. For two hours no living thing had stirred on deck. For two hours he had steered the ship, without hearing so much as a human whisper. Then, in the darkness by the helm, which was broken only by the light of the binnacle lantern, when he swung the rattle, his brother appeared beside him and whis-

pered, "If you make the least damn bit of noise, I'll send you to hell."

The boy had had no intimation of trouble. His trick at the wheel was an old story. The very familiarity of his surroundings made the apparition the more startling.

Much alarmed, he waited until Samuel had lighted a lamp and had gone into the steerage; then, a second time, he sounded the rattle.

His brother returned instantly, in a murderous rage, and no one else responded to the signal. In fear of death, young George gave up the rattle.

He then saw four men—Payne, Oliver, Humphries, and Lilliston—come aft and join his brother, who started down into the cabin. Samuel was armed with an ax, and Payne with a boarding-knife—a keen two-edged blade about four feet long and two or three inches wide, used for cutting the blubber as it was hoisted into the ship. Lilliston, who afterward declared that he had not believed they would actually carry out their plans, started with them—out of mere bravado, by his own account—but went only as far as the cabin gangway. When the four actually entered the cabin, he faced about and ran past young George and forward to the forecastle, where he climbed into his bunk.

As the four went below with their lanterns, George was again left alone at the wheel. He saw them for a moment, black against the lantern light; saw Lilliston burst out in a panic and rush forward, with only the pounding of his feet to break the stillness; saw the light play back and forth in the companionway; then heard terrible sounds.

The captain had slung a hammock in the cabin, and was sleeping there because his own stateroom was uncomfortably warm. Samuel Comstock, having stationed Payne to watch the mate, stepped up to the hammock and deliberately split the head of the sleeping captain with one blow of his ax.

At the sound of the blow, Payne, with his boarding-knife, blindly attacked William Beetle, the mate, who woke from a sound sleep and cried wildly, "What—what—what—is this——

Oh, Payne! Oh, Comstock!— Don't kill me! Don't! Have I not always——?"

"Yes, you have always been a damned rascal," Comstock returned coolly. "You'd tell lies of me out of the ship, would you? It's a damned good time to beg now, but you're too late."

Before Comstock stopped speaking, the mate leaped out of his bunk and, getting Comstock by the throat, for a moment almost turned the tables. Comstock, taken by surprise, dropped the lantern and the ax, but managed, although half throttled, to call to Payne for help, while in darkness the struggling men fought back and forth across the cabin. It appears that Payne had lost his boarding-knife, too, and without disabling the mate; for he fumbled about underfoot till he found the ax and succeeded in getting it into Comstock's hand, being himself, of course, liable to kill his own leader if he were to strike at the mate in the dark.

Comstock, all this time unable to break Mr. Beetle's hold on his throat, then swung the ax on him, fracturing his skull, and knocked him groaning into the pantry, where he killed him, while Humphries held another light and Oliver put in a blow whenever opportunity offered.

The uproar, which by then was terrific, had of course waked Mr. Lumbert and Mr. Fisher, the second and third mates, who could not help knowing what was going on, but who had no way of knowing that the active mutineers were so few. Unarmed, and terrified by the ghastly sounds on the other side of the bulkhead, they waited in complete silence for whatever should happen next.

Here, by allusion, is a very strange comment on the complete absence of *esprit de corps*—to use no stronger expression—among the officers of the *Globe*. Each mate seems to have fought for himself alone, and thereby to have contributed much to the success of the mutiny.

Stationing his men at the door of the stateroom, when he had finished with the mate, Comstock went on deck to relight his lamp at the binnacle, and found his brother, alone at the helm, in tears and almost overcome with fear. Comstock asked what

had become of Smith, the second boat-steerer, threatened the boy, and returned below with the lighted lamp.

When Lumbert, hearing his steps, called from behind the closed door of the stateroom, "Are you going to kill me?" Comstock carelessly replied, "Oh, no, I guess not."

But, loading two muskets, he fired a chance shot through the door and wounded Fisher.

As the two burst open the door, Comstock made a thrust at Mr. Lumbert, but, missing him, tripped and pitched into the stateroom. Before he could turn, Mr. Lumbert seized his collar. Comstock twisted away, and found himself face to face with Mr. Fisher, who had got possession of the musket, and held it with the bayonet at Comstock's heart.

Deliberately weighing the situation, and realizing that the two mates still did not know just how matters stood, Comstock held his ground without changing expression, and offered to spare Mr. Fisher's life if he would return the musket. He was very cool, this murderous young madman.

At that moment the fate of the *Globe* and of most of those who were left alive on board her depended on Mr. Fisher's decision. He must have known intimately Comstock's character and his folly seems incredible. He weakly took Comstock's promise at its face value and gave up the musket, whereupon Comstock whirled about and several times bayoneted Mr. Lumbert; then turned once more on Mr. Fisher.

The folly of the third mate was even more remarkable, for there was a quarrel of long standing between the two; in a wrestling match, when the *Globe* was gamming with the *Enterprise,* another Nantucket vessel, Mr. Fisher had easily thrown Comstock, who had promptly lost his temper and started a rough-and-tumble fight, in which he got much the worst of it.

The odds, by Mr. Fisher's own act, were now reversed with a vengeance. The hapless third mate, who, a moment since, had had Comstock at a tremendous disadvantage, found himself face to face with a young maniac armed with a loaded musket. Pleas and imprecations availed him nothing.

"If there is no hope," he cried at last, "I will at least die like a man. I am ready."

Comstock fired, killing him instantly; then turned on Mr. Lumbert, who was begging for life, though desperately wounded, and twice more stabbed him with the bayonet, roaring like the very caricature of a villain, "I am a bloody man! I have a bloody hand and will be avenged."

"Thus it appears," runs the old narrative, "that this more than demon murdered, with his own hand, the whole! Gladly would we wash from 'memory's waste' all remembrance of that bloody night. The compassionate reader, however, whose heart sickens within him at the perusal, as does ours at the recital, of this tale of woe, will not, we hope, disapprove our publishing these melancholy facts to the world. As, through the boundless mercy of Providence, we have been restored to the bosom of our families and homes, we deemed it a duty we owe to the world, to record our 'unvarnished tale.'"

Meanwhile, Smith, the other boat-steerer, had started aft when he first heard the sounds of disorder; but learning what was on foot, he had immediately gone forward again. Realizing at last that there was no hiding-place on board, he turned to face Comstock, having made up his mind that, if worst came to worst, he would die fighting. But Comstock, emerging from the cabin, met him with every appearance of goodwill and with a cordial invitation to join hands with the mutineers, which Smith promptly accepted as representing his only chance for life.

Having assumed command of the ship, Comstock called up all hands to make sail and shake out the reefs she was carrying, and, setting the lantern as a signal for the *Lyra* to tack, held the *Globe* to her course, thus making sure that the two would part company. He then had the bodies of the four officers thrown overboard under circumstances of unspeakable brutality—and laid the course of the *Globe* for the Mulgrave Islands.

The monotony of those long voyages, when a man was forced in upon himself, with only the same few faces about him, day after day, month after month, and year after year, was worse than deadly. Is it surprising that, once in a while, such a man

as Cyrus Plummer of the Junior "wanted to take the ship and thought that could never be done until the captain and officers were killed"? Is it surprising that, once in a while, a man like Comstock fell a victim to mania, and, having "tasted blood," ran amuck?

Unquestionably Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had been the immediate occasion of the mutiny, had known Comstock's murderous plans; and Thomas Lilliston, who had gone with ax and boat-knife to the very door of the cabin, had obviously been concerned in the plot, although he did not go below at the time. But the pledged mutineers were now only half-a-dozen men of that little crew; they had no assurance of the support of the others, and much reason to doubt it.

When the new leaders of the ship's company appointed young George Comstock as steward, in place of the Negro William Humphries, he accepted the post without demur, as was natural enough under the circumstances; and for a day and a night he performed its duties without incident. But on the evening of January 28th, having occasion to enter the cabin, he surprised Humphries in the act of loading a pistol.

"What are you doing that for?" he demanded.

"I have heard something very strange, and I'm going to be ready for it," Humphries replied.

George thereupon faced about and hurried with the news to his brother, who went straight to the cabin with Payne, whom he had made his mate.

Humphries, pistol in hand, was by no means willing to talk freely, and tried to evade Comstock's questions. But Comstock finally extracted from him the story of a plot between Gilbert Smith and Peter Kidder to retake the ship, which Smith and Kidder promptly and flatly contradicted.

So the next morning Comstock ordered a trial. He appointed two men to serve as a jury, and put Smith and Kidder and Humphries, guarded by six men with muskets, through the pretense of an examination.

Comstock, according to the narrative of Hussey and Lay, then spoke as follows:—

"It appears that William Humphries has been accused guilty of a treacherous and base act, in loading a pistol for the purpose of shooting Mr. Payne and myself. He having been tried, the jury will now give in their verdict, guilty or not guilty. If guilty he shall be hanged to a studding-sail boom rigged out eight feet upon the foreyard; but if he is found not guilty, Smith and Kidder shall be hanged upon the aforementioned gallows."

It sounded well to those who were not in the secret, but it marked the end of Humphries. Comstock and Payne had decided on his fate the night before, and had secretly instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty.

They took the luckless Negro's watch from him, seated him on the rail forward, covered his face with a cap, put the rope round his neck, and ordered all hands to tally on. Then they told him that, if he had anything to say, he had fourteen seconds in which to say it.

"Little did I think," he began, "I was born to come to this——"

Comstock struck the ship's bell, and they ran him up to the studding-sail boom.

After cutting him down and sinking his body with a blubber hook, they searched his chest and found in it sixteen dollars, which he himself had hopefully stolen from the captain's trunk less than three days before.

Having thus concluded Humphries's earthly affairs with neat celerity, Comstock read the laws that he had formulated to govern the survivors of the mutiny, and ordered every man to sign them. Here an odd distinction was made; the mutineers set black seals by their names; the others, blue and white seals. This precious document, conceived with a devilish ingenuity that challenges those who write the most sanguinary fiction, provided that any man who saw a sail and neglected to report it immediately, or any man who refused to fight a ship, should be tied hand and foot, and boiled to death in the try-pots of boiling oil. It represented the high-water mark of Comstock's imagination and statesmanship.

Thus, cheered by the thought of all that had happened on board the *Globe*, and of the penalty to which they had subscribed themselves as liable in case they broke Comstock's laws, that shipload of boys and young men sailed merrily off in search of some blissful island on which to spend their remaining days. Stopping by the way at one group and another, to trade for food and take pot-shots at the natives, they at last reached the Mulgraves, where, after cruising about, they found a relatively suitable place to establish themselves in accordance with their original plans.

They built a raft to serve as a landing stage. They carried on shore a number of sails, many casks of bread and molasses and rum and vinegar, and barrels of beef and pork and sugar, and dried apples and coffee and pickles and cranberries, and considerable stores of chocolate, ropes and cordage, clothing, and tools. It was their intention, when they had installed themselves in comfort and safe obscurity, to haul up the ship and burn her.

Payne, who had seconded the older Comstock in every detail of the mutiny and was now next in command, had charge of the ship, while Comstock superintended the landing of the various goods that were sent on shore. But Comstock was over-generous in giving away plunder, especially to the natives, whose goodwill he was secretly trying to secure for himself alone, until Payne, impatient and suspicious, threatened to leave the ship, and eventually came ashore, where a lively quarrel followed.

When the quarrel was at its height, Comstock went on board again, leaving Payne on shore, and challenged various members of the crew to fight. No one accepted his invitation; so the insane youth equipped himself with some hooks and lines, and a knife and a cutlass, and returned to the island, calling as he went over the side, "I am going to leave you; look out for yourselves." Evading Payne and the others at the landing, and hurrying inland, he joined a band of natives, whom, it was reported, he tried to persuade to butcher the rest of the white men, but with no success.

Payne, now left in command, and fearing that Comstock, who had gone with half a hundred natives in the direction of a village, would eventually succeed in his scheme, posted heavy guards that night; and the next morning, seeing Comstock approaching, he and Oliver, with others of the crew, concealed themselves behind some bushes and with loaded muskets waited for their recent leader.

Comstock did not discover them until he was almost upon them. Then he cried, "Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me! I will not hurt you!"

They fired, and he fell. One ball had pierced his right breast, the other his head; but Payne, not certain that he was really killed, ran out and cut his head nearly off with an ax, to make sure of him.

Wrapping the body of this lad of twenty-one in an old sail, they read over it, with unconscious irony, a chapter from the Bible, fired a musket by way of requiem, and buried it five feet deep in sand. All this, two-and-twenty days after he had led the mutiny and struck down four men with his own hands.

Had the survivors been of one mind, they could have put their theories of Utopia to a practical test; but, unhappily for our knowledge of social science, there were certain among them whose conception of an earthly paradise did not conform to the ideas held by Comstock and Payne.

In the course of the day, Payne ordered Smith, the surviving boat-steerer, who, it will be remembered, had declared his sympathy with the mutiny only after it was successfuly carried out, and who had had no active part in it, to fetch the binnacle compasses on shore. Payne himself chose six men to take charge of the ship, placed Smith in command of them, and sent them on board. Then, setting a watch on shore to guard against the natives, he and his party turned in for the night.

At about ten o'clock an outcry woke them: "The ship has gone! The ship has gone!"

They found, to their alarm, that the ship had, indeed, disappeared. The strong breeze that was blowing made plausible

the theory that she had dragged her anchor, and that she would work back in the morning; but morning revealed no sign of her. Without question, she had got safely away.

Smith, unknown to the party on shore, had quietly formed a counter-plot, and had enlisted in his project those of his six men in whose loyalty he trusted. The only man on board who was in sympathy with the mutiny was Joseph Thomas, whose flogging had brought it to pass.

On the island, Payne was in a quandary. Enraged by Smith's success in running away with the ship, he stormed and cursed, and threatened those on board her with instant death, if ever he should lay hands on them. Also he was in mortal fear of the consequences of her escape; but the arrival of throngs of natives soon forced him to dissemble both fear and anger. The inconsiderate Smith had left a cloud in the sky of Utopia.

For a few days the little group of maroons, as now they virtually were, lived peacefully enough. They traded for food with the natives, worked on their boat, and roamed about the island, visiting villages and exploring. But they were living in a fools' haven.

Of those who were left, Payne and Oliver had had an active part in the mutiny, and at least one other was known to have been in the councils of the mutineers. So those who were entirely innocent, being each uncertain of the attitude of the rest, could only hold their peace and await whatever events the future should bring—except, that is, William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey, lads of eighteen or nineteen years, who were intimate friends of long standing and mutual confidence. Not only were these two secretly at odds with the whole escapade, of which they were innocent victims: they were kinder of heart than the others. Courageously, and with a humaneness that at the time and under the circumstances was distinctly creditable, they interfered with their fellows to protect some of the old men and women of the natives from abuse.

Thus matters went forward, until a day when Payne and Oliver returned from an exploring expedition after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin, with two young women whom they

intended to keep as wives, thus to lend their marooned state as many attributes as possible of the ideal existence.

The young women appeared to be well pleased with their new estate; but it would seem that, during the night, one of them thought better of her hasty and informal venture into matrimony, for in the morning she had disappeared.

Now Payne and Oliver were enraged and chagrined at this defection, and, promptly joined by Lilliston, they armed themselves in haste and, setting out in fury to recover her, attacked a village. With magnificent courage—and blank cartridges—the three howling white men put the villagers to flight, chased and caught the fugitive bride, and, fetching her back to the camp, clapped her into irons, and soundly flogged her.

The natives, who had until then been as friendly as could be desired, turned against the white men. Their ill-will first manifested itself in petty thefts and annoyances; and when Payne sent four men, armed with muskets loaded with fine shot, to recover stolen goods, the islanders turned, tooth and nail, upon the little band.

Up over the sand they swarmed, with sticks and stones and spears. Hurling missiles before them as they ran, they struck down and killed one man, Rowland Jones; then gathering in large numbers, they held a council and proceeded to destroy one of the boats, which sorely disturbed Payne, since the boats represented his only chance of escape from the island where, if at all, the authorities would seek to apprehend him.

Regarding his predicament as utterly desperate, he took his life in his hands and went himself to the natives, to see if he could not find some escape from the net that was so swiftly closing; but, according to the best bargain that he could drive, the white men got peace only by giving up everything they had and by submitting to the government of the natives, whose manner of living they promised to adopt.

To this both sides agreed. But as the natives began to seize upon their plunder, an old woman whom William Lay had befriended came up to him with her husband, and led him away from the others. Sitting down, the old pair held him by the

hands. When, in alarm, he began to struggle, they held him the faster.

Suddenly an uproar burst out. The astonished boy saw his shipmates fleeing in every direction. At some distance he saw a woman thrust a spear through Columbus Worth, and beat him to death with a stone. He saw the natives overtake Lilliston and Joe Brown within six feet of him, and kill them in the same way.

The old woman and her husband now set Lay's mind at rest so far as their own immediate intentions with regard to himself were concerned; for they lay down on him to hide him from their fellows, and turned aside the weapon of one who had seen him. But, although they soon got up and led him away, helter-skelter, over the sharp coral, which cruelly cut his bare feet, he still feared that at any moment they might kill him; nor was he completely reassured until he discovered that Cyrus Hussey also had been saved, and in much the same way.

For nearly two years those boys, guiltless victims of the mutiny, lived as prisoners in the hands of the natives. Time and again whalers stopped at the Mulgraves; but always the islanders rushed the boys inland, and kept them hidden until the strangers sailed away. During most of their captivity, indeed, the two were kept on different islands and had no communication with each other.

The story of their experiences is a strange one. They learned to fish by the methods of the natives, and to dry breadfruit. Once, during an epidemic of a strange disease, for which the natives superstitiously held them responsible, their captors were about to kill them, when happily one of their chiefs declared that the plague, instead of being caused by the presence of the white boys, was a punishment inflicted by their god because the natives had murdered the rest of the crew; and he argued the matter with such fervour that he convinced the others.

Famine came hard on the heels of pestilence, and the weeks of their captivity grew into months. They learned enough of the language of the islands to converse freely in it. They

saw each other at rare intervals, and always under close watch. Thus they managed, to exist, after a fashion, until, on December 23, 1825, a schooner anchored off the island and sent a boat ashore. In Lay's story of his experience he tells in detail what happened.

The natives were much alarmed when the schooner first appeared; but presently they naïvely formed a plan to swim out to her, a few at a time, until perhaps two hundred had got on board, who at a given signal should throw all the white men into the water. Lay, realizing that for the first time he had a fair chance to escape, was bitterly disappointed when the natives refused to take him with them.

Only when he asserted that a vessel having but two masts could not hail from his country, and that consequently he could not speak the language of the strangers, did they let him set out with them; and even then, when they came within striking distance of the schooner, which Lay saw was armed, they fell victims to the complaint sometimes called "cold feet," which appears to prevail in the Tropics as well as in the Arctic; they paddled back to shore and hid him in a hut with some forty women, and ordered them to guard him closely.

"My fears and apprehensions," poor Lay writes, "were now excited to a degree beyond human expression, and the kind reader will pardon all attempts to express them."

When the schooner, instead of showing signs of fear, boldly sailed along the coast and sent out a boat, the natives themselves lost courage, and taking Lay along, fled at midnight, in their canoes, to a remote part of the island many miles away. But their flight was futile: on the morning of December 29th, they discovered a sailboat standing in for the very place where they were hidden.

By this time Lay was nearly wild with fear lest once more, and for ever, he be snatched away from under the very hands of the white men. But, simulating quite other sentiments, he assured the alarmed natives that he would fight on their side against the strangers, and suggested—both he and they, it would seem, had now forgotten that two-masted vessels came from a

strange country whose language he could not speak—that he himself go down to the shore and persuade the sailors to leave their boat, so that the natives could seize their arms and kill them as soon as they should be taken off their guard. The lively debate that followed was decided by an appeal to the god of the island, and the auguries favoured Lay's scheme.

They greased him from head to foot with coconut oil, and gave him strict orders concerning his behaviour. Then, followed by a hundred islanders, the boy went out on the beach, face to face for the first time in two years with a number of men of his own blood.

Hailing the boat in English, which, of course, the natives could not understand, he warned her men of the plot, and made sure that they were well armed; then, as they landed, he ran up to the officer in command, who grasped his hand and asked if he had been in the crew of the *Globe*.

With the white men he retreated into the boat, while all the natives remained seated on the beach in accordance with his plan, except Lay's master, an old fellow whom he had called father, who rushed after him and tried to drag him back, until the boat's crew threatened the old man with a pistol.

The vessel, Lay now learned, was the U. S. schooner *Dolphin*, which had sailed from Chorillos, near Lima, on August 17, 1825, by order of Commodore Isaac Hull, to find and bring back the survivors of the *Globe*. With Lay as guide and interpreter, her officers and men in short order forced the natives to give up Hussey, whom they had concealed. After exploring the Mulgrave Islands, where they rewarded the natives for their care of the two boys and reprimanded them for massacring the others, all hands set sail for the Sandwich Islands, and thence for Valparaiso and Callao. There the crew and passengers of the *Dolphin* transferred to the man-of-war *United States*, in which they returned to New York and, on April 28, 1827, anchored opposite the West Battery.

Under Gilbert Smith's command the *Globe*, after a rough and tedious passage, had arrived safely at Valparaiso, where the

men on board her were arrested, pending an examination, after which they refitted the ship and returned to Nantucket, under command of one Captain King. They reached their home port on November 21, 1824, and were again examined, before Judge Hussey, and were all acquitted except Joseph Thomas, and released under bonds of $300 each as witnesses. Thomas, whose guilt was clearly indicated, was sent to Boston to be given another hearing.

As Thomas entered the story, so he goes out of it, an unreal, inscrutable figure. He moves through the old narratives without passion and, for the most part, without speech. When and where he joined the crew, I do not know. His name does not appear on the crew list, nor is he mentioned as one of those who were shipped at the Sandwich Islands to replace the deserters. He was insolent and he was flogged—seized up to the rigging, with the crew standing by, and lashed with a rope's end till his back dripped blood. But even then, when he was the immediate occasion of mutiny and murder, he remained negative and impersonal. Still silent—still insolent, it is implied—he was carried back to Boston. Never, so far as report shows, did he manifest concern about his fate. "Joseph Thomas," say the Boston newspapers of December 8, and December 9, 1824, "one of the crew of the ship *Globe*, was examined on Tuesday before Judge Davis, and on the evidence offered was fully committed to take his trial at the May term of the Circuit Court, on charge of mutiny and murder on board said vessel."

There all traces of him end. Could he have died in jail before the day of his trial? His flogging introduced a remarkable chapter in the history of whaling; but the man himself is as impersonal and mysterious as Bede's sparrow.

Thus is concluded the story of the *Globe*. For a while, it was one of the famous stories of New England; now, at the end of a hundred years, it appears to be nearly forgotten. Yet I venture to prophesy that never, so long as people read our old stories of the sea, will it be completely lost.

IX

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

IT IS impossible to read the older narratives of whaling that have come down to us, without surprise and, let us hope, a becoming humility as we see what a relatively small part our American whaling industry has played in the history of whaling as a whole. After all, we profited vastly by knowledge that was a commonplace to generations long ago. Of course, Arctic whaling in Greenland waters was an old story long before the *Mayflower* brought the first settlers to Plymouth, and there had been whaling on this side of the Atlantic many years before the first Nantucket boats took to sea. American whaling, which grew from the cautious expeditions of the shore whalers to the great and adventurous industry with which we are all familiar, was based on the knowledge and experience gained during hundreds of years by the sailors of France, Spain, Holland, and England.

We like to regard the earlier of our captains who went whaling round the Horn as discoverers of the "on-shore" and "off-shore" grounds; but Alonso de Ovalle, in "An Historical Relation of the Kingdom of Chile," published in 1649, discourses at length on the abundance and size of whales in Chilian waters. We think of Captain Joseph Allen of Nantucket as making a discovery of importance when he went whaling on the coast of Japan in 1820; but any whaleman might have taken the same tip nearly two hundred years before from Jean-Albert de Mandelslo, who wrote of the Japanese as whaling off their own coast, and, further, commented on the number of whales that he saw in the Indian Ocean in 1839, when he was on his way from Ceylon to Good Hope. Such observations are typical and they appeared in various languages. The abundance of

whales in oceans that ultimately our whaling fleets penetrated was a matter of common knowledge in Europe before the first white settlers of Nantucket had left their English homes.

Our own whalemen, beginning nearest home, worked sometimes north and sometimes south, and eventually followed the British whalemen, who showed them the way round the Horn. There was no occasion for their having gone sooner, but if they did not know, before they did go, that whales abounded in the seas whither they laid their course, their ignorance of ordinary sea lore was as remarkable as their enterprise.

Virtually every whaler that left New Bedford went first to the Western Islands. There they recruited and on the Western ground, which extended nearly two hundred miles in a generally southern direction from the islands, they cruised for whales during the summer and until October. Thence, as the weather grew too rugged for whaling, they would stand for the Brazil Banks. From there they would go round the Horn, cruising off Masefuera and Juan Fernandez, with Ancuana, Tumbez, and Paita for their bases. Later they might spend months about the Galapagos Islands, going ashore now and then for water and the great turtles that supplied such a welcome change in their limited menu. After that, the off-shore grounds. Back and forth they cruised, their movements governed somewhat by reports of the occasional whalers they spoke, somewhat by the whim of the captain and somewhat by the weather. Perhaps they would go as far as the Kodiac grounds off the Northwest Coast; perhaps to Panama. The real deciding factor was "ile"; where they could hope to find it plentiful, and how their hold filled up with it. Naturally, a "full ship" was every whaling captain's ambition.

Another common cruise was this: after, of course, the Western Islands, the vessel would stand straight across for Guinea, with St. Helena or Fayal as her base. Up and down the coast of Africa she would go "humpbacking"; for the humpback has a plentiful yield, even though the oil is not of first quality, and he is easy to get. They would go on to Cape Town, and Tristan da Cunha; then to the Seychelles and to

New Holland—the New Holland ground was very famous. They cruised through the Mozambique Channel into the Indian Ocean, and through the Indian Ocean to New Zealand and Australia. Then at last round the Cape of Good Hope and through the Atlantic, home.

These are only two typical cruises, much followed in the days of New Bedford's glory; whether a captain took one or the other of them or still another, was governed largely by his own preferences or those of the owners.

The physical expansion of whaling to the uttermost parts of the earth did not come suddenly. Although our first whaling fleet to enter the Pacific had rounded the Horn in 1791, it was in 1818 that the whalemen first resorted to the off-shore grounds, whence they brought a report of such promise that within two years half a hundred ships were cruising there. From the off-shore grounds to Japan was a step forward that came in 1820 or 1821. It was not until 1838 that whalemen availed themselves of the abundant supply of whales off the Northwest Coast, not until 1843 that they cruised off Kamchatka and in the Okhotsk Sea, and not until 1848 that they cruised beyond Bering Strait. In the 'fifties and 'sixties, while such cruises as I have outlined above, for both right and sperm whales, were most common, Arctic whaling was pursued by constantly increasing numbers of vessels; in the 'seventies and 'eighties and 'nineties it was almost all Arctic whaling, for the long bowhead bone was steadily rising in value.

In the early 20th Century came the Hudson Bay whaling. For this the whalers went up at the beginning of one summer and stayed until the end of the next, wintering over in a house which they built over the ship when cold weather threatened to overtake them, and in huts which they built on shore. There was whaling in the Atlantic, too, in the first decade of the century; it even straggled on through the second decade, and the last vestige of old fashioned whaling is in the Atlantic, to-day.

Now, of course, the why and wherefore of good whaling grounds was a matter of much importance and of much speculation among whalers. Even so great an authority as Starbuck

finds no explanation of the matter. Says he: "Another singular feature connected with the whale-fishery is the sudden coming and going of the objects of pursuit. According to Davis, their appearance and disappearance would seem somewhat periodical, as though perhaps certain phases of the moon were better than others for the prosecution of the fishery. At such times whales appear and are plenty, and this season will be followed by a period in which none will be in sight."

The United States Exploring Expedition during the years 1838 to 1842 made extensive study of the movements of ocean currents that carry from place to place the food on which whales live, thus, of course, explaining the presence or absence of the whales themselves. But, even overlooking certain startling mistakes in their information, it must be admitted that their findings never were of much use to the whalemen. The man of action is seldom a man of books, and the old whalers believed far more in their own experiences than in the speculations of naturalists, well founded or ill. It was beyond all doubt that in the eddies around capes and islands whales and their foods—like other marine life—were generally plentiful. Hence the frequency with which the names of islands occur in the names of whaling grounds. This the whalemen knew and profited by. (But even this does not explain the off-shore grounds, that enormous stretch of the open Pacific in latitude 5° to 10° south and longitude 105° to 125° west.)

With infinite labour one Lieutenant M. F. Maury, U. S. N. in 1850 made an elaborate chart of the world's whaling grounds. On this he showed, by means of a pen-and-ink whale (spouting to show whether he was right or sperm) in each square of five degrees latitude and longitude, where whales were plentiful and where they were only occasional, and at what season of the year. Probably very few master whalemen owned or followed this chart, however, though many of them kept strict record of what whales they saw and of those seen by other captains—when business rivalry did not interfere with the gathering of such information.

Skill and good judgment in handling both whales and crews un-

doubtedly affected the saving or loss of many a whale, and good harpooners and boat-steerers were obviously important. Beyond this, however, whaling was, and we may suppose it always will be, subject to fisherman's luck.

There was, for instance, never an unluckier vessel than the ship *Franklin*, George Prince, master, which sailed from Nantucket on June 27, 1831. About the time she got to sea, a man fell from aloft and was so badly injured that for two months he could do no work. On November 15, 1831, another man fell from the "mizzen-top-gallant-head and broke both legs." On touching at Callao, they left the man with the broken legs on board the *Falmouth*, sloop-of-war, and landed a Negro far gone with consumption, who shortly died. In February, 1833, a Sandwich Islander fell from aloft and was killed. In May, 1833, when the ship touched at Callao, Captain Prince shipped a Yankee, John Robson by name, who died of scurvy in four months, and a boat-steerer who got caught in a whale line on August 12, 1833, and was carried out of the boat and drowned. The mate strained himself at Hood's Island, where the ship stopped for terrapin, and died off Cape Horn on June 3, 1834. The captain and steward both died of scurvy about five days later, and four days after that, the sailor died who had fallen from aloft at the beginning of the voyage. Scurvy ran riot. A few days later an Irishman died of it, on June 30th a Negro, and on July 3d, when the ship succeeded in anchoring at the mouth of the River Plate, still another sailor died.

The crew was so exhausted that the *Franklin* had to call for help, and the crew of a French ship, coming on board, helped furl the sails, and later helped take the ship up to Montevideo, where she lay until August 12th. With a new mate and a new crew she put to sea, but ran into rough weather and early in September was wrecked on a reef on the coast of Brazil. No lives were lost in the wreck, and the crew saved about a third of the cargo; but the luckless *Franklin*, after her three laborious, tragic years at sea, went to pieces on Diego Roderiguez.

Then, on the other hand, some fellows have all the luck. A

member of the modest Newport fleet, the ship *Erie,* which sailed for the New Zealand grounds in April, 1843, under the command of one Captain Spooner, sent home a bit of romantic news that appeared in the papers of 1843 under the headline, startling for those days of conservative journalism, *Marriage Extraordinary.* "At Otahete, Society Islands," the notice ran, "Capt. Charles Spooner of whaleship *Erie,* of Newport, to Miss Kingatara Oruruth."

The good captain's marriage, which appears to have lent itself to humour as well as to sentiment, made a stir in the world, and a Philadelphia paper quoted from a letter a lively description of the event. "The bride," said the editor's correspondent, "is the daughter of Demsti Frgwomladammfr, one of the chiefs of the island, and is connected with most of the noble families of the kingdom. She is about sixteen years of age, of bright mahogany colour, with her cheeks tattooed in the most lovely manner, and her ears slit in a style peculiarly fascinating. Her lovely form, which was almost six feet six inches tall, was gracefully enveloped in old blanket, and during the performance of the matrimonial rites, the fair bride stood before her happy lover modestly engaged in masticating a sugar cane. The young lady is said to be highly accomplished, and delighted the company assembled on the solemn occasion by an exhibition of her superior skill in swimming. The bridegroom is a hearty mariner of Newport. He was elegantly dressed for the occasion, in a blue jacket and white trousers. He swore that the lovely Kingatara alone was fit to share the hammock of a Yankee sailor; and said that if the masters complained that he was unskilful in his business, whaling, they could not deny that his wife, at least, is a *whaler.*"

A pleasing mystery obscures the outcome of the affair, for the *Erie* left her captain at New Zealand and came home under command of Captain A. W. Dennis. Whether Captain Spooner yielded to the seductive charms of a South Sea Island paradise, and eagerly putting off the clothes and conventions of civilization, lived happily ever after with his fair Kingatara, my deponent neglects to say. Or whether his eccentric de-

From the sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

LOWERING AWAY

After the whale has been sighted the skipper goes aloft and if conditions are favorable gives the order to lower the boats. Here the crews are "stepping" the masts preparatory to setting out.

parture from the usual brief and immoral course of such love affairs, of which there were many although marriages were few, got him into difficulties with owners or crew, that forced him to enter upon island life regardless of his own desires.

In 1832, in the Maine fishing village of Wiscasset, a paper named the Wiscasset *Intelligencer* twice drew the attention of its readers to the profits earned by whaling in the Pacific. Among its readers were a number of men and women who had money to invest and were shrewd enough to recognize opportunity. They organized a "whale company"—typical of its kind and its period—which met at three o'clock in the afternoon of August 14, 1833, in "John Brook's compting room." So far as I am aware, no record remains of those transactions, but we know that the affairs of the newly formed company progressed, for on November 1, 1833, the members were notified that they were assessed fifty per cent. of their subscriptions and the assessment book of the town for 1834 contains a list of twenty shareholders in the corporation, which was organized under a special charter, granted by the Maine legislature and approved February 22, 1834, as "The Wiscasset Whale Fishing Company."

Meanwhile, in October, a vessel named *Wiscasset* was launched in the neighbouring town of Bristol. Three members of the *Wiscasset* company bought her just as she lay after leaving the ways, and brought her under jury rig to Wiscasset, where there was a holiday in honour of her coming. She berthed at what had been known until then as Parsons' Wharf; on that day, November 29, 1833, they changed the name to "Whaleship Wharf," and as "Whaleship Wharf" it has been known ever since.

The company, at a meeting held on March 18, 1834, voted to buy the ship from the three members who had secured her, and appointed a committee of four to fit her out. As agent, one Jonathan Parsons advertised for twenty seamen and green hands and a blacksmith for her maiden voyage, and in May she sailed under the command of Captain Richard Macy of Nantucket.

It is hard for any one who has not lived in a small seaport town to realize what such a venture meant to the people of Wiscasset, or to the people of any one of a dozen similar villages up and down the New England coast, which sent out whaling vessels at about that same time. When the *Wiscasset* returned with twenty-eight hundred barrels of sperm oil and eighty barrels of white whale oil, after forty months away, the town came out to do her honour. The arrival of a whaler was an event in New Bedford, which numbered its fleet by hundreds; it was the mark of an epoch in the villages that had sent but one ship or two to the whaling grounds. A New Bedford or Nantucket firm, with many ships at sea, could count on the successful voyages of the majority to offset the losses incurred by the luckless minority; but Wiscasset had all her whales in one ship; a poor voyage would have meant disaster; the cargo of oil she brought home heralded a new period of prosperity. The *Wiscasset* earned during her first voyage enough money to pay for herself and to settle all bills against her.

On January 27, 1839, with Captain Seth B. Horton in command, she sailed again, and three years and a half later she returned with 900 barrels of sperm oil, 1,200 barrels of whale oil, 1,700 pounds of whalebone, 150 pounds of coffee as a minor venture in trade, and $6,517 in cash. Since she had paid for herself during her first voyage, the profits of the second voyage were net. Although it was then close upon the time of greatest prosperity in the whaling business, the Wiscasset Whale Fishing Company appears to have been satisfied with the profits of the first two voyages, for instead of expanding its business, it then sold the *Wiscasset* to a Sag Harbour firm.

Sailing out of Sag Harbour in December, 1841, she made a voyage of two years to the Pacific and brought back a cargo worth $48,000. As a whaler she made only one voyage after that: she sailed on September 27, 1844, and, returning on February 19, 1847, brought back a cargo worth $51,000. Then, while the golden age of whaling was at its height, Sag Harbour sold her into the merchant marine, and a year later, sailing for New York from the Broomielaw of Glasgow, she

brought to America a Scottish damask weaver named William Carnegie, his wife, and his small sons Thomas and Andrew.

One who searches through the old chronicles of whaling finds curious points of contact with the history of wars and politics. Gentleman adventurers, condemned criminals, slavers, ancient pirates of the northern seas and 18th and 19th Century pirates of the southern seas, all appear in the stories of the whalemen. And many times such a vessel as the *Wiscasset*, which had played a worthy part in the whaling fleet, came indirectly into touch with business enterprises and international projects of far-reaching importance. Twelve-year-old Andrew Carnegie, who learned the ropes on board the *Wiscasset* and shared the forecastle plum duff on Sundays, never forgot the old whaleship or the sailor Robert Barryman, who bought for him, after they landed in New York, a memorable glass of sarsaparilla.

It is an example of the confidence in whaling, which prevailed throughout New England when the industry was beginning to grow more rapidly than ever before in history, that Gloucester, so long the great American fishing port, was tempted to abandon her codlines for iron and lance. "In years past," the editor of the Gloucester *Telegraph* wrote in January, 1833, "we have urged upon our fellow citizens the importance of introducing the whaling business into our town; that the catching of smallfry might not always be prosperous—that we ought in self-defence to launch into deeper water, and cast our lines in hope of catching something having more substance than mackerel or tomy-cods. We have endeavoured to throw much *light* upon the subject, and told what our neighbours were doing in the business; how they were growing in wealth, building ships and houses; enlarging towns, and increasing their population. The project has been several times agitated here, but some chicken-heart has as often thrown cold water upon it, which has checked its progress. We have now the pleasure of saying that two ships are lying in our harbour which will sail in a few days, not to 'bob for sprats,' but to catch whales. Their crews are obtained, though it was predicted that men

could not be found to go in them—that nobody could carry on the business but the Nantucketites and New Bedfordites. In fact, it has been supposed that none but these people could make a harpoon or whale warp, or even catch whales, but we hope to undeceive them in a few years. Our ships have more than their complement of men and enough could be obtained to navigate a dozen whale ships. By some misunderstanding between the Agent and Captain of the *Mount Wollaston*, more than her complement of officers were shipped, but the difficulty was readily obviated by the willingness manifested by one of our townsmen to relinquish the voyage in favour of an officer who had come from some distance, and at considerable expense.—The voyage was a short one for our friend, but although he caught no *fish*, he received a liberal share of the *oil-money* for his unforeseen disappointment, and we cheerfully recommend MR. MOSES BURNHAM to the notice of those who are already, or may be engaged in whaling, as a faithful and capable seaman."

Gloucester had caught the whaling fever—whether from the leading articles by the editor of the *Telegraph*, or from the advertisements offering cash for blubber by the barrel, or from the general enthusiasm for the business, which was sweeping down the coast, it now makes little difference—and the ships *Mount Wollaston* and *Lewis* put to sea on January 11th and January 26th, respectively.

The *Mount Wollaston* sailed on a second whaling voyage out of Gloucester in June, 1834, and the Gloucester schooner *Flying Arrow* made a whaling voyage in 1853 and 1854, but there Gloucester's whaling ended. In the past ninety years the business of fishing for such small fry as mackerel and "tomycods" has continued to prosper, but the business of hunting great whales has come virtually to an end.

The modest whaling business carried on out of Lynn, Massachusetts, was most active during the years when Wiscasset was a whaling town. In 1831 a single vessel went whaling out of Lynn, but the next year the merchants and business men of the town organized a whaling company which sent out a

second vessel, and, in the years following, five vessels, all told, three of which were built, as well as owned, in Lynn. Because of the shallow harbour of Lynn proper, the vessels, when in port, lay in the Saugus River. In 1838 the railroad threw a bridge across the river and the little fleet thenceforth sailed from Boston, although Lynn continued to own whaling vessels until 1857, when the *Commodore Preble* brought home one hundred and eight barrels of sperm oil, two thousand five hundred and fifty barrels of whale oil, and seventeen thousand two hundred pounds of bone, and was withdrawn from the whaling fleet.

On January 3, 1841, the ship *Acushnet*, of 359 tons, Captain Pease, weighed anchor in the river from which she took her name, and put to sea on her maiden voyage. After four years and four months she returned from a very ordinary voyage, with such ups and downs as were likely to befall any whaling vessel of the time. But she had carried in her crew two lads, one of twenty-two years, the other of sixteen, Herman Melville and Richard Tobias Greene, who ran away at the Marquesas Islands, and having shared various adventures placed the *Acushnet*, by grace of Melville's pen, among the notable ships of history.

Very little is known in detail of the voyage—there are passages in "Moby Dick," "Typee," and "Omoo" that may or may not concern it—but Melville's own record, compiled years later, gives the most comprehensive account of it:

"What became of the ship's company on the whale-ship *Acushnet*, according to Hubbard who came back home in her (more than a four years' voyage) and visited me in Pittsfield in 1850.

Captain Pease—returned & lives in asylum at the Vineyard.
Raymond, 1st Mate—had a fight with the captain & went ashore at Payta.
Boatswain, either ran away or killed at Ropo, one of the Marquesas.
Smith, went ashore at Santa, coast of Peru, afterwards committed suicide at Mobile.
Barney, boatswain, came home.
Carpenter, went ashore at Morvee half dead with disreputable disease.
The Czar.

Tom Johnson, black, went ashore at Morvee, half dead (ditto) & died at the hospital.
Reed, mulatto—came home.
Blacksmith, ran away at San Francisco.
Blackus, little black, ditto.
Bill Green, after several attempts to run away, came home in the end.
The Irishman, ran away, coast of Colombia.
Wright, went ashore half dead at the Marquesas.
Jack Adams and Jo Portuguese came home.
The Old Cook, came home.
Haynes, ran away aboard of a Sidney ship.
Little Jack, came home.
Grant, young fellow, went ashore half dead, spitting blood, at Oahu.
Murray, went ashore, shunning fight at Rio Janeiro.
The Cooper, came home."

The gloomy record is characteristic of whaling crews. Time has given the business a glamour that would astound the luckless victims of its reality, could they walk to-day the streets of that New England whence they sailed so long ago.

Negroes, in considerable numbers, have found their way into whaling, and one of them, Paul Cuffee—"a man of great worth, and who possessed a most noble character"—attracted attention toward the end of the 18th Century by rising to the position of captain and owner. His father was a slave of African birth; his mother was an American Indian, and he was born in 1759 on the island of Cuttyhunk. He went to sea on a whaling voyage when he was sixteen years old, and in 1776, during his third voyage, a British ship captured him and landed him in New York, where for three months he was a prisoner. For two years he worked on a farm, then he and his brother built a boat. In crossing Buzzard's Bay he fell into the hands of pirates who robbed him of boat and cargo, but he built another. In spite of another brush with pirates, he saved a little money, learned enough mathematics to navigate a vessel, and bought a craft of twelve tons. Having married, he farmed again for a while, but presently he bought a vessel of eighteen tons in which he fished on George's Banks. With the profits of this voyage, he bought a vessel of forty-two tons, in which he made a number of successful whaling voyages. In

1817, when he died, he owned a house, a farm, a wharf, and a storehouse by the Westport River, and he had owned all, or parts, of a number of other vessels in the merchant service.

As a master, Captain Paul Cuffee appears to have had no special trouble with his black crews; but on June 17, 1816, one Captain Alley of the ship *Potomac*, of Boston, who sailed with a crew of eleven Negroes, got into trouble off Nantucket. The Negroes mutinied and the skipper lost control of the situation. A band of men from Nantucket came to the rescue, and put down the mutiny, but the Negroes stole a boat and part of them ran away, and the voyage appears from the records to have been a failure.

A few years before his death, Captain Cuffee built the brig *Traveler*, of 109 tons. In 1822, a brig *Traveller*, Captain Phelps, of Westport, which made a brief whaling voyage in the Atlantic and returned with seventy barrels of sperm oil, attracted attention because every man in her crew was black.

Early in the 19th Century a young man named Jonathan Bourne came to New Bedford and went to work as clerk in a grocery store. Having ability, thrift, and initiative, he succeeded shortly in buying the store. He next began to invest money in vessels. In 1839, when he was twenty-five years old, he and certain others bought the bark *Roscoe*, and as managing owner, young Bourne fitted her out for a whaling voyage.

It was the beginning of one of the remarkable careers in the history of New Bedford. From the clerkship in the grocery store, Jonathan Bourne advanced to the head of one of the great whaling firms of the greatest whaling city of the 19th Century. In a single year, as owner or managing owner, he had fourteen ships and barks at sea.

Five years after he had bought the *Roscoe*, he bought also the *Lagoda*, which was his favourite of all his fleet. He was thirty years old when he bought her out of the merchant service and fitted her for a whaling voyage. She had been built in 1826; she was ship-rigged (not until 1860 was she converted to a barque) and square sterned. For forty-four years Jonathan Bourne held shares in the old vessel, and as managing owner directed

her affairs; and during that time she made twelve voyages and earned a net profit of $652,000.

On her first voyage under Bourne's management, the *Lagoda* sailed on October 9, 1841, for New Holland and the Indian Ocean, and returned, after the shortest of all her whaling voyages—one year, eleven months, and six days—with 600 barrels of sperm oil, 2,100 barrels of whale oil, and 17,000 pounds of whalebone. To outfit the *Lagoda* the owners had spent $28,919.45. They received, when the accounts of the voyage were settled, $37,498.09. She had earned in her absence of less than two years a profit of 29.6 per cent.

On November 8, 1843, she sailed for the Northwest Coast. When on May 26, 1846, she again returned to New Bedford, after an absence of two years, six months, and eighteen days, she brought a cargo that yielded the owners $30,114.75. Since they had spent $13,653.23 on her outfit, they got from the voyage a profit of 120.57 per cent.

On August 25, 1846, she sailed for the Pacific Ocean and the Northwest Coast, and when she returned to New Bedford on June 13, 1849, after an absence of two years, nine months, and eighteen days, she had a cargo that brought for the owners $29,092.24, or a profit of 66.96 per cent. above their expenditure of $17,424.95 for the outfit.

The further history of the *Lagoda* carries us into another distinct period in the history of whaling, for, after lying idle during the year when the scramble to the California gold-fields most seriously interfered with the industry, she continued whaling until June, 1886, under Bourne's management. Of her twelve voyages only two—the tenth and the twelfth—were unsuccessful. During those two voyages she lost $24,714.02, but the sum of money she earned during the other ten voyages was $676,673.01.

A lucky ship? Yes, without a doubt. And a lucky owner, Jonathan Bourne. Still, luck doesn't come to the idle, the heedless, or the stupid.

X

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

ONE afternoon, perhaps a hundred years ago,[1] a ship, "was moving along under her topgallant sails at the rate of about five knots the hour. The most hardened grumbler could not find fault with the day. At fore and main topgallant crosstrees were two men on the lookout for whales. It was now nearly four o'clock, when the man at the main sung out: 'There she blows!' He repeated the cry regularly five or six times. All was now excitement among the officers and men. Everyone was anxious to know if it was the kind of whale we wanted. The mate hailed the man at the mast-head,'Where away is that whale? What do you call her?'

"'Right whale, sir, on the lee beam, two miles off; look out sharp for her!'

"'Sing out when the ship heads for her!'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"'Keep her away!' said the captain to the man at the helm. 'Boy, hand me the spy-glass.' 'Steady!' sung out the man at the mast-head. 'Steady it is!' answered the wheel. The captain then started to go aloft. 'Mr. A. (to the mate), you may square in the after yards, and then call all hands.'

"'Forward, there!' shouted the mate. 'Haul the main-sail up and square the yards! Bill!' (to an old sailor). 'Sir'? 'Call all hands!' 'Ay, ay, sir. All hands, ahoy!' shouted old Bill in a voice like a tempest. 'Stand by the boats!' In less than no time the deck was alive with men.

"'Boat-steerers, get your boats ready!' In a moment, as it were, the boats were in readiness, the tubs put in, the lines bent on to the harpoons, and the crews standing by, ready to

[1] Rev. Henry T. Cheever, The Whale and His Captors, p. 144.

follow the boats down to the water, when word came from the captain to lower away.

"'There she blows!' sung out the man at the fore; 'not half a mile off.'

"'Down helm!' shouted the captain. 'Mr. A., brace up the mizzen topsail. Hoist and swing the boats! Lower away!' Down went the boats, and down followed the crews. As the boats struck the water, every man was on his thwart, with his hand on the loom of his oar, and all at once the three boats were cutting their way through the water in the direction of the whale.

"It was my duty to steer the mate's boat, and she happened to be the fastest puller, so that, although we all left the ship together, and for a few rods kept nearly head and head with each other, still we knew well enough that, as soon as the word came from the mate to 'give way,' we should drop the others in a moment. So we did not fret ourselves, but kept cool for a light pull when the whale should show himself on the surface of the water again, which he did the moment after.

"'Here she is!' cried the mate; 'and not over ten rods from the boat. Now, my dear fellows[!], lay back hard! Spring hard, I tell you! There she blows! Only give way, my boys, and she is ours!' The boat bounded forward like a thing of life. 'Spring like tigers!' said the mate, his voice sinking almost to a whisper. I looked over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance I was about to have, at the same time pulling at my own oar with all my might. We were going on her starboard quarter; just the chance I like to fasten to a whale.

"'Stand up!' shouted the mate; and in a moment I was on my feet, and in the next moment I had two harpoons to the hitches into her. 'Stern all! Stern all!' sung out the mate, as he saw the irons in the whale. 'Come here, my boy!' said he to me. We shifted ends; he to the head, and I to the stern of the boat. The whale started off like lightning.

"'Hold on line!' said the mate; and away we shot after her like an arrow from the bow. The mate by this time had his lance ready. 'Haul me on to that whale,' he shouted; and all

hands turned to hauling line, while I coiled it away in the stern sheets. We had got nearly up to the whale when she took to sounding, taking the line right up and down from the head of the boat. I had two turns of the line round the loggerhead, and was holding on as much as the boat would bear, when, all at once, another large whale, that we knew nothing about, shot up out of the water nearly her whole length, in a slanting position, hanging directly over the boat. I threw off the turns from the loggerhead, and shouted to the men to 'stern.' But it was of no use; she fell the whole length of her body on the boat.

"I heard a crash! and, as I went down, I felt a pressure of water directly over my head, caused, as I thought, by the whale's flukes as she struck. How long I was under water I know not; but I remember that all looked dark above me, and that I tried very hard to shove my head through in order to breathe. At last I succeeded, but what a sight was that on which I gazed when I found myself on the surface of the water! About a rod off was the whale that we were fast to, thrashing the water into a foam with his flukes, the ocean red with blood, and the crimson streams pouring from the wounds in the whale's sides made by the harpoons. In another direction I could see pieces of the boat floating around. At the distance of two or three miles, I could occasionally get a glimpse of the ship as I rode on the top of a swell, and not a human being in sight.

"Not losing heart or hope, I struck out for a piece of the stern of our once beautiful boat a few rods distant. The crew came up one after another, catching at anything they could see to help keep them afloat. One poor fellow came paddling along with two or three oars under him, crying out that his back was broken. Another of the crew and myself got him on a piece of the boat that we had hold of. His thigh was broken and he could not move his legs at all."

When the second mate picked up the survivors of the luckless adventure, one man had disappeared and was never seen again.

Contrast with this somewhat sentimental narrative, which shows marks of the clergyman's pen that transcribed it, the

vigorous story of a successful attack on a sperm whale as given by a genuine whaler, Captain William H. Macy, in "Thar She Blows! or the Log of the Arethusa":

"I caught sight of something like a small puff of steam or white smoke rising a little and blowing off on the water. Looking intently at the same spot, after a short interval another puff rose like the former, satisfying me, from the descriptions I had heard, that some sort of whale was there, and I instinctively shouted, 'There she blows!'

"'Where away?' hailed Mr. Johnson, who was just climbing the main-topmast rigging; 'Oh, yes, I see him! Sperm whale, I believe—hold on a bit till he blows again—yes—thar sh' blo-o-o-ows! large sperm whale! two points off the larboard! Blo-o-o-o-ows! headed to windward!'

"'How far off?' shouted Mr. Grafton from the deck.

"'Three miles! 'ere sh' blows!'

"By this time the old man was on deck and ready for action. 'Call all hands out, Mr. Grafton! Hard a starboard there! Stand by to brace round the yards. Cook! get your breakfast down as fast as you can. Keep the run of him, there, aloft! Maintop bowline, boatsteerers! Sure it's a sperm whale, eh, Mr. Johnson? Steward! give me up the glass—I must make a cleet in the gangway for that glass soon. Muster 'em all up, Mr. Grafton, and get the lines in as fast as you can (mounting the shearpole). Sing out when we head right, Mr. Johnson! Mr. Grafton, you'll have to brace sharp up, I guess (just going over the maintop). See the *Pandora* there? Oh, yes, I see her (half-way up the topmast rigging). Confound him! he's heading just right to see the whale, too!'

"'There goes flukes,' shouted the mulatto.

"'Yes! yes! I see him—just in time to see him (swinging his leg over the topmast crosstrees), a noble fan, too! a buster! Haul aboard that maintack! We must have that fellow, Mr. Johnson. Steady—y! Keep her along just full and by. *We mustn't let the Pandora get him, either!*'

"The *Arethusa* bent gracefully to the breeze, as, braced sharp on the port tack, she darted through the water as though in-

stinctively snuffing her prey. The whale was one of those patriarchal old bulls who are often found alone, and would probably stay down more than an hour before he would be seen again. Meantime, the two ships were rapidly nearing each other; and the *Pandora's* lookouts were not long in discovering that 'something was up,' as was evinced by her setting the main royal and foretopmast studding-sail, though they could not possibly have seen the whale yet. But the whale was apparently working slowly to windward, and the *Pandora* coming with a flowing sheet, all of which was much in her favour. The old man remained aloft, anxiously waiting the next rising, from time to time hailing the deck to know 'what time it was' and satisfying himself that the boats were in readiness and breakfast served out to those who wanted it. As three quarters of an hour passed, he grew more anxious and fidgety, shifting his legs about in the crosstrees and clutching the spy-glass in his nervous grasp.

"'Are you all ready, Mr. Grafton?'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' answered the mate from the main-top, where he had mounted to get a look at the whale when he should rise again.

"'Let them hoist and swing the boats.'

"'Ay, ay, sir.'

"'I think I saw a ripple then,' said the second mate, from the topsail yard directly beneath him.

"'Where?' demanded the captain.

"'Four points off the lee bow.'

"'Oh, no, you didn't, he won't come there. He'll rise ahead or a little on the weather bow. I don't think he'll go to windward—good gracious! see that *Pandora* come down! She'll be right in the suds here directly! I think we've run far enough, eh, Mr. Grafton? Haul the main sail up, then! and square the main yard!'

"Silence for a few minutes after this evolution was performed.

"'He can't be far off when he comes up again. Look at the men old Worth has got aloft there, his crosstrees swarming, and every rattlin manned. Look sharp! all of ye! We must see

that whale when he first breaks water. That helm eased down? Haul the foresail up! and let the jib-sheets flow a little more. It can't be possible that the whale has been up—no, we couldn't help seeing him, some of us—I *know* 'twas a sperm whale. I saw his fan; besides, there's Mr. Johnson—best eyes in the ship. What time is it there? An hour and ten minutes that whale has been down—a long-winded old dog! We shall have to wear around, I'm afraid we shall forge. Blo-o-o-ows! right ahead, not one mile off! Down, then, and lower away! Now, Mr. Grafton, work carefully—Mr. Dunham, too; if you don't strike this rising, spread your chances well, and don't crowd each other—*but don't you let the 'Pandora' get him!'* The captain was by this time in the stern of his own boat. 'All ready, Mr. Johnson! Where's Old Jeff? at my midship oar? Oh, here you are, eh? You ain't turned white yet—lower away! Cooper! where's Cooper? As soon as we are all clear, wear round —*Let run that davit fall?*—Wear round and make a short board—pull up your tackle, boy. Keep to windward all you can, Cooper! Pull a little off the weather bow, Mr. Grafton, and then set your sail! Haul in these gripes towing over the quarter. By thunder, there's Worth's boats all down! coming with a fair wind, too! Out oars, lads.'

"The *Pandora* had luffed to, and dropped her boats a mile to windward, and they were coming down before the breeze, wing-and-wing, with their paddles flashing in the sunlight, and their immense jibs guyed out on the bow-oar as studding-sails, promising to stand about an equal chance for the whale with ourselves. The larboard boat to which I belonged proved the fastest of the three and had a little the lead. After pulling a few quiet strokes to windward, Father Grafton set his sails, and, as he gave the order to 'peak the oars and take the paddles,' seemed as cool and calm as when engaged in the most ordinary duty on board. There was no confusion or bustle in his boat, but, with his practiced eye fixed upon the huge spermaceti, he kept encouraging us in a low, dry tone, as he conned the steering oar with such skill that he seemed to do it without effort.

"'Now, lads, you face round to paddle, you can all see him.

I declare, he's a noble fellow—ninety barrels under his hide if there's a drop. Bunker, do you see that fellow? he's got a back like a ten-acre lot—paddle hard, lads; if you miss him, go right overboard yourself, and don't come up again—long and strong stroke, boys, on your paddles. See that boat coming—that's Ray, the second mate of the *Pandora*—three or four more spouts, and we'll have him—he's ours, sure! they can't get here in time—scratch hard, boys! don't hit your paddles on the gunwale. Stand up, Bunker, and get your jibtack clear! Don't let them "gally" you, if they shout in that boat.'

"'All right!' said his boat-steerer, with his eager hand resting on the iron pole, 'Never fear, sir.'

"'Paddle hard, lads, a stroke or two. That's right, Bunker. Keep cool, my boy. Keep cool, and make sure of him.'

"A wild and prolonged shout rang on the air from six sturdy pairs of lungs in the *Pandora's* waist-boat, as Mr. Ray, seeing that he was baffled, let fly his sheets and rounded to, a ship's length to windward. It was too late, however.

"'All right,' said Father Grafton, in the same dry, quiet tone as before. 'Hold your hand, Bunker. Hold your hand, boy, till you're past his hump—another shoot, lads—way enough, in paddles. Now, Bunker! give it to him! Down to your oars, the rest. Give him t'other one, boy! Well done! both irons to the hitches. Hold water, all! Bear a hand, now, and roll up that sail. Wet line, Tom, wet line! Where's your bucket? All ready with your sail, Bunker? Let her come, then—all right. Come aft here, now, and let me get a dig at him.'

"The line was spinning round the loggerhead with a whizzing noise, and a smoking heat, as the huge leviathan, stung to the quick, darted down into the depths of the ocean. Bunker threw on the second round turn to check him, and jamming the bight of the line over the stern sheets, watched it carefully as it flew through his grasp; while the mate cleared his lance, and got ready to renew the attack. Every moment his anxiety increased as he kept turning his head, and looking at the tub of line, rapidly settling, as the whale ran it out, 'I declare, I be-

lieve he'll take all my line. Blacksmith! Pass along the drug! Check him hard, Bunker!' Then, seeing the other boats near at hand, he opened his throat, and, for the first time, we learned the power of Father Grafton's lungs.

"'Spring hard, Mr. Dunham! I want your line! Cast off your craft and stand by to throw your line to me! Spring hard! *Do!*'

"The ash sticks in the waist boat were doing their best, as the loud 'Ay, ay!' was borne back o'er the water from Dunham, while the old man could be seen in the rear of the picture wildly straining every nerve to be 'in at the death,' and heaving desperately at the after oar, with his hat off, his hair flying loosely in the breeze, and his whole frame writhing with eager excitement. Our line was going, going; already there was but one flake in the tub, when the waist-boat ranged up on our quarter, and Fisher, with the coil gathered in his hand, whirled it over his head, making ready for a cast. At this instant his strain was suddenly relieved and the line slacked up.

"'Never mind!' roared Mr. Grafton. 'Hold on, Fisher! All right, he's coming! Never mind your line, Mr. Dunham, he's coming up! Pull ahead and get fast! Get a lance at him if you can! Haul line, *us!* Face round here, all of ye, and haul line! Careful, Bunker, about coiling down. He'll be up now, in a minute; haul lively!'

"The waist boat had shot ahead under a fresh impulse of her own, and the captain came drawing up abreast of the fast boat.

"'Are you well fast, Mr. Grafton?'

"'Ay, ay, sir; both irons chock to the socket.'

"'That's the talk. Got 'most all your line, hasn't he?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, gather in as fast as you can. Spring hard, *us!* Spring! I want to grease a lance in that fish. There he is up,' he shouted, as the tortured monster broke water, showing his whole head out in his agony, and started to windward.

"Fisher had bent on his craft again, and was about two ships' lengths from the whale when he rose.

"'Haul quick, my lads!' said the mate, 'and get this stray

line in! There's Mr. Dunham going on, and the old man will be with him in a minute. There he brings to!' as the whale suddenly stopped short in his mad career, and lay swashing up and down, as if rallying his strength for a fresh effort.

"'There's "stand up" in the waist-boat! There he darts! Hurrah! two boats fast! Haul lively, *us*, and get this line in!'

"The whale seemed staggered by the accumulation of cold iron in his system, and lay wallowing in the trough of the waves. It was a critical moment for him; for Mr. Dunham was getting his lance on the half-cock, ready for darting, and as the whale suddenly 'milled short round' to pass across the head of his boat, the young man saw his advantage, and cried, 'Pull ahead! Pull ahead, and we'll get a "set" on him! Lay forward, Fisher! Lay forward hard, my lad! right on for his fin! Pull ahead! So, way enough—hold water all'; and driven by a strong arm, the sharp lance entered his 'life,' its bright shank disappearing till the pole brought it up.

"'Hold her so!' said the second mate. 'Way enough! just hold her so till he rises again!' as the whale hollowed his back under the sea, now crimsoned with his life-tide, and again rising, received the lance anew in his vitals; but the first 'set' was enough, and the gush of clotted blood from his spiracle told how effectually it had done its work."

The story of the wild flurry of the dying whale, which writhed and tumbled and raced in small circles until it rolled "fin out," dead, and of the long, hard pull that was so often necessary to tow the dead beast to the ship, has been many times retold. Sometimes the boatmen were forced to "waif" their catch, or mark it with waifs—pennants mounted on poles—thus the better to find it and identify it, when they came back for further hunting, or when daylight or quieter weather enabled them to return. Sometimes, too, they were forced to lie all night in the lee of the dead whale, which served them as a sea anchor.

For the moment, follow a successful crew back to a becalmed ship. With the whale in tow, nearly always head forward, which experience had generally shown to be the easiest way, but manifesting a perverse tendency to lie with the trough re-

gardless of the direction of the ship, as if even in death there persisted a sullen and obstinate desire to make difficult the task of the victors, they dipped oars and pulled till the long ash blades bent; hour after hour they rowed, furlong by furlong, until in the dusk they came wearily down upon the vessel. Lights shone in the rigging and from deckhouse and cabin port.

They brought the whale alongside, the head aft now, and with weighted cords they worked to get a line round the "small" —the stocky mass of bones and tendons just forward of the flukes. There were different methods for this. One was to send out two boats, each holding one end of a line, with a heavy sinker to carry down the bight, which they worked forward under the whale until it caught at the proper place. Another was to fish with a line that had a float at one end and a sinker some fathoms away from the float; as they let the line go down beside the whale, and pulled it up, the float would rise on the other side of the carcass. In either case, a rope would follow the cord; a hawser, the rope; and a chain, the hawser. Thus, with the chain round the small, made fast on board, and another leading from the head, the whale itself was secure until daylight.

At break of day they hoisted, by lighter tackles, the huge cutting tackles to the lower masthead and there securely lashed them or slung them from straps of great strength. The stage for the cutters they swung out from the side and made fast. The gigantic lower block of one of the cutting tackles, to which was secured the blubber hook, in size and strength proportionate to the block itself, they brought out over the gangway.

Armed with spades longer and heavier than those carried in the boats, the mates would go out on the cutting stage. Round their waists they wore "monkey-ropes," which led inboard and were there made fast or were held by a man delegated to that one task; thus they made sure that they should not fall into the sea, which, in the tropics, swarmed with sharks feasting on the dead whale.

Flinging or jabbing their spades, with sure aim, into the great carcass, as it lay fin out, they cut, between the fin and the nape

—if a whale may be said to have either neck or nape—a hole to receive the blubber hook. The cutters made a deep, semicircular scarf above and around the hole. A boat-steerer placed the hook. The men on deck carried the purchase of the tackle to the windlass and hove it taut. The cutters carried the scarf down on each side of the hole, to free a strip of blubber about six feet wide. The cutters worked away and the tackle tightened to the heaving of the men at the windlass, the ship leaned more and more to starboard and the great hook pulled into the blubber. Then the blubber, following the line of the scarf, would presently burst away from the flesh and rise in a long strip peeled from the whale, which turned in the chains like a stick on which a string is wound. The lower block rose, followed by the "blanket piece," as the strip of blubber is called, till it reached the masthead. With a long keen two-edged boarding-knife a boat-steerer pierced the blubber down by the bulwarks and cut a second hole, in which he made fast a strap and toggle, or a second blubber hook, which was secured to the lower block of the second tackle. The men hove taut the second tackle; the boat-steerer sliced through the blanket piece with the boarding knife, watchful of its course when with all its ponderous weight it should swing free and clear; and the first blanket-piece was lowered through the main hatch. As the spades rose and fell, cutting their way deep into blubber every time they descended, as the men hove at the windlass, the blubber continued to rise to the pull first of one tackle, then of another, in blanket-piece after blanket-piece, and "the whale was kept rolling until it was rolled out of its jacket, just as a person would haul a piece of tape from a spool, if it were wound spirally from end to end," until the cutters came to the "small." Here, since the forward part of the body quite overbalanced the rest, further unrolling would have been too difficult. So they cut the small from the body forward and from the flukes aft, and hoisted it on deck.

As they made the first incisions forward of the fin, they drove the spades deep toward the backbone; and as the whale turned in the chains, they cut clean through to the vertebræ round the base of the head. Reeving a cable or head-chain through

a hole cut for it, they then severed the backbone just abaft the skull, or so fixed the head by an oaken post braced against a plate on the side of the ship that the backbone twisted in two as they peeled the blubber from the revolving body, and let the head pass astern.

Abaft the forecastle of the typical whaler was the forehold where they stored spades and cutting tackles and spare oars and lumber, and hawsers and ropes and cordage. Then, continuing aft on the lower deck, came the blubber room under the main hatch, and still farther aft, the steerage. As the big blanket-pieces descended down through the hatch into the blubber room, men waiting in the dim light coiled them and stowed them away, till, in a small vessel, the rising surface of oily blubber from a large whale would show at the deck above.

Then, if the whale was small, they hoisted on deck the head that had meanwhile been towing astern. If the whale was large, they swung the head forward and hoisted it up by the rail, where it hung partly suspended in the air and partly in the sea. And it was no trifling matter. "While the head of one of the whales was being received on board," says Bennett in his "Narrative of a Whaling Voyage Round the Globe," "it suddenly fell, owing to some defect in the suspending tackle, and at each lurch of the ship, traversed the deck in a terrific manner, until, settling for a moment at the lee bulwark, it was secured, without having done further mischief than crushing a strong bucket as if it had been a nut shell, and destroying a luckless pig, *en passant*."

The jaw, when removed and raised on deck, yielded a harvest of ivory teeth, that furnished the whalemen with the raw materials of scrimshaw work. The junk, too, they cut away and hoisted on deck to be tried out later. Then, rigging a whip from the mainyard arm and cutting through into that cistern of pure spermaceti, the case, they plunged into it the case bailer—a tall, narrow bucket, heavily weighted at the rounded lower end —drove it down with a pole, and hauled it up dripping with the limpid and fragrant sperm. There were hundreds of gallons of it, most valuable of all products of

the whale, and in the early days of our American colonies it was considered a cure for virtually every known disease. At last they let go the empty case to follow the stripped carcass of the old sea monster, where the birds above and the sharks below were preying upon it.

If, instead of a sperm whale, they had killed a right whale, they would have cut in after much the same fashion until they came to the head. To cut in "the old head" of the right whale, they loosened the head and upper jaw from the body by cutting from the back of the "neck" to the corners of the mouth, and by the cutting tackle they hoisted the loosened part on deck. They let the boneless lower jaw go.

As the upper jaw rested on deck, balanced on the outermost tip, or nose, and on the long baleen—the whalebone of commerce—it stood perhaps twelve feet high. The long shreds that hung from the baleen gave the mouth a strangely shaggy appearance. The gums formed arches from the tip of the nose to the back of the jaw, and the slabs of baleen varied from six inches to fourteen feet in length, and from an inch to six inches in width. The longest slabs were in the front of the mouth. All were exceedingly flexible and tapered to a point, and though the outer ends were easily pulled far apart, at the gums the flat surfaces nearly touched one another. They cut the baleen "in bunches of ten or a dozen slabs held together by the gums" and stowed it away.

First, in preparing the blubber for the try-pots, they cut the blanket-pieces into horse-pieces, which in any vessel were roughly of the same size and shape, although size and shape might vary considerably in different vessels and at different periods. But whether the horse-pieces were fourteen inches square, or six or eight inches wide and three feet or more long, their fate was the same: the spade-men cut the blanket-piece into horse-pieces while a man with a gaff held the blanket-piece so far as possible from slipping; the horse-pieces they pitched on deck and carried forward to the mincing-house, where with heavy mincing-knives like two-handled cleavers (or, in later days, with a mincing machine, which two men turned while one

fed it) the two mincers cut them into thin slices left fast to the black skin like a side of bacon sliced down to the rind. Bible leaves, the thin slices were called; and "Bible leaves!" roared by the mate at the mincer, warned him to cut them even thinner, for the thinner the "leaves," the more quickly the boiling would extract the oil.

From the small they had stripped the tough blubber called white-horse; they had cut the junk into horse-pieces to be tried out separately. The piles of oily blubber and casks of fragrant sperm, the ivory from the lower jaw, and perhaps a tid-bit of whale meat or brains, were all that was left of the great beast (all—but a good sixth part, none the less) when with wood from below they kindled the fires under the try-kettles, which they had filled with minced blubber.

The try-works of an American whaler consisted of a structure of bricks, called the caraboose, which was built on deck, with a tank of water under it to keep the planking from catching fire. In the forward side of this brick structure were hinged the wide fire doors. In the top of it were set the try-pots—two or three, as the case might be—which held perhaps two hundred gallons apiece. Above them was built a wooden platform to serve as a roof, through which the rectangular funnels of copper rose from the fire boxes.

To feed the fires, which they started with wood, they used the fritters of tried-out blubber, dry, oily fragments known among our own whalemen as scraps, which burned with intense heat and thick black smoke. Thus, once the boiling was well started, it perpetuated itself by supplying its own fuel.

From the try-pots they dipped the oil into a big copper cooler, and from the cooler into casks in which it stood until it was as cool as it would get. Then they coopered the casks anew and stowed them down.

Consider the ship, drenched with oil and blood from the flensing, grimy from stem to stern with soot from her fires, blackened aloft from the smoke of burning chips. The smell of those burning chips has penetrated to the uttermost cracks and crannies; the taste of it seems to have impregnated every cask of

food, every bucket and pan in the galley. They will man the mastheads and go cruising through the seas where whales abound, and lower and chase and strike and lance and cut and boil again and again, till with every cask full and coopered, if fortune serves them well, they heave overboard the try-works, scrub and scrape her till she is as clean as human hands can make her, and sail with a full ship to the home port. But now they are boiling through the day and the short twilight far into the night.

As the evil-smelling smoke drifts down the wind and the flames from the try-works leap high into the night, while the men feed the fires and bail oil from try-pot into cooler, and from cooler into cask; while the mincers chop the horse-pieces into Bible-leaves and send them forward to refill the pots, the vessel is grotesquely lit by dancing flames, now gleaming lurid through the smoke and dimming the steady lanterns by their glare; now momentarily dying while the lantern-light, relieved from ruthless competition, shines for an interval as if with renewed strength. The men who pass and repass in black silhouette are as creatures of the underworld, and to a stranger who knew nothing of her business, the vessel herself would appear as a visitant from the other side of Styx.

XI

ENEMIES, VULNERABLE AND INVULNERABLE

THE perils of the sea are facts with which we all feel quite familiar, however little we really know about them. The poets have done their best, and the experiences of seafaring men have done at least as well, to show us the possibilities of an Inferno on this side of the grave. Some of these perils still exist, and we are instinctively in awe of the sea. But actual mortal dangers on land, or from half-civilized man, seem to belong to ancient tales of travel, to crude etchings more comic than tragic, and we can hardly realize how lately these dangers could overtake the mariner in distant seas.

Right here it may be remarked that for the missionaries and their work among the South Sea Islanders many whalemen had no manner of use. The prejudice has survived in various forms—most vividly, perhaps, in Herman Melville's books—and the reasons for it were numerous. Yet although heathen who attended church in the morning resorted with easy indifference to various pagan excesses in the evening (a phenomenon that need not be sought so far as the South Seas), even such free-and-easy Christianity as prevailed among the islands preserved not a few shipwrecked sailors from lining the ribs of cannibal epicures.

For instance, the story is told of a ship that ran on a sunken rock and foundered. The officers and men took to the boats and for fourteen days saw neither sail nor land. On the fifteenth day, too nearly dead to fight for their lives, they sighted an unknown island, but with no certainty of being kept alive, for natives crowded the shore. As they drifted nearer, with little confidence in the outcome of their adventure, a native

with a Bible in his hand plunged through the surf, yelling, "Missionary! Missionary!"

They answered his yell, and others, following the first, came swimming out.

By extraordinary coincidence, the story runs, the brother of the wrecked captain had been himself wrecked years before on the same island. Saved from being butchered for an island holiday, by the ancient native tradition which occurred to the islanders in the very nick of time, that a god should some time come out of the sea, he had taught them the elements of Christianity and thus had prepared them to receive, with spontaneous kindness and generosity, this second parcel of shipwrecked sailors.

There is something about the story, as the Reverend Henry T. Cheever tells it, that leads one to suspect him of being the innocent victim of a sailor's yarn; but in telling of the welcome that the natives of Rimatara gave the whale-ship *Commodore Preble*, Captain Lafayette Ludlow, the good man's tale is told at first hand and his simple honesty silences every doubt. To the boat sent from the ship to the reef that shielded the island, the natives with great good humour brought many pigs and coconuts, and during the trading one of the sailors, having learned the dialect during a stay at Tahiti, told them that the ship carried a missionary as passenger from Hawaii. The next day they sent on board a letter for Mr. Cheever, written in the Rimatara tongue by a native teacher. The translation runs:

Dear Friend and Father,

May you be saved by the true God. This is our communication to you. Come thou hither upon the shore, that we may see you in respect to all the words of God which are right with you. It is our desire that you come to-day. From Teutino and his brethren.

With his visit to the island and with the feast the natives set before him, Mr. Cheever was well pleased; (his comments on the native women are a reassurance that his eyes were not too ascetic to become aware of female charms.) And there is truth in his conclusion that regardless of how carelessly the natives took

their new religion, the atolls where missionaries had settled were safer for whalemen than those unregenerate isles where less sophisticated savages, were liable, without warning, to break forth into wanton murder—as witness the story of the *Awashonks*.

At sunrise on October 5, 1835, the ship *Awashonks* of Falmouth, Prince Coffin master, then some two years from home, sighted an island twenty miles away. On the chart, which placed it in latitude 5° 35′ north and longitude 168° 13′ east, it was called Baring's Island, and was said to be uninhabited; so the *Awashonks* attempted to weather it to the south. But a squall blew up and for a time hid the island, and when it had passed she had so fallen off from the wind that it was necessary to run under the lee. Captain Coffin wore ship and stood for a point six miles or so to the westward.

On the island—a circle of land nowhere more than half a mile wide, built on coral and enclosing a lagoon four or five miles long—coconut trees and plantains grew in profusion; and, the chart notwithstanding, the crew of the *Awashonks* saw naked men running along the shore ahead of the ship. As the *Awashonks* rounded the point and opened the channel into the lagoon, three canoes appeared, on their way out, and Captain Coffin ordered the ship hove to.

She came into the wind with her main topsail to the mast, half a mile from land, and all hands lined the rail to watch the approaching canoes. Men at sea on an old-time whaling voyage were glad enough to spend an hour or two bartering for fruit, and the three or four islanders in each canoe were bringing coconuts and plantains.

The canoes swung alongside the ship and the natives sold their produce for pieces of iron and ivory, then came scrambling on board as naked as when their mothers bore them—except the chief, who wore a string of fish teeth round his neck, a roll of yellow plantain leaf thrust through the enormous hole bored and stretched in the lobe of each ear, and a string of grass draped round his loins whence it fell to his knees. They spoke a strange tongue, which no one on board could understand, al-

though there were natives of Tahiti in the crew; in their darkness of skin and in the general cast of their features they resembled Malays rather than South Sea Islanders.

They stayed on deck when the captain, mate, and second mate had gone below to dinner. Except the helmsman, and the third officer, who waited to take an observation when the sun passed the meridian, the decks, both forward and aft, were deserted.

It was that third officer, Silas Jones of Freemantle, then a youth of one-and-twenty years, on his second voyage, who afterward wrote the story of the *Awashonks*. Even then, while he remained on deck taking the observations and keeping a lookout, he noticed the way the islanders regarded metal. Of the quadrant, which was new and shone in the sun, they seemed to be afraid; but iron, wherever it appeared, they examined closely and covetously.

As young Mr. Jones paced the quarter-deck he saw other canoes putting out from the island and paddling briskly toward the ship. Going below when the first and second mates had come up to relieve him, he told the captain, who immediately got up from the table and went on deck; and thither Mr. Jones returned after making a hasty meal of what his superiors had left.

He found that there were already thirty or more natives roaming about the ship, apparently in growing excitement, and chattering in their own language. Drawing a little apart, he watched closely all that was happening. But he appears, up to that time, to have been the only one to feel any uneasiness.

On spars seven feet above the quarter-deck, as was the custom of whaling vessels, they kept ready a supply of craft, among them fourteen cutting spades mounted on long poles. The polished heads and razor-keen edges had caught the attention of the savages, and Captain Coffin, observing their interest, took down a spade and showed them in pantomime how the whalers used it in cutting the blubber by swift thrusts from the staging.

As the captain returned the spade to its place on the spars, young Mr. Jones observed that the excitement of the savages

was increasing. Discovering that one of them was bringing a war-club on board, he told the captain, who ordered him to drive them off the deck.

Stepping to the gangway, Mr. Jones seized the club as it appeared above the rail, and wrenching it out of the owner's hands, threw it overboard. Seeing that another native just behind the first was bringing on board another club, he seized that, too, and was struggling to get it away from the fellow, when he heard an uproar, and turning, saw that the main body of the natives was making an organized rush for the spades.

Letting go the club, the third mate leaped into the mob, and succeeded in seizing one of the spades and getting out of the crowd with a whole skin, "which," he says, "I have since considered a miracle, as spades were flying in every direction."

Running aft, Mr. Jones encountered a native and thrust at him with the spade, but the man dodged and the blade struck deep into the woodwork of the cabin. Before Mr. Jones could pull it out and strike again two natives had hold of the pole, which was some fifteen feet long and so awkward to handle that the three swayed back and forth without any one of them making much progress, until Mr. Jones, pressing closer to the natives with his fist, struck one of the men several times in the face.

Apparently having no notion of defending himself against such an assault, the native let go the spade and backed away. But before Mr. Jones could thus attack the second native, a third came at him with a spear, and the young officer himself, was obliged to abandon the spade and run.

With three men at his heels he raced forward. A spade thrown from the opposite side of the deck flashed past him. Fleeing he knew not whither, he saw an open hatch, leaped through it, and landed, completely exhausted, in the forehold.

"In the forehold," he says, "I found three or four seamen making preparations for defense, with Mr. Gardner, the first officer, who addressed me, saying, 'Oh, dear Mr. Jones, what shall we do? Our captain is killed and the ship is gone!'"

Recovering his strength and his wits, young Mr. Jones

thought of the chance of working his way aft between decks to the cabin, where there were firearms; and leaving Mr. Gardner and the seamen, he began to force a passage through the space between the forehatch and the steerage, which was filled with casks, barrels, and lumber. It was the last time he saw his firm friend, the first officer, alive, for a few moments later Mr. Gardner died in the fore hatchway with a deep gash in his chest. In the steerage he found the blacksmith, who, being sick and off duty, had been able only to guess at the meaning of the uproar above. Together the two broke down a door and burst into the deserted cabin.

From his chest, Mr. Jones got a few charges of ammunition—all he had—and a pair of pistols which he loaded. Placing the blacksmith with the loaded pistols on guard at the foot of the companionway, he then hunted until he found a bag of buckshot and a tin coffeepot full of powder with which he loaded the cabin muskets. This done, he returned to the companionway, where he found on guard instead of the blacksmith a Negro boy, Charles, who had come aft from the fore hold by the way Mr. Jones himself had broken out. The blacksmith, it seemed, had given Charley the pistols as soon as he entered the cabin, and had then, with more discretion than courage, gone back between decks.

On the quarter-deck the natives were making such a racket to celebrate their victory that the two young fellows in the cabin thought they were scuttling the deck; also, having discovered the two in the cabin, a group of five or six were standing in front of the gangway, spades in hand, to receive them when they should venture out. But the wild yells came to a sudden end when Mr. Jones fired a musket into the group. "If they had all been struck by lightning from heaven," he says, "they could not have ceased their noise quicker than they did."

Another boy, John Parker, hearing the report of the musket, came aft from the forehold, and while the two boys loaded muskets and fired according to Mr. Jones's orders, the three sent up shot after shot at the savages, who hurled back at them spades and harpoons, and even a spy-glass. The

fourth man to reach the cabin was a seaman named Lewis who had been aloft as lookout when the row began, and had remained there until he heard the firing from the cabin. Then, since the natives held the upper deck and there was no chance of his getting past them, he had jumped from the rigging through the open hatch. The fall seriously ruptured him, and before he was able to get out of the way, the natives split his ear and otherwise wounded him with spades. Dodging their thrusts and scrambling aft as best he could, he took a loaded musket from one of the boys, on entering the cabin, and stepped to the companionway. He succeeded in firing the musket, but at the same moment a native struck him on the knee with a spade and severed the joint. He called for help, and Mr. Jones got him back into the cabin and hastily bandaged his leg; and there he sat, without a word of complaint or a sign of pain, loading muskets for nearly an hour.

A fifth man, Daniel Wood, was so badly cut up by spades and so weak from loss of blood that when he succeeded in reaching the cabin by the same route the others had taken, he could not in any way join in the fight. And he brought them news that the first officer was dead. The sixth, and last, was the discreet blacksmith, who finally came to the conclusion that after all he would be safer in the cabin than anywhere else.

Meanwhile, the natives had been sending their canoes to the island, with one man in each, for reinforcements. But Mr. Jones, observing this activity from the stern ports, had directed at the returning canoes a fire so steady and accurate that not one succeeded in reaching the ship. When with a crash the natives cut from her davits the starboard quarter-boat, which capsized when she fell, the sharpshooter waited until she cleared the stern of the ship and easily drove from the boat the three natives who were drifting away, one of whom appeared to have been crippled by the fall.

"When the ship was hove to," Mr. Jones wrote in his log book, "the helm was put alee. The wind being very light and the sea perfectly smooth, it had remained in that position. Now we were convinced that someone was disturbing

it, by the rattling of the chains which were used in place of ropes."

To stop this tampering with the helm, which might have proved completely disastrous to the ship and every white man on board her, Mr. Jones tried to fire a shot at random up through the deck. His first attempt failed, but the blacksmith, seeing what the young man was doing, took another loaded musket and placed it in a similar position; and the two fired their pieces simultaneously. The chains stopped rattling, and from the stern ports they could see that the rudder had remained in the same position. Not until some time later did they learn that their random shots, passing through five different boards, had instantly killed the native chief.

By now the islanders had become very cautious, and Mr. Jones, having been unable for some time to get a shot at them, made up his mind that the moment was at hand to sally out on deck. There were six men in the cabin, but Lewis and Wood were unable to walk, and the blacksmith had already proved himself a coward. Only Parker, the Negro Charlie and the two boys were to be relied upon.

Arming each of them with a gun, and himself carrying a third gun, this officer, just old enough to vote, started up the companionway, when he heard on the deck the sound of boots. Before one of them could move, a boat-steerer named Perkins seized the muzzle of Mr. Jones's musket.

"Oh! Mr. Jones," he cried, "I did not know you were alive. They are all gone. They are all gone."

Running to the rail they saw the natives a moment later come to the surface about sixty yards from the ship, and sent a parting volley to speed them on their long swim to land.

The messenger sent to the forecastle with news that the ship was retaken found four men so badly wounded that they could not have defended themselves. They and all the others there had quite given up hope. They had believed every officer dead; and so loudly had the savages yelled that these men below had not heard a single shot fired.

Six were dead, including Captain Coffin and the first officer

(the first act of the natives had been to cut the captain's head nearly off by the blow of a spade); the second officer had jumped overboard, as had the three seamen who lost their lives, and had been killed in the water. Seven men were wounded. Of the ship's company, fifteen men were uninjured, and Mr. Silas Jones of Falmouth, a few hours since a mere third mate, had become captain. There, if you please, was a promotion on the field of battle!

The boat-steerer, Perkins, who had been aloft when the fight broke out, and by virtue of his office had assumed command of the men in the rigging, had succeeded in bracing the main yard and trimming the sail fairly well to the breeze, for the main braces led to the fore top, and he had not scrupled, for once, to order ropes cut. So, with the help of the light breeze, they had got a headway of a knot and a half.

The fight as seen from aloft had been furious and swift. In their first rush the natives got eleven of the fourteen spades, killed the captain, and carried the deck by storm. Mr. Gardner, the first officer, had got a spade, but he struck it clean through the body of the man that killed the captain, and couldn't get it out again. From half to two thirds of the crew were on deck; three were aloft, and the rest were in the forecastle. Of those on deck, three, as I have said, followed the second officer overboard and were killed or drowned, and two or three followed Mr. Gardner when he dropped through the hatch. The rest succeeded in getting aloft by the headstays.

The natives had thrown their own dead overboard before leaving the ship, and each had taken whatever pieces of iron he could find, of a size easily carried, when he dived from the rail.

When the men from the forecastle "came up and saw me standing on the quarter-deck," Captain Jones wrote in his log, "they ran aft and in the height of joy exclaimed, 'My God! Mr. Jones, we are glad that you are left us,' and many expressions of praise to me, which it was impossible for them in the fulness of their joy to suppress. I mention this incident to show by what sudden impulses the mind of the sailor is often turned, as I was well aware that one or two of those very men who were

the most lavish in bestowing praises on me and showing gratitude to their Creator for my preservation, would but a very short time before this have swung me at the yard-arm with pleasure."

To reach Oahu, or Honolulu as we call it now, whither they laid their course, took fifty days, and Captain Jones was severely handicapped, for he took upon himself the care of the wounded. Of course he set to work immediately, but, even so, one man nearly bled to death before they succeeded in stopping the flow: his wound was in size the least of all, but it had severed a branch of the jugular vein. Captain Jones was convinced that he ought to amputate Lewis's leg, but Lewis insisted on waiting until they reached a port where they could find a surgeon. It was nearly morning when the young captain had finished sewing up cuts from three inches to a foot long, and part of the time he worked alone "owing to my assistants being unaccustomed to such scenes. It was impossible for them to remain with me more than a few minutes before it was necessary for them to seek fresh air."

Having committed the bodies of Captain Coffin and Mr. Gardner to the sea, and having appointed as officers two boat-steerers, Captain Jones left the fatal little atoll far astern. During the voyage they sighted the Elmore Group of islands, whence natives came out in canoes to board the ship and were enraged at being warned off, and the Mosquito group—each group lay on its single coral bank—the Rodick Chain, and the Piscadores.

That the *Awashonks* anchored safely in the harbour of Oahu on November 25th is testimony to the skill of her young captain in navigating dangerous seas, and I say it in spite of the want of confidence his men showed in his ability as a navigator. As I write, I have before me a chart that was used during a voyage to Tahiti in 1836, and it is a graphic witness to the hazy knowledge of the Southern Pacific Ocean that prevailed far into the 19th Century. The old sailor who plotted his course day by day across that faded sheet, with ink which time has turned an almost invisible yellow, made his way past shoals of doubtful extent and location, and, as did so many whalemen of the

period, added his own observations for his own satisfaction and for the benefit of those who were to come after him.

Here are two shoals "seen by Captain Nicholson in 1818" and the note "The *Minerva* whaler wrecked here 1813." Here are groups significantly named the "Low Isles," and "Dangerous Archipelago." Here are the islands "S. Pablo doubtful," "St. Elmo doubtful"; and here, "Islands according to the Spaniards seen also in 1825," "Land seen in 1823 by Capt Mitchell," "St. Paul's I. very doubtful." Most significant of all is a note, "The Gallapagos Islands are said by Captains Hall, Kinsenstern, and others to lie from 14 to 30 miles more to the eastward than they are placed in this chart."

On the chart are even drawn by hand islands that appear to have been unknown when it was printed; and my own old navigator, having landed on an islet far at sea, scrawled beside it the intensely practical note: "Low and no pigs. Plenty of Fruit and Veg's."

On this chart, which was in use in the 1830's, Baring's Island, the scene of that wild battle for the *Awashonks*, duly appears in latitude 5° 35′ N., longitude 168° 13′ E. Many leagues to the north the Baltick Chain stretches away; to the northeast and east lies the Radack Chain; and there are others several degrees to the southeast, and within a few hundred miles of Baring's Island are islands and shoals marked with the names of such gallant adventurers as Anson, Byron, Gilbert, De Puyster, de la Pérouse, and Bougainville, and many another.

It is hard, to-day, when virtually every part of every sea is well known, and we have at our command the vast store of information that the exploring whalemen themselves brought home, to realize how mysterious, even a mere hundred years ago, those seas were, and what problems in navigation confronted Captain Silas Jones, placed by circumstances and courage in command of a ship during his second voyage and at the age of twenty-one years.

But there was the enemy without and the enemy within. On Sunday, November 6, 1842, the ship *Sharon* of Martha's Vine-

yard, Captain Hower Norris master, lowered for whales, all hands taking part in the chase except Captain Norris, a boy, and three Kingsmill Islanders, members of the crew, who stayed behind as ship-keepers. So craftily did the Islanders act, that neither captain nor boy had the slightest reason to suspect them of treachery, until one of them, stepping up behind the captain, sliced his head clean off with a single blow of a cutting spade. The boy fled to the rigging and the savages ran amuck.

On the long pull back to the *Sharon* the boats could see her rising and dipping with the slow seas. But faint, wild shrieks greeted them as they came within earshot, and when the boats lay together under the side of the ship, the three Kingsmill Islanders, dancing and howling up and down the deck, threatened the officers and men with belaying pins, hammers, axes, cutting spades, and harpoons.

Of all those in the boats, only one man had the courage and presence of mind to meet the emergency, and he, curiously enough, like Silas Jones of the *Awashonks*, was a young third mate, Benjamin Clough by name. Darkness helped him, and volunteering to board the *Sharon* single-handed, he climbed through a stern port into the cabin where the captain had kept a supply of muskets and cutlasses. He was in the act of loading a musket when one of the Islanders discovered and attacked him. In the furious fight that followed, Clough, though badly wounded, had just succeeded in knocking out his antagonist, when a second Islander rushed down the companion ladder and flung a spade at the young third officer, which cut his arm nearly off. Yet somehow Clough, before he fell, managed to raise his loaded musket and shot the fellow dead. The third Islander, discovering that he was left alone, jumped overboard.

At that, the men from the boats came swarming on board and, however poor friends they had been on the defensive, they made good nurses for, so successfully did they care for Clough's wounds, that on the next voyage of the *Sharon* he sailed in her as master.

The Islander that jumped overboard, finding himself presently

confronted with the dilemma of adopting permanently an aquatic existence for which even a South Sea Islander is scarcely suited, or returning to the *Sharon*, eventually swam back to the ship and, climbing on board again, hid in the forehold, where in the fullness of time they found him and doubtless—although on this my informant is silent—gave him ample reasons to repent of his murderous career. At any rate, they kept him in irons until they reached Sydney, and there they handed him over to the police.

Such were the dangers of the presence of man—uncivilized man—on board a whaleship. But the absence of man, and separation from the whaleship, were far worse. Those young third mates, Jones and Clough, were gallant lads beyond all question, but the difficulties and dangers that they faced were not completely beyond the control of men of their calibre—as they amply proved. On the other hand, no amount of daring attack or of clever scheming could alarm the wide ocean or bring food and water from an unmoved sky. These were the enemies—ocean and sky—of all whalemen who, having lowered for whales and given chase, failed to find, or to be found by, their ships again.

Thus it happened, in the eighteen-'forties, that three boats' crews from the barque *Harriet* of Freetown had as narrow an escape as any whalemen could desire to be saved from. The *Harriet* had lowered for whales, and two of the boats, each having struck one and got it alongside the barque, followed the third, which was off on a "Nantucket sleigh ride."

About nine o'clock in the evening, when the three boats killed the whale, the *Harriet* was still in sight; but a gale of wind blew up, they lay by the whale all night, and in the morning there was no sign of their vessel. For three days they lay beside the whale then, abandoning it, they stood to the west in hope of picking up a sail. When they were a week from the *Harriet* they caught and ate a shark. It was their intention to reach the Kingsmill Islands, if possible, but a second gale forced them to lie to for thirty-six hours. They had been eleven days in the boats, with

nothing to eat except the shark and a few flying fish, when they sighted a sail, which answered their signals of distress. The strongest of them were so weak they could scarcely stand, when the vessel, the barque *Hanseat*, of Hamburg, took them on board and cared for them.

Not long after, Captain Durfee of the *Harriet*, having cruised for days in search of the boats, was on his way to Oahu, when the *Hanseat* spoke him and put the lost officers and men on board.

The story of the boat lost from the Westport barque, *Janet*, Captain Hosmer, shows what the *Harriet's* men were spared. Captain Hosmer himself went in one of three boats lowered for whales off the coast of Peru on June 23, 1849. A fresh breeze was blowing, and all three boats having got fast to different whales, they separated. Captain Hosmer had killed his whale and was towing it back to the barque—the breeze had considerably stiffened meanwhile—when the boat capsized, and boat-keg, lantern, boat-bucket, compass, and paddles were lost.

When the crew had righted the boat it lay full of water and gunwale deep, so they lashed the oars across the thwarts to keep her from again capsizing, and set a signal of distress.

The other boats, at the time, were in plain sight and less than two miles away. The captain and the boat's crew saw them take their whales alongside the *Janet* and saw the barque bear down upon them—to within a mile.

Then she stood off on another course until nightfall.

Hauling up in the lee of the whale, the captain's men found it impossible to bail the boat. So they cut loose, water-logged though they were, and set sail for the barque; and all night long, from time to time, they caught glimpses of her lights. But she had been some three miles away at sunset, and at dawn she was still three miles away, and no signals they could make attracted her attention.

There was tragic irony in their situation. It was like one of those nightmares in which the gasping victim runs till he can run no more, yet remains always in the same place. They

could see the men cutting in, and they tried frantically to bail. But the barque was moving all the time slowly away from them.

On the morning of the second day there was no sail in sight; but there was less wind and the sea was smoother; and throwing overboard all remaining whale craft to lighten the boat, they again attempted to bail. In the late afternoon they succeeded in getting most of the water out of her; but they had lost two men overboard, and of the others, two were delirious. Every man on board had been in water up to his armpits, and without food or drink for forty-eight hours.

Setting as a sail all the canvas that was left, they laid their course for Cocos Island, the nearest land, which was a thousand miles away. But Captain Hosmer's navigation was guess-work for he had neither compass nor chronometer nor sextant, and he had to reckon his course as best he could by occasional glimpses of the north star and by the roll of seas from the south.

All this time, remember, they had neither food nor drink, and for seven days there was no rain. On the seventh day they agreed to draw lots to decide which one should die to keep the others alive. In "The Yarn of the Nancy Brig," Gilbert twists such an incident into humour, but it has happened more than once in grim earnest in the history of whaling. The man on whom the lot fell was willing enough.

That night it rained, but the next day another man died. The ninth day, by grace of God, it rained again, and a dolphin jumped squarely into the boat; and as if that were not enough to give the survivors hope, some birds came so near that the men, exhausted though they were, succeeded in killing them.

Even so, it is almost incredible that they should have survived. But on July 13th they sighted land; and when they reached it, they mustered up enough strength to catch and kill a pig.

By drinking the pig's blood, they revived themselves sufficiently to kill some birds, which were abundant on the island, and to find fresh water; and two days later they sighted a boat approaching along the shore. They had succeeded in reaching Cocos Island, and the whaleship *Leonidas*, of New Bedford,

Captain Swift, was lying at Chatham Bay to replenish her supplies of wood and water. Of the six men who had manned the boat on June 23rd, only two—Captain Hosmer and Joseph Cortez—lived to tell the story.

The mate of the *Janet* reported to the owners that when he had got his own whale alongside, he had run down to the only boat in sight, which proved to be the one headed by the second mate. Upon receiving the second mate's report that he had seen the captain's boat fast to a whale to the windward, the mate had sailed in the direction thus indicated, and had cruised thereabouts for three days. But on board the *Janet* four men were sick, and concluding that the whale had fouled the line and taken down the lost boat, he had at length given up the search and sailed for Paita.

XII

THE GOLD RUSH

THE men who made New Bedford, for a time, the greatest whaling port the world had known were uncommonly shrewd business men, as their whaling operations showed beyond dispute. But if further indication of their sagacity were needed, the sound judgment with which, at the very height of the golden age of American whaling, they invested money in other industries instead of overcapitalizing their fleet, would provide it.

It was in the early 'forties that they built and equipped a cordage factory, which had two twenty-horsepower steam engines—this magnificent equipment was a matter of wide comment at the time!—employed about seventy-five persons, and produced several hundred tons of cordage a year. Two planing machines, a factory that made looking-glasses and picture frames, and various plants that manufactured linseed oil, Prussian blue, paper hangings, and carriages, not to mention the two grist-mills and various smithies and carpenter shops, were running in 1845. And in 1848 was born an infant industry —the Wamsutta Cotton Mills, with a capital of $160,000 and with 15,000 spindles—that was to keep for New Bedford a place among the foremost of New England cities when the sons of her whaling captains should have abandoned the sea and have lost the knack of handling iron and lance.

Those seaport towns which perceived that New England was turning from commerce to manufacturing, and responded to the change as did New Bedford, have kept their old places. Those which either did not perceive it, or did not respond to it, have lost place and prosperity. Dilapidated wharves, tumbledown warehouses, shipyards overgrown with grass and often

quite forgotten, are all that is left of the erstwhile glories of many a village that had fleets at sea a hundred years ago. But the men of old New Bedford were farsighted, and perceiving that there was need for other activities to absorb the capital that their greatest industry had won from the sea, they assumed other business interests at a moment as well chosen as if they had foreseen (which they doubtless had not) the decline of whaling.

Had they waited even until 1849, there would have seemed to be plainer reasons for their new ventures—they would have shown more discernment and less divination—for in 1849 the rush to the California gold-fields struck an effective, if temporary, blow at the whaling fleets. But in 1846 the American whaling fleet reached its highest point: it comprised 736 vessels, which measured, in the aggregate, more than 230,000 tons. The newly perceived opportunity to make profitable voyages for bowheads along the coast of Kamchatka, in the Okhotsk Sea, and in Bering Strait had created so eager a demand for vessels that between 1844 and 1846 ninety-one were added to the fleet.

Of the first in the series of blows that was to demolish the great industry which had reached here the highest point in all its history, there was no warning. Colonel Sutter of Coloma, California, innocently began it all by building a mill race; and James W. Marshall, who actually discovered gold on January 24, 1848, certainly had no notion whatsoever that he was seriously to inconvenience the whaling merchants by the Acushnet River on the other side of the continent. But in December of that same year news came to New Bedford that the crews of sixteen whalers had deserted and left their vessels lying in California ports; and, if that was not enough to disturb the owners, the *Whaleman's Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript* of New Bedford published, in the issue of August 21, 1849, a letter written by Hiram Webb, dated at San Francisco, July 2, 1849, and sent from California in the steamship *Empire City*, which gave them cause to regard the matter with even graver concern. For the most part the letter discusses the kinds of goods that could, and those that could not, be sold at profit in the Far

West; but it contains also the following significant passage: "Carpenter's wages here are $12 to $14 per day; laborer's, $5 to $8. Captain's $500 per month; mates $300; seamen $150. The very mischief will be to pay among the whalemen."

That concluding statement was mild. Early in 1849 the *Whaleman's Shipping List* printed a letter from Captain Perry of the barque *Minerva*, written off the coast of Peru in October, 1848, when the *Minerva* was bound to Valparaiso, which ran as follows: "After the season on the Off Shore I went to San Francisco to recruit, intending to go into the Bays for elephant oil, but the excitement there in relation to the discovery of gold, made it impossible to prevent the crew from running away. Three of the crew in attempting to swim ashore were drowned, and the ship's company soon became too much reduced to continue the whaling voyage. A charter was offered me to go to Valparaiso and back, at $1500 per month, which I of course took, and shall take another, if offered, on my return. If not, I intend to proceed to the Sandwich Islands, complete my crew, and continue the voyage." In almost no time at all there was, from the point of view of master whalemen, not mischief merely, but the devil himself to pay.

Whaling vessels had long been in the habit of visiting Pacific ports for wood and water, and for refitting; but another letter, this from a seaman on board the whaleship *Massachusetts*, of Nantucket, published in the issue of the same paper for August 7, 1849, gives still another graphic picture of what the gold fever was beginning to do to the whaling industry: "Our Captain has concluded to go to the mines instead of proceeding on a whaling voyage. He intends to take all hands with him, and give us two-thirds of the gold we procure." The crews of vessels that touched even at South American ports, learning of the gold strike, deserted and bent every effort on getting to San Francisco. Other vessels, touching at Panama, took on board hordes of passengers for California, and, "our fare is very common indeed, even in the cabin," one of them wrote, "—the steerage passengers live like dogs." At the Isthmus, whither extravagant accounts of the gold fields were coming by way of Callao, there were, on

May 1, 1849, approximately twenty-five hundred stranded enthusiasts seeking for just that sort of passage to the "gold diggins." Some of them were penniless and some of them were sick, but there was enough money among them to tempt many a whaling captain from his cruising, and on that very May Day three American whalers—the *Sylph* of Fairhaven, the *Niantic* of Warren, and the *Norma* of Nantucket—were accepting passengers bound north to California.

Of course the news travelled in other directions too. The schooner *Kamehameha,* from California, sailed into Honolulu harbour and threw the town into riotous excitement by the news that gold had been discovered at Sutter's Mills. Soon every kind of craft was taking provisions on board and accepting passengers for San Francisco, at exorbitant prices. The streets and rumshops were in a ferment, and wild tales of fortunes made in a month or two were everywhere rife.

In the harbour was an ordinary seaman named John D. Whidden on board the ship *Tsar,* which was loading oil for New Bedford. And Jack Whidden caught the gold fever. He held council with a pair of boat-steerers from the *Samuel Robertson,* a Fairhaven whaler, and they promised, if he would desert the *Tsar* the night before she sailed and come on board their own ship, to stow him away.

The *Tsar* sailed without him, and lucky she was to lose no more men than she did! Jack Whidden tried for days to get passage for California, but failed because he hadn't the price. So he shipped on board the *Samuel Robertson* for the remainder of her whaling cruise and the voyage home.

Whaling and the seamanship of whalemen, as usual, when seen through the eyes of a sailor trained in the merchant service, impressed him none too favourably. Sixty years later he wrote of the slack discipline on board the *Samuel Robertson;* but he gives ample testimony that the discipline tightened with a snap when whales were seen. For to his dying day he never forgot the stars he saw when, his boat having pulled so close to his first whale that he could hear the "choo'o, choo'o, choo'o," as it spouted, he turned round to look at it and the mate fetched

him a rap on the head, "with a quiet admonition that it was contrary to rules to turn the head to look, when pulling on to a whale."

The boat-steerer missed the whale; the "school"—the word is Whidden's—was gallied; the mate went into paroxysms of fury and drove his men for an hour up to windward on the track of the fast-fleeing whales. The captain "broke" the blundering boat-steerer, when the boats returned to the ship, and sent him forward, and the general ill temper that ensued made life on board the *Samuel Robertson* a burden.

When the ship touched at Papeete for water and a new foretopmast, Whidden ran away again, narrowly escaping the police to whom the crafty Kanaka that helped him escape tried to betray him for the reward; and thence, having still in mind the one idea to reach California and the gold fields, by the long journey home and out again if he could not succeed in going directly thither, shipped on board a second whaler, the barque *George* of Stonington, for the voyage home.

On reaching Stonington, the captain and the agent tried hard to persuade him to join the ship *Betsy Williams*, which was fitting out at New Bedford for a three years' voyage in the Pacific, but young Whidden had had enough of whaling, and the gold rush of '49 was in full swing. He hastened, instead, to Boston where he shipped in the barque *Tiberias* for San Francisco, for an advance of $13 and $2 a month.

What could a whaling captain do, when boys, burning with the fever for gold, were using the whaling vessels for their own ends? Young Jack Whidden had the makings of as good a sailor as a master could desire, and in his time he rose to be captain and part owner of the handsome and able barque *Keystone*. But he was out of one whaler and on board another as soon as the whim seized him, and was quite too canny a youth to let himself fall into the hands of those who were looking for him.

Nor does the story of runaway whalemen and of whalemen seduced from the first object of their voyage end the tale of the blow that the gold rush of '49 struck at whaling. The list of

vessels sold out of the whaling industry and outfitted to take passengers and merchandise to California is long. Issue after issue of the *Whaleman's Shipping List* reports defection from the fleet. The world of the footfree was the Far West, and dreams of a golden future stimulated eager adventurers to pay, for their passage, sums that took whole squadrons of whalers from blubber-hunting and sent them round the Horn with cabins and steerages crammed. The vessels came from the fleets of New Bedford, New London, Sag Harbour, Stonington, Fairhaven, and many another port. There were the *Flora*, the *Powhattan*, the *Citizen*, the *Pantheon*, the *St. Lawrence*, the *Otranto*, the *John Jay*, the *Golconda*, the *George and Martha*—the list is long and replete with that variety of suggestion which is peculiar to the names of ships. Word came home to New Bedford that the ship *Inez* had put into port at Sydney to sell her cargo and proceed to California. The crew of the ship *Henry Clay* set her on fire off the Galapagos Islands, as did the crews of many other vessels, eager, no matter how great the cost, to escape from the whaling grounds to the golden shores. In Nantucket and New Bedford stories were rife, some of them fiction, some of them fact, of ships scuttled and sunk by mutinous crews. Finally, and most demoralizing of all, men in large numbers shipped on board New England whalers, as Jack Whidden had done, for the sole purpose of getting free transportation to the gold mines at a time when there was tremendous and bitter competition for legitimate passage, and with every intention of deserting at the first opportunity after reaching the Pacific coast.

In the smaller whaling ports the disorganizing months when the rush to California was at its height marked virtually the end of whaling. In some of them, indeed, particularly in the Maine whaling ports, the industry had already lost ground. But New Bedford, in her greatest days the greatest whaling port of all time, having, by 1830, forged ahead of Nantucket and having built, by 1840, a whaling business twice as large as Nantucket's, managed to weather the disturbing days of '49 with only a few tremors. When the gold rush waned and ceased, she con-

tinued to increase her fleet and her invested capital until in 1857 her 329 vessels were valued at more than twelve million dollars and carried ten thousand seamen; and her near neighbours, Fairhaven, Dartmouth, Westport, Seppican, and Mattapoisett, added almost a hundred vessels to the grand total of four hundred and twenty-six which sailed from Buzzard's Bay.

XIII

LIFE ON BOARD AND OFF

IF YOU wonder what life on board whaling vessels of those days was like, the old log books will give you many hints. True, it is a rare log book that deviates from the brief stereotyped account of the weather, bearings, the vessel's course, and the employment of the crew, but there are occasional entries that speak volumes. They give few indications of the lucrative side of whaling—the side where sat the men who bought and sold vessels, who paid for the outfits and turned cargoes of oil into money, who accumulated great fortunes and built handsome houses and lived as became the merchant princes they were. Rather, the fragments of life in the log books are from the lines of the "scorned and rejected" who sweated at their oars and handled iron and lance.

From the log of the ship *Winslow*, 1830, I quote the following entry for December 25th: "These 24 hours commences with a heavy gale from W. S. W. furled fore & mizzen top sail & main sail middle & latter part the same with light rain this is Christmas day & a hard one it is to instead of feasting on geese & turkeys we must be content with salt junk & flower duff & but little or no prospect of getting round Cape Horn."

Life in the old whalers had, indeed, its minor annoyances. When the mate of the ship *Abigail*, which sailed for the whaling grounds in 1835, found occasion to remark in the official log "there is plenty rats on board, cockroaches and bedbugs A plenty," we can rest assured that the pests were peculiarly abundant and trying. There is a suggestion of rough humour, too, such as it is, in another log book which reports that on March 13, 1842, all hands were "in the cabin breaking out for

bed bugs." Affairs evidently had reached a point that broke down the captain's endurance.

There were captains gallant and captains sad. On board the *Hibernia*, ship, whose log contains the ecstatic entry for a day in February, "glory of glories got 8 whales," it is noted that a chained man threatened to strike the captain; when, two months later, the brewing trouble broke in mutiny, the captain went at his men with a sword. Alas, they were too many for their valiant skipper and forced him to abandon the voyage and take them home! In the frank record that the captain of the ship *Huntress* in 1845 set the cooper's broken leg "eze well eze he could" there is a singularly vivid glimpse of the painful rough-and-ready surgery that the old whaling captains, no matter how kind their hearts, were forced to administer. Of another master whaleman the mate wrote with clumsy humour, "All right except the capt. who is onwell & has been ever since we left home. What the matter is I cannot tell without he is lovesick for some of them South Dartmouth ladies."

Of such humour there are many examples to season those dry and formal records, which cling, for the most part, so closely to their conventional form that they nearly succeed in hiding for ever the drama that lies behind their terse notes. It was a wild moment that is chronicled in the pleasing statement, "Whale eat up 1 boat & stove another." And the accumulated exasperation of an irreligious mate of the barque *Elizabeth* found expression on an October Sunday in 1845, in the entry, "Whales in sight, but of no use to us, the capt. being saintish today." What a picture of boyish triumph the log of the barque *Coral* gives in an entry of '67, which tells of taking a cow and her calf—"the cabin boy struck the calf and done well." There was a lad on his way to becoming a boat-steerer and, some day, a captain! There is kindly humour, too, in the final sentence of a clumsy entry in the log of the barque *Roscoe*, George H. Macomber, for July 22, 1862: "Two boats crews on shore getting terrapin. At 3 P. M. the Capt & his wife & two daughters. also capt. lost his oldest daughter at 7 P. M. one boat came on board to get lanterns and old canvas and one old

From a sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

THE SECOND IRON

The boat on the left has already planted the first harpoon behind the hump. In the other boat the boatsteerer is darting the second iron. Frequently the first iron is planted by running the small boat up on the whale's back.

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sail. eighteen men looking after Caroline Francis Macomber." As I read the entry in that log book of sixty years ago, I wonder what in later life befell little Caroline Frances Macomber; I wonder where she is living now, if living she is. When she was lost on Albemarle Island eighteen men spent the night hunting for her and on "Tuesday, July 22, '62 . . . . At nine o'clock A. M. found the little girl."

The women who went whaling with their men saw strange lands and strange sights, and took part in strange adventures not a few, as many a woman lives, this day, to tell. Lives began and ended in some of those old whalers. On board the barque *Ohio*—"the little *Ohio*," she was called—the captain's wife bore a daughter in February, '59. They named her Lark. In January, '61, off the Galapagos Islands, little Lark Baker died on board the same vessel. Ship's bread and salt beef were no food for weaning a child. They made a coffin and buried her on the shore of Charles Island at Post Office Bay. (It was only a mail box on a pole that gave the place its name, but there the whalers left their letters, either for other whalers or for home, and now and then one reached its destination.) In the log of the *Roscoe*, barque, for February 2, 1860, there is a blank page. On that day Captain William H. Almy and seven men, one of them the captain's own son George, were killed. And the captain's wife and daughter were on board the vessel when it happened!

The old whalemen lived in a world of tales so strange that pure romance has scarcely surpassed them. There was a girl named Ann Johnson who shipped as a sailor, under the name of George Johnson, in the whaler *Christopher Mitchel;* her sex discovered, they sent her home from Paita as a passenger in the ship *Nantucket.* Not a few crews set their vessels on fire—the ship *Canton Packet* and the barque *Globe* are cases in point—and the old log books tell of ships saved by scuttling. There are terse entries that tell of murder. There are strange old chronicles of barratry. On board the *Golconda* in '30 a mutiny came to an inglorious end when the officers, assisted by the cooper, "put four men in casks and headed them up." George Shuman

of the *Huntress*, ship, was lost in 1845, "taken down by a whale, last we see of him he had a knife in his hand and was trying to cut the line."

Stories similar in kind, if not in degree, to the famous tale of the *Awashonks* occur again and again. That of the *Triton*, Captain Spencer, is one, which fell into the hands of natives at Sydenham's Island. Seizing Captain Spencer and his boat's crew, the natives were going to murder them in cold blood, when the wife of a chief threw herself between the white men and their assailants and persuaded the natives to hold the little party as prisoners. This they did and sent a boarding expedition to take the ship. They swarmed over her sides and carried her decks by storm; they murdered and plundered with wild glee. Suddenly the cry, "Sail ho!" from the rigging, whither the crew had fled, startled the Islanders and frightened them off the ship, and the survivors, commanded by the mate, got her to sea and made Tahiti. But the killed, the New Bedford *Shipping List* says, were, "William Paisley of New Bedford, aged 15 years—he has left a widowed mother to lament his untimely fate; Andrew Folger of Nantucket, 24 years of age, cooper of the ship, and two natives of the South Sea Islands. The first and third officers and five of the crew were badly wounded."

Now and again the old logs comment scathingly on the diet of salt junk and old ship's bread, with only flour duff to break its monotony; and often marginal notes are set down for the information of thrifty owners, which tell of breaking out water and bread and flour, beef and pork, and clothing and tobacco. The account book of the *Morea*, which sailed for the whaling grounds in 1856 (as beautiful a document as I have ever seen), records all manner of supplies that came on board during the voyage; among them were potatoes, onions, dried apples, cabbages, turnips, and beef and hogs. We know, too, that many a fowl has clucked or crowed on a whaler's deck and has given its life and feathers to appear, plucked and browned, on the cabin table. The whalers, though, were a long time between ports; fresh vegetables were likely to come on board only in time to fight off scurvy, and never, so long as the captain was

in his right mind, did a fowl find its way to the forecastle mess.

The men forward, though, had certain epicurean joys that the owners never paid for and that the log book never noted. The cook, if a good fellow and proficient in his business, sometimes managed to fry doughnuts of a sort in the try-pots while the crew was "boiling" oil; and the men themselves had a trick of dipping ship's bread in a bucket of salt water and frying it in the same great kettles. The under lip of a bowhead is said, if properly cooked, to have resembled beef, and Melville has immortalized steaks from the hump. I have heard, too, that barnacles from the back of the whale were an excellent shellfish, judged by men heartily tired of salt meat. There are, as every one is aware, many things in the philosophy of the sea that are unknown to philosophers—and epicures—ashore.

The logs picture another side of whaling, too. In the daily entries are often to be heard the whistle of cat and rope's end and the clank of irons. On December 11, 1830, on board the ship *Winslow* in the South Atlantic, "J. Butler & J. Hammett was seized together flogged for fighting Lat 95, 15, Long by Chronometer, 56, 59 West." On March 19, 1878, Captain Sylvanus D. Robinson of the *Bartholomew Gosnold*, barque, who seems to have been a milder, more ingenious skipper, "kept a thief on deck working all day wearing a piece of canvas on his back marked 'Thief and Liar.'" Just when a well-earned flogging was carried to the point where it became inhuman cruelty, the log books, for obvious reasons, never tell; but entries now and then state the bare fact that on such a day the captain or mate killed a man, and the reader can add the details to suit his own taste. The chances are that for one entry or another—this is not true of all—imagination cannot surpass the truth.

So up and down the seas they cruised, those old brigs and barques and ships. Now, like Captain Fish of the whaleship *Montreal*, who touched at the island of Terceira in 1850, they would bring off a hundred bushels of potatoes, more or less, and "several of the aristocracy of the island" as their guests. Again, cruising among islands where objects that had little

value in civilized ports attracted the covetous eyes of savage potentates, they would strike such a bargain as Captain John Potter of the barque *Coral* struck in 1870, and triumphantly entered in his log, when he, "Sould to the king of Zongotobu 175 Pound of whale teeth for 50 a Pound."

Sometimes whalers, if homeward bound or sailing directly from one port to another, carried passengers. Leroy S. Lewis, an oldtime master whaleman who once had occasion himself to take passage home in the *Arnolda*, Captain James Crowell, master, gives a first-hand picture of such a vessel in the first entry of his own journal of the voyage. "Sailed for Talcahuano with a light and pleasant breeze from the S.S.E. . . . We have on board a number of Passengers. Mr. Proctor, wife and seven children from the age of sixteen down to seven. Also Mrs. Gibbs and son. But they are a sick family about this time and are likely to remain so for the present, and I suppose J. C. is glad on one account and that is they do not eat anything. Poor boys thay are laying in there births and I should judge by ther looks that they did not care wheather schoal kept or not." The *Arnolda*, unhappily, was not the best of ships in which to sail, as Mr. Lewis—he had not then, I believe, become captain—plainly indicates when they were some two months on their way and his accumulating indignation found its way into his journal. "The honorable Captain J. A. Crowell is seriously affected with one of his ugly spels. I had much rather hear it thunder. He is the meanest man that I ever see. I would not sail a Voyage with him for all the Oil that she caught. It is a wonder to me that she caught as much as he has. He personally does not deserve any. A mean man and a mean disposition makes things *very pleasant* on ship board." And two days after that: "J. C. Today has been quite passable. I should think that he might be comadating enough to the Ladies to get out water that is fit to drink because that in the butt is not fit to drink. But what can you expect from a hog but a grunt."

In a log book in my own small collection—the log of the whaling barque *Draco*, homeward bound to New Bedford—there is the brief, grim story of another little group of passengers, a

family of six. They came on board the *Draco* at St. Helena on February 25, 1847. On March 3rd appears the following entry: "At 8 A. M. Departed this life Mr. Charles Robinson, missionary from Siam & passenger from St. Helena, after a long Ilness, of the Inflamation on the Lungs, Leaving A wife & four Children on board. at 4 P. M. Committed his remains to a watry Grave where we are all fast hastening. So Ends." Below it some one has crudely pencilled the outline of a coffin.

Not long since, news came to New Bedford that Dr. Benjamin T. Wilson had died, at the age of eighty-two years, on the island of Onjonan of the Comoro Group on the east coast of Africa. In 1865, Doctor Wilson embarked in a New Bedford whaler on a voyage for his health. At Onjonan, then called Johanna, he left the vessel and treated the blind King Abdullah of the island and restored His Majesty's sight. The grateful monarch gave his whaler physician a thousand acres of land, and Doctor Wilson settled permanently on the island, where, some years later, a number of natives wished to make him king.

The Arabs attacked him because he was not a Mohammedan, but he literally raised an army to defend himself. And when, in 1886, France seized the island and declared Doctor Wilson's deeds invalid, he appealed to the Government of the United States, which sent a warship to protect his interests. For a while the good doctor's affairs were of international importance, for France seized his land and cattle and the American Government took up the matter in his behalf. France offered him half of what he demanded, and he refused. France raised its offer to $400,000, but he still demanded more, and for want of information to the contrary, it is to be inferred that he got it.

When news of his death came to America no one here knew the exact state of his fortunes, but the strange story of his career, beginning with that whaling voyage nearly sixty years ago, takes its place in the romantic annals of whaling.

Some whalemen, like the mutineers of the *Globe*, sought island kingdoms; some had kingdoms all but thrust upon them. I have, among my sea books, an old government report which bears on its flyleaf the autograph of a famous old whaling captain.

"Compliments George O. Baker Master whaleman, for 25 years experience." the inscription runs, and then:

"Born 1837
Starting 1850
Retiring 1890
Master 1865 Ship *Edward Carey*"

The death of Captain Baker a few years ago recalled the story of how he, too, nearly became a king. Once, when he was at the Ascension Islands, as Captain Baker used humorously to tell the tale, the people of the island rose against their king and raided the captain's stores, all at a single enterprising blow. So Captain Baker tied a sword about his waist with a rope yarn and fought on the king's side with the title of "Mighty General." It was a glorious battle: the king's army killed two men, wounded three, and sank a canoe. The royal forces numbered only nine, while there were twenty-eight in the army of the rebels, yet so valiantly did Captain Baker and his followers fight, that the nine overpowered the twenty-eight and the king in his enthusiasm and gratitude sought to adopt his "Mighty General" and make him heir to the throne. So, at least, as I have said, the story runs. But the redoubtable whaling captain, who experienced serious warfare when the *Shenandoah* in grim earnest seized and burned his ship, the *Edward Carey*, and who at that time refused the commission that Captain Waddell offered him in the Confederate Navy, declined also the proffered kingdom, and left the island at the first chance opportunity.

Who cares if old men spin slender threads of fact into sailors' stout yarns? They are good stories for all that. They bring back the old days more vividly than anything else can ever do. I remember one tale, which I myself heard in New Bedford from a man who had been to sea in a whaler more than sixty years ago. "I was a boy then," he said, "and I didn't know no better. A fellow said to me, when I told him I was going whaling: 'You go steal a horse first.' And when I asked why, he said, 'Because they'll put you in jail and you'll be better off than on board a whaler.' And by the holy, he was right!

"I got strung up by the wrists once, when we was down off the Horn. It was like this. The cook give us cracker hash for breakfast and all the men in the forecastle was grumbling about it. The cook, he took the hardtack and set it in water to float the maggots off, then when he'd skimmed out what floated easy, he'd warm the crackers in a frying pan and serve it up for hash. 'Well,' I says to the men, 'what are you growling about here? This won't do you no good. Why don't some one go aft and talk to the captain about it?'

"'All right,' they says, 'you go.'

"'No,' says I. 'I'm the youngest here. It ain't fitting for me to go.'

"'Oh,' says they, 'you go. We'll all stand behind you.'

"'Will you really stand by me?' I says, and they all says they will.

"So I took my plate of cracker hash and started aft, and the captain saw me coming and come to the break of the poop.

"'Well,' says he, 'what to hell do you want?'

"'If you please, sir,' says I, for I was only a boy then, 'this hash ain't fit to eat.'

"He looks at it hard and says, 'That hash is all right. You go for'ard.'

"'No,' says I, 'it ain't all right.'

"Then he roars at me, 'You go for'ard.' And at that I set my plate of hash down on the deck in front of him and turned round and went for'ard.

"He called the mate and sent for all hands to come aft so we all come back again. And there was my plate of cracker hash setting on the deck where I'd left it. And when all hands was lined up, the Old Man took that plate of hash and walked up to the first man and stuck the plate of hash under the man's nose, with one hand, and shook his fist in the man's face with the other hand, and says, 'Ain't this hash good enough for you, blank—blank you?'

"And the man says, 'Yes, sir.'

"And the Old Man walks up to the next one and does the same to him, and the next one says, 'Yes, sir,' too. And he

went up to all of them till he come to me, and every one of them said it was good enough for them. And they'd all promised to stand by me!

"And then he come to me, and he says, 'Now, blank—blank you, is this good enough for you?'

"And I says, 'No, sir.'

"Then the Old Man says to the mate, 'Seize him up to the rigging.' So they seized me to the rigging by the wrists, with my hands over my head, so that my toes just touched the deck and every time the ship rolled I swung. And once every hour he come up to me and says, 'Is that good enough for you?' And I says, 'No, sir.'

"I'd 'a' hung there till I died before I'd 'a' give in. But by and by, when I'd been there half a day, the mate come and cut me down. 'It's lucky for you,' he says, 'that the captain's wife's on board.'

"'Why's that?' I asked.

"'She's been crying in the cabin ever since you was seized up, and that's why the captain said to cut you down.'

"'That was off Cape Horn. By and by we come to Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, and stopped for wood and water. Another fellow and I asked to go ashore in the captain's boat and get some fruit, because they said there was figs on the island, and the mate let us go. But when we got on the island we ran away and climbed a mountain. We saw them come out and look for us. And by and by they went back to the ship and the ship sailed away. But we stayed up the mountain three days, for fear they might come back and catch us. Then we come down and went to the Chilanos that was staying on the island and they kept us till three weeks later another ship come and took us off. That was the only time I ever went whaling.

"The captain died fifteen years ago, and he's in Hell now if any man is, but his wife's living out in Padanaram yet. I saw her three or four years ago, and I says to her, 'Do you remember me?'

"And she says, 'Hey?'

"And I says, 'Do you remember the man that was tied up to the rigging off Cape Horn? Well, that man was me.'

"And she says, 'Hey?'

"She was deef and had a kind of a machine in her ear to listen with and I couldn't make her remember me; but I remembered her, all right."

But these are the merest hints of what was going on during the two, three, or four years a whaleman spent at sea. The thread of an incident, as it appears in a log book or in a sailor's yarn, is the slenderest imaginable; it is hard to trace at all, and it is soon lost in spite of every effort to carry it further. Here follows the complete true story of a boy who went whaling more than threescore years ago.

XIV

A BOY WHO WENT WHALING

HE WANTED adventure and, by the gods he got it. He went in an old whaler down to the stormy waters of the Horn. From a stove boat, he jumped literally out of a whale's mouth. He hunted for treasure buried by pirates on an island whither, to this very day, men resort on the same errand. He escaped with his life from a band of armed men who nearly trapped him, when as a runaway sailor, he lay concealed in a hut high in the Peruvian Andes. He saw the death of the great lone whale of Paita. By an odd turn of his whaling voyage, he became, first, a clerk at a South American port, then a consul; and when he resigned his office and embarked for home, he carried with him a fortune in gold.

This boy whaleman, Leonard Gibbs Sanford by name, was no mere vagabond adventurer. His father owned thousands of acres of timberland in up-state New York, and served his district in the House of Representatives. His mother was the youngest of the seven daughters of Dr. Leonard Gibbs of Granville. It is easy to understand why there was a family upheaval when the Sanfords discovered that sixteen-year-old Len was running away to sea—in what established household would there not have been? But in meeting the situation raised by the exploit of their lively son, the father and mother manifested uncommonly sound judgment.

If he was determined to go to sea, they reasoned, why, let him go, but in good standing and in a good ship. So they gave him a chest and an honest outfit, which no young sailor ever got from the soulless landsharks of our ports, and arranged that he should sail on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship *Lancer*, of New Bedford, whose captain, Aaron C. Cushman, was an old friend of George Sanford, the father.

There was no railroad then, along the waterfront of New Bedford. Big jiggers, loaded with oil casks, ploughed through the black dust and mud between the town and the whaling vessels that lay in every stage of decay and repair at the wharves. Some of the vessels were dismasted hulks which had served their time the world over; others were stout new barques and ships, ready to sail on maiden voyages to the antipodes. In the lofts old seamen with palms of leather and with stout needles talked of selvages and gores. In the shops and streets, hammers rang and metal clanked and drays rumbled, and men of every race and colour shouted and called.

They hove the *Lancer* down, and cleaned her, and patched her and coppered her anew. They bent on sails, and rove halyards and sheets and tacks. They brought on board staves and hoops and cedar boards. They swayed new boats up to the cranes, and stowed down new craft in the forehold. Then Captain Aaron Cushman, in his good shore clothes, inspected all that was going on, and the ship swung out into the stream and lay until morning, when, with the captain and his wife on board, the crew mustered, and all sail set, she put to sea.

Len Sanford was a light-haired, stocky boy, headstrong and combative, but square, honest, quick to take the part of an under dog, eager and adventurous. Once he had climbed the bare trunk of a dead pine to an eagle's nest, which spread horizontally to all sides above him. To scale the edge of the nest, he had gone out from the tree, hand over hand, with only the rough branches of the nest to hold him up, and with only the empty air between him and the distant rocks. By nature, such boys scorned the lubber's hole, but were quick to resent injustice; they made magnificent sailors, but flared up at the exactions of an ill-tempered officer.

Len Sanford had signed the articles for four years; but in three years, nine months, and twenty-nine days, the *Lancer* came home without him.

With her lookouts nodding at the masthead and her officers pounding the lore of ships and the fear of God into the green

hands, the old whaler crossed the Atlantic on the first leg of her long voyage. Young Sanford learned to pick out by instinct each tack and sheet and brace, on the darkest nights. He learned to ride a topgallant yardarm with the ship swinging under him like a pendulum. In such boat-drills as no 'varsity crew has ever dreamed of, he swung a long ash oar under the cold eye and profane tongue of a bucko mate, until he could pull with the best of them, as they drove the light boat through tumbling seas for hours on end.

They were a month and five days out when they first sighted sperm whales and lowered for them. Their ill fortune is tersely recorded in the log book, thus: "At 7 A.M. saw S whales at 8 lowered 4 boats went alongside a large whale and missed him. Larboard boat John Baptiste."

Poor John Baptiste! After seventy years the record of his failure still stands on the pages of the log book for all to read who will. He committed the unforgivable blunder of missing a large whale.

Taking a blackfish three days later did not go far to console them; but on the sixth day after that, the starboard boat, headed by Chief Mate Owen Fisher, struck a whale and saved it. In the log book of the *Lancer*, the picture of a black whale with a blood-red spout, drawn with firm hand and liberally inked, and stretching from one side of the page to the other, expresses the general exultation.

That night the wind blew a gale, and the next morning a heavy sea was running when they began to cut in. Although the sea added immensely to the risks and labour of the officers and men on the outswung staging, as, with their spades, they shaped the great blanket pieces of blubber, at nine o'clock that evening they finished the body and lay by the head. But at eleven o'clock word that the seas had parted the head chains brought all hands on deck. They worked all night to save the case; at daylight they began to bail spermaceti; by noon the next day they finished bailing and cutting, and let the worthless shell of the great head go down.

When the work of boiling was fairly under way, the mincing

machine broke; but with knives they continued the mincing, slicing the blubber into thin leaves, like bacon cut and left on the rind, and the boiling went on apace.

As they boiled, the thick black smoke permeated every garment and compartment, and the fetid smell crept into forecastle and cabin. The fires flamed up, and the men, stripped to the waist, leaped like devils in attendance on the bubbling try-pots. Smith, carpenter, and cooper worked at anvil and bench; the grindstone whined incessantly against steel spades and knives and the blunted edges of used irons. So rugged was the weather, when the *Lancer* was boiling her first whale, that the rolling deck ran with oil and water.

Then they cooled the oil and coopered it and stowed it down, cleaned away the grease, holystoned the deck, and cruised along south toward the Azores, whaling as they went.

In their idle hours, which were many when no whales were seen, they made jagging wheels and ivory combs and model vessels; and on the polished teeth of sperm whales they engraved with marvellous skill pictures of whaling vessels and men-of-war and island women.

As the men worked, the yellow-haired boy watched them and listened to their yarns, or tinkered at a whale's tooth. Strange stories were told, and many of them were true. Adventure has little more to offer those who have struck a forty-barrel bull and have ridden tempestuous leagues at the end of a taut line, with smoke streaming from the loggerhead, until a lance struck to the "life," and clotted blood showered the boats and stained the sea.

He sat ready by his oar when they swept down, under sail, on feeding pods. He did a man's work when, in calm weather, with paddles, lest the sound of oars startle the wary creatures, they sneaked up on solitary whales, and with keel to black skin, struck the irons to the hitches, then towed their catch back to the becalmed ship, and cut it in while the sharks bit out great chunks of blubber, stealing a quart of oil at every bite, and the vessel heeled under the strain of the great tackles, and the decks were as slippery as the places

where the wicked stand. It was a hard life, but it made a man of him.

Of all the incidents of that adventurous voyage the grimmest and the one most sobering to the boy whaleman, happened three months out. They had touched at Flores and at Fayal, where they had landed seventy-six barrels of oil by lighter. Thence they had taken a new departure and had stood southwest. Lowering several times for blackfish, "coopering" oil, sheathing the decks, and one day sending a boat on board a passing French ship, they had made good progress on the second leg of the long voyage. But on November 22d, Captain Cushman died, after an illness of a few hours.

Consider the appalling suddenness with which death came among them in mid-ocean. They were prepared for death in the heat of action, but not for such a death as this. During four days they steered toward Pernambuco, with all sail set. On the fifth day they raised land; and on the sixth they made Pernambuco harbour and sent a boat on shore with Mrs. Cushman; but the port authorities clapped the captain's widow and the crew of the boat into quarantine, and refused permission to land Aaron Cushman's body.

For seven days the *Lancer* lay off and on at Pernambuco, with the captain's body on board in a pipe that the cooper had set up for it.

On the seventh day, the boat's crew came out to the ship for "Mrs. Cushman's duds"—I take the phrase from the log book—which they fetched ashore. On the second day thereafter, December 6th, the *Lancer* took on board fresh water, and on December 8th, still standing off and on with her dead master, she spoke the brig *Thomas Walker* of Philadelphia, bound to her home port, whose captain agreed to take Aaron Cushman's body to North America.

It was a sad experience for all who were in any personal way associated with the captain; and in more ways than one it affected the fortunes of young Len Sanford. Chief Mate Owen Fisher became master; and perhaps it was because Captain Cushman had kept an eye to young Sanford's welfare that

Captain Owen Fisher hazed him until life in the *Lancer* became a torment. For a while the boy had a rough time of it but his misfortunes served him better than he knew.

Down in the South Atlantic, six or seven hundred miles north-northeast of the Horn, two boats from the *Lancer* got fast to a whale that made history. The first warning the oarsmen had was the wild yell of the boat-steerer, "Jump! Jump! Jump for your lives!"

Dropping his oar, Len turned in the larboard boat and saw that the whale lay on its side and that the long lower jaw was closing on boat and crew. He saw the black head, the white mouth, and the small eye of the beast; then, jumping actually out of its mouth, he dived into the sea as the jaws snapped together.

The boat was stove to splinters, and Len Sanford was knocked unconscious, but the waist boat picked him up with the others, and though the boat-header was forced to cut loose to save their lives, they later found the whale and got him alongside. It was so rugged that they broke a blubber-hook cutting in, and it took them six days to finish trying out the blubber.

They cruised along the western coast of South America and on the off-shore grounds—while standing his tricks at the wheel, Len committed to memory Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; in more ways than one he was an odd stick of a whaleman—and in March they touched at Cocos Island, which lies some three hundred miles off Panama, in the old track of the galleons that carried treasure on the way from Peru to Spain.

There was scurvy in the crew, for months had passed without shore leave, and they hastened to give some of the men the "earth cure" by burying them for a time up to their necks, on the principle that fresh soil draws like a poultice. It is reported that the treatment was efficacious.

During the three days they spent there, young Sanford roamed over the island from end to end. He tried to scale a mountain peak, but was unable to penetrate the thick undergrowth. He found beautiful birds, a few snails, and some pigs, and like

many another boy who went whaling long ago, he industriously dug for the buried treasure of the pirate brig *Relampago*.

The treasure of Cocos Island is famous in stories of the sea. For more than three years Bolivar, waging against Spain his war for independence, besieged the castle of Callao, at the port of Lima, which held out longer than any other fort on the Pacific. Finally, when the defending force had become an army of walking skeletons, the wealthy Spaniards of the town assembled their gold and plate and precious stones, and set sail in the *Relampago* for Spain; but the crew, learning that treasure was on board, walked the passengers over the plank in the most approved piratical fashion, and laid a course for Cocos Island, to divide their plunder.

There they quarrelled murderously among themselves; and the survivors buried the treasure, burned the brig, and sailed for the mainland in small boats.

Some the authorities caught and executed. Others escaped and scattered the world over. Periodically, for half a century thereafter, members of the crew, real or pretended, kept turning up with projects for recovering the treasure.

Dying men have confessed in their last moments that they had a part in the robbery, and have told where to find the gold. Ancient seamen have produced old charts to show the hiding place. Within a month of the day these words are written, an aged man has arrived in Boston from a Caribbean port, who says he is the only survivor of those who have had the key that makes it possible to find the treasure. He tells of helping to remove the gold and jewels from Cocos Island, where they were first hidden, to an uncharted island, where they have since remained; and he is trying to organize an expedition to go back and recover them.

It gives one a strange feeling of being actually in touch with old whaling days, to come upon this paragraph in the shipping news of 1922; but although different records place the value of the treasure at from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000, and although the story was well known in Len Sanford's day, the island is so rough that it would take a regiment of men and many years of

hard work to search it thoroughly. Wherefore so far as we know, the gold and jewels remain on one island or another, to tantalize new generations of young adventurers. The tale is one of the great true stories of buried treasure.

By the time the *Lancer* visited Cocos Island there was trouble in the ship, and even the log book records the low rumble of gathering mutiny. In May, 1857, eight men, headed by the luckless boat-steerer, John Baptiste, refused duty. Len Sanford was not of the eight, but he was leading a dog's life on board, and, like so many young fellows in those old, hard days, he resolved to take his fortunes in his own hands and strike out for himself.

The *Lancer* next touched at Paita, and there, on the tenth day in port, ten months and two days after sailing from New Bedford, Len ran away.

Some shipmates, when he was on shore leave, smuggled his chest out of the ship. With the help of natives, they concealed him and his belongings in a hut high on the side of a hill, and left him.

Late that night, as he lay in the hut, he heard steps outside. It was a wild, lonesome place, and no good was to be expected of untimely visitors. The conviction surged upon him that someone, who knew of his presence there, was bent on killing and robbing him as he slept. At all events, the alternative, that they were going to arrest him and take him back to the ship for the customary reward of five or ten dollars, was bad enough.

The sound of steps came nearer. While he listened, he got on his feet and stood a-tiptoe by the door. The strangers paused just outside and whispered together.

As they entered, young Sanford ran into the area behind the hut. A tall fence of palms inclosed the area; but he scrambled over the fence with fingers and toes as the men burst out after him. They leaped up and clutched at his feet, but he tumbled down on the outside and ran.

In the middle of the long road down the hill he saw by the bright moon a man left on guard. He ran straight at the fellow,

leaped into him feet first, knocked him sprawling, and left him there in the moonlight.

The next morning Len went to the consul for help. He got it, too, which is more, for the consul hid him until the ship sailed. It was never the custom of consuls to harbour runaway sailors; they were far more likely to pursue such fugitives and deliver them into the hands of irate skippers, who took unholy pleasure in drawing on a man's wages, in accordance with the articles, to pay the officers; so there is a pleasing mystery about this incident in the story, and a mystery it must remain, for I know of no one living who can explain it.

Len Sanford never recovered his chest or his outfit, but in 1857, under Consul William Miles, he became secretary of our consulate at Callao; and in 1858, under Consul Fayette M. Ringgold, he became secretary of the consulate at Paita.

Off Paita ranged "Paita Tom," one of the famous "lone whales," as those morose, solitary bulls were called that lived alone like rogue elephants, and fought against all comers. During his stay at Paita, young Sanford saw the death of old Tom, who was recognized by a notched, ragged spout and an uncommonly large hump and had established in whaling circles a world-wide reputation as a dangerous old bull.

At four bells in the afternoon watch, a whaleship was standing in for Paita, when the familiar cry, "Thar blo-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-o-ows!" brought all hands on deck. A large whale lay in plain sight, perhaps a mile away, and two points off the lee bow.

Instead of giving the usual order, "Haul back the main yard! Hoist and swing!" the captain, closing his glass, said to the mate, "No use to lower, Mr. Malloy. That's Paita Tom. I know the old devil. He smashed two boats and killed a good man for me last voyage. He's sent more men out of Cape Cod to Davy Jones than there's barrels of oil under his black skin. No, no, you precious rascal, you don't juggle a boat down this time. Keep your course and we will ours. Steer small, Mr. Malloy, and leave that chap astern."

It was the mate's first voyage in the Pacific, and although he

was a quiet, surly fellow, he was a good seaman and afraid of no whale that ever spouted. Those who watched him could see that the captain's order had keenly disappointed him; but the men were glad enough to let Tom go.

The vessel stood into the harbour, and the captain, leaving her to lie off and on in charge of the mate until the next day, went ashore to ship new hands and get the mail.

The mate held her all night on a course that, in his judgment, would bring her well to windward of the harbour by dawn, but unsuspected currents carried her so far to leeward that, for several hours after he discovered his position, he had to beat up against a strong land breeze, which swept down from the Cordilleras. He hoped thus to take advantage of the sea breeze that sprang up every afternoon, and so enter the bay, take the captain on board, and be off to the whaling grounds; but by the middle of the morning the wind went down and left the ship virtually becalmed, five or six miles off the promontory of Paita.

At eight bells—the very moment when the cook was bringing forward the kids—there came simultaneously from the lookouts at fore, main, and mizzen, the wailing cry, "Thar blo-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-ows! Thar again! Blo-o-o-o-o-o-ows! Blo-o-o-o-o-o-ows!"

The great black back of a sperm whale rose into plain sight a mile off the lee beam.

The men crowded rail and rigging and watched the whale, which lay in the slow, oily seas, "methodically puffing out his vapoury jet, as leisurely as the smoke from the pipe of some fat, dozing Dutchman." Each spout, instead of being a low, even puff of white vapour, was notched and ragged. For the second time they had sighted Paita Tom.

It is hard for us to realize all that the sight of that infamous old cetacean meant to a whaler's crew. It was very much as if the Old Boy, wearing horns, tail, and hooves, were to rise up, with the smell of brimstone and sulphur, before the congregation of an Afro-American "Old-Ironsides-Baptist" church.

As they watched him, he turned up his mighty flukes and

sounded. For an hour longer the ship lay becalmed; then, a mile away, the whale rose again.

"All hands lay aft!"

It was the mate who spoke. His sharp voice startled them. As they gathered in the waist, he watched their faces closely.

"You all know when the captain is ashore I command the ship and answer for what is done aboard. We are out here for 'ile,' and want to fill up and make a straight wake for Buzzard's Bay with a full hold. Not a horse-piece has come over the gangway for six weeks, and I, for one, am tired of such soperin' luck. That old bull off the beam there will stow down one hundred barrels easy; and with a good boat's crew to back me, I believe we'll have him alongside in two hours. Now, if there are enough good men among you, game to man my boat and lay me on that hump, then stand out here and let me see your cutwaters. I won't come back without a dead whale or a stove boat. I don't want a hand but what will jump at the chance to go with me. I never was gallied by a whale yet, and won't be by this, if you'll pull me on to that fellow. There's five thousand dollars laying out there under that chap's black skin. I only want enough of you to man my boat, and we won't come back without blubber. Every man who goes must volunteer. I won't urge any of you. Now, then, those of you who'll get me on that whale can lay over to windward, and the rest of you stay where you are."

For a moment no one spoke. The cooper, who had been in a boat stove by Paita Tom, stepped forward, but thought better of his impulse, and stepped back again. It was a young fellow from Martha's Vineyard who cried, "Here goes for luck!" and walked across the deck. A Kanaka boat-steerer followed him; then another man, and another, and another, until not one was left at the lee rail.

"Well," said Mr. Malloy, "I'm sorry you can't all go."

He chose four men and his own boat-steerer, spoke a moment with the second mate, and ordered the crew to break out an empty ten-barrel cask.

From the mate's boat they removed, at his direction, all

whaling gear and craft except the oars and a single lance. The lance he chose for himself, with special care. Ordering them to lower the boat, which the absence of the usual equipment made especially light and buoyant, he spoke again to the second mate, and went down the side with his picked men. The cask, which now lay in the water beside the ship, they succeeded in taking into the boat and balancing across the bow; then they pulled out of earshot of the ship, and while the men rested on their oars, the mate briefly addressed them.

Again they began to row slowly toward the whale. The sky was clear from horizon to horizon, and those on board the ship could see every flash of the oars and every motion of the men. The third mate, ordering his boat lowered, waited beside the vessel for whatever should happen.

The whale reared his colossal head from the sea, perpendicularly, like a titanic column, and slowly turned and gazed about with his small, unblinking eyes. The act was deliberate, almost malicious. Crashing down on the water, he charged over the surface, leaving a wake like an ocean liner, straight upon the little boat in which were Malloy and his men.

As the whale's head had risen, Malloy had changed places with the boat-steerer. When the whale charged, piling up before his blunt brow a white wall of foam, Malloy pushed the cask overboard and thundered, "Starn all!"

The men drove the light boat back, and the cask floated quietly in the path of the angry bull. Checking their headway, the crew rested, each man with his hands on the loom of his oar, and waited for orders.

Veering from a straight line, the whale turned until his small eye perceived the floating cask; then he dashed at it. It rebounded unharmed from his broad head. Again he rushed upon it, and again. Turning, he snapped at it with his long lower jaw, but his teeth slipped off the rolling staves. He turned again in growing fury, as he worried the elusive thing.

Malloy stood in the bow of the whaleboat, lance in hand. He waved to the oarsmen, and the boat shot forward and slightly to the right. As she flashed along the side of the preoccupied

whale, Malloy, with all the strength of arms and body, drove the lance to the socket, straight into the spot just behind the fin that covers the "life."

The whale turned convulsively toward the boat, but the boat had already shot ahead, free and clear. With thrashing flukes and jaw, he flung himself out of water and fell from mid-air on the cask, which bobbed out, unharmed, from under him. Suddenly his clear spout flamed crimson.

The men roared in triumph.

The crimson flood darkened and thickened. The whale half-breached, and threw himself round. He struck his flukes on the sea, with reports as of cannon. He dashed first one way, then another, filling the air with foam and clots of blood; he went into blind, futile paroxysms of rage, now growing weaker, now rushing about in desperate spasms.

In just twenty minutes he rolled fin out, and lay still.

That afternoon the usual breeze came up and the ship sailed into port; the boats tallied on to the whale and towed him to the anchor ground.

They cut in old Tom and boiled him down, and, to their surprise, got only seventy-five barrels of oil instead of the hundred they expected, which fact the bull's life of constant fighting perhaps explains. They found in the blubber twenty or more twisted and corroded harpoons. One of them, which had cut through the orifice of the spiracle, had caused the peculiar form of Tom's spouts.

To the amazement of the whalemen, the inhabitants of Paita were enraged that their whale was taken, and put out in makeshift boats to shake their fists and spit angry oaths at the vessel. Old Tom had come, in their minds, to be a sort of guardian of the port, and they attributed to him their good fortune in having no sharks in Paita Bay. But nevertheless they swarmed by hundreds down from the dusty streets and lined the shore to see the whale cut in, for even though they considered him as in a manner their tutelary angel, the processes of disposing of his blubber were strange and very interesting.

It is said that George Sanford, Len's father, who was an old

friend of General Scott, persuaded the general to break the habit of a lifetime and use his influence to push the boy ahead. At all events, on September 3, 1858, President Buchanan appointed Len United States consul for the port of Tumbez, Peru, and the Senate confirmed the appointment. Len was then only nineteen years old, and to hold the appointment, the law required him to be twenty-one. He kept his true age a carefully guarded secret.

He had deserted from the *Lancer* on June 6, 1857. On September 6, 1859, exactly two years and three months later, as "consul of the United States of America for Tumbez and the dependencies thereof," he signed, at the request of Captain Owen Fisher, a certificate that Captain Fisher had discharged from the *Lancer* John Duty, a sick sailor, and had paid him three months' extra wages. There is humour in the thought of that meeting between the captain and his quondam runaway.

During his years in South America, Len learned Spanish and various Indian dialects, and traded on his own account in india rubber and Peruvian bark and fresh vegetables; and in search for the supplies that he sold to visiting whaleships, he rode far and wide throughout the country and high into the mountains.

There are few records of his life during those years in South America; but the little that is known indicates that he had his full share, and more, of adventure. He met the Indians in their own huts and villages. He traded with native farmers in the valleys. Once, when he was riding on a lonely trail in the Andes, a puma leaped from a tree and killed his horse under him.

It was a stirring life, but letters entreating him to return home kept coming, and he himself was eager to visit his family. He resigned his office on March 31, 1862, and set out on the long journey north, with $10,000 dollars in gold, earned by shrewd, honest enterprise. For years he had worked to prove that he was no ne'er-do-weel. He was still a very young man, remember, and for a lad of his age it was in those days a small fortune that he was bringing home to justify himself in his father's eyes. He was very eager to see his father again; but when he came to

the Isthmus of Panama, he found waiting for him the letter that told him that his father was dead.

He returned to his native state, and there spent the active years of a notable life. But to his last days, he retained his keen, youthful interest in the lands and seas whither he had gone as a boy whaler; and as long as he lived, he remembered every word of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which he had committed to memory during the tropical nights, when he was standing his trick at the wheel of the old whaleship *Lancer*.

XV

THE CIVIL WAR

IN 1847, as I have already indicated, the number of vessels actually whaling began to decrease; but during the next nine years the prices of bone and oil rose in such proportion as more than to offset the losses in the fleet. In ten years the price of sperm oil and of whalebone nearly doubled, and the price of whale oil a trifle more than doubled. In 1856, sperm oil brought $1.62 a gallon, whale oil 79 cents a gallon, and whalebone 58 cents a pound. In spite of adversities, New Bedford had continued to sweep forward on the flood tide of fortune. And who, in the New Bedford of the early 'fifties, in the midst of such whaling operations as all history has never equalled, could have foreseen that the tide was about to turn? Her merchants had the sagacity to refrain from overcapitalizing their industry, but they had not the power of prophecy. And fortune rewarded their wisdom better than they knew, as the great mills of to-day, with their thousands of employees, bear living witness.

New Bedford's whalemen thus flourished and continued to grow rich, years after whaling from many a smaller port had ceased; but the country-wide demand for whale products broke down when the financial crash of 1857 followed the period of general commercial success. Hard times reduced the prices of oil and bone; and two years later petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania.

In 1860 the United States produced 500,000 barrels of petroleum, and in 1861, more than two million barrels. Kerosene came into the market and strongly competed against whale oil as a means of illumination; it was abundant and not expensive, and steadily gained ground. Lubricating oils derived

from petroleum attacked whale oil on one flank, and on the other flank paraffine began its winning fight against spermaceti.

How seldom we think of the changes a mere sixty years have wrought in our manner of living! Kerosene, which a generation ago virtually put out of commission a great fleet, has now lost in its fight against a still greater power. Within a few years I found in a junk shop an aged lantern, bought it for a few cents, brought it home to Cambridge, and discovered, when I had cut away the encrusted dirt and verdigris of heaven knows how many years, that there still remained in it, sealed thus from the air, a few spoonfuls of thick and rancid whale oil. I tinkered with the old wick and cleared out the tubes as best I could, then I touched the wick with a lighted match. A white flame, smelling somewhat of the rancid oil, but none the less uncoloured and smokeless, sprang from the wick and shone through the dingy globe.

Sixty years earlier, probably a great majority of the homes in Cambridge were lighted by whale oil; but I suppose that on the night I experimented with my old lantern it was the only whale-oil light in greater Boston, or in New England, perhaps even in all the United States of America.

The years 1859 and 1860 brought petroleum and petroleum products on the market. The year 1861 brought the third war to affect seriously the fortunes of the American whaling fleet.

Of all classes of shipping, none in history had been so peculiarly liable to suffer from hostile raiders as the whalemen. The old-time whaler was years from home, and for months or even years her captain might be out of all communication with the civilized world, except for such chance news as he got from vessels met at sea; although he was likely to receive in a few months news of real moment, it is conceivable that his country could have been at war for years without his knowing it. And as if this were not handicap enough, the very nature of his vocation rendered him easy prey for any hostile raider. He spent months cruising the seas in restricted areas whose where-

abouts, and whenabouts, were common knowledge; his vessel, built for capacity rather than for speed, was almost always slow and seldom, if ever, armed. Even supposing him to have finished his voyage and laid his course for home with a full ship, he must sail perhaps many thousand miles along the well-known lanes of commerce through seas in which an enemy could easily waylay him. San Francisco had sent out a whaler or two in 1850, and shore whaling on the coast of California had begun in 1851, but not until fifteen or twenty years later did whaling out of Pacific ports gain much headway. The great majority of whaling vessels in the Pacific, up to the end of the Civil War, hailed from New England and had to return by way of Good Hope or the Horn.

Thus, the Civil War broke upon an industry with a great part of its fleets at sea. One thing that must impress the person who spends considerable time in reading the old whaling documents and narratives, and in absorbing all available whaling lore, is the comparative truth of the charge that was made year after year against the whalemen of Cape Cod and Nantucket and New Bedford: virtually, they cared for nothing, thought of nothing, knew nothing, except whaling. To save a whale, take care of the blubber, and dispose of the oil, was for them the highest art and the chief end of life—which is why they beat the world at their chosen trade. At a time when Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were fighting to represent Illinois in the United States Senate, when John Brown and his nineteen men were seizing the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, when the North was electing Abraham Lincoln President, and when the South was firing on Sumter, there were hundreds of master whalemen and thousands of ordinary whalemen at sea, intent upon their blubber-hunting and so isolated by their employment that they could not, if they would, follow the national drama that was being enacted on shore.

At the outbreak of the war numerous officers of Southern birth and sympathy, having resigned their commissions in the Federal Navy, "the old navy," they afterward called it, at once received commissions of corresponding rank in the new

Confederate Navy; and, being gentlemen of enterprise and experience, laid plans to strike with all possible force at Northern commerce. So far as whaling is concerned, this resulted, during the four years of war, in their destroying forty-six whaling vessels with 5,192 barrels of sperm oil and 5,060 barrels of whale oil on board. Of these vessels, twenty-five hailed from New Bedford, six from Provincetown, three each from New London and San Francisco, two each from Fairhaven and Honolulu, and one each from Edgartown, Mattapoisett, Sippican, Warren, and Westport. It was roughly estimated that the value of the vessels was $1,150,000 and the value of the oil, $500,000.

To the whalemen the raids of the *Sumter*, the *Alabama*, and the *Shenandoah* came as a series of lawless, ruthless depredations, and the journals of the day were filled with news of the "rebel pirates"—a term bitterly resented by the officers of the Confederate Navy. And ruthless they were, as many a captain whose savings went down with his ship has testified. But for all that, they are wild and stirring tales, pungent with the smell of powder and darkened by the drifting smoke of burned vessels.

In 1861 the, tug-boat *W. H. Webb*, formerly of New York, which the Confederates had armed as a privateer and renamed the *Calhoun*, took the *John Adams* and the *Mermaid*, schooners, and the brig *Parana*, all of Provincetown, a little less than a hundred miles south of Balize, burned them, and left their crews in New Orleans upon their own resources. With the *Mermaid*, two hundred and fifteen barrels of sperm oil were lost; the other two vessels were "clean."

But the year 1861 provided an introduction to times more stirring and, for the whaling fleets, more disastrous; and its most significant day was Sunday, June 30th. On that day a fisherman brought to the Confederate man-of-war *Sumter*, a vessel rebuilt for the purpose under the direction of Commander Raphael Semmes, and lying at the Head of the Passes of the Mississippi in wait for an opportunity to escape through the blockading fleet, news that the Federal man-of-war *Brooklyn*

had left her station off the Pass a l'Outre and had chased a sail out of sight.

For weeks the *Sumter* had been waiting for such a moment. Getting up steam, tripping anchor with all haste, and exchanging pilots at the last moment, Semmes drove his vessel over the bar where there was barely room to pass a grounded Bremen ship.

"Now, Captain," the pilot cried, as she thrust her nose into the open sea, "you are all clear. Give her hell and let her go!"

The *Sumter* slackened speed to drop the pilot, then ran for her life. The *Brooklyn*, instead of going out of sight, had run only seven or eight miles to the west, where one of the spurs of the Mississippi delta had hidden her, and was now returning with her guns manned and smoke belching from her funnel.

The *Sumter*, better on the wind than the *Brooklyn*, carried both sail and steam, and when the two vessels headed into a fresh breeze, the *Brooklyn* fell off to leeward and presently was forced to let fly sheets and halliards, and clew up and furl her sails. From that moment the *Sumter* gained easily, and the *Brooklyn* soon gave up the chase and returned to Pass à l'Outre.

Thus escaped Raphael Semmes, then commander in the Southern navy, but afterward captain and rear-admiral, one of two who did individually more damage to the American whaling fleets than any one else in history. The other was James Iredell Wadell of the *Shenandoah*.

In the *Sumter*, though, Semmes merely started his career. On December 8, 1861, having meanwhile raided commerce with a free hand among the West Indies and off the coast of South America, he sighted a "taut" barque "with skysail pole and under topsails." The weather was thick, the vessel was so near the *Sumter* as to startle her crew, and Semmes, at first mistaking the stranger for a cruiser, ordered his smokestack raised and fires started.

Warily approaching the stranger, the *Sumter* ran up the Stars and Stripes. The stranger showed the Stars and Stripes in return. Prepared to fight or run, and keeping to the wind-

ward, the *Sumter* drew still nearer and discovered, to the relief of all hands, that they were approaching a whaler, not a cruiser.

She was the *Eben Dodge*, a "clean ship," only twelve days from New Bedford and bound for the Pacific Ocean. In spite of the heavy seas, the *Sumter* took on board from her, water, provisions, boots, flannel shirts, pea-jackets, small stores, and the twenty-two men of her crew, set her on fire in the early evening, and left her blazing in the seaway. "The flames," Semmes writes in his memoirs, "burned red and lurid in the murky atmosphere, like some jack-o'-lantern; now appearing, and now disappearing, as the doomed ship rose upon the top, or descended into the abyss of the waves."

The war had first seriously depleted the whaling fleets in the autumn of 1861, while Semmes was at sea, when the Navy Department bought a large number of old whaling vessels to be loaded with stone and sunk in the channel leading to the harbours of Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. The scheme commended itself as a promising and economical plan for blockading leading Southern ports—although an earlier attempt to close the inlets to Pamlico and Albermarle Sounds had amounted to little—for already Confederate cruisers, threatening the whalers, had driven many vessels to port, and the owners sold them for less than they were worth rather than let them lie idle.

Stripped of their whaling gear, which was sold at auction, and delivered to the agents of the Government, the vessels gathered in New Bedford harbour. Farmers, tearing down their stone walls and stripping the boulders from their pastures, loaded the stone into carts and drays, and driving it to the waterfront, sold it for fifty cents a ton. Gangs of workmen lightened the vessels, bored holes through the bottoms, fitted plugs into the holes, and reloaded the vessels with stone.

On November 20th, at six o'clock in the morning, the captains and pilots went on board the sixteen vessels that were ready to sail, and with a crew of fourteen men in each vessel, weighed anchor and put to sea. By eight o'clock, every vessel was under way. Not until the next morning, when the cap-

tains opened sealed orders, did they know that their rendezvous was Savannah. From the Savannah River, when the first vessel to arrive had lain there a week, they were ordered to Port Royal, where Captain Rodney French of the *Garland*, whom they had elected Commodore—to their vast amusement he was the last to arrive—joined them on December 11th.

The sixteen waited at Port Royal for twenty more and on December 17th, the fleet put to sea and stood for Charleston. They placed sixteen vessels in the channel, stripped them of their sails and running gear, cut away the masts and rigging, knocked out the plugs, and let them sink. The remaining vessels the Government took away again, and later sold.

As a means of blocking the channel, the whalers were of little use. They soon sank in the mud, and the seas broke them up. It was not long before the blockade runners were again entering Charleston; and the Navy Department abandoned its plan to sink another "stone fleet" in the mouth of Savannah harbour.

Within two weeks of the day when the stone fleet was sunk in the channel at Charleston Semmes took his first whaler. In April, 1862, with the ensigns of various Northern merchantmen dated and stowed away in a locker as trophies of his months at sea, Semmes left the *Sumter* crippled and blockaded in the neutral port of Gibraltar, and on August 13th, he sailed from Liverpool with his officers in the British steamer *Bahama*, bound for Porto Proya, to join a vessel built by the Lairds of Birkenhead, and until then called (she was the two hundred and ninetieth vessel they had built), by the noncommittal numeral *290*. She was a ten-knot or eleven-knot vessel, barque-rigged, gracefully modelled, and equipped with steam as well as sail, and with a propeller that her men could detach and hoist up into a well lest it drag when the engines were not used. Sailing on her trial trip with guests on board, she sent back her guests in a small boat and remained at sea, thus escaping legal complications, and the delay that they would have involved, had our minister to England succeeded in bringing into court the question of her legal status.

At Porto Proya Captain Semmes found the *290* and her supply ship, and with her he proceeded to Angra Bay where a more protected harbour made it easier to place guns and stores on board the new vessel. Then, off the island of Terceira, he commissioned the *290* as the Confederate man-of-war *Alabama*, raised the flag of the Confederate States, signed on a crew—eighty of the ninety men who had come out in the *Alabama* and the *Bahama* elected to join him—and headed northeast to strike at the whaling fleet of the Azores.

On September 5th, off Fayal, the *Alabama* sighted a ship lying to with her fore-topsail to the mast, and bore down on her with the United States flag at the gaff. The ship—the *Ocmulgee* of Edgartown—had a big sperm whale alongside, and her men, hard at work cutting in, believed the *Alabama* to be a Federal gunboat sent by the North to protect the whalers, until she struck her Union colours and raised the Stars and Bars.

Semmes ordered the crew of the *Ocmulgee* on board the *Alabama*, took various supplies from her, lay by her all night, lest fire should be seen in the dark by other whalers, and burned her in the morning.

The next whaling vessel that he overhauled proved to be Portuguese, and of her he makes the remark, especially interesting as from a witness who wasted no flattery on anything Northern, "this was the only foreign whaling-ship that I ever overhauled, the business of whaling having become almost exclusively an American monopoly—the monopoly not being derived from any sovereign grant, but resulting from the superior skill, energy, industry, courage, and perseverance of the Yankee whaler, who is, perhaps, the best specimen of a sailor the world over."

The same afternoon he chased a ship that loomed up "almost like a frigate," and overhauled her in the early evening. She was the large whaler *Ocean Rover*, of New Bedford, returning home by way of the Azores after three years and four months abroad, and thereby a story hangs, one of the bitter minor controversies of the war.

Semmes placed a prize crew on board the *Ocean Rover* and

ordered her to heave to until morning, but her master, as Semmes tells the tale, having learned that Semmes had put in to Santa Cruz and had let the master and men of the *Ocmulgee* land in their own boats, asked permission to do then and there the same thing.

"We were four or five miles from the land and I suggested that it was some distance to pull," Semmes writes.[1]

"'Oh! that is nothing,' said he, 'we whalers sometimes chase a whale, on the broad sea, until our ships are hull-down, and think nothing of it. It will rid you of us the sooner, and be of some service to us besides.'

"Seeing that the sea was smooth, and that there was really no risk to be run, for a Yankee whale-boat might be made, with a little management, to ride out an ordinary gale of wind, I consented, and the delighted master returned to his ship to make the necessary preparations. I gave him the usual permission to take what provisions he needed, the whaling gear belonging to his boats, and the personal effects of himself and men. He worked like a beaver, for not more than a couple of hours had elapsed, before he was again alongside of the *Alabama*, with all his six boats, with six men in each, ready to start for the shore. I could not but be amused when I looked over the side into these boats, at the amount of plunder that the rapacious fellow had packed in them. They were literally loaded down with all sorts of traps, from the seamen's chests and bedding, to the tabby cat and parrot. Nor had the 'main chance' been overlooked, for all the 'cabin stores' had been secured, and sundry barrels of beef and pork, besides. I said to him, 'Captain, your boats appear to me to be rather deeply laden; are you not afraid to trust them?'

"'Oh! no,' he replied; 'they are as buoyant as ducks, and we shall not ship a drop of water.'

"After a detention of a few minutes, during which my clerk was putting the crew under parole, I gave the master leave to depart."

The whalemen sang as they pulled for shore over the calm

[1]Raphael Semmes. Memoirs of Service Afloat. p. 432.

sea, Semmes adds, and they safely landed their deep-laden boats on the island of Flores.

The other side of the story appeared in charges made four years later, which Semmes bitterly resented, that in violation of the laws of war he had ordered his prisoners into leaky boats in rough weather, miles at sea, and had left them to save themselves as best they could.

About midnight, as the *Alabama* lay by the *Ocean Rover* and a second prize taken the day before, the merchantman *Starlight,* the watch sighted a third vessel, which Semmes overhauled shortly after daybreak and brought into the wind by sending a 32-pound shot so near her stern that it showered the captain with sea water.

She started tacks and sheets, hauled up her courses, and backed her main yard. She was the whaling barque *Alert* of New London, outward bound for the Navigators' Islands.

Looting the *Alert* of clothing, provisions, and tobacco, and paroling her officers and crew, whom he sent ashore in their own boats, Semmes fired all three prizes, and left them in flames off Flores.

That evening he overhauled the whaling schooner *Weather-gauge* of Provincetown, which he burned next day, having landed the crew in their own boats, and two days after that, the brig *Altamaha* of New Bedford.

Cruising thus in the Atlantic, Semmes found the whalers, who gathered on the grounds according to the season, the easiest of prizes, as did Waddell of the *Shenandoah* in '64 and '65 when he raised the whaling fleets in the Pacific north to Bering Strait. Chasing whalers was a good deal like picking mushrooms: there was always a chance that the bull—a Lincoln gunboat—would appear in the pasture, but otherwise it was a safe and easy sport. The *Alabama* next took the *Benjamin Tucker* of New Bedford, the schooner *Courser* of Provincetown, and the ship *Virginia* and the barque *Elisha Dunbar* of New Bedford, whence another wordy controversy sprang.

Captains Tilton of the *Virginia* and Gifford of the *Elisha Dunbar,* when they reached home, told the story of their treat-

ment on board the *Alabama*. Captain Tilton was ordered into the lee waist with his crew and all were put in irons. He and his men had an old sail over them and a few planks to lie on; and as the *Alabama's* guns were kept run out, water came in through the open ports during rough weather and washed across the deck, where the prisoners were forced to remain under guard, day and night, regardless of their drenchings. All this Captain Gifford corroborated, as having likewise befallen himself and his men.

In reply Semmes said that the staements were entirely true, but that the prisoners were not wet *all the time*. He kept them on deck because he had no other place for them; he gave them a tent made of spare sails and laid gratings on deck to keep them as dry as possible: he put them in irons because the enemy had put one of Semmes's own officers in irons. It was a game of "give and take" in which the whalemen had to do considerable "taking" with no chances at all to do any "giving."

When the whaling season off the Azores ended, Semmes sailed for the Banks of Newfoundland and the coast of North America.

On November 2d, having captured various merchantmen, and having stood south across the Gulf Stream, Semmes, somewhat to his own surprise, for he was not expecting it, captured the *Levi Starbuck* of New Bedford, outward bound on a whaling voyage, to the Pacific Ocean, took such supplies from her as he needed, and left her in flames. On March 23, 1863, he captured and burned the whaling schooner *Kingfisher* of Fairhaven.

Not until April 15th did the *Alabama* encounter another whaler. Having been lying for five days at the Brazilian penal colony on Fernando de Noronha she had just finished coaling when two whalers, appearing off the port, hove to and lowered boats which pulled into the harbour.

In the boats were the captains of the two whalers, who had come to trade for supplies. They brought up alongside a prize that Semmes had taken into port, the *Louisa Hatch*, for they had recognized her as American built; and accosting the prizemaster, they asked what vessel the *Alabama* was.

The prize master was in his shirt sleeves, hence his uniform did not give him away. "That," he said, "is a Brazilian packet-steamer come over to the colony to bring some convicts."

"And what," said they, "are you doing here?"

"We sprang a pretty bad leak in a late gale and have come in to see if we can repair damages."

Suddenly the men in the whaleboats started.

Someone bawled, "Starn all!"

The whaleboats backed away, the men sprang to their oars, and in a twinkling they were gone.

The bewildered prize master, an Englishman who had tried to pass as a Yankee, looked around and discovered that a small Confederate flag was hanging on the spanker-boom to dry.

Already, though, the *Alabama* was steaming out of the harbour. She seized both vessels, which lay just outside the three-mile line beyond some shoals. One, the barque *Lafayette*, of New Bedford, Semmes burned immediately; the other, the hermaphrodite brig, *Kate Cory* of Westport, he burned a day or two later. Sailing for Fernando de Noronha on April 22nd, he sighted within twenty-four hours the old whaler *Nye* of New Bedford, homeward bound from a voyage to the Pacific, and her, too, he burned.

Concerning the charge that Semmes set his prizes on fire as decoys and lay by to seize unwary vessels that might come to the rescue, much has been said, and bitterly. But although many an old whaling captain has believed it to the day of his death, Semmes himself, having recounted in detail the circumstances of his taking each and every prize, points out, to prove the charge false, that he never thus captured a single vessel. And if he did, what of it? War is not a country-club sport.

The cruise of the *Alabama* came to an end on June 19, 1864, when she went down in the English Channel in battle with U. S. S. *Kearsarge*. It was the boast of Captain Raphael Semmes that the Yankee whalers he had taken outnumbered the British whalers Captain David Porter took when he went cruising in the *Essex*, frigate, during the War of 1812; but the

roll of whalers taken by the *Sumter* and the *Alabama* is short compared with the roll of whalers taken by the *Shenandoah.*

The story of the *Shenandoah,* like the story of the *Alabama,* begins in England. She was named the *Sea King* when an English merchant bought her in London, loaded her with assorted merchandise, and cleared her for the East Indies. But a Confederate officer took charge of her when she was safely outside British waters, and at the Madeira Islands she met the English merchantman *Laurel,* laden with guns, ammunition, and supplies, which had sailed from Liverpool the same day the *Sea King* sailed from London. On board the *Laurel,* also, were twenty-three Confederate officers and ten or a dozen picked men from the crew of the *Alabama.*

Renamed the *Shenandoah,* and commissioned as a Confederate warship, but sadly undermanned—the British seamen who had come out in the two vessels refused to transfer their allegiance to the Confederacy—she headed south. Her proper complement would have been a hundred and fifty men; including cook, cabin boy, firemen, and coal-heavers, she carried nineteen, and twenty-three officers. But six men from the crew of her first prize joined the nineteen, and as she pushed on toward the Cape of Good Hope, she picked up and destroyed occasional merchantmen by the way and recruited from them: thus approaching her intended cruising ground in the Pacific she grew steadily more formidable.

It was not Waddell's plan to cruise in the South Atlantic whaling grounds, but as she passed, he captured and destroyed his first whaling prize, the luckless barque *Edward* of New Bedford, which happened to be lying with a large whale alongside virtually in the course of the *Shenandoah,* off Tristan da Cunha. The *Edward,* Waddell burned; her officers and men he put ashore on Tristan da Cunha.

In Melbourne he docked the *Shenandoah* for repairs, which detained him nearly a month and might have ended his voyage there and then, had the efforts of the American consul to entangle the vessel in a net of legal proceedings been successful. He sailed on February 18th, with forty-two stowaways on

board, who signed the articles when they were outside the three-mile limit, and after cruising for a time off New Zealand, he touched at Ascension Island, where he found four whalers lying—the *Edward Cary* and *Hector*, ships; and the *Pearl* and *Harvest*, barques. The four whalers he destroyed, and to the master of one of them, George O. Baker of the *Edward Cary*, he offered a commission in the Confederate Navy, which Captain Baker refused, and was accordingly clapped into double irons.

From Ascension Island, after a stay of two weeks, Waddell sailed north to the Japan Sea and thence, after unsuccessfully cruising a few days, to the Okhotsk Sea, where he captured and burned the whaling barque *Abigail*. In the Okhotsk Sea there was heavy floe ice, and the *Abigail*, with her thirty barrels of sperm oil, was the only prize; but in Captain Ebenezer F. Nye of the *Abigail*, Waddell caught, in one sense, if not in exactly the usual sense, a lively and redoubtable old tartar. There is more to be said soon of Captain Ebenezer Nye.

On June 21st, Captain Waddell took the *Shenandoah* into the Bering Sea. The day introduced one of the two most disastrous weeks in the history of American whaling.

In that week not a day passed but the *Shenandoah* captured at least one whaler; on June 28th she captured eleven. During the week she captured, in all, twenty-five, and burned all except three or four that she placed under heavy bonds to carry her prisoners to port.

The pitiful futility of it! With Lee's surrender at Appomattox on April 9th, more than two months earlier, the Confederacy had fallen. Yet in distant seas, at first not knowing, then not believing, the *Shenandoah* destroyed ship after ship, and cargo after cargo of oil.

The master of the *Milo*, one of five vessels taken on June 22d, asserted that the war was over, but he had no document or paper to prove it, and Waddell, naturally refusing to accept his word for it, placed the *Milo* under bonds for $46,000 to be paid not later than six months after the United States acknowledged the independence of the Confederate States and

sent her away with a large number of prisoners from the burned whalers on board.

That night Captain Ebenezer Nye of the lost *Abigail* called for volunteers to man two boats. Lowering the boats at dawn, they pulled north along the edge of the ice-field a hundred and eighty miles and spread far and wide among the fleet the news that the *Shenandoah* was coming. Ebenezer Nye and his volunteers and their deep-sea race in open boats saved the whaling merchants of New Bedford thousands upon thousands of dollars.

On June 27th, a trading vessel out of San Francisco, having on board newspapers of as late as April 19th, which told of Lee's surrender, Jefferson Davis's flight, and Johnson's request of April 14th, that hostilities cease, fell into Waddell's hands; but there was no formal announcement that the war was over, and Waddell burned the trader and sailed on.

That day he took the barque *Favorite* of Fairhaven, with 30 barrels of sperm oil and 200 barrels of whale oil on board, and thereby also hangs a tale of which two versions are told. It happened long ago, and much seems to have been said on both sides. Curiously enough, the two versions of the story are given by two men, each of whom served on board the cruiser. Both agree that Captain Young of the *Favorite* offered battle to the *Shenandoah*, but Acting Master Hunt, in his narrative of the voyage, credits the old man with pluck and cussedness enough for a whole navy, as he stood by his bomb gun and trained it on the *Shenandoah's* boat.

"Haul down your flag!" a Confederate officer yelled.

"Haul it down yourself,—— —— you, if you think it will be good for your constitution!" the old man replied.

"If you don't haul it down, we'll blow you out of water in five minutes."

"Blow away, my buck, but may I be eternally blasted if I haul down that flag for any cursed Confederate pirate that ever floated."

As the Confederates boarded the whaler the old man did his best to fire on them, but some more discreet spirit had abstracted the percussion caps from the nipple.

Midshipman John T. Mason of the *Shenandoah,* writing many years later, attributed Captain Young's heroic conduct to courage of the variety called Dutch. "He mounted the poop-deck of his ship, armed with a bomb-gun used in killing whales," Mason says: "and threatened to fire into the boat which was about to board him. The officers in charge of the boat, however, disregarded this threat, and pulled to the gangway and went on board with his crew. When the flag was about to be hauled down, another scene of the same sort was enacted; but by this time the boarding party had discovered that the belligerent captain had been celebrating the occasion, and was royally drunk. He was taken in charge after some resistance, and refusing to leave his ship, had to be lowered into the boat with block and tackle."

At all events, once on board the *Shenandoah,* the old fellow was put in irons in the top-gallant forecastle; and scandal has it that "his unhuman captors robbed him of his money, watch, and shirtstuds."

From the captured whaler *William Thompson,* Waddell took California papers of April 22, which told of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and confirmed the evacuation of Richmond, but which contained the proclamation of Jefferson Davis that the Confederacy would continue the war with renewed vigour. It was not until August 2d, that the *Shenandoah* having long since left the Arctic, got from the English barque *Barracouta,* thirteen days out from San Francisco, definite word that the Confederate Government had collapsed and the war was ended.

They struck the guns of the *Shenandoah* into the hold for ballast; they boarded up the portholes; they stowed the small arms between decks. With a record of fifty whaling vessels captured and forty-six of them destroyed, Waddell headed south round the Horn and north to England. On November 6, 1865, he let go his anchors in the Mersey and surrendered the ship to the English authorities.

XVI

THE "MINNESOTA" AND OTHER UNFORTUNATES

OF STRANGE voyages, everyone knows, there has been no end since the sea was created. The voyage of the Ark was probably not the first; nor was that of the Ford peace ship the last. And very likely there have been many stranger voyages than that of "the unfortunate bark *Minnesota*," Clothier Peirce, master, which sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 25, 1868, on a whaling voyage to the Indian and Pacific oceans. But certainly, although I have read many hundreds of log books, the log of the *Minnesota* is by far the strangest I have seen; and it will be a long hunt to find a more individual sea captain than Clothier Peirce, who went by the significant nickname of "Crazy."

An earlier log book of his shows signs of the weakness that seems to have grown upon him, and there may be later logs to rival that of the *Minnesota* on this particular trip. But so far as my knowledge extends, this is his really great work and deserves such fame as has fallen to the ride of John Gilpin or to the trials of Job.

According to that indefatigable student of whaling history and collector of log books, the late Andrew Snow of New Bedford, the *Minnesota*, a vessel of two hundred and forty-three tons, hailed from New York. But she was built at Philadelphia in 1849, and Lorenzo Peirce of New Bedford, brother of Captain Clothier, was her agent when in 1868 she sailed from the "whaling city" upon her memorable voyage.

Getting under way from Clark's Point at eleven o'clock in the forenoon on that June day, she beat out of the bay and stood clear of the land; and for five days thereafter she proceeded with no sign, so far as her log book indicates, of that singular pessi-

mism which distinguishes Captain Clothier Peirce from any other sea captain of whom I have ever heard. The men fitted the boats for the business before them and the officers chose their boat crews. The drunk got sober. The green hands got their sea legs. And all went on exactly as it would have gone on board any other New England whaling vessel. But on the fifth day out, remarking in the log book that there are two sails in sight but no sign of whales, Captain Peirce adds, in the keynote of his voyage, the parenthetical remark, "poor old *Minnesota*." On the sixth day he laments the head winds. And, taking my departure thence, I quote word for word and letter for letter from one of the most remarkable examples of cumulative gloom that a victim of melancholia ever set down with pen and ink.

Day by day and month after month Captain Peirce wrote it in his own hand, with an unconscionable seriousness, a total lack of humour, that, as the book itself indicates, drove officers and men to the verge of mutiny, if not of madness. It seems that the man's obsession sapped whatever strength he may have had. Of the doddering Down East skippers who roll through a certain humorous type of sea fiction, not one ever weakly swallowed greater affront without pretending to retaliate than did this melancholy master in a service that required the full strength and vigour of the toughest old skippers that sailed the seas half a century ago.

REMARKS ON BOARD THE UNFORTUNATE "MINNESOTA"

Wednesday, July 1*st,* 1868

Morderate Breeze from Eastward Heading N. E. by the Wind Variously Employed No signs of LIFE here Nothing for us June has passed & we get Now-wheir No chanc for us this season I fear three seasons in the North Atlantic to get One Whale in this Unfortunate Vessel. A. M. Very light Breeze Heading about N. E. on Barren Water Nothing to be seen.

Lat 39, 30 Long 63 23

Thursday, July 2*d*

Comes in with Very light Breeze from E. S. E. wheir it will continue I suppose for days. no chance to go East: Three Sails in sight: Lowered Boats to practice Crews they are very awkward indeed Will the Lord ever favour us to get One Whale I fear not very soon: A. M. Fresh Breeze from East wheir it will continue for all future time 6 or 7 sails in sight Heading about S. S. E. Lat 40, 33 Long 62, 21

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REMARKS ON BOARD THE UNFORTUNATE "MINNESOTA"

Sat July 4*th* 1868

Comes in with A Head Wind Fresh Breeze from E. S. E Heading about N. E. will the Wind ever change
This is the Fourth of July. A Day of rejoicing with People at Home: But a Sad Day with us No Whales in the Ocean that we can find (A Head Wind) No Chanc to do any thing or to ever get One Whale The LORDS Hand appears to be against the Poor Old *Minnesota* and all concerned in her Will the Lord in his infinite Mercy ever suffer us to get One Whale: A. M. Calm Employed sheathing the Deck many are rejoicing to day but our hearts are filled with sadness that his Poor Vessel cannot get A Whale

Lat 40, 52 Long 58 45

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REMARKS ON BOARD THE UNFORTUNATE "MINNESOTA"

Mond. July 13, 1868

Morderate Breeze from W. S. W. and fine Weather 3 or 4 Finbacks in sight: No Whale this season for the Poor Old *Minnesota:* The LORD will Not suffer us to get One (I am so wicked) A. M. Strong Breeze from S. W. Stearing East over the desert Nothing to be seen: Oh if the LORD would but favour us to get something all in vain I fear Nothing for us

Lat 43, 20 Long 36, 31

Tuesday 14

Comes in ruged Strong. S. W. Wind considerable Sea on Stearing E & E by N the Ocean is Barren wheir we go Not a Whale can this Poor vessel get The last Whale has been Caught here; Non now Live here—the Commadore Morris or som Lucky Ship Has Bioled the Last One: Never did I feel more cast down this a dark Period in my Live: why did I come Whaling but for my own distruction: I think my damnation is fixed now A. M. Blowing a morderate Gale from Westward Took in sail at 7 A. M. reefed the Main topsail in furling the Fore sail A Man (Woods) Fell from the Fore Yard by the parting of the yard arm Gasket dislocating his Shoulder Ends Thick
Molasses for Crew.
Flour

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I, BEET *Mond.* 20

Light Breeze from the West on the Southern tack. The Wind Dead Ahead wheir it will continue: No Chance for this Unfortunate Vessel to get One Whale this Year & I allmost fear she never will: The time passes swiftly and we get Nothing The Lords Power is against this Poor Bark A. M. Light Breeze from West at 9 A. M. Saw Sperm Whales going to Windward or Westward Lowered the Boats and Chased till 1 .P. M. could not get up to them: Such is this Unfortunate Vessels: Hard Luck Heavenly Father Grant in Mercy that we may yet be favoured

Lat Sup to be 40. 50 Long 36.00

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Remarks on Board this Unfortunate Vessel

Wednesday July 22d, 1868

Strong Wind from West Stearing by the Wind Heading S. S. W. No prospect of getting to the Westward: Saw quite a Number of Ships bound to the Eastward all are doing some-

thing but this Unfortunate Vessel A. M. Light Breeze from the West. (Dead Ahead) Stearing by the Wind on the Southern tack: I Believe the Hand of Providence is against me for beeing so Uncharitable to my Brother in his *Day of misfortune and trial* Heavenly Parent, in mercy I Pray that I may be forgiven Uncharitable feelings toward him in his Day of *Calamity* and *Trouble*

Lat 39 25 Long 36 59

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Sat. Aug. 1st

Good Fresh Breeze from. N. N. W. Heading W & W. S, W, No signs of Life here: I am ruined No Oil in the Ocean for the Poor Old *Minnesota* *Lorenzo Peirce* is undone and must fail in consequence of our hard Luck; *My ruin is fixed* A. N. Nearly Calm at 9 A. M. very light Breeze from S. E. Stearing West This brings us to the close of another Week Spent in vain our Ruin is fixed My destiny is sealed to destruction. I am a Ruined Man in consequence of ingratitude to my Brother and Parents

Lat 40. 12 Long 41, 37

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REMARKS ON BOARD THE POOREST VESSEL THAT IS IN THE WHALING BUSINESS

Tuesday Aug. 18, 1868

Fine Weather. Light Breeze from .N. E. First part of P. M. at 5 P. M. Wind Changed to East (Dead Ahead) It is no use for the *Minnesota* to try to get anything The LORDS. Power is against the *PEIRCE Family* & the *Name of Peirce* A. M. Fine Weather Pleasant Breeze E. S. E. (Dead Ahead) Heading. N. E. *LORENZO PEIRCE* The Most *Unfortunate* Agent in the Whaling Business No Vessel that he has had the Agency of has got any Voyage

Lat 40 35 Long 30 55

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Sund 23

Very Light Breeze from N. W. Stearing S. E. Another Week added to the many Spent in Vain Oh God in Mercy I Pray that we may be Blessed to get some Oil if consistant with thy Holy Will; Oh Lord in Mercy Bless us Once in this Unfortunate Vessel A. M. Light Wind from Westward at Meridain off the North side Graciosa

Mond. Aug. 24th 1868

Light Breeze from the Westward Went on Shore at Graosia; Could not trade for recruits: Had to Pay $2.50 in Gold for Bill of Health Got Nothing Could trade if we had Blackfish: Oil Unfortunately have not any: to Burn: A. M. Light Breeze from Stearing to the South & East off the S. W. part of Terceria

Lat 38. 42

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Wednesday 28

Comes in ruged Strong Wind from Westward Stearing S. E. first Part of. P. M. Latter part Steared East: Barren Water Only one Finback has been seen all this Long Day: Pleanty of Birds; but No Whales: I am about discouraged: I think the Ocean contains Nothing that we can ever get: I go to *Masthead* & look untill I am allmost Blind: Not a *Whale* can I see . . . A. M. Good Weather. Saw the Island of Tristan De Accuna Bearing S. W. about 25 Miles distant Good Breeze this A. M. The Wind. N. W. Oh How desolate is the Ocean to this Poor Vessel Not a Whale can we get & I do not know as the Lord will ever favour us to get One

Lat. 36 45 Long 11. 30

I think the Chro. 25 Miles too far West by the Land
Chro Looses ½ sec per day calling her just right Now

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Sunday Nov. 13th

Strong Breeze from W. S. W. some Rain Squals: took in Main Royal & For topmast Studing Sail Course E. S. E. Allmost the End of the Year: The time Passing away and we get Nothing: Growing Poorer every day . . . I *fear* I am *ruined* forever by this Voyage . . . It seems all in Vain for me to try to get any Oil . . . The Hand of Fortune is against this Poor Vessel . . . A. M. Good Weather Light Breeze from Westward at 8 A. M. Saw a Right Whale Lowered: and Chased it in vain: This has been A Day of anxiety to me Still we get Nothing: I fear it is impossible for us to get any Oil: this Voyage Every thing goes against me I am Unfortunate Now all my Past Efforts are in Vain

Lat 37. 40 Long 27. 12E

28¼ bbls of Beef & Pork consumed
to Nov 15th)

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Remarks on Board the Most Unfortunate Vessel in the Whaling Business

Wednesday 5*th* [*Dec.*]

Strong Breeze from E to E by North; Dead against us & always will be; Here it will continue this Year: Never, Never, again shall We be Favoured to Ever get another Gallon of Oil this Voyage I have given up all Hopes: My Ruin is fixed is Certain (I know) The LORDS Power or Vengeance is against the PEIRCE Family they shall Not succede in Whaleing; NO WHALES at Chatham This Season; No Chance to Ever Go their: all, all, in vain Will the Allmighty Ever suffer the Wind to Change from. E. N. E or will the East Wind always Continue Here (Dead ahead) Their is No account in all the Old Journals. I have got of any Wind being so Fixed at. E. N. E. As this had been the last Week Constantly from. N. E. to E. N. E. The Despensation of Heaven is against. this Poor Vessel— To *Ruin Me & Others* . . . .

A. M. Strong Breeze from E. N. E. & always will be trying to Work to the Eastward (But Cannot) Going the Wrong Way: I Suppose: No Whales around Chatham Islands this Season I Sometimes think this Wind is Fixed Here to indicate: that We are going Wrong No Use for me to try to get any-thing or to have any-thing Impossible

Lat 44, 11 Long 17-8 28E

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REMARKS ON BOARD THE POOR & UNFORTUNATE "MINNESOTA"

Wednesday, 21*st* (*Dec.* 1870)

Light Breeze from N. N. W.

Heading East. Saw the Fortunate Bark, James Maury Stowing Down all the Ships. Have taken Whales: Now But the Unfortunate *Minnesota* & We cannot See One; Nor do I Expect to Ever Boil again: Chatham ground will Not Produce One for Us: all the other Ships will Get Full before, We can Get One: No Other Ship But has Got Whales: Oh Could We get One Whale; How Greatful. I. should be: I. Favoured again: I. will devote my Share to Charatable Purposes. . . . A. M Pretty Good Weather Wind from .N. W. to S. W. The Fortunate Ship Live Oak Boiling which is Something. the *Minnesota* will Never Do Again: The Only Vessel But has taken Oil on this ground . . . And . . . We are Bound to Get Nothing. . . . It is Now more than Seven Months Since we have: Got A Whale to Save it The Last Year Only taken Two Hundred Barrels which is more than we shall Get the Next. I. Fear No Vessel on this ground so Unfortunate as this My Ruin is Certain. Nothing Can save me Now

Lat 44, 23 Long 17 4 44

All the Ships but this Unfortunate Vessel, Have done well: I Never Expect to get another Whale this Voyage The LORD will Not suffer Us to See One: Much more to Get any . . .

From a sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

SPOUTING BLOOD

This is known as the "flurry"—the whale's last thrashing about. The boat-headers of the various boats are seen giving him his last thrusts.

These entries run on, day after day, for fourteen hundred and fifty days. The tide of the man's emotion flows and ebbs; the intensity of his melancholy and his religious fervour varies within certain limits; but whether his fortunes are good or bad an insane despondency permeates the whole book, and his incompetence becomes tragic.

At last they got whales, but only to lose them. They lost whale after whale from alongside the vessel. In the crazy log book there are such entries as these:

Wednesday 24

Unfortunately Blowing A Severe Gale from .W. S. W. Tore out the Fluke Chain Pipe; tearing out the Fluke Chain Bitt from the Deck *impossible to Save the Whale* it Blows so Hard The Boats Hoisted to davy Heads; the Vessel under Bare Spars; Barometer down; The Whale surging very Hard. impossible to Hold the Whale: A. M. Strong Gale still Blowing Hard the Wind from .S. W. The Elements is bound to distroy our Whale & ruin all concerned: No prospect of Morderating: Halled the Whale alongside this Morning to Hook on Could Not impossible: to save the Body The Sea Breaking over the Rails in this dreadful Storm
Barometer down to 29, 1½ North

Lat 45, 30

Remarks on Board the Poor & Unfortunate "Minnesota"

Thursday, March 25th, 1869

Still Blowing a Severe Gale from .S. W. wheir it will Continue Untill I am a ruined Man: Not the least Chance to save any Portion of this Whale: at Meredian discovered that the Whale was tearing off all our Nette on the Stabourd Side; and also the Sheathing: Cut off the Hawser from the Whales Flukes & Shackeled it on to Fluke-Chain & Slacked off the Whale: wheir we shall loose it; something will part soon; We cannot Hold him long; in this dreadful Weather Impossible. BARROMeter Down to 29, 1 tenths & still Falling; A. M. as Common a Severe

Gale the Sea if Possible worse than it Has been; the Last Four Days; Not the least Chance to save a particle of the Whale I. Expect Evry *Moment to Loose the Whale: Cable & Hawser* in this Dreadful Gale: (No Human Power Can save this Whale The Whale Caved in last Night is Now Lying allmost Flat on the Sea is fast rotting away

Lat 45, 29 Long 174, 04 W

Friday 26

Blowing A Sever Gale if Possible worse than Yesterday: our Whale rotting in the Sea: No Chance to save any portion of it: the Wind S. W. by W & W. S. W. No Vessel so Unfortunate as this: Except the *Addison* when she was here: Shall Not Only Loose the Whale But the Cable & Hawser attached to it A. M. Still ruged: Halled the Poor Old Whale alongside tryed to get off some of what was once Bluber: it was all rotten & Spoiled Such is my Hard Fortune Lost Eighty Barrels of Sperm Oil Had to Cut off the Head and let it go before we could rool the Whale over the Head was the Best part but impossible to save it

Remarks on Board the Most Unfortunate Vessel in the Whaleing Buisness

Saturday March 27th, 1869

Still A Bad Sea on Cut off some of what was once good Blubber; but Now Spoiled Kept Tearing off so rotton the Oil had all run out of it: Such is: Lorenzo Peirces Unfortunate Vessels Fate: A Terable Gale to ruin their Voyages It is no use to try in his Ship to make a Voyage Impossible: *The Hand of Providence is against him.* A. M. Blowing allmost a Gale from .N. N. W. commenced to Boil a Littile Ends thick some Rain

Small wonder that affairs went wrong fore and aft on board that luckless vessel. Merely to read the log of the *Minnesota* from beginning to end is enough to drive a man mad. Consider

what life must have been in close and constant association with such a captain. On December 23, 1870, he ordered the mate below "for striking me Several Blows with his Fist and Clinching me by the Hair in the Cabin in the Most abusive Manner." Again, on February 2, 1872, he ordered the mate below "for Clinching me on deck & abusive language &." On February 24th, at the Bay of Islands, he called the United States consul on board to quell a mutiny; he also discharged the mate, but failed to make an end of the matter.

On March 1st, at about half-past five in the afternoon, as Captain Peirce came on deck, one Michael Kelley, a seaman, hit him on the head with a club hammer and knocked him senseless. When the captain had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the assault, he went ashore to have his wounds dressed by a doctor, and had Kelley arrested "and placed in Jaoil." In the log book he enters an account of the pain in his head.

By July 4th, there was trouble with the new mate and Captain Peirce must needs again resort to his favourite retaliation: he ordered the mate below "for refusing to Seize A Man up in the Riging when Ordered by me to do so & for his Insolent and Abusive Language. The Man, Alexander Rasher, had been very Saucy some days Previous & refused to Obey orders on Deck. I had given the Man orders Not to take A Watch Below in the Day time in Consequence of his improper Conduct. I came down from aloft at 10 A. M. went into the Forecastle and found the Man in his Birth Ordered him On Deck he refused to go on Deck & Struck me A Blow in my Face with his Fist."

Exactly a month later trouble broke out anew: "I had told Mr. Roberts to Kill A Hog: he took the Axe & went foreward wheir the Hog was & Commenced to Strike the Hog with the Axe. I said to him do Not be so Brutal take & Stick the Hog . . . Kill him in a decent Manner He then Stuck the Hog after A Manner & Coming aft on the quarter Deck wheir I was, Came Behind me Struck me A Severe Blow on my Head with his Fist, Knocking me down on Deck rendering me insensable for Several Minutes while I was unconscious. he

Kicked me as I lay on Deck as I am informed be the crew & Hall & Edward Macomber saw him do it when I came too: I found Myself in the Cabin How I came their I cannot tell it was about 50 Minutes after he Struck me before I knew what had Happened to me & then others told me *after knocking me down,* He went to Masthead, Foreward"

A one-legged outfitter named Bennet had Captain Peirce arrested at Hobart, Tasmania, a month before he sailed for home. And during his return voyage he sprung his main yard, carried away his jibboom and all his head gear, and, calamity of calamities! shipped a sea that stove his pigpen.

Now the log of the *Minnesota,* as I have indicated, is a remarkable document and quite out of the common. Captain Clothier Peirce was unquestionably an arrant eccentric. His delusions and obsessions manifestly made more tense the nervous friction of the long voyage. But the very things in the log book that are most grotesque, are nevertheless but extreme examples of things that were typical of old whaling voyages and that came, sometimes, to ends more tragic by far than the ludicrous mouthings of a scatter-witted captain.

Consider just what a whaling voyage in the middle of the last century meant to officers and crew. A band of men bound by no ties of blood, friendship, or kindred pleasures—some of them persuaded (and some of them "shanghaied") into a life of which they knew nothing at all, by promises which, regardless of the wishes or intentions of the captain, it was utterly impossible to fulfil—confined for four years, except for laborious hours on the open sea and rare, brief intervals of liberty on shore, to a space no larger than an ordinary house.

To maintain discipline the captain, to all practical purposes the absolute ruler of his little dominion, exercised sharp discrimination between the men forward and the officers aft. He might, whenever he deemed the occasion sufficient, seize a man to the rigging and flog his bare back with a rope's end. The captain—or any other officer—could haze a man with extra work or make his life miserable in any of numerous petty ways; and, which is more, toward the end of a voyage it was profitable

to do so, for if a sailor despaired of decent treatment and ran away from his ship, he forfeited his lay, which thus went to swell the shares of the owners.

"The masters of American merchantmen," says Nathaniel Ames in his lively Mariner's Sketches, "will seldom believe that a man is sick till the agonies of death take place, it being the chief cornerstone of their belief to look after their employers' interest first and foremost, and rather to kill a man by hard work and exposure, than to permit him to defraud the owners by his untimely sickness. Besides, when a sailor dies, his arrears of wages revert to the owners, who (I speak of New England merchants) always contemplate the word 'dead' frequently repeated in the return passage bill, with that peculiar satisfaction only to be appreciated by those whose religious, moral, and political creed is comprised in the maxim 'a penny saved is a penny got.'

"This theory is carried into more open practice by the masters of the South Sea Whalers than any others. After a ship has completed her cargo, and is preparing, in some of the ports on the western coast of South America, for her passage round Cape Horn, it is extremely fashionable for the masters, by tyrannical usage and harassing duty, to compel the men to desert. This practice is so notorious and so well understood, that it is quite a question of course to ask the crew of a full ship, "Well, has your skipper begun to cut any shines yet?'"

Further, though the lays of whalemen shipping from the home port were generally fixed by custom at what was regarded as a fair proportion, yet it was sometimes possible to pick up men in foreign ports for ridiculously small wages. I have seen in the New Bedford Custom House a paper issued from the United States Consulate at St. Helena, which certified that in 1849 a man shipped on board the whale-ship *Triton* for the lordly wage of twenty cents a month. By replacing deserters or discharged men with a crew paid at any such rate as that, a whaling captain established, with ship-owners, a reputation for thrift and shrewdness. Small wonder that sailors found occasion to desert in foreign ports, or were driven to

"refuse duty" on the voyage home, thus forfeiting their lays and very likely going to jail, besides.

True, there is another side of the whaleman's life that is too often neglected. Though existence in a whaler was likely to be hell on earth, yet once out of his ship and safe ashore, the old-time whaleman shook off his troubles and danced a fling with no troublesome thought of who was to pay the piper. In monkey jacket and red shirt and tarpaulin, he spent with a free hand his every penny. He burst riotously into theatre, rum shop, and tavern; he hired a gig and drove hell-bent-for-election through the streets; he ogled the girls, he swapped jokes with the boys, he drank with all comers, and went on board as drunk as a lord and as proud as a king, ready all over again to buy with months of misery at sea a few golden, pagan hours of paradise ashore. And months of misery they were.

Some men, too strong to be broken down, but driven to desperate measures, took the law into their own hands, as the true stories of many mutinies testify; some, pathetically weak, turned in despair like rats in a corner. At Toomaholooah, one of the Navigation Islands, a young man named William Bonzy ran away from a New York barque, one night in 1844, and in the morning fell into the hands of a couple of natives who gleefully snatched at the opportunity to earn a reward of five or ten dollars by returning him to his vessel. As the youth was walking along quietly enough between the two, he suddenly drew a dirk and, stabbing one of them, who happened to be the chief of the tribe, killed him instantly.

Before the other native could act, the runaway sailor plunged into the water and swam out to where two boats from the distant whaleship *Cortez*, Captain John W. Hammond, had come inshore to trade.

The boats carried young William Bonzey to the *Cortez*, but the New York barque learned of it and sent a boat thither to fetch him back to his own vessel, whence at six o'clock the next morning—the natives having meanwhile detained as hostage a boat and one of the crew from the barque—they took him on

shore, tried him, and condemned him to be hanged on the fourth day following.

"He is a young man about 24 years of age," the mate of the *Cortez* wrote in the log, "and has been in several ships since he left America, which is 7 years. He belongs in Boston. His parents now live in Worcester, Mass. They don't know where their son is!"

Weak, desperate William Bonzy! It would be easy to consider his futile thrust at fate as of disproportionate importance. Yet it was, after all, like Captain Clothier Peirce's melancholy, merely an extreme example of what happened in one voyage or another of virtually every whaling vessel, for nearly every log book tells its story of mutiny and desertions. In other words, William Bonzy, after seven years at sea, lost what few wits he had, addled the small mind that God had given him, and, rather than go back to his vessel, in his fear committed cowardly murder.

In addition to the particular temptations to misuse the boys who went whaling, and the long confinement incidental to a whaling voyage, consider the peculiar characteristics of the industry as a whole, that made the whaleman an object of contempt to sailors in the naval and merchant services. There was little incentive to master the finer knowledge of the art of seamanship, for the whaler, in contrast to the merchantman, spent much time loafing up and down the whaling grounds and watching the sea, as he cruised, lest a single distant spout escape him, instead of cracking on all the sail his ship would carry and studying every lift and shiver of canvas to make her give the most speed of which she was capable. Then, too, in a whaler, which carried proportionately a large crew to be able to man her boats and take care of her blubber, there was less work for each man, which meant less attention to the arts and crafts of sailoring.

Naturally, many of the men who manned the whaling fleets in the later days of the golden age of whaling were of less sailorly calibre than the merchant seamen and the man-of-war's men. Since whaling was generally regarded by seamen in

other services as an inferior branch of sailoring, the whaling firms had to go inland to recruit their foremast hands; they drew them from small towns, from farms, and from the back woods, by specious advertisements that have become proverbial in some parts of the country. Now and then they got thus a real whaling captain in the embryo and brought him up to the trade, but most of their masters came from the old whaling families that lived in the old whaling towns and sent their sons, one generation after another, into the business on which the family fortunes depended.

Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," shows, how real sailors regarded the whaler—man and vessel.

"A 'spouter' we knew her to be, as soon as we saw her, by her cranes and boats, and by her stump top-gallant-masts, and a certain slovenly look to the sails, rigging, spars, and hull; and when we got on board, we found everything to correspond—spouter fashion. She had a false deck, which was rough and oily, and cut up in every direction by the chines of oil casks; her rigging was slack, and turning white, paint worn off the spars and blocks, clumsy seizings, straps without covers, and 'homeward-bound splices' in every direction. Her crews, too, were not in much better order. Her captain was a slab-sided Quaker, in a suit of brown, with a broad-brimmed hat, bending his long legs as he moved about decks, with his head down, like a sheep, and the men looked more like fishermen and farmers than they did like sailors.

"Though it was by no means cold weather (we having on only our red shirts and duck trousers), they all had on woollen trousers—not blue and ship-shape, but of all colours—brown, drab, gray, aye, and green—with suspenders over their shoulders, and pockets to put their hands in. This, added to Guernsey frocks, striped comforters about the neck, thick cowhide boots, woollen caps and a strong, oily smell, and a decidedly green look, will complete the description. Eight or ten were on the fore topsail yard, and as many more in the main, furling the topsails, while eight or ten more were hanging about the forecastle, doing nothing. This was a strange sight for a vessel

coming to anchor; so we went up to them, to see what was the matter. One of them, a stout, hearty-looking fellow, held out his leg and said he had the scurvy; another had cut his hand; and others had got nearly well, but said that there were plenty aloft to furl the sails, so they were *sogering* on the forecastle. There was only one 'splicer' on board, a fine-looking old tar, who was in the bunt of the fore topsail. He was probably the only thorough marline-spike seaman in the ship, before the mast. The mates, of course, and the boat-steerers, and also two or three of the crew, had been to sea before, but only on whaling voyages; and the greater part of the crew were raw hands, just from the bush, and had not yet got the hay-seed out of their hair. The mizzen topsail hung in the buntlines till everything was furled forward. Thus a crew of thirty men were half an hour in doing what would have been done in the *Alert*, with eighteen hands to go aloft, in fifteen or twenty minutes."

It can be little cause for wonder that boys and men of minds a bit unsound by nature broke under the conditions of the long whaling voyages. Nor was Clothier Peirce the only victim of melancholia whom I have discovered aft. Here is a passage from the log book of the ship *Morea*, Captain Thomas Peabody, which sailed from New Bedford in 1853, for a voyage of four years in the Pacific Ocean:

REMARKS *Saturday June 3rd 1854*

Strong winds from W. S. W. and some fog the first part ship head S. E. saw 5 ships this afternoon Captain Peabody retired for a while and on being called and at the tea table he made some very unuseual remarks for him to make askin the officers if they thought a man would be punished in the other world for makeing away with himself if he had nothing to hope for or could see no prospect of happiness before him at night he went to bed as useual and was up during the night givein directions how to stear at breakfast he seemed rather meloncolly eat but little after breakfast came on deck but soon went below again At 10 A. M. he sent the steward after mee to come below I went into the cabbin hee was in his bearth hee told mee hee had sent

for mee to tell mee that hee was going to meet his god and gave mee his reasons for so doing and some little directions about his things after convercing with him for some twenty minutes or more I went on deck and communicatid that hee had told mee to the other officers soon after wee three the second and third mates and myself went down and inquired if hee had tacon anything to caus him to bee as he was at first he said no only a spoonful of brandy but soon after on being askd again he said hee would not go with a lie for hee had tacon laudnum but as wee thought hee had not tacon enough to caus death wee let him bee hee now inquired how the weather was at Marideen hee got up calld for a light lit a cigar and went to bed again. So this affair stood at noon middle and last of this day fresh south winds and cloudy weather ship head east and N. E. one man sick

Lat 59.. 35 N
Long 177.. 06. E

REMARKS *Sunday June 4th 1854*

Strong south winds and some rain the first part ship head NE at 2 P M Capt. P. got up and wantid an observation tacon but hee was in sutch a state he was not able to note the time hee remained up till 6.30 P. M. while up gave his opinion on the prospect of whales at certain places then went to bed again at 9 P. M. he gave orders to lay the head yards aback at 2.30 A. M. he gave orders to stear North as soon as it was light enough to man the mast heads at breakfast he said he could not eat anything. hee seemed in his right mind through the forenoon at dinner I asked him if he could eat some dinner hee said the thoughts of food made him sick to his stomarch but said the steward was going to make some soup Last of the day Strong wind from S. S. W. ship head East under short sail saw some Ice Lat by Acount 61.00 N long by Acount 177. 40 E.

REMARKS *Monday June 5th 1854*

This day began with strong S. S. W. winds and foggy weather ship head S. E. D. N. fore and mizen topsails and whole main

at 2 P M. saw two whales Loward three boats at 3 returned onboard without getting fast while the boats was off Capt Peabody gave orders to make more sail and keep the ship near the boats and after wee got onboard he asked mee how many whales I saw at tea time he was in bed and did not get up to eat at 6.30 P. M. saw two whales the weather to thick to lower while looking at the whales thair being no one in the cabbin but the Capt. wee heard the report of a gun and a musket ball came up thru the deck wee immediately went down below and found Captain Peabody lying on deck in his room with his face blown off from his chin to his eyes boath upper and lower jaws intirely off hee breathed a few moments and was gone.

Middle part moar moderate at 1.30 A. M. saw Ice more to west at 8.30 A. M. Committed the remains of Capt. Peabody to the deep and A solemn sight it was ordered Last of this day light S. S. W. winds weather some thick ship head S. E.

Lat by Obs. W.. 26 W
Long by Chro. 179.. 12. E.

I am not a student of mental diseases and I am quite aware that the material is perhaps not at present available to enable me to discuss with confidence the relative proportion of unbalanced minds on shore and at sea, and in the whale "fishery" as compared with the whole body of seafaring men. But the old log books and other manuscript records of life at sea contain a vast amount of information that any serious student of abnormal psychology will find markedly interesting; and it is my own conviction, reached after reading hundreds of log books and sea journals, that the old whaling vessels had more than their arithmetical proportion of madmen.

XVII

THE ARCTIC DISASTERS

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1871, there appeared in the New Bedford *Shipping List*, in type that for the period was sensationally large, the headlines: "Terrible Disaster to the Arctic Fleet—Thirty-Three Vessels Lost—Safety of the Crews—Twelve Hundred Men Brought to Honolulu in Six Whalers—Loss at Least $1,000,000." Thus the old whalemen's paper announced to America's greatest whaling city the greatest single disaster that has ever befallen an American whaling fleet.

Its magnitude is not to be judged merely by the loss in money, even though a sum of more than a million dollars bulked larger then than now. It was a staggering blow to an important industry; it was a lost battle in man's war against the North; it was the heart-breaking, ironical climax of more than seventy-five years of exploring and adventuring.

At the end of the 18th Century, when various adventurous Nantucket and New Bedford whalemen had confirmed the reports of those salty old pioneers who, in 1791, had carried whaling round the Horn, that sperm whales abounded on the coast of Chile, the whalers resorted in growing numbers to the Pacific. They sailed north to the Equator. They discovered large numbers of sperm whales on the "off-shore ground." They cruised along the coast of Japan and up and down the Indian Ocean. They visited the remote islands of the South Seas and the coast of Kamchatka; they worked up through the Okhotsk Sea and the Bering Sea; and finally, in 1848, a lone vessel, the 275-ton bark *Superior*, Captain Roys, from the old Long Island whaling port of Sag Harbour, passed through Bering Strait, cruised for one season in the Arctic, and returned with a full ship.

That voyage, the first in pursuit of whales beyond Bering Strait, occurred fifty-seven years after those earlier explorers had gone sperm whaling round the Horn. Excited by news of the *Superior's* good fortune in the Arctic, the masters of other whalers sailed thither the next March; and the Arctic whaling fleet grew in numbers and in relative importance, until, in 1865, the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* raided the Pacific and destroyed twenty-five whalers. Then, six years later, to cap the damage done by the *Shenandoah*, came this even greater disaster.

Of course men had hunted whales off Spitzbergen and Greenland and the St. Lawrence for hundreds of years before the little *Superior* thrust her blunt nose through Bering Strait, and had bitterly learned the terrors of the ice-pack; the story of that lost fleet of 1871 is, nevertheless, one of the notable stories of Arctic whaling. Sometimes long reaches of open water extend far into the pack, when one wind or another drives the cakes apart; sometimes open pools appear in it. At a distance, it appears to be as smooth as a graded park, for few peaks rise higher than ten or a dozen feet from the water; but a closer view reveals a surface rough almost beyond belief. It has none of the grandeur of huge icebergs—there are no glaciers thereabouts to produce them—and it moves so slowly—floating deep and showing a mere fraction of its bulk above water—as to hide the danger that is present wherever it goes. But it swings deliberately and ponderously, for a month this way and overnight the other, with an almost inconceivable pressure.

It was the practice of the whaling fleet to arrive at the edge of the ice in Bering Sea about the middle of April, and to drift north with the pack, watching for the bowheads that migrate every spring to the Arctic Ocean. The vessels would stretch out for miles along the edge of the ice-field. Most of the time several were in sight of one another; and often two were so near together that, to exchange visits, the crews would risk a trip across the shifting ice, where lanes of open water, constantly appearing, made it necessary to travel slowly and circuitously.

To lower boats and chase whales, after the manner of whaling

in the open sea, was manifestly impossible when a vessel was in the ice; but irons and bomb-guns were kept always at hand, and sometimes men watching open water from the deck would strike and "save" a whale. Thus working north into the Arctic Ocean, where they stooped to hunting walrus, whose oil a rash experimenter had discovered was well worth taking—as the Basques had discovered hundreds of years earlier—the whalers would continue to skirt the pack and strike occasional whales, until the young ice forced them to leave for the season, which happened, usually, by the middle of October.

By the first of May, 1871, the fleet was nearing Cape Thaddeus, and by the first of June, Cape Navarino. In the Sea of Anadir and in Bering Sea whales in abundance augured a successful year; but the ice in Bering Sea, although not so heavy as the Arctic ice, ordinarily made it necessary to work the ships with care, and that year it was much heavier than is common so far south. It damaged several vessels, and stove the bark *Oriole* so badly that late in June her officers and crew abandoned her in Plover Bay, whither, with the assistance of men who came from other ships in answer to her signal of distress, they had conveyed her by dint of much pumping.

Taking with them the men from the abandoned *Oriole*, which they left to rot out her white-oak planks and timbers on the bleak shore of northern Asia, the vessels moved on from Plover Bay toward the strait, whither the whales had proceeded on their annual migration into the Arctic; and in the strait they picked up a second forlorn little band of men.

Such a catastrophe as the loss of the *Oriole* was too common to be ominous, and there was no reason at the time to regard the appearance of a few shipwrecked sailors as portentous; but a little later it took no lively imagination to consider both as unsuspected omens.

The men were the survivors of the crew of the lost bark *Japan*, which had gone down off that out-thrust finger of northern Asia, Cape East, at the end of the season before. It is easy to picture them, dark figures working their way slowly over the dangerous ice, toward the distant masts and spars of the

fleet—gaunt, tattered, unshaven, incredibly eager. The look-outs sighted them as black dots on the ice-field. The men swarmed into the rigging to watch them approach. Still they came on, over the rough ice; and by-and-by a hoarse voice called, "By God, they're white!"

All their supplies had gone down with their ship; they themselves had been forced to eat the food of the natives—blubber and unskinned walrus meat; eight of them, suffering terribly from hunger and cold, had died. Captain Barber of the *Japan*, for his last square meal before he yielded to necessity and took to the savage fare that kept him alive for nearly a year, had eaten a few tallow candles, which he found on the beach.

Such an incident does not appear impressive on the printed page; stop, though, and think what it meant. We are accustomed to pass lightly over narratives of such experiences as not one person in a hundred thousand has actually suffered. The story went through the fleet as the vessels worked north.

In one respect the season itself was unlike most seasons; in August the outswinging centre of the great pack moved farther south than usual, and continued to move south. Between Point Belcher and Icy Cape, where the incurving shore forms an arc as of a strung bow, a number of vessels were lying in clear water, and the ice swept in until it touched each headland. To the north, off Point Belcher, four vessels were caught in the pack; and ten miles south, off Wainwright Inlet, eighteen vessels were crowded into a little patch of clear water between the pack and the shore. Farther south, another group of seven vessels lay, some in the pack and some free and clear, and farther still, three more.

Among the vessels that had been working northeast toward Point Barrow, as the ice moved off shore late in August, was the bark *Monticello*, of New London, which had already turned back when, on August 29th, a strong wind accompanied by snow blew from the southwest and the ice began to close in.

The master of the *Monticello* hoped, by short tacks in shallow water, to beat his way past the shoals at Point Belcher before

the ice cut him off. He had all hands on deck, port watch forward, starboard watch aft, to work the ship in close quarters. As she came into the wind, with the leadsman on the fore-chains crying that she still had water under her keel, ice suddenly loomed out of the falling snow hard under her weather bow. She struck, hung in irons, drifted back, and went aground.

Night had come; but in the lee of the ice the sea was as calm as a pond. The men sprang aloft and handed the roaring canvas; hastily launching a boat, they laid an anchor to windward and hauled the cable taut, to keep from driving farther up on the shoals. There she lay, hard and fast, until daybreak, when the others saw her predicament, and many boats and great numbers of men came to her rescue from the vessels riding at anchor in the deep water beyond the point.

They swarmed on the deck of the grounded barque, and leaped with alacrity to the work at hand. With the sharp snap of well-clipped orders, and with thundering old songs, they laid out anchor after anchor, and carried the chains to the windlass and hove them taut, and hoisted up casks of oil and rolled them aft, until at last she floated. They kedged her off and towed her out, and there for the last time she let go her anchor. The work of that morning, given with all good-will, was work thrown away, although no one then knew it; for the ice-pack was swinging south upon the fleet, hour by hour, and the *Monticello* was never to sail again.

The weather cleared, and the boats went off up the coast for whales. A boat from the *Monticello* first struck and saved one. But the wind still blew from the west, and the ice still crowded in upon the fleet.

The *Monticello* had anchored in six fathoms, but the edge of the ice, which already rested on bottom, was hard aboard her, and was driving nearer the shore.

On September 2d, the moving pack forced the brig *Comet* against a grounded floe and with a deliberation that seemed malicious, crushed her. Arctic whalers say that the grinding and breaking up of the ice makes a scene that is strangely impressive and a noise that is almost deafening. Combined with

this—imagine it if you can—was the singularly terrible sound of planks and timbers and beams buckling and cracking under pressure. On September 7th, the pack drove the bark *Roman* against another grounded floe and stove her sides, but relaxed its pressure momentarily—an old trick of the pack—so that the luckless vessel went down like a rock and the crew barely succeeded in scrambling to safety. Next day it crushed the bark *Awashonks,* and pushed her up on the ice instead of sinking her.

Of the thirty-two vessels that had been in sight of one another when the ice enclosed the bight between Point Belcher and Icy Cape, three were now hopeless wrecks. What had become of the seven that had been out of sight from the first, no one knew. And still the pack was driving south upon the land.

By this time the danger that threatened every remaining vessel of the fleet was enough to alarm the stoutest whaleman of them all, for they lay in a strip of open water, which was closed at each end and too narrow to work a ship. Not only that, but it was growing narrower every hour, with the grounded floes on one side, and on the other the pack ice.

There were twelve hundred souls—men, women, and children—in the imperiled fleet. The captains, meeting in grave council, sent three whale-boats and their crews, under the command of Captain Frazer of the ship *Florida,* to learn if any of the vessels were safely outside the ice and so in a position to rescue any of the twelve hundred. The boats went more than seventy miles down the lane of clear water and over the ice, but the messages that they brought back were not, as a whole, completely reassuring: the seven missing vessels had escaped from the ice by so narrow a margin that several of them had left their anchors, and six of the seven captains would promise only to wait "as long as they could." But from the seventh he brought a message that for unequivocal determination will be remembered when every man of the fleet is in his grave.

"Tell them," said Captain Dowden of the *Progress,* "I will wait for them as long as I have an anchor left or a spar to carry sail."

Not every story that is told in New Bedford of Captain Jim Dowden is to his credit. By certain accounts he was a heavy-handed, rough-hewn old son of Adam. But I submit, though he turn in his grave in wrath at any imputation of heroism, that he spoke like a man.

Again the captains met. The pack ice, Captain Frazer reported, reached all the way to Icy Cape. The Arctic winter was hard upon them, and their vessels were held fast. They had freshly in mind the fate of the crew of the *Japan*—eight of her men dead, and the rest of them gaunt from terrible suffering. On the other hand, the fleet represented large investments—the twenty-two vessels that hailed from New Bedford were worth, with their outfits, more than a million dollars, not counting their oil and bone—and the presence of whales promised a good catch in the month and a half of the season that remained. But there appeared to be no hope of extricating the vessels; and not daring to risk the winter, all hands began in haste to prepare to abandon them.

Lest the ice that was forming on the clear water should cut through the light planking of the whale-boats, they sheathed the bows with copper; and into the boats they began to pack such things as were absolutely necessary for their flight.

On September 12th, the captains met for the last time, and after deciding definitely to abandon their vessels on September 14th, they composed and signed a statement of their reasons:

"POINT BELCHER, ARCTIC OCEAN
"*September. 12, 1871.*

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we, the undersigned, masters of whale-ships now lying at Point Belcher, after holding a meeting concerning our dreadful situation, have all come to the conclusion that our ships cannot be got out this year; and there being no harbour that we can get our vessels into, and not having provisions enough to feed our crews to exceed three months, and being in a barren country, where there is neither food nor fuel to be obtained, we feel ourselves under the painful

necessity of abandoning our vessels, and trying to work our way south with our boats, and, if possible, get on board of ships that are south of the ice. We think it would not be prudent to leave a single soul to look after our vessels, as the first westerly gale will crowd the ice ashore, and either crush the ships or drive them high upon the beach. Three of the fleet have already been crushed, and two are now lying hove out, which have been crushed by the ice, and are leaking badly. We have now five wrecked crews distributed among us. We have barely room to swing at anchor between the pack of ice and the beach, and we are lying in three fathoms of water. Should we be cast on the beach, it would be at least eleven months before we could look for assistance, and in all probability nine out of ten would die of starvation or scurvy before the opening of spring.

"Therefore, we have arrived at these [above] conclusions: After the return of our expedition under command of Capt. D. R. Frazer, of the *Florida*, he having with whale-boats worked to the southward as far as Blossom Shoals, and found that the ice pressed ashore the entire distance from our position to the shoals, leaving in several places only sufficient water for our boats to pass through, and this liable at any moment to be frozen over during the twenty-four hours, which would cut off our retreat, even by the boats, as Captain Frazer had to work through a considerable quantity of young ice during his expedition, which cut up his boats badly."

This second statement they dispatched to their waiting fellow whalemen:

SHIP 'CHAMPION,'
September 12, 1871.
OFF POINT BELCHER

"TO THE MASTERS OF THE SHIPS IN CLEAR WATER SOUTH OF ICY CAPE:

"GENTLEMEN: By a boat expedition which went out to explore the feasibility of a ship's passage to clear water, report there are seven vessels south of Icy Cape in clear water, whaling.

"By a meeting of all the masters of the vessels which are em-

bargoed by the ice along this shore, as also those that have been wrecked, I am requested to make known to you our deplorable situation, and ask your assistance.

"We have for the last fifteen days been satisfied that there is not the slightest possibility of saving any of our ships or their property, in view of the fact that the northern barrier of ice has only a narrow belt of water from one quarter to one half mile in width, extending from Point Belcher to south of Icy Cape. In sounding out the channel, we find from Wainwright Inlet to about five miles east-northeast from Icy Cape the water in no place of sufficient depth to float our lightest-draught vessel with a clean hold, in many places not more than three feet.

"Before knowing your vessels were in sight of Icy Cape, we lightered the brig *Kohola* to her least draught, also brig *Victoria* hoping we should be able to get one of them into clear water to search for some other vessel to come to our aid in saving some of our crews. Both vessels now lie stranded off Wainwright Inlet.

"That was our last hope, until your vessels were discovered by one of our boat expeditions. Counting the crews of the four wrecked ships, we number some twelve hundred souls, with not more than three months' provisions and fuel; no clothing suitable for winter wear. An attempt to pass the winter here would be suicidal. Not more than two hundred out of the twelve hundred would survive to tell the sufferings of the others.

"Looking our deplorable situation squarely in the face, we feel convinced that to save the lives of our crews a speedy abandonment of our ships is necessary. A change of wind to the north for twenty-four hours would cause the young ice to make so stout as to effectually close up the narrow passage and cut off our retreat by boats.

"We realize your peculiar situation as to duty, and the bright prospects you have for a good catch in oil and bone before the season expires, and now call on you, in the voice of humanity, to abandon your whaling, sacrifice your personal interests as well as that of your owners, and put yourselves

in condition to receive on board ourselves and crews for transit to some civilized port, feeling assured that our Government, so jealous of its philanthropy, will make ample compensation for all your losses. We shall commence sending the sick and some provisions to-morrow. With a small boat, and near seventy miles for the men to pull, we shall not be able to send much provisions.

"Feeling confident that you will not abandon us,

"We are, respectfully, yours,

"HENRY PEASE, JR.

"With thirty-one other masters."

They packed food, clothing, and bedding into the boats, loading them nearly to the gunwales (they had raised the gunwales to make the boats more seaworthy); and they destroyed all liquor on board the vessels, lest, in the joyous abandon of a drunken spree, the natives burn, smash, or sink whatever they could set a torch to or lay hands on. Then on September 14th, they set out, rowing and sailing down the long thread of open water.

As night was falling, they camped among the dunes by the beach. On the bleak shore a tent or two for the women and children rose in the dusk, and fires for cooking and warmth flamed high, but a howling wind came up and drove rain in sheets across the ice-fields and the sands.

The refugees—they numbered, to be exact, 1,219—had come thus far in whaleboats heavy-laden with necessary food and clothing. The seven vessels, which lay beyond them in the open ocean miles away, where a gale of wind was blowing and heavy seas were running, dared come no nearer. Thither, in their open boats, the refugees must go as best they could. The prospect was not one to make a man, much less a woman with children, rest easier in a driving Arctic storm.

Day broke and the rain ceased, but the wind continued. They ate breakfast beside their camp-fires scattered along that exposed and icebound shore; then went on, past Blossom Shoals and round a long point of ice ten miles farther down the coast.

By the end of the second day, the last of them all, except a single man who had stayed with the fleet, was on board one or another of the seven vessels. Some of the whale-boats went out under sail—a trip to chill the blood; some under oars. Not one was lost.

On board the *Progress*, James Dowden master, there crowded one hundred and eighty-eight officers and men, three women, and four children—one a babe in arms. To the three captains who had brought their wives, Captain Dowden gave his own cabin and stateroom, and let them divide the quarters as they pleased. "In the after cabin," one of them says, "we just managed to fit in by putting one man on the transom and two men and myself on the floor, but we were all very thankful for what we had. The other captains and officers divided quarters in the forward cabin, and rough berths were put up between decks for the sailors and boat-steerers, so that finally everybody was provided for except Captain Dowden, and I never did know where he managed to get his sleep."

Some vessels carried more; some, less. On board all of them the conditions were much the same.

Throwing to the winds their own voyages and their earnings for a year—nearly twenty years later Congress awarded the owners, by way of damages for the benefit of themselves and their officers and crews, $138.89 for each man their vessels rescued—the seven vessels sailed away with their twelve hundred refugees. And still, slowly, deliberately, the pack ice swung south! Not a life was lost, but in vessels and outfits and oil and bone the captains and crews had abandoned between one and two million dollars. Two weeks after they sailed away the long-desired northeast gale raged for days, and forced the ice-fields back from the shore. Had the whalemen waited in the ice just two weeks longer, they might have saved the greater number of their vessels and most of their gear and cargoes; but to foresee that northeast gale required more than human vision.

The one man who stayed behind said the next year that he would not spend another winter in the Arctic for $150,000.

The natives, without compunction, robbed him of the greater part of the bone that he had saved, and were nearly of a mind to kill him. He saw the vessels shattered, sunk, and burned. He suffered incredible hardships from cold and hunger, and was pitifully weak when the returning whalers rescued him.

Some of the vessels drifted with the pack; some, already crushed by the ice, sank where they lay; some the natives burned; some lasted out the winter. Only the bark *Minerva,* brought back the next year by Captain Williams of the lost *Monticello,* ever returned to America.

The officers had, to be sure, destroyed all liquor on board the abandoned vessels, but they had neglected to destroy the medicine-chests. No sooner were the crews out of sight, than the hopeful but indiscreet savages seized upon the bottled drugs. Their spree was a dismal failure, for virtually a whole village was poisoned; and it is said that less than a dozen years ago —it is so now, for aught I know to the contrary—the remains of entire families were to be seen in the underground houses whither they hastened with the bottles of medicine that they innocently mistook for whisky.

Too ignorant and stupid to perceive what treasures an ill wind had left at their door, the Esquimaux who escaped death, when they had recovered from the lively sicknesses caused by their novel beverages, rose in wrath and set fire to the first vessels they came to.

The disaster shook the whaling industry from truck to keel. Besides destroying such an overwhelming proportion of the Arctic fleet at a time when the whalemen, notwithstanding the effect of petroleum oils on the market for whale oil and sperm oil, were reëstablishing themselves after the losses caused by the Civil War, it forced the insurance companies to increase their rates to an extent that seriously discouraged those who would have rebuilt the business. Although twenty-seven vessels went to the Arctic the next year and twenty-nine the year after, the tide of Arctic whaling and, indeed, of all whaling, had definitely turned.

Five years later (1876) of twenty vessels in the Arctic, twelve were lost. Again it was a story of the slowly moving, irresistible, merciless pack ice. When the vessels were caught in the pack forty miles from land, their officers and crews started across the ice toward the craft that were free and clear to the east. When they had gone a few miles, part of them, realizing that if they should be left on the ice they must starve or freeze, since they had neither food nor extra clothing, turned back to take their chances on board the vessels. Of those who pushed on, some succeeded in hailing the fleet and were rescued, and some found their way to Point Belcher, whence they got passage home. Of those who turned back, not one was ever heard from again.

In 1888 a succession of gales, coupled with unusually heavy ice, destroyed one whaler at Herald Island, one at Point Hope, and three at Point Barrow. In 1889 three vessels were lost, and between 1890 and 1896, two. But still, though in diminishing numbers, the whalemen went north, and in the annals of Arctic whaling the year 1897 is second in dramatic importance only to 1871.

That year the pack caught the *Narvarck* of New Bedford, while she was working up with the ice in the spring, and carried her north until early in August, when she lay helpless about thirty miles off Point Barrow. Sighting the revenue cutter *Bear* lying at anchor between the ice and the land, the captain of the *Narvarck* decided to abandon his ship. Hauling three boats by hand, the crew started over the pack toward the cutter, but fog set in and prevented their finding a way through the rough ice, and they faced about and returned.

A few hours later the captain took his wife and the mate, together with a canvas dinghy, and started a second time across the ice. Thirty-two men of the crew followed, and ten, refusing to leave the ship, remained on board. The captain, his wife, and the mate succeeded, thanks to the dinghy, in reaching the *Bear*, but with what appears to be either extraordinary stupidity or criminal carelessness they reported that the crew was lost.

The poor fellows who were trailing along after the captain's party succeeded in reaching the edge of open water; but no sooner did they come fairly into sight of the *Bear*, which lay five or six miles away, than fog again set in. A strong current was running north and the ice at the edge of the pack began to break up. Small cakes with one or two men on them floated away. Some of the men, trying to jump from one cake to another, were drowned; others died of cold and hunger. When a steam whaler rescued the sixteen survivors, all on a single cake of ice, they had become so weak that their rescuers had to pick them up and carry them to the boat.

The *Narvarck*, meanwhile, drifted close to Cape Simpson and froze in, and the ten men who had remained on board her—it is one of the many examples of the irony of life in the Arctic!—calmly walked ashore and spent the winter at a whaling and trading station.

Presently a northeast gale set the *Narvarck* free again. She drifted south off Cape Smyth, was driven in shore by the changing currents, and there, to provide fuel for her shipwrecked mariners, gave up her existence as a whaling vessel. The loss of the *Narvarck* is in itself a story worth telling; but that same year a greater occurred.

In the 'nineties, the fleet would reach Point Barrow early in August and follow the whales east to the mouth of the Mackenzie River or even farther. There they found the best hunting, and ordinarily, if they started back by the middle of September, they would pass Point Barrow in safety and work west to the coast of Siberia, whaling as they went; and south through Bering Strait by the middle of October. But in 1897, fall weather came exceptionally early. When the fleet approached Point Barrow, northerly winds had driven the pack ice to the shore and the new ice was forming. Eight vessels—the bark *Wanderer*, the schooner *Rosario*, and the steamer *Belvedere*, *Fearless*, *Jeannie*, *Jessie H. Freeman*, *Newport*, and *Orca*—were cut off from the open sea.

The crews of the imprisoned vessels did not, as in 1871, escape with the rest of the fleet, and their position was critical.

All had expected to reach San Francisco by the end of the year; none had enough supplies for the winter and they could expect no help before spring. The *Wanderer*, slipping quietly away from the rest as soon as her captain apprehended the situation, returned to Herschel Island where the *Mary D. Hume*, with supplies for two years, was wintering. The others, facing, with whatever fortitude they could muster, the imminent prospect of starvation, took all means in their power to avert it.

The crews of the *Orca*, the *Freeman*, and the *Belvidere*, by prodigious blasting and cutting, got their vessels round Point Barrow and some fifty miles farther south, but there the pack closed in upon the *Orca* and crushed her. No sooner had the crew escaped to the *Belvidere*, than the *Orca* sank. The same day the straining and cracking of the beams and timbers of the *Freeman* so badly frightened her men that they, like the crew of the *Orca*, fled over the ice to the *Belvidere*, which had got behind the Sea-Horse Islands where the full pressure of the pack could not reach her, and within two days, natives burned the *Freeman*.

The new predicament was in certain respects exactly three times worse than the one before: three crews, two of them having lost whatever stores they had until then possessed, were crowded into one vessel, whose supplies were utterly inadequate for her own men.

The *Rosario* lay very near Point Barrow; the *Fearless* and the *Newport* lay fifteen miles east and about a mile from land; the *Jeannie* lay thirty miles farther east and about four miles from land. All of them were fast frozen in. Where the *Wanderer* was, the others did not then know.

Now there was, at Cape Smyth, about ten miles from Point Barrow, a shore whaling station in charge of one Charles D. Brower who had lived for many years in northern Alaska. He employed two hundred natives and he had enough provisions to feed them during the winter, but very far from enough to feed, in addition, three hundred whalers. Brower went out to the fleet and sat in council with the captains, and they decided that as many men should remain on board each vessel as could

subsist on the food the vessel carried, and that the rest should go to Brower's whaling station.

Returning home, Brower assembled his natives and told them that besides giving up all the provisions on hand to the white men, they, having the furs for the work and being accustomed to the Arctic winter, must journey inland to the mountains and hunt deer to eke out the general food supply.

Besides Brower's whaling station there was a schoolhouse at Cape Smyth and an old refuge station, which the Government had built to house a hundred men in just such an emergency. But the missionary who taught natives in the schoolhouse refused to give it up; and the Pacific Steam Whaling Company had bought the refuge station and leased it to a man of science who was using it for his researches and who would receive in it only officers. Brower took as many of the poor fellows as he could into his own home, and of necessity quartered in a ramshackle old building, which went by the name of "Kelly's old house"—a shack fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, hard to heat and, if possible, harder to keep clean—the seventy-eight for whom he had no place under his own roof. Thus, with no more than enough food to postpone briefly their appearance before the throne of judgment, and threatened by scurvy as well as by starvation, the hapless men faced the winter.

In those vessels which had slipped out beyond Point Barrow before the ice closed in upon the fleet, no Jim Dowden had promised help; and indeed, none of those who were left behind had asked for help. But the vessels that left the shipwrecked whalers to their fate brought to San Francisco news that the ships were lost; the telegraph wires carried the news across the continent; the President of the United States laid the matter before his cabinet; and the Government bestirred itself to send help. Calling for volunteers to man the cutter *Bear*, just back from her summer in the Arctic, the heads of the Revenue Cutter Service ordered her north again.

In eighteen days, so desperately did all hands hasten the work, the expedition was equipped for a year in the North.

The necessary repairs were made, supplies were rushed on board, and the *Bear* sailed from Seattle on November 27th. It was planned that she should approach as near as possible to Cape Prince of Wales, whither should proceed the party that she was to land when the ice stopped her. For at Cape Prince of Wales there were herds of domestic reindeer, and those herds the party from the *Bear* was to drive to Point Barrow as food for the starving whalers. The limitations of the load that a team of dogs could haul on a long journey over a bad trail, combined with the need for also hauling food for the dogs themselves, made it impossible to carry north enough food by any other means than on the hoof.

On December 11th, the *Bear* left Unalaska in the Aleutian Islands, where she had stopped three days to coal, and two days later she passed St. Lawrence Island, but that same day she ran into "mushy" water and drift ice and turned back toward Cape Vancouver—her men had reason to regret the change in her course, for it meant some seven hundred additional miles of overland travelling!—where, by great good fortune and the ministrations of a strong southeast wind that had driven the ice off to the west, they were able to go all the way to the beach in boats.

The men who landed to make the trip north were First Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis—who had spent eight seasons in the Arctic and knew both the work that lay before him and, which was of considerable importance, the coast natives—and Second Lieutenant E. P. Bertholf, who has written an excellent account of the journey, and Surgeon S. J. Call. A fourth, Alexis Kolchoff, was to accompany them part way, and to find employment in connection with the Government herd of reindeer near St. Michaels. With clothing, provisions, and camp outfits, they safely reached the beach four miles from the village and watched the boat go back, in the gathering darkness, to the *Bear*.

At the village, whither they went on foot while the natives carried their outfit thither in kayaks, they waited a day to pack sleds and rest the dogs, some of which had just returned

from a long trip, and make all ready to start on the morning of December 18th.

They were up at dawn and away at seven. Lieutenant Jarvis, Lieutenant Bertholf, Doctor Call, and the half-breed Russian, Alexis Kolchoff, who owned the dogs and had agreed to take the relief party to St. Michaels, each with an Esquimau to help him, drove the four sleds. Planning to avoid rough travelling along the coast, they struck straight across country for Andreafski on the Yukon. The first day they crossed a range of mountains. The second day they travelled from dawn until nearly sunset across the frozen swamps and small streams of the Yukon delta. They spent the second night, as they had spent the first, at a little native village, but trouble with the dogs threatened delay; so Lieutenant Jarvis and Doctor Call took the two best teams and two native guides and pushed on next day for St. Michaels, leaving the others to follow as soon as they could; and because those two took the only tent, Lieutenant Bertholf was forced to sleep in one of the native huts.

He has written a vivid and illuminating account of that peculiarly unhappy experience, for the huts were half underground, and securely protected from every possible ailment that might be borne in on fresh air from the outside. They were heated to a comfortable temperature by the unwashed bodies of the crowded occupants; and were redolent of decaying fish and blubber and oil, not to go into particulars concerning the natives themselves. "Having a whole day before me, I concluded to make a tour of inspection to find out which [hut] seemed least odorous. There did not seem to be much choice, and having selected one at random, I broke myself to my new quarters by going inside for a few minutes at a time. This I kept up during the day, each time remaining a little longer, with such good results that by night I was fairly acclimated, as it were, and after eating the usual evening meal, turned into my sleeping bag, imagining I was comfortable. When I awoke in the morning I found that the foul air had given me a raging headache, but when I got out in the open air it soon passed

away. That evening the dogs returned to the village, and having bargained for their use, Alexis informed me that we could resume our journey the following day. It is wonderful how soon one can become accustomed to odd conditions, for I awoke the next morning without any bad effects, and from that on never particularly noticed the odour of the huts."

With fresh dogs, Lieutenant Bertholf's division followed Lieutenant Jarvis. They reached Andreafski on December 27th and struck down the Yukon, where they met occasional parties of miners, and so to Point Romanof, with various catastrophes of their own.

Lieutenant Jarvis, meanwhile, had gone on two days before toward Cape Prince of Wales to start the deer up the coast, and had left a letter directing Lieutenant Bertholf to take a thousand pounds of provisions from Unalaklik across the portage to Kotzebue Sound and meet him at Cape Blossom.

After resting his footsore dogs and getting deerskin clothing, deerskin boots, and a deerskin sleeping bag, Bertholf again took the trail with a native boy as his guide. It was only sixty miles from St. Michaels to Unalaklik, but the trail followed the shore and the ice had piled up in hummocks and barriers of every description, and the journey took three days. At Unalaklik he waited a week for fresh dogs, then, despairing of them, pushed on with his old team, hoping to pick up replacements at one trading post or another; only to be disappointed at each. From Kayuk, where he at last got hold of two makeshift dog teams and a train of reindeer and deer-sleds, he set out at the end of January—the thermometer was registering from 35 degrees to 40 degrees below zero during the day—and reached Cape Blossom on the evening of February 11th.

There he learned that Lieutenant Jarvis and his party had overtaken a Government herd of deer beyond St. Michaels and, sending back the dogs, had continued the journey with deer-sleds. They were unable to keep that particular Government herd because it was to be sent up the Yukon for the relief of the miners, but Jarvis had got one hundred and thirty-eight deer on credit from an Esquimau—which was in itself a notable

accomplishment, for the Esquimaux had no conception of what credit really meant and were decidedly unwilling to give their tangible riches to men with no visible property—had got two hundred and ninety-four deer from the mission at Cape Prince of Wales, had picked up a few more from natives, and on February 3d had set out on the last seven hundred miles of the journey with four hundred and forty-three deer all told. Pushing ahead of their train, which now included three white men, six herders, and three deer dogs, Jarvis and Doctor Call crossed the ice from Cape Espenberg and arrived at Cape Blossom on February 12th, the day after Bertholf had arrived.

On February 15th, leaving Bertholf with provisions for the men who were following with the deer, Jarvis started for Point Hope; and thither, after delivering the provisions, Bertholf followed him, parting at the mouth of the Kivalena River with the deer and the herders, who were to save time by striking inland across the base of the point. The two parties united at Cape Seppings and went on together to Point Hope, which they reached on March 2d. At the whaling station there, where supplies of flour and other provisions were kept, Bertholf waited in case it should seem best to send any of the refugees back from Point Barrow.

On March 4th Jarvis and Call set out again over bad roads and through deep snow. And on March 29th, after a journey of seventeen hundred miles through the Arctic winter—it had taken them three months and eleven days—they reached Point Barrow with news that the herds were coming up the coast.

The joy of the half-starved whalers was almost delirious. Their long siege in the Arctic and the uncertainty of rescue or escape at any time were excellent preparation for delirium, or worse.

The native hunters had already killed and brought in more than a thousand wild deer, for they had ranged two hundred miles from the station, and in the mountains thereabouts deer were, providentially, more plentiful that year than at any time in the two decades before. But although the natives had lived on

meat and Brower had given the whalers all the food he had in his storehouses, they had no more than kept themselves alive; and when the great herd came up from the south, the men had enough to eat for the first time in five months.

Two of them were sick with scurvy and two more were threatened, but Doctor Call at once took measures against it. Lieutenant Jarvis, representing the Government, seized the school-house and the refuge station as quarters for the men, and had "Kelly's old house" torn down for firewood. In clean, reasonably comfortable quarters, with regular exercise under the direction of Doctor Call and with no further fear of starvation, they settled down in something like content to wait for spring.

On July 28th, having fought her way up the coast day by day through the opening ice, the *Bear*, laden with food and clothing and coal, reached Cape Smyth and made fast to the ground ice in seventeen fathoms. Changing winds drove the pack ice back toward shore and so seriously threatened to crush her that all hands prepared to leave at a word, and night after night they went uneasy to bed; but on August 15th the wind changed and the pack began to swing away, and the next day, after working back and forth for hours under a full head of steam, she freed herself. Leaving in the whaling vessels enough coal and provisions to last until they reached the nearest port, the *Bear* headed for Seattle where she arrived on September 13, 1898, after nine months in the Arctic. She had on board one hundred and two men and officers from the wrecked vessels.

Since the Pacific Steam Whaling Company in 1886 (two years after the first attempt) proved that shore whaling with guns and bombs could be carried on profitably, fleets of steam whalers have been going into the Arctic. But the logs of steam whalers are dull reading; they have little more to offer than the log of a tow-boat or a trawler; and the days of New Bedford's Arctic fleet are done.

If, however, you search the often almost illegible pages of the log books, you will find quaint narratives of the long

Arctic nights when the fleets wintered in the north and waited for the ice to break up and the bowheads to appear. In houses completely buried under snow, the want of food and exercise told on the men's health, and monotony and anxiety worked ugly changes in their thoughts and faces; so that when they came out from hibernation, only a man's voice might be familiar to his mates. The craving for tobacco, too, brought out petty thieving and suspicion—even the offer to barter away all a man possessed, all his family had to live on. But it was not all so sordid. Some of the log books hint at strange tales of Esquimaux visitors, and ball games on the ice, and dances and dramatics below decks, and hunting parties that kings might envy. Winter sports in the Arctic, whether practised by whalers or by explorers for the Northwest Passage and the Pole, have been much the same, the Arctic Circle round, for more than a hundred years. And besides the merely quaint incidents of the long night, some of those books have thumb-nail sketches of thrilling fights with bear and walrus, of crude surgery and clever mechanical contrivances, of men caught in tangled lines and whipped out of their boats and into eternity in the merest fraction of a second.

But there is little bowhead whaling now, and, for the matter of that, little right whaling either. The price of baleen and of oil is ruinously low; the expenses are ruinously high. Few white men or Esquimaux lie in wait for the unwary bowhead and paddle silently over its neck in the channel of open water that the peculiar shape of the beast leaves between hump and back, and strike at its backbone with a bomb gun. But the men who pursued our Arctic whaling were, for a while, the pioneers of their generation. Their faults and virtues were those of frontiersmen, and Time, dealing kindly with the sordid and disagreeable, as is its way, is lifting from surroundings of soon-forgotten drudgery, the unforgettable adventure of it all.

Half a century has passed since the fateful autumn of 1871, but the booming voice of an old whaling captain is still to be heard saying, "Tell them I will wait for them as long as I have an anchor left, or a spar to carry sail."

THE EBB TIDE

I

EXTRANEOUS ADVENTURES

A LITTLE before noon one February day in 1869, the New Bedford whaling barque *Gazelle,* Captain David R. Gifford, sighted a boat on the open sea off the headlands that mark the end of Geographe Bay. This was not, however, the surprise to her captain that one might suppose it would be: indeed, when the *Gazelle* had run down to the boat in answer to signals, he called one of the three men in her by name and took him aboard his ship for the journey to America—a runaway convict from the English penal colony near by.

The convict was a young man named John Boyle O'Reilly. Three years before, while serving in the 10th Hussars, then stationed in Dublin, he had joined the Fenian Brotherhood, and had participated in plotting against the British Government.

Together with intellectual gifts and a vigorous constitution, young O'Reilly had inherited the instinct of patriotism, and all his early environment had nourished its growth. His maternal grandfather had distinguished himself in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 and, later, in the French Legion—a family tradition of love of country which was daily augmented by Irish music and poetry. Thus he passed from boyhood into youth; quiet, studious, and affectionate, he dreamed always the Irish dream of setting Ireland free. As he grew up he saw his country oppressed politically and depopulated by famine and by the emigration of those who could only have starved at home; small wonder, then, that at eighteen he enlisted in the army for the very purpose of recruiting among its ranks more members to the Fenian Brotherhood. In his own words: "They said, 'Come on, boys, it is for Ireland'—and we came."

By the time set for the Rebellion, fifteen hundred British soldiers were enlisted as revolutionists.

But the plot was discovered and, on the charge of "having, at Dublin, in January, 1866, come to the knowledge of an intended mutiny in Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland, and not giving information of said mutiny to his commanding officer," O'Reilly and several other conspirators were arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and, after a series of prisons under whose horrors two of the Fenians died, the little group remaining were sentenced to penal servitude in Australia and were carried thither in the prison ship *Hougoumont*.

There, in the penal colony at Fremantle, they were set to work making a road through the almost impenetrable bush. O'Reilly was a quiet and law-abiding prisoner and in the course of his first year there he even earned by good behaviour a certain degree of liberty. But existence in the colony was nevertheless intolerable, and he determined to escape into the bush—a wild scheme, for a runaway was almost sure to be captured, and if he did by the grace of God evade the trained native trackers, he faced death from thirst and starvation. A prisoner at Fremantle dwelt, with singular literalness, between the Devil and the deep sea.

One day in the late fall, he confided his plan to Father McCabe, the one priest in all that hundred-mile parish of convicts and ticket-of-leave men.

"It is an excellent way to commit suicide," the father replied. "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you."

For months O'Reilly waited and at last in despair he determined to try his own efforts; then in December a man named Macguire appeared at work near the colony, with a secret message from Father McCabe. In February the whalers used to touch at Bunbury and the good priest had arranged with Captain Archilaus Baker of the barque *Vigilant* of New Bedford to take O'Reilly on board, provided he would get himself outside the three-mile limit.

It was nearly two months before O'Reilly saw or heard from Macguire again, but early in February he appeared and details of the plan were agreed upon. On the appointed night O'Reilly walked down the road and into the woods; there were few locks or guards at the penal colony for there was thought to be no possibility of escape; besides which, O'Reilly had, as I have said, more freedom than most of the prisoners. He had got himself a pair of freeman's shoes, the better to baffle identification of his tracks, and in them he set forth. Almost immediately he realized that he was being followed. But the man behind him was himself an ex-prisoner, now a mahogany-sawyer, and when he knew what O'Reilly was doing, he wished him good luck and promised to put the authorities on a false scent. On went O'Reilly and at the appointed place he hid in the woods beside the road until he heard whistled the opening strains of "St. Patrick's Day," the signal agreed upon with Macguire. Another man was with Macguire, both on horseback, and with a horse for O'Reilly; together the three rode for hours through the night till they reached the shore, put to sea in a rowboat, and, after a detour that took the boat nearly out of sight of land, reached, in the afternoon, the headland where they were to watch for the *Vigilant.*

They saw the whalers standing out to sea, and pulled out to meet them. In their haste to escape they had forgotten both food and water and they suffered greatly in consequence. But they pulled strongly and in all possible haste to overhaul the *Vigilant* and, when they had come near enough, made frantic signals for help. For a time she seemed to be bearing down toward them, but as a matter of fact she had not sighted them. Before their unbelieving eyes, she tacked, stood out to sea again, and soon left them far behind.

The other two took O'Reilly ashore and, hiding him in a remote little valley, left him until they could arrange a new plan for his flight. Search revealed no water he dared drink, and at last he caught and killed an opossum and ate some of the meat.

The next day, so bitter his impatience, he rowed to sea alone in the merest shell of a rowboat, and sighted the *Vigilant;* but

again, although he got near enough to hear the voices on deck, he failed to catch the lookout's attention, and only by rowing all night did he succeed in regaining the shore.

During the three days and nights that followed, O'Reilly slept almost continuously. Before going back to Father McCabe, Macguire and his companion had arranged to get food and water to him; now they returned and next morning the three once more rowed out to sea. Captain David R. Gifford of the *Gazelle* had agreed with Father McCabe to pick up O'Reilly, and had accepted ten pounds to bind the bargain.

The rowboat soon sighted the whalers (the *Clarice*, also of New Bedford, was gamming with the *Gazelle*) and was shortly afterward sighted by them, and by the end of the morning O'Reilly was aboard the *Gazelle* and bound for America.

Now O'Reilly's escape in a New Bedford whaler made no great stir in the world, but it suggested a later project on a scale so large that it commanded attention on both sides of the Atlantic. When those young Fenians were sent to Australia, one of them, named Wilson, who had defiantly pleaded guilty to treason, appealed for help to John Devoy, an ardent Irish patriot who had fled to America. The possibility of royal pardon kept hope alive among the prisoners for several years, O'Reilly's escape giving it added strength; but in 1870, when a general pardon was granted to all political convicts in Australia, those were excepted who had been in the army at the time of their offense. When the Queen assumed the title of Empress of India, an appeal was made for the pardon of these remaining Fenians, but it was rejected. Then Wilson wrote again to John Devoy. But it was five years before any definite plan took shape.

At last in pursuance of this plan Devoy came to New Bedford in February, 1875, to find a whaling vessel and a whaling captain. Henry C. Hathaway, third mate of the *Gazelle* when she rescued O'Reilly, had become a captain in the New Bedford police department, and to Hathaway O'Reilly sent Devoy; Hathaway, in turn, took Devoy to John T. Richardson, the whaling agent.

Now there was in New Bedford at the time one Captain George S. Anthony, who had recently married Richardson's daughter and retired from the sea after a relatively brief but successful career as master. Captain Anthony was growing impatient of his job at the Morse Twist Drill works, and Jonathan Bourne, for whom he had sailed ten years in one vessel, had persisted in offering him a ship.

Meeting his father-in-law one day, Captain Anthony said, "I'm tired of this. Go down and see Mr. Bourne and ask him if he will let me have a ship."

"Wait a few days; I have something better for you," Richardson replied.

The next evening, in Richardson's store at 18 South Water Street, with the lights out, a little group of men—Devoy and other members of the Clan-na-Gael—told Anthony the story of the Fenian convicts and proposed that he sail from New Bedford, ostensibly on a whaling voyage, meet the convicts off the Australian coast, on a day to be appointed, take them on board, and sail for home. He met the committee for the second time, twenty-four hours later, and promised to go.

Acting as agents for the committee of the Clan-na-Gael—of course, that name did not appear in the affair—Richardson and Anthony bought the barque *Catalpa* on March 13, 1875, for $5,500. She was a whaler that had been sold into the merchant service, and they were obliged to make extensive alterations and repairs, of which one was remarkable: the carpenter removed from under the foot of the mainmast the riding keelson, which had rotted, and so skillfully replaced it with a new piece, that from the beginning of the voyage to the end the rigging did not settle.

To represent the committee, one man, Dennis Duggan, shipped as carpenter and sailed in the *Catalpa*. For his first officer, the captain chose Samuel P. Smith, a capable whaler from Martha's Vineyard, in whom he had great confidence; but besides Captain Anthony, Duggan was the only man on board who knew the purpose of the voyage when, on April 29, 1875, the *Catalpa* put to sea.

With orders to cruise some six months in the Atlantic, then, shipping home from Fayal any oil that he might take, to sail for Bunbury, West Australia, where he was to arrive in the spring of 1876 and wait for the Australian agent of the committee to communicate with him, Captain Anthony left his baby and his bride of a year on the exact anniversary of his wedding.

There has been, probably, no other whaling voyage like that of the *Catalpa* in 1875. Whaleships have sailed from New Bedford, ostensibly for the whaling grounds, on voyages that have had no concern with whaling; but Captain Anthony, who carried in his head an international conspiracy, cruised in good faith for whales and took eight before he touched at Teneriffe for fresh water. His troubles, though, had been various: in fitting a key to his chronometer he had so changed the rate that his observations, taken when he was several days at sea, showed the *Catalpa* to be in the interior of the State of New York, and a second chronometer, which he brought from Captain Crapo of the barque *Osprey*, proved also to be unreliable; Captain Anthony himself, going ashore at Flores with a boatload of fresh fish, was arrested for smuggling; at Fayal he discharged three sick sailors, and nearly all the others deserted; and before leaving Teneriffe, whence he was to sail on the long voyage round Good Hope to Australia, he was obliged to tell his first officer the true purpose for which the owners had sent the *Catalpa* to sea.

Calling the mate into the cabin, when they were a few days out from Fayal, he said, "Mr. Smith, you shipped to go whaling. I want to say to you now, before we get to Teneriffe, that the *Catalpa* has done about all the whaling she will do this fall. We're bound to the west coast of Australia to try and liberate six Fenian prisoners who are serving a life sentence in Great Britain's penal colony. This ship was bought for that purpose and fitted for that purpose, and you have been utterly deceived in the object of this voyage. You have a right to be indignant and leave the vessel at Teneriffe. You will have the opportunity when we arrive there, and if you go, I can't blame you.

"But this ship is going to Australia, if I live, and I hope you will stay by me and go with me. God knows I need you, and I give you my word I will stand by you as never one man stood by another, if you will say you will remain in the ship and assist me in carrying out the plans."

After asking a few questions and sitting for a few moments in silence, Mr. Smith replied, "Captain Anthony, I'll stick by you in this ship if she goes to hell and burns off her jib boom."

Sailing from Teneriffe on November 25th, the *Catalpa* took three small whales on December 19th, crossed the Equator on December 25th, spoke the barque *Platina*, Captain Walter Howland, of New Bedford, about the middle of February, and on February 26th spoke the English barque *Ocean Beauty* from Liverpool bound for New Zealand.

It was an amusing coincidence that the master of the *Ocean Beauty* had been captain of the *Hougoumont* in 1868 when she took to Australia the very men the *Catalpa* was to rescue; and in reply to Captain Anthony's questions about the coast, the unwitting Englishman gave him the very chart by which he had sailed the prison ship.

At ten o'clock, March 28, 1876, the *Catalpa* anchored in Bunbury harbour, at the head of Geographe Bay, and the next morning Captain Anthony received the following telegram:

To Captain Anthony:

Have you any news from New Bedford? When can you come to Fremantle?

J. Collins.

He replied:

No news from New Bedford. Shall not come to Fremantle.

G. S. Anthony.

J. Collins, whose real name was John J. Breslin, was the agent of the Clan-na-Gael, as Captain Anthony had suspected. Breslin was a man of keen ability, striking appearance, grace of manner, and great personal charm. Having long before proved his capacity for such daring adventure, he was made the head of all land operations in this projected rescue. He sailed from

San Francisco in September, 1875, for Australia; associated with him was Captain Thomas Desmond, and in Australia they were to meet one John King. These three were the active agents of the escape by land, Breslin being in charge. Arrived at Fremantle, Breslin separated from Desmond and assumed with his new name the character of a man of wealth, in search of investments. He was soon established in the pleasantest of social relations with the Governor, and meanwhile he made the acquaintance of an ex-prisoner through whom he was able to notify Wilson (whose appeal to John Devoy had originated the whole plan of rescue) how matters were going forward. Two other Irish revolutionary agents volunteered their services and agreed to cut the telegraph wires after the escape.

It was Breslin's plan that with a whaleboat Captain Anthony meet the escaping prisoners at Rockingham, some twenty miles south of Fremantle, on a day to be appointed, and take them out to the *Catalpa*, which should lie far enough off the coast to attract no attention. Captain Anthony went to Fremantle and Rockingham to see how the land lay, and, having arranged with Breslin a code for communicating by telegraph, returned to Bunbury.

After a series of accidents which nearly wrecked the plot, Captain Anthony sailed on Saturday, April 15th. On Sunday afternoon, in a boat manned with a picked crew, and with a supply of food and water, he left the *Catalpa*, and shortly after dark he landed on the beach at the appointed place. He did not know until daylight next morning that, by the scantiest possible margin, he had escaped wrecking his boat on an outlying reef.

At approximately eight o'clock in the morning, Breslin, with two traps, each with a team, was waiting a little less than a mile from the prison, when the convicts to be rescued came in two groups of three down the Rockingham Road. By good conduct the six had earned the rank of "constable," which permitted them to communicate with one another, and they were working outside the prison walls. There was a seventh Fenian

prisoner at Fremantle who had offered, on being sentenced for treason, to betray others of his fellows: him they intentionally left behind. The fugitives leaped into the wagons, covered the prison uniforms with big coats that Breslin had provided, and drove like the devil down the long road to Rockingham.

On Rockingham beach one Thomas Brennan drove up to Anthony with his horse at a dead run. With singular perversity Brennan, himself a member of the Clan-na-Gael in America, had insisted on joining the *Catalpa*, against the orders of the others, who desired to take no chance of arousing suspicious by the presence of several Irishmen on board the whaler. At New Bedford Brennan had planned to stow away, but had arrived too late. He had followed the *Catalpa* to Fayal, but Anthony had hastily left, to escape him. Then Brennan had sailed from Fayal to England and from England to Australia where he made himself known to Breslin and insisted on having a hand in the escape; and at last, like the bad penny of the proverb, he turned up on the beach, to make one more passenger for an overloaded boat.

Finding Captain Anthony in conversation with a stranger this wild Brennan demanded to know who he was, and would have shot him on the spot had not the captain intervened.

From the trap that he drove, Brennan now began throwing valises and bags. The mail steamer *Georgette* was in the offing, and haste was urgent. At this juncture King rode up on horseback and, comprehending the peril in which the approaching steamer placed them all, dashed off to urge the others to greater speed.

Soon after, the fugitives drove up in breathless haste, with pistols showing under their long coats, whereupon the boat's crew leaped at the notion that Captain Anthony had been smuggling, and in their eagerness to defend their skipper from arrest, nearly wrecked the whole plan by attacking them.

In wild confusion the prisoners loaded their belongings into the boat, scrambled in, stowed themselves on the bottom, with Breslin, King, and Desmond in the stern, and Captain Anthony at the steering oar. As Anthony roared at them in good whal-

ing language, the men at the oars grew steadier and settled into the long pull.

When they were half a mile from shore, a detachment of mounted police and native trackers appeared on the beach. At five o'clock in the afternoon the boat passed the outer reef. A storm blew up, washed their provisions overboard, and carried away the mast. They rigged an oar for a jury-mast, lowered the centreboard, and held aft the sheet of their make-shift sail. All that night, nearly swamped, they bailed for their lives, and once more fortune saved them, for the gale subsided. At sunrise they saw the *Catalpa*, and made for her under oars and sail.

But an hour after sunrise they saw the *Georgette* steaming out of Fremantle.

Down came the sail. They dared not even row, but shipped their oars and lay flat on the bottom of the boat, which, being so heavily laden, was low in the water and rolled like a log. Thus it came about that the *Georgette*, though she twice passed the whaleboat on her way to and from the *Catalpa*, did not sight her either time.

When the *Georgette* was a safe distance away, bound for Fremantle again, the crew of the whaleboat once more pulled toward the *Catalpa*, which had not yet sighted them. Alongside her was a craft which they thought was a fishing vessel, until Desmond cried out:

"My God! There's the guardboat, filled with police. Pass out those rifles."

They loaded rifles and revolvers with fresh cartridges, and fighting off their exhaustion, rowed as if the Devil were behind them. Then the lookout at the masthead of the *Catalpa* sighted them, and the barque swept down on them with all sail set.

At that the police made sail and set men at the sweeps. But with the fugitives lying flat on the bottom and the crew straining at the oars, the whaleboat shot alongside the *Catalpa*, and the mate ordered all sails thrown hard aback. The men seized the swinging tackles, and passed them to the second mate and

to Captain Anthony, who themselves secured them. The prisoners scrambled up the side. With the captain still aboard her, the whaleboat swung to the davits.

And then the guardboat crossed the bow of the *Catalpa*.

The whaler sailed slowly on but, soon after, the wind failed completely and she lay becalmed until daybreak next morning, when the *Georgette*, with a detachment of soldiers on board, came out to her. Once a British gunner sent a shot across her bows, and Captain Anthony, fearing lest the British colonel send a boat to board the *Catalpa*, armed his men. But neither the mailsteamer nor the guardboat had authority to board an American vessel in defiance of the captain's refusal to admit them; so, although there was a mighty exchange of verbal shot and shell, the engagement never progressed beyond a war of words.

"May I come aboard your ship?"

"Not by a d——d sight."

"You've six British prisoners aboard."

"You're mistaken; they're all free men." And so on.

On August 19, 1876, when the *Catalpa* landed her passengers at New York, Richardson, agent for the vessel, telegraphed Captain Anthony to leave the vessel in New York and come home. He reached New Bedford on a Sunday morning, and thousands of people met him. His hair, which had been black when he sailed, was gray; he had lost thirty-seven pounds in weight.

The committee that had sent out the vessel settled with the crew according to an average of the oil taken by other vessels that had sailed the same season; and to Captain Anthony, Mr. Richardson, and Captain Hathaway, they gave the *Catalpa* herself. The expedition cost besides the money raised to give the escaped convicts a start in their new land, approximately $30,000.

The affair made a great to-do in its day. The *Catalpa* had been decidedly the aggressor in her brush with England, and the Fenian convicts were indeed lucky to get out of their scrape so well. Angry leading articles in British journals did them no

harm, and even from the point of view of many Englishmen, who believed that the Government should in any case have pardoned the six Irishmen, the outcome was not, perhaps, wholly unsatisfactory.

Probably to Irish and to Irish sympathizers everywhere Breslin's farewell was in every sense the last word in the affair:

ROCKINGHAM, *April 17, 1876.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE BRITISH GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

This is to certify that I have this day released from the clemency of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, etc., etc., six Irishmen, condemned to imprisonment for life by the enlightened and magnanimous government of Great Britain for having been guilty of the atrocious and unpardonable crimes known to the enlightened portion of mankind as "love of country" and "hatred of tyranny"; for this act of "Irish assurance," my birth and blood being my full and sufficient warrant. Allow me to add that—

> In taking my leave now, I've only to say
> A few cells I've emptied (a sell in its way);
> I've the honour and pleasure to bid you good-day.
> From all future acquaintance, excuse me, I pray.

In the service of my country,
JOHN J. BRESLIN.

Less fortunate was the innocent barque *Cape Horn Pigeon* that some fifteen years afterward got into trouble in Russian waters and caused between the United States and Russia a diplomatic skirmish that lasted for a decade and had finally to be decided by arbitration.

On September 1, 1875, while the *Catalpa* was whaling in the Atlantic, a Russian man-of-war boarded the British whaling barque *Faraway*, Captain Spencer, in Shantan Bay, and served the captain with a formal notice that foreign whaling vessels must not enter any gulf or bay belonging to Russia in the Bering or the Okhotsk Sea or approach within three miles of any Russian coast or island, because the Russian Government had reserved exclusively for Russians the right to whale in the waters thus defined; that foreigners must not land on any Russian coast or island for supplies or wood, or for trying out blubber,

From the sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

TOWING THE WHALE HOME

In sperm whaling the catch is brought to the starboard side of the ship with the tail under the bow and the head down below the waist preparatory to "cutting-in."

without getting permission from the Governor-General of the Primorstard Ablast at Vladivostok or Petropavlovsk; and that masters of foreign vessels must under no circumstances leave their sailors, as a punishment, in any uninhabited place in Russian territory. For all such necessary purposes the Russian Government had opened to foreign vessels Petropavlovsk, the port of Kamchatka; but the Government forbade foreigners to continue whaling while they lay in that port, and required them to observe all port regulations and laws.

Captain Spencer, whose boats were at the moment chasing a whale, vigorously protested against the order and asked permission to remain twenty days, but the Russian replied that his orders left him no discretion. For $250 foreigners could get at Petropavlovsk licenses to whale in the Okhotsk Sea; Captain Spencer, having no license, must go. The captain recalled his boats and departed; and the *Whaleman's Shipping List*, in its issue of December 7, 1875, published an account of the incident

Seventeen years after—at 3:30 A.M., September 10, 1892, to be exact—with no warning except that notice served to Captain Spencer of the British barque *Faraway*, which tacitly admitted that the Russian Government had no jurisdiction in the Okhotsk Sea beyond the usual three-mile limit, a Russian officer boarded the American whaling barque *Cape Horn Pigeon*, Thomas Scullun master, in the Okhotsk Sea, at a point approximately two thirds of the distance in a straight line from Patience Bay to Iterup. He told the captain that Americans had no right to whale in those waters, and arresting the vessel with all hands, took her into Vladivostok.

Messrs. J. and W. R. Wing of New Bedford were the managing owners of the barque; and Captain Scullun was sailing master in her for his fourth annual voyage.

Up to the day when the Russians boarded the barque, her voyage was typical of the times and the trade. It was customary for such a vessel, owned in New Bedford, but outfitting at San Francisco and there disposing of her catch, to sail from San Francisco in the late fall or early winter and to return within a

year. From San Francisco the *Cape Horn Pigeon* had sailed on December 7, 1891. She visited Ascension, one of the Caroline Islands, and Guam. Thence she sailed to the Yellow Sea, where she cruised until early April. On April 26th she touched at Vladivostok to stop a leak, and Captain Scullun tried unsuccessfully to get a permit to whale in the Russian bays off the Okhotsk Sea. Understanding that although he was forbidden to whale in the bays, the Okhotsk Sea itself was open, he sailed from Vladivostok and cruised in the Japan Sea until June 26th when he returned to Vladivostok for fresh provisions, and on July 6th sailed finally for the Okhotsk.

The voyage from Vladivostok to the whaling grounds in the Okhotsk took such a barque as the *Cape Horn Pigeon* from eight to twelve days, according to the weather. The season for whales there began usually about the middle of August and continued until the early or middle part of October when northerly and easterly winds, bringing weather too rough for whaling, would set in; but the season varied from year to year, depending on the presence of whale food, and although September was regarded as the best month, it was the common practice to arrive on the grounds about the end of July. During the season a competent master would take from six to ten right whales—the average catch was seven or eight—and each whale, on an average, would yield 100 barrels of oil and 1,100 pounds of bone.

On July 14th, the *Cape Horn Pigeon* worked into the Okhotsk. On August 12th, she lowered four boats and struck and saved a right whale. On August 14th, she killed another and got it alongside, but the fluke rope parted and the whale sank. On August 31st, the waist boat struck and saved another whale. Thus, on September 10th, when a Russian officer in the confiscated sealing schooner *Marie* hailed the *Cape Horn Pigeon*, she had on board 200 barrels of oil and 2,600 pounds of whalebone, which Captain Scullun valued at $15,600.

The barque had luffed on the port tack, with the foreyard back and all sail taken in, when at quarter before three in the morning the officer in charge came below and notified the captain that a

schooner—he thought she was the whaling schooner *Mary H. Thomas*—was coming down on the weather quarter. Going on deck, the captain looked her over as well as the darkness and fog permitted; and fearing she would draw aft, ordered the officer to set a white light as a signal, for he wished to exchange whaling news with her master.

A little later the officer again came below and called the captain. "That is not the *Mary H. Thomas*," he said. "It is some other schooner, and he wants to speak us."

Captain Scullun went back on deck and saw that the schooner was sending alongside a boat, in the stern of which was a young man wearing the uniform of a naval officer.

Coming on board the *Cape Horn Pigeon*, the young officer, in halting English, demanded Captain Scullun's papers and, after a brief but acrimonious discussion, said that his captain wanted Captain Scullun to come on board.

It was early in the morning, and Captain Scullun had twice been called on deck: he had every right to a before-breakfast outlook upon life. "Can your captain talk good English?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"All right!" And with that, Captain Scullun picked up his papers and went on board the schooner.

With the Russian captain, as with his lieutenant, Captain Scullun's debate was brief. Right or wrong, the Russian announced that he was going to take the barque to Vladivostok. He ordered Captain Scullun to keep his steward and cabin boy on board the barque, but to send his officers and men on board the *Marie*, and dismissed him in charge of a Russian officer and five armed men. The officers and crew of the barque went on board the schooner, two officers and twelve men from the schooner came on board the barque, and in due time (September 19th) both vessels arrived at Vladivostok, where the American sailors were landed, bag and baggage, on a wharf, with no one to receive them and with neither food nor shelter. On the wharf they might have stayed indefinitely had not a kind-hearted Chinaman let them sleep in his storehouse. The captain, after

the manner of men bred to the quarter-deck, found lodgings at a hotel.

Captain Scullun cabled an account of his predicament to the United States minister at St. Petersburg and to the owners at New Bedford, and wrote to the commanding officer of U.S.S. *Marion*, then at Vladivostok, and for five days, the jail being full, the men of the *Cape Horn Pigeon* occupied the Chinaman's storehouse while their officers daily tried in vain to get better quarters for them. On the 22d, the Russian admiral arrived in port and the captain of the *Marie* of course reported the seizure to him. Accordingly Captain Scullun was asked to go on board the *Cape Horn Pigeon* with several Russian officers, who, finding no contraband on her, signed a paper to that effect and gave Captain Scullun a translation of the document. On September 24th the crew received orders to go on board their vessel and Captain Scullun took command, though he was not allowed to leave the harbour and had to give his written and signed promise not to do so. The next day the Russian admiral summoned him on board the flagship and told him to make out his claim for damages. He asked for two days in which to make out the claim, and on September 27th, he handed it to the admiral.

VLADIVOSTOK, *September 15, 1892.*

SIR:

With reference to our conversation on board of *Dimitri Donski* regarding my claim for the seizure of the *Cape Horn Pigeon* by the Russian authorities, I now beg to inform you that I will agree to the following indemnity:

1.	Amount claimed for loss of season (average of 5 seasons' work), 1 season	$60,000
	Less value of catch on board—2,600 pounds whalebone, at $5	13,000
	200 barrels of oil, at $13	2,600
		15,600
		$45,000
2.	Amount claimed for services of officers and crew bringing schooner *Marie* to Vladivostok	$ 1,000
3.	Amount claimed for provisions and stores used by Russian officers and crew while on board the ship *Cape Horn Pigeon*	200

4.	Expenses, board, and lodging of officers and crew while ashore	210
5.	Amount of captain's hotel expenses, etc.	50
6.	Amount claimed for general expenses, including cost of cables, fees for legal advice, and clerk hire, boats, carriages, etc.	3,040
	Total, United States gold	$49,500

Total amount being $49,500 United States gold currency.

I will agree to the above indemnity, provided that I am not put to any further expense and am allowed to proceed at once to the United States, and will guarantee on behalf of myself and owners that no further proceedings will be taken in this matter,

I am, sir, yours, respectfully,
(*Signed*) THOMAS SCULLUN, *Master*,
Cape Horn Pigeon.

REAR-ADMIRAL P. TYRTOW,
Commander-in-chief Russian Naval Forces in the Pacific.

The next morning an officer came on board the barque and announced that she was free to sail. Captain Scullun spent three days in refurnishing with potatoes, cabbages, and wood; then, on October 1st, they hove up the anchor and, the season for whaling being so nearly over, sailed for San Francisco, where the barque anchored on November 5th.

Back again in his own country, Captain Scullun went to New Bedford and told the story in detail to the owners. They, of course, immediately wrote to the United States minister and he in turn wrote to the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, requesting an investigation of the matter. But the Russians move slowly and our minister had received no answer to his note when, in May, 1893, he wrote them again. In June answer came that the committee appointed to look into the matter reported that the arrest had been made "owing to a misunderstanding," and that they—a trifle late, it would seem—had ordered the release of the *Cape Horn Pigeon*. Further, they declared, in the usual flowery formality of international "back talk," that they considered the demand of $45,000 for whales, "which could have been taken had not the voyage been interrupted," excessive: that $2,500 was damages aplenty. Evidently damages, large or small, were due; that much, at least, they admitted.

In June, 1894, the United States minister presented the same claims again. No answer. He continued to ask, however, and in October of the next year the Russian ministry sent word that they had already answered—the year before. In addition they demanded vouchers for the $3,500 expenses of captain and owners. Again they were completely ignoring the claim of $45,000 for whales the *Cape Horn Pigeon* had had no chance to catch, and the patience of Messrs. J. & W. R. Wing was wearing thin. They, the firm, considered it quite unnecessary to produce any vouchers and quietly awaited further developments. But the Russians had no notion of going out of their way to pay indemnity for a "misunderstanding," so the affair rested for four years.

In 1899 our chargé d'affairs, under instructions from the Government, wrote to the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, offering, for the sake of immediately and definitely settling the claim, to compromise on $42,000. Once more the same answer came back: $2,500 was quite enough.

So in 1900 they finally agreed to submit the matter to arbitration, and Mr. T. M. C. Asser, Counsellor of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, was presented with the statements of both sides of the case; also, be it said, with further counsel and witnesses, sent over from New Bedford at no small expense.

And in November, 1902, after ten years of fighting for what they felt was only justly due them, the owners received an award of $56,675.73. Nearly a third of the sum was interest for that long period.

II

TIT FOR TAT

IN THE ancient accounts of whales, nearly as much stress was put on the fierceness of the whale as on his hugeness, and appalling are the old copperplate pictures of the whale's attack upon man. At least, they would be appalling if they weren't so comic. Undoubtedly they were intended to appall. But as both first-hand and second-hand knowledge of whales and whaling became increasingly common, authors and artists confined themselves more to facts, and pictures of a tusked and horned beast chewing up a ship and all her crew went out of fashion.

Also, the actual dangers were quite enough in themselves. The right whale is a timid beast and probably never made a genuine attack on man or boat. There are accounts of such attacks, to be sure, but there is every reason to believe that the whale was gallied by the prick of the iron. In such a case what damage might not come from those terrific flukes? Whalers early learned, too, the necessity of the man "with a hatchet in hand to cut the said cord, lest perchance some accident should happen that it were mingled, or that the whale's force should be too violent." There is only one way in which they could have learned it, and the icy waters of Spitzbergen made those experiences just so much the more vivid.

Sperm whaling, however, is quite another proposition. Armed at both ends, the sperm whale puts up more of a fight for his life: his flukes are quite as powerful as those of the right whale and were quite as often used to stave a boat. And it was by no means uncommon for him to turn on his pursuers, open his great jaws and crush a whaleboat to kindlings. The men, strange to say, usually caught hold of bits of wreckage and managed to keep afloat, unmolested by the whale or by sharks,

until another boat picked them up. There were, of course, exceptions to this rule: now and then a man went down and never rose, but there are probably in all whaling history not half-a-dozen instances of men directly attacked by whales. American whaling tradition has at least two such instances.

Once, as I have before recounted, a young man, the captain's son, was thrown from a whaleboat, caught between the open jaws of a sperm whale, and never seen again. Another time, one Marshall Jenkins, mate of another vessel, was so caught. Then the whale sounded but soon reappeared, breached, and disgorged the mate into the remains of the stove boat. The log, with commendable conservatism, reports Mr. Jenkins "much bruised," but he was on duty a fortnight later, and apparently none the worse for wear.

Then there are "lone" whales, those occasional solitary bulls, which keep their own company rather than that of the herd—doubtless to the greater satisfaction of both herd and bull. But the sperm whale was not meant to live alone, and these exiles, voluntary or involuntary, have the proverbial bachelor's disposition, so that even the most seasoned whalers would often avoid an encounter with one of them. Many and thrilling are the yarns that are spun about them and some of them are true, but it is singular that of several instances of ships sunk by whales —even of the two which were deliberately attacked—none refer to a "lone" whale.

The first instance was in 1819. The whaleship *Essex* of Nantucket, George Pollard master, sailed from Nantucket on August 12, 1819, for a whaling cruise in the Pacific. On November 20th they were in latitude 40° South and longitude 119° West when the masthead man raised whales. Three boats were lowered and very soon the mate's boat was fast to a whale, but the beast struck the whaleboat with his flukes and so damaged it that the men had reluctantly to cut loose and go back to the ship for repairs. When they reached her they saw both the captain's boat and the second mate's boat fast to whales. As the mate headed the *Essex* for the two boats he saw a large sperm whale breach about twenty rods from the ship, spout, and

disappear. Soon the beast came up again, about a ship's length away and heading straight for her.

"Hard up your helm!" But the whale quickened his speed immediately and struck the ship, head on, just forward of the fore chains. She brought up suddenly and shook like a leaf, while the whale passed under, scraping her keel, and rose about a hundred yards to leeward. For a moment he seemed to be stunned, but probably he was hurt by scraping the keel, for shortly he began thrashing his flukes and snapping his enormous jaws. The *Essex* had already begun to settle by the head, when the shout came, "Here he is!" and at twice the ordinary speed he came at her, crashed into her bows, and stove them completely in, directly under the cathead. Then he passed under her again and out of sight for the last time.

The spare boat was launched in haste, a few instruments and a few provisions were got into it and the men jumped in after, as the *Essex* listed to windward and settled deeper. Captain Pollard now came aboard with all possible speed and ordered the masts cut away. As soon as this was done the ship righted, but, even so, with water pouring into the breach that the whale had made, she was rapidly falling on beam ends.

They lay by all night, and next morning they managed to get out a few more supplies, to mend the mate's stove boat after a fashion, and to build up the sides of the others. Light and frail as it is, the whaleboat is a buoyant craft, and to this buoyancy they now had to trust their lives on a thousand-mile row. They took observations with their few instruments, decided against the nearest land—the Marquesas or the Society group.

For thirty days they struggled on in those open boats. Once the captain's boat was attacked in the night, probably by a killer; all three boats ran short of food and water; their ship's bread was soaked and, when they had dried it, it proved too salty to eat. Dolphins played about the boats, but there was no way of catching them. The men suffered agonies of thirst and, when at last rain fell and they caught it in their sails, the sails were so salty from earlier wettings with sea water that

the rain water was impossible to drink. On December 8th, a big storm caught them, and the mate's boat, leaky from the start, seemed ready to break up at any minute. Yet somehow it held together; then flying fish struck the sails and dropped into the boat, and the men seized upon them wildly and ate them alive. This carried them over a few days more in the terrifically hot calm that followed the storm; they slid over the gunwales into the sea to cool themselves; and, holding thus, they saw clams on the bottom of the boat, pulled them off and ate them. But raw clams are not very filling food and the men were about desperate when, on December 20th, they raised land.

It was Ducie's Island, uninhabited and barren. Fish, crabs, and birds they did find, and with these they fortified themselves as best they might. A kind of peppergrass served them for "greens," too, but though they searched the island over, there appeared to be no fresh water anywhere. Finally a very small spring was discovered, hidden among the rocks by the shore and accessible only at low tide. They literally drank it dry. At the next low tide they drank again and began to fill their water kegs. In a few days they had picked up about all the food there was to be found, had repaired the mate's boat and, by repeated raids on the little spring, had got all the water their few kegs would hold; the captain wrote letters about their fate and that of the *Essex*, put them in a tin box and nailed it to a tree, in the bark of which they had found the words "The *Elizabeth*" cut.

Then on December 27th they set out again, this time for the island of Juan Fernandez. When they took to their boats, three of the crew actually preferred the known horrors of Ducie's to the unknown horrors of the open sea, and accordingly were left on the island.

On January 10th the second mate died and was given sea burial. On the 12th a storm blew up and the boats were separated. On the 20th a man in the mate's boat died and was buried. Then the dreams began. Night after night these starving mariners on the open ocean dreamed of banquets and of a ship coming to rescue them. On February 8th, another man died—in convulsions. But now starvation and this too frequent

and intimate acquaintance with death had somewhat hardened them: they cut the flesh from the dead body, took out the heart to drink the blood from it, then sewed up what remained of their shipmate and buried it over the side.

In two days the flesh was so tainted they dared not eat it, and they drew lots to decide who should be killed to keep the others alive.

Then came the mirage—their own Massachusetts coast. (There are times when one could believe in a personal Devil.)

The mate's account follows:

> We daily almost perished under the torrid rays of a meridian sun, to escape which we would lie down in the bottom of the boat, cover ourselves over with the sails, and abandon her to the mercy of the waves. Upon attempting to rise again, the blood would rush into the head, and an intoxicating blindness come over us almost to occasion our suddenly falling down again.

On February 17th the British brig *Indian* sighted the mate's boat and took its three survivors on board: they had to be lifted bodily from their boat. Five days later the Nantucket ship, *Dauphin*, similarly rescued Captain Pollard and one Charles Ramsdale, the only survivors of the captain's boat. The second mate's boat was never heard from—familiar and grisly phrase of all sea history!

Of the three men left on Ducie's Island, there are conflicting stories. The mate reports that the survivors told the captain of the U.S. frigate *Constellation*, at Valparaiso, about them, and that he promised to take measures immediately. According to some historians, they were, like the men of the second mate's boat, "never heard from." But there is another account, for the reliability of which I cannot vouch, somewhat as follows:

At Valparaiso, whither the few survivors of the *Essex* were brought by their rescuers, one Captain Downes, of the frigate *Macedonian*, heard of the three men left on Ducie's and resolved to rescue them. He fitted out a schooner and set sail, but at the end of a month the schooner was dismasted and he returned, perforce, to Valparaiso. There he found the ship *Surrey*, Captain Raine, about to sail for New Holland, a trip in which she

would pass not far from Ducie's Island. Captain Downes offered Captain Raine $300 to save the three men.

They found the barren little island, approximately where it was charted, and fired a gun as they neared land. Three desolate-looking men came out from the woods. Accordingly boats were launched, Captain Raine in one of them, but landing proved all but impossible on that rocky shore, and the men were so weak from starvation that they could scarcely speak. One of them, however, managed to swim out to the boat—this sounds a bit "fishy," I must admit—and reported that only one of the two on shore could swim at all. In any case, by repeated efforts, the men in the boats succeeded in getting the two off the rocks and returned with them to the ship. These voluntary maroons, so the story runs, had lived for four months on only wild berries and an occasional seagull for food, and with no water but rain water, which fell very seldom. As a last touch of the picturesque we are told: "On the island they discovered the name of the ship *Elizabeth* of London, carved on a tree, and a cave, with eight human skeletons, lying together."

The one other certain instance of a ship deliberately attacked and sunk by a whale occurred on August 20, 1851. On that day the New Bedford whaler, *Ann Alexander*, John S. Deblois, master, was cruising on the "offshore grounds" of the Pacific; whales were raised at nine in the morning and two boats were lowered, the captain heading one, the mate the other. About noon the mate's boat had struck a whale and was off on a "Nantucket sleigh-ride." Suddenly the whale turned on the boat, opened his jaws, and "chawed it up." Captain Deblois came to their rescue and started back to the ship with them. The waist boat was lowered, and the three crews divided between the two boats, with the mate in charge of one of them. Off they went for the whale, but again he turned on the mate's boat and smashed it to kindlings. Once more the captain's boat took the other crew from the water and they all returned to the ship. As soon as they were all on board, they headed the vessel for this difficult whale and approached and passed, not near enough to strike. The beast sounded; then

all at once he rose, and they saw him making for her. As he came near they "hauled on the wind" and let him pass. They kept off warily, hoping to overtake him again and to get a chance to strike, but when they were within about fifty yards of him, he had "settled" deep, it was nearly sundown, and they had no choice but to give up the chase for that day. The *Ann Alexander* was then making about five knots an hour; the captain was at her rail. Suddenly he saw the whale rushing straight at the ship and at three times her speed. There was no time to give orders; immediately the whale struck and the vessel quivered as if she had run on a rock. The whale had hit her abreast of the foremast, about two feet above the keel, and had knocked a greal hole through her bottom. She shook from stem to stern. The water rushed in, anchors and cables were thrown over, but it was impossible to keep her afloat. Captain Debolis finally ordered all hands into the two remaining boats; he himself, when all the crew had got off, had to jump from the sinking ship into the sea and swim to the nearer boat. The *Ann Alexander* lay on beam ends, her topgallant yards under water. All that night they waited near her, bailing their boat, and the next day the captain boarded her—not a man of his crew would take that risk—and cut away her masts. She righted accordingly and they were able to get out some few supplies. Then they set out for land. Probably there was not one among them that didn't know by heart all the grim story of the *Essex*, but they had no choice left them. They could only muster their fortitude and keep a sharp lookout. But they were spared the sufferings of the *Essex* men, for on August 22d the ship *Nantucket*, of Nantucket, cruising near, picked them up and took them to Paita.

Five months later the *Rebecca Sims* of New Bedford struck and saved a large whale and found two of the *Ann Alexander's* irons in him, and in his head several pieces of the ship's timbers.

These two cases are beyond dispute, but it has been very easy to class with them other cases that are not so clear. In the 'forties or 'fifties of the last century the British merchant-

man, *Waterloo*, with a cargo of grain, was in the North Sea, quietly and slowly keeping her course, when a large whale was seen to windward, swimming rapidly. At about ten yards from the ship he went under water and struck the hull with great violence, so that she "heeled and cracked." He rose again and "turned flukes." Within two hours the *Waterloo* began to settle, captain and crew took to the boats, and she sank before their eyes. It required only the common love of the picturesque and the dramatic to read into this incident a guilefulness and craft that might more sensibly have been explained away. Certainly, when the whale saw any large obstacle in his path the most natural thing he could do would be to try to go under it. Obviously he failed in his first attempt at this: naturally he "turned flukes" to assure success at the second trial.

In certain other cases, notably that of the ship *Union*, of Nantucket, Captain Edward Gardner, the whale was the victim. The *Union* "struck a whale" in this most unusual sense, one dark night in October, 1807, started the planking of her starboard bow and in spite of their desperate efforts at the pumps, within two hours the crew all had to leave her then rapidly sinking. They also were on the sea for a week with insufficient provisions, and suffered torments both physical and mental before they finally reached the island of Flores.

But this was hardly tit for tat, as were the cases of the *Essex* and the *Ann Alexander*, and, in effect if not in motive, that of the bark *Kathleen*, of New Bedford, Thomas H. Jenkins master, of which we have the captain's own account. The *Kathleen* had always been considered a "lucky ship"; she had made many good voyages before that 17th of March, 1902, when off the Brazilian coast she raised "white water." And there was every sign then that her luck was holding good, for the "white water" proved to be coming from a goodly pod of sperm whales. The mate soon struck a whale, "waifed" it and went after more, for the other three boats were fast, too. Captain Jenkins came along with the *Kathleen*, got the mate's dead whale alongside, and went aloft to look for the other three boats which were reported

out of sight. The whales had got pretty well away by now, so the mate gave up the chase, came alongside, and was about to hoist his boat when the captain called down to him that there was a whale, "a big fellow," trying to get alongside. "Go and help him along." This the mate did, "took him head and head," but for some reason he could not get fast. Perhaps he was too near to swing his iron. Apparently he only frightened the beast, which increased its speed and came on directly at the ship.

Plainly he tried to go under and equally plainly he hadn't room enough. He struck her, forward of the mizzen rigging and about five or six feet under water, shook her badly, and in coming up raised her stern some two or three feet, so that she fell in the water again with a great splash. Then the whale appeared on the other side and for some minutes he lay rolling there, apparently stunned, while the mate tried again to get him. The captain asked the cooper if he thought the *Kathleen* was hurt, but the cooper thought not. So, wanting to get all his crew again before night, Captain Jenkins called the mate on board and sent him aloft to try to raise the boats. Two of them were just in sight.

Meanwhile, one of the mate's boat crew had gone to the forecastle for dry clothes and now came running out with news of a bad leak. Immediately flags were set at all the mastheads, "a signal for all boats to come on board under any and all circumstances." What few men were already on board were set to work getting out water and bread, the captain told his wife of their plight, and quickly, without confusion, they all took to the one boat—twenty-one souls and a parrot, water, bread, and old clothes. That whaleboat, the captain tells us, was "pretty deep in the water." Five minutes after they got clear, the "lucky ship" *Kathleen* "rolled over to windward" and capsized.

They soon reached one of the boats and divided men and rations; they set sail for the others and raised them about nine o'clock. Again they divided; so that three boats had ten men each and one boat had nine. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the sea was smooth; so they had every hope of keeping together, and to assure this the captain kept a light burning all

night. At daybreak, however, there was not a boat to be seen. An hour later they raised the third mate's boat, whose crew wanted more water, for theirs, through some misadventure, was "all salt." Again they divided.

At nine o'clock they saw the smoke of a steamer headed toward them; she was the *Borderer* of Glasgow, three or four degrees out of her usual course to escape the head currents she had met on other trips; she had thus picked up the second mate's boat and was now looking for the remaining three. Accordingly she took the captain's crew and the third mate's, and after some further search had to give up the first mate's boat as lost. For nine days it was on the sea and finally landed safe in Barbadoes.

Captain Dalton, of the *Borderer*, extended to the men he had rescued every possible courtesy and help. When they landed at Pernambuco nine days later, he pressed upon the destitute Captain Jenkins and his wife enough money to see them safely home. And when the story reached New Bedford the Board of Trade consulted with United States Government officials and Captain Dalton received from the Government, with its resolutions of appreciation, a gold watch, "suitably inscribed." The Board of Trade presented him with a pair of marine glasses.

So, beyond the financial loss and the discouragements of losing a voyage, the *Kathleen's* men—excepting, of course, the crew of the mate's boat—suffered no great hardship. Still, one wonders if there weren't some among them who, in their hearts at least, agreed with the parrot, who, rumour hath it, remarked solemnly as she was let down over the side into the whaleboat: "Damned if I ever go to sea again!"

III

A DYING INDUSTRY

OLD-FASHIONED whaling, as these words are written, bids fair soon to follow the great auk off the seas and into the dim rooms of museums. There the relics of the industry—craft and gear, chests and scrimshaws, paintings and models and log books and ship's papers—will keep quiet company with stuffed sea fowl and the bones and teeth of dead whales.

Exactly one schooner from New Bedford is whaling to-day. The Japanese and Norwegians, with steam vessels and harpoon guns, carry on shore whaling off their own coasts, and there is similar whaling in the Arctic and the Antartic and off the Hebrides. Whale products are still of economic importance, and to this very day oil, bone, fertilizers, and even food, come from whales. But, although modern methods have made it possible to hunt with profit varieties of whales that were too swift and wild and yielded too little oil to be profitable in the old days, the old American industry is dying and we can no longer go to New Bedford and see even an occasional old barque outfitting for the sperm-whaling grounds.

In New Bedford, where once sail lofts and rigging lofts and shops of coopers and smiths did a thriving business to meet the needs of the great whaling fleet, one can ferret out to-day only an occasional rigger, or dealer in whaling guns, or a smith who makes whalecraft. For one who is interested in the gear and craft of whaling, it is still well worth while—indeed, almost essential—to make a trip thither.

In an upstairs shop lined with pictures of whales and whalers, and with all manner of darting guns and shoulder guns and irons, Frank E. Brown still sells bomb-guns and bombs. Whales' teeth and ship's lanterns, and weapons and utensils wrought by

savages in all parts of the world, rest on shelves or hang from the ceiling of his little office, and in his back shop he continues to make the bombs that the few remaining whalers carry.

Down on Front Street, in a smithy that still bears his brother's sign, "A. J. Peters, Shipsmith and Whalecraft Mnfr." Charles E. Peters makes irons and spades and lances to this day—a very few. But who can say how many irons were sold in a year of those thriving days when New Bedford's fleet numbered almost half a thousand and competition between the many smiths was keen?

Three years ago I saw in that shop, where a man was forging a toggle iron while I waited, the newly filled order for whalecraft and fittings to supply the barque *Wanderer*, Captain Edwards, the one remaining old-time New Bedford whaler then sperm whaling. She was outfitting for eighteen months, and she had taken on board rowlocks and toggle irons and lances and spades and gaffs and pikes and boat-hooks. Boarding-knives and mincing-knives and long shank spades and blubber forks lent to that scribbled order an added suggestion of greasy decks and the black smoke of burning scraps. It was impossible to keep from thinking of the day when perhaps half a hundred vessels were outfitting at once. An itemized list of the goods furnished to sixty-five vessels of the New Bedford fleet for the season of 1858 records an outlay of nearly two million dollars.

For all that, our old whaling towns, if occasion should ever arise, would still be able to captain and man a whaling fleet. A few years, now, will doubtless make a sad difference, but many old Yankee master whalemen are still living and many more are vividly remembered.

It was not so very long ago that Captain James A. Tilton of New Bedford, who had sailed nearly every sea on earth, who had commanded ships in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic oceans, who had rounded Point Barrow in the north and Kerguelen in the south, and had at last retired to spend on shore the late years of an adventurous life, went back to the sea in command of the whaling schooner *A. M. Nicholson* and cruised for sperm whales on the Hatteras and western grounds.

Three years later Captain Benjamin Cleveland, who had brought into New Bedford during his long experience as a whaler two cargoes of oil that earned a profit of $30,000 apiece and had retired at the age of seventy-two, went back to the sea in command of his whaling schooner, the *William H. Graber*. The art of whaling cannot completely die so long as any of the old captains are left. But that, alas, cannot be long now!

The old whaling days live in other ways than in stories, too. On board one of our training ships during the World War an officer sent a man forward to throw overboard a bit of rope yarn. As he stooped to pick up the bit of rope yarn, the wind suddenly filled the jib, which had been hanging empty, and the tightening jib sheet caught the man and tossed him overboard.

Now you can drill a crew of young fellows from dawn to dark, but when an emergency breaks upon you, things are likely to happen in unexpected ways. At the call, "Man overboard!" the boys had been taught to throw over the side such light objects as chicken coops and life preservers to help keep the man afloat. But when the cry actually arose in mid-ocean, they hove after the poor fellow every movable object on deck: one lad threw a brass binnacle lantern. A certain boy had been appointed in the drills to go aloft with a glass and keep his eye on the man in the water, but he, quite overcome with excitement, now missed his footing and fell from the rigging and broke his arm. So the ship ran on far beyond the man in the water before they brought her to, and no one knew just where he was.

Of all those on deck, it appears that only the captain, an officer, of course, in the navy, had kept his presence of mind. He had thrown a circular life preserver and was convinced that he had seen the man get hold of it.

In launching the boats, the boys tangled the falls and one boat was all but capsized; but they finally got safely away, and for three quarters of an hour they hunted. At last they came back and said it was no use to hunt longer.

The captain turned to the chief officer. "Mr. So-and-so," he said, "I am morally certain I saw that man catch the life preserver."

Before the chief officer could answer, a sound caught the captain's attention. He turned and found at his side a Negro from the galley, an old man who did the most menial work, a potato-peeler and dish-washer.

"Well," said the captain, "what do you want?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the old Negro, "but them boys will never get that man. They don't know how to look for him. You let me have a boat and a boat's crew; I'll get him."

"What in thunder do you know about it?" the captain demanded.

"Please, sir, I used to sail boat-steerer in a whaler."

For a moment the captain looked the old darky in the eye, then he quietly said, "You take a boat and go."

The Negro went, and fifteen minutes later he brought back the man.

A few years ago I went to New Bedford to see the barque *Wanderer* fitting out. She is not much more than forty years old now, but when she first slid down the ways she joined some of the very ships that lay in port when hesitating Ishmael of "Moby Dick" first passed "The Crossed Harpoons" and the "Swordfish Inn."

All was clutter and bustle on board her. Overhead were spare whaleboats, and beside them irons and lances, each with its little wooden sheath. Aloft, the riggers, now straddling on the footropes as they rove bunt lines and clew lines, now calling back and forth in sharp, well-clipped phrases of the sea, were hard at work bending on sails. Bags of potatoes and onions and boxes and crates of every description crowded her decks, and wagons loaded with all manner of goods crowded the wharf beside her. There was talk of whaling grounds and of barrels of oil. The officers and petty officers were to take her across to the Cape de Verde Islands, where she would ship her crew. She was chunky and capacious and comfortable, and she had the big white davits, the whaleboats, and the try-works that have marked the whaler for many more than a hundred years.

If you had passed her captain on the street, you would have

taken him for a broker or an insurance agent; but he had been whaling, boy and man, for twenty-eight years.

The swarthy boss rigger, as he leaned against the try-works and kept one eye on his men, told stories of the southern island where he was born, of his coming to America with his father when he was fourteen years old, and of his shipping in a whaler for a voyage of four years. After a year and a half the mate had sent him back with papers recommending him as boat-steerer.

"In those days," he said by way of apologizing for his youthful ambition, "young fellows was aiming to get ahead at sea."

He left his ship at the Galapagos Islands and came home—already he had adopted America—and shipped for a short voyage, from which he returned just ten days before his first ship came in.

When the first ship made port, her Old Man, who seems to have had a rough humour, roared at the captain of the second ship, "Do you know anything about that boy that ran away from me at the island?"

Then everyone laughed and said, "There he is!" And there he was! On the main yardarm right above the Old Man's head.

At that, the mate who had sent him home grinned and said, "Did he miss any whales? If he did, I'll skin him, for it was me recommended him."

"He never missed one," the second skipper replied. "We got thirty-one whales and his boat got twenty-one of them."

That same old barque, on whose deck the rigger told the story of his life, was bound across the Atlantic to the southern whaling grounds and the River Plate. I went into her cabin, where for more than forty years master whalers had lived. I went into her forecastle crowded with boxes, trunks, bags, bales, crates, and heaven knows what else, shipped across to one of the Cape de Verde Islands, with here and there a battered suitcase thrown into a bunk, and saw deep hollows worn by the feet of whalemen now dead and gone.

Leaving the *Wanderer*, I watched for a time the riggers at work on board two schooners whose white davits showed them,

too, for whalers. Everywhere were boxes and bags and bales, and everywhere were mattresses and pillows with preposterous stripes of pink and blue, billed for Cape Verde Island ports.

But the days of the boys who came from farms and inland towns to try their luck at sea were gone for ever. The men working on the wharves were Bravas. No other people could have given their low "Heave—a! Heave—a! Heave—a!" that sleepy quality so curiously at variance with their stout hauling, as it melted into the hollow roll of blocks, the creaking and scraping and flapping of a loose fore-and-aft sail, the shouting of teamsters, the rumble of casks rolled across the deck.

Although there was a wilderness of spindles in the city behind me, whale oil had made that city what it was, and the sons and daughters of great whalemen still live on those long, shaded streets. I sat on a mammoth iron kettle whose side was flattened to fit snugly against the try-works; I rested my feet on a new try-pot crated in clean white wood; I twisted around to see past a battered whaleboat.

The great whaling industry, as old New England knew it, has indeed come nearly to an end. The dealers in bone and oil, and guns and bombs and craft, the riggers, coopers, carpenters, and smiths, have dwindled in numbers until a few men left from those who throve in the days when ships and barques crowded the water-front, are turning to other trades or are using the small business that whaling continues to bring them, to eke out slenderly the living they get from whatever odd jobs come their way.

Of a once mighty shipping there remained then only two or three such round, comfortable vessels as the *Wanderer*—vessels with white yards and black sides and squat deck-houses and thick, clumsy stanchions—such vessels as the one-legged Ahab skippered. There is now but one little schooner, the *Margarett*, Edwards master, upholding the tottering traditions of old-fashioned whaling. The barque *Wanderer* herself, last of the big whalers, is outfitting now in New Bedford for an Atlantic whaling cruise. But it is the last gasp.[1]

What has brought it about: this decline and all but death of

[1] Late in August, 1924, the *Wanderer* sailed: twenty-four hours later, in a 75-mile-an-hour gale, she was wrecked and abandoned on the rocks off Cuttyhunk.

an industry that was once the pride and the mainstay of entire communities? The answer is quite too easy. But Yankee fashion, since it was so largely a Yankee industry, let me counter with another question: Why does your wife no longer spin and weave, make "tallow dips" and soft soaps? It is hardly a parallel, I grant you, but where shall we find a real parallel to this gradual failure of an entire industry that has claimed men's lives for centuries—all by reason of changing economic conditions?

In the march of what we hope is progress, petroleum, gas, and, later, electricity supplanted whale oil as an illuminant, and its other uses were not enough to keep up any large demand. From $2.75 a gallon for sperm and $1.25 for whale oil, in 1866, the prices fell in 1872 to $1.56 and 70 cents respectively; then to $1.10 and 50 cents respectively, in 1882. In 1890 sperm oil brought only 66 cents and whale oil 42½ cents. By this time the New Bedford *Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript* had shrunk to less than half its former size and in its oil market reports the phrase "continues very dull" began to be conspicuously frequent. Five years later, with sperm oil selling at 50 cents, the whale-oil market "is entirely neglected and we have no sales to report." In 1900 the only quotation for oil of either sort, that I could find, was 45 cents for sperm oil. The price went up a bit in the next five years and was quoted as 65 cents for sperm oil in 1910, probably because of the scarcity, but in 1914 the little newspaper, long since a single sheet and only half as large as any of its four original sheets, stopped altogether. There was no longer any shipping, no longer any oil- and bone-market report; the last issue, on December 29th, quoted 48 cents for sperm oil and "no imports" of whale oil. Last year (1923) the *Wanderer* sold her oil at 40 cents. What use to go whaling now?

The market in bone told another story. As the price of oil went down, the price of bone—with fluctuations, of course—went up. When hoop-skirts went out of fashion, bustles came in, and after bustles, "stays." In 1860 bone brought 60 cents a pound; in 1863 it had jumped to $1.50. Here and hereabouts it continued for several years, till the whaling fleet had begun to

recuperate from the terrific raids of the Civil War, then it dropped, in 1865 to 85 cents and in 1868 to 65 cents. But that was its low-water mark. In 1876 I find prices varying between $1.12½ to $1.35. In 1879 they suddenly jumped to $2.50; in '85, $3.60 was quoted. In 1890 came the amazing price of $4, which was unprecedented until, in that same year, bone reached the unbelievable heights of $4.50.

About that time an ambitious whalebone agent in New Bedford saw a tremendous opportunity before him: he began quietly to get the agency of all the bone that came into the market, so that before long he controlled the entire supply—a corner in whalebone. Now, of course, he could control the price; there was no one to underbid him and he forced the price higher and higher. But he reckoned without his purchasers. When the price reached $6 the manufacturers struck. If they could not have whalebone at a reasonable price they would do without. And without they did. They invented substitutes which cost far less and served the same purposes, and the enterprising whalebone agent, when he had held it for two years—having to have it cleaned and recleaned two or three times as it deteriorated—sold his whalebone at a tremendous sacrifice.

Five years ago George Messman, the last whalebone cutter in New York, went out of business. In 1864, when he began to learn his trade, whalebone was used to stiffen basques and bodices and corsets and hats; it was used in the best whips, and provided hoops for hoop skirts and ribs for umbrellas.

One day in February, when he was fifteen years old, he answered an advertisement by William Forster of 161 Duane Street, for a boy who could speak German. Although young Messman could not speak the language freely, his father had emigrated from Germany in the 'forties, and German was spoken in the Messman home; so he could readily understand it. His knowledge proved sufficient and his penmanship pleased the whalebone merchant. He was told to report at half-past seven the next morning.

In accordance with the traditions of those old days of humble beginnings and honest labour, his first task was sweeping out the

store. He was then set counting tiny rods of whalebone, such as hatters used to insert between the brim and the crown of hats, and for two years he counted rods and studied the knack of cutting and scraping the bone. When William Forster sold the business to A. J. Vetter, young Messman continued at his employment, working six full days a week with no vacation, until twenty-four years later he himself bought out Vetter, stock, shop, fittings, and all—that is, he bought the stock; all the rest, goodwill included, was thrown in. On the day when he retired he had worked in the same shop and at the same table for fifty-six years.

When Mr. Messman began at the foot of the business ladder, the trade in whalebone was thriving and important. When he was at the height of his career he employed twenty-five cutters and thought nothing of handling, in a year, 30,000 pounds of bone. He fought the Pacific Steam Whaling Company when it tried to establish a monopoly, for he refused to sell out, found a market in Europe for the by-product—the part of the slab of baleen where the bone begins to split, which can be cut into only short lengths —and sold every ounce of the hitherto worthless stuff to firms that manufactured military hats, turned the ground floor of his building into a restaurant, and so kept his business afloat until his rivals became deeply involved in difficulties of their own.

Over his street door, when in 1920 he gave up his shop, there hung a big sign, "Whalebone," in white letters on black; above it hung a faded sign which once bore the name of A. J. Vetter, and above that a sign, even more battered, which stands as a monument to the days of that older merchant, William Forster.

The price of whalebone dropped suddenly and the very year that it brought $4.50, the price of $1.85 is quoted. There was a period of recovery and even of high prices in the next decade; but it never reached those sublime heights again and in the final issue of the *Shipping List* in 1914 was the following paragraph:

"We are unable to quote any sales. At the beginning of the year it was reported that a small quantity of Arctic had been sold for export but particulars could not be learned. There

does not seem to be any demand for the large stock on hand, the principal reason, probably, being the foreign war."

Thus dies old-fashioned whaling. There is only one way now to see it, and that is in its records and relics. Of records there are many, beginning away back with the days of Basque and Norseman and coming on down, through the Spitzbergen days—both English and Dutch accounts of them—the later Arctic whaling of the Hull and the Dundee fleet, and the "southern whale fishery" to our own American whaling. Of those earlier days some few first-hand accounts still survive, and of American whaling there are literally hundreds of log books and account books—the one showing life at sea; the other, the counting-house side of the game.

Some few of these records—copies of the old books on early and later whaling, and a few scattered logs and journals and account books—are to be found in a few large libraries and sometimes in the most unexpected places. In the New Bedford Free Public Library, however, is such a collection as one could hardly believe possible. Possible or not, there it is and for any one to see and read in: five hundred or more logs and as many account books just as they came from captains and owners and the grown children of captains and owners, who have given them freely to swell the library's big collection of whaling literature.

A complete file of the New Bedford *Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript* is there, too, with lists of vessels; notices of arrivals and departures; oil market and bone market reports; news of mutinies, wrecks, record cargoes, and newly discovered whaling grounds; advertisements of riggers and outfitters—everything "of interest to whalemen."

Downstairs in the newspaper room are pictures of whaling, beginning—chronologically speaking—with three highly informing old woodcuts of the Jonah incident. There are copies of the very early copperplates of Spitzbergen whaling, and Japanese prints of whaling off their own coast. There are German prints, French prints, and English prints, lithographs and photographs and water colours from the stiffest and most absurdly unreal whales in—or rather, on—the petrified waves of an ocean that

knows its place and keeps it, to the very modern and vividly real oil paintings by Clifford Ashley, of whaling as it actually was, out of New Bedford in the days of her whaling glory.

And as you go out of the library you will stop again, as you did when you came in, beside the bronze statue of "The Whaleman" in the bow of a whaleboat, iron in hand, watching for the moment to strike.

From the library it is only a few blocks to the Jonathan Bourne Whaling Museum; and there is no part of a whaler's life that cannot here be visualized. Here, as in the library, are literally hundreds of log books and account books and a complete file of the New Bedford *Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript;* and on the walls, again as in the library, are pictures of the vessels themselves. But far more than that—particularly to the non-reader: here is the very daily life of the whaleman. We begin with scrimshaws, the joy of many an idle hour at sea. Here are whales' teeth with scenes from whaling life upon them: men in a whaleboat, the whale's attack, and so on. Some of the whalemen evidently preferred to think of better and happier days on shore, for, according to the taste of the artist, there are tropical islands and island beauties or the heads of girls at home. There are the most elaborate of jagging wheels—one entire case is given over to jagging wheels. Poor lads that made them! It cannot have been a really intoxicating joy to carve those beautiful wheels for marking the edges of pies that the home folks would be eating while poor whalemen struggled along on ship's bread and salt junk. In the same room with all the scrimshaws is a stout old wooden door; the door of the room where, the placard tells us, the mutineers on board the ship *Junior* were locked up for the remainder of the voyage!

Several rooms completely outfitted in the furniture of some generations ago show vividly the life which the earlier whalers left behind them in New Bedford. One can imagine a boy in his middle teens, sitting on the hard, narrow Quaker meeting-house bench that is now in the upper hall there; wearied by the sobriety of life in those long silences, or stung to remorse for

some innocent escapade, by such an exhorter as, in the coloured print on the wall above, had already reduced most of his hearers to emotional despair; how natural and how simple for him to run away to sea in a whaler!

To follow the sequence marked out for us by the arrangement of rooms in the museum, we shall have to suppose that this youth of our imagination did some imagining on his own account. Perhaps he listened to sailors' yarns—what New Bedford boy didn't? At any rate, he must have anticipated stopping in distant and semi-savage islands, for we see the crude whaling "irons" of wood and bone that the Esquimaux used; the elaborate, if somewhat limited, full-dress costumes of feathers, shells, and grasses that their chiefs wore. In one case we see even themselves: the Malays as they lived and whaled.

As we go on, "following the black arrow" according to instructions, we see above us small models of whales—sperm, right, and killer—and on the walls beside us an amazing collection of whale-craft: irons, lances, spades, boarding-knives, mincing knives, craft of every description.

But we have been saving the best for the last, as the museum does. The big room now before you is nearly filled with it: a model, half size throughout, of Jonathan Bourne's famous barque *Lagoda*, complete in every detail. Her sails are furled on the yards; her anchors, of course, are inboard; her whaleboats, all their whale-craft in place in each one, hang from their big white davits; her try-works are amidships; all the things we look for, you and I, are there and the hundreds of things besides that no one but a whaleman would know about. Nor is it all above decks. You may go down the companionway for yourself to the cabin; there, too, nothing is wanting. The captain's comfortable quarters, the chart room, the cabin storeroom; and all made to scale, quite as if the *Lagoda* were ready to put to sea to-morrow, lacking only her stores and her half-sized men.

Other museums have scrimshaws and old-time furniture, a few (particularly the Peabody Museum in Salem) have whale-craft, though of course not in any such quantity or variety as here. Several museums of natural history show whales—

skeletons and models—and primitive whaling; the Peabody Museum in Cambridge has an excellent collection of implements, costumes, life-sized figures, and a most pleasing miniature habitat group of the Nootka Indians of the Northwest coast—with a dead whale drawn up on the beach—even, to make verisimilitude more vivid, a portrait of Maquina himself, under whom John Jewett and his companion lived and whaled. And beyond question the American Museum of Natural History in New York is far ahead of any other museum in the country in its collection of models and skeletons of whales. But I know of no place outside of New Bedford where you can find anything to compare to this beautiful and complete half-sized whaler.

Now, certainly, we know something of the environment, and with it something of the life, of our imaginary young whaleman. To fill in whatever gaps are left—for caulking, in other words—we may see in the same room, a real whaleboat, full-sized and completely outfitted as she would be when "lowered for whales." And upstairs, in a balcony that runs around three sides of the long, high room, are the various shops that outfitted the vessels themselves. First the office of the owners' agent, then the sail loft, the rigging loft, the boat-builder's shop, the shipsmith's and the cooperage, each just as any whaler might have found it fifty years ago, lacking only—like the *Lagoda*—the men that would certainly have been there and hard at work.

Certainly they are no longer at work in New Bedford. But there is much whaling done still. In the latter part of the last century most of our whaling passed into the hands of Portuguese and Cape Verde islanders, both officers and crews, though the vessels were owned in New Bedford still. At the same time Pacific whaling was established, at first with big vessels and Arctic cruises, under New Bedford ownership; then the Pacific shore whaling under the Pacific Steam Whaling Company and other firms on the Pacific coast. This later whaling, of course, was with guns and bombs, but even so it did not last long.

And in 1921 the Consolidated Whaling Company of Victoria, B. C., announced that they would send no vessels to sea that year because of the low price of oil. Gloomy predic-

tions of the same decision came in 1921 from Natal whaling companies. Still, the Japanese whaling continues to thrive, and that done by Norwegians in the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic oceans yearly touches, and passes, the five-million-dollar mark.

But that, in a very familiar phrase, is quite another story.

IV

SCIENCE AND STEAM

THE death knell of old-fashioned whaling was sounded, though no one then realized it, when, in 1864, a Norwegian named Sven Foyn invented the harpoon gun. The old whaling did not immediately cease, by any means—it is not even yet completely extinct—but, with the harpoon gun, its successor had appeared on the whaling grounds and was destined wholly to replace it.

Whalemen have always been "sot in their ways" and the innovation at first met with little favour among the established, and perhaps somewhat complacent, Americans and Scotch who at that time did the major part of the world's whaling—or thought they did. But the Norwegians had, of course, no prejudices against their own countryman's invention and in the Varanger Fiords the pioneers were so successful with it that in 1877 a competing company was established and by 1886 there were nineteen companies, with thirty-five ships, on the Norwegian coast.

The small vessels and small crews made for small expenses. Trips were all-day or overnight affairs, in home waters, instead of the Arctic cruises of the Dundee fleet or the three- or four-year voyages of the big sailing vessels out of New Bedford. The harpoon gun was quick, powerful, and sure. And the new quarry—finbacks, humpbacks, and blue whales—were plentiful and just about defenceless against the new gear and the new methods. In 1885 over a thousand of them were taken off the Norwegian coast.

But a new difficulty, too, soon appeared. The fishermen were greatly alarmed by all this activity, which, they declared, would scare away the fish and ruin their own means of livelihood.

They appealed to their Government and got a law prohibiting whaling in Norwegian waters. So the whalers were obliged to move on. In 1894 they began whaling off the Faroe Islands and before long they had six stations there.

These near-home waters, however, promised hardly room enough, and in 1892, Captain C. A. Larsen left Norway for the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic oceans. The next year Captain Sven Foyn himself went into the Far South and, though neither captain took whales, having fitted for sperm and right whaling only and found both those varieties notably absent, they brought back report of humpback whales in great abundance.

Norwegian coast whaling continued to be profitable, and for a time nothing further was done about the Far Southern whaling. In 1892, also, four Dundee whalers went South and later tried to introduce modern Norwegian methods there; but not for another fifteen years or more did either Scotch or Norwegians begin to realize the great wealth of these new whaling grounds.

Meanwhile, a Swedish South Polar expedition went out in 1901 under command of Captain Larsen. His vessel, the *Antarctic*, was wrecked, and an Argentine sloop rescued all hands and took them to Buenos Aires, where Captain Larsen went to work to organize a whaling company. In 1904 it was founded, the Compañia Argentina de Pesca, and began operations at Gritviken in South Georgia. This was the very first company in sub-Antarctic whaling, and others, most of them Norwegian, were not long in following.

At first there were multitudes of humpbacks; as they were thinned out, whether by intensive whaling or by more natural causes we do not yet know, finbacks and blue whales were taken in their place. What a hopeless contrast—for the old-timer—is the modern whaler! A single vessel nowadays may take in one season more than three hundred whales. In the early part of the century, off South Georgia and the South Shetlands (for, early in the history of Far Southern whaling bases were established at the South Shetlands) more than ten thousand

From a sketch by Clifford W. Ashley

OWNER'S INSPECTION

The bark has come in and is partly unloaded. The man in the foreground, having tapped a cask, is testing the oil.

whales were taken every year. In recent years the actual number is small, for there are fewer humpbacks, but the catchers nowadays go more after the great blue whale, whose yield of oil is nearly three times as large.

But modern whaling was not to be confined to any one sea. As in their earliest whaling, the British turned to Newfoundland; there, in 1897, the first modern whaling station was established. Success was prompt and plentiful. In 1898 Newfoundland's whaling products were valued at $1,581; in 1900 they had jumped to $36,428, and in 1902 they had reached $125,287. By 1903 there were four new factories and three more were planned. (In variety and romance, the names of the stations suggest, somehow, the names of ships: Balena, Aquaforte, Snook's Arm, Chaleur Bay, Cape Broyle, Bonavista, and Trinity.) The early days of this modern Newfoundland whaling were in some ways like the early days in Nantucket; the people lived simply and, in the various trades connected with whaling, nearly all of them joined their fortunes with the whalers. This community of interest was largely accountable for the successful whaling from Nantucket and similarly it made for successful whaling in Newfoundland. By 1905 there were eighteen stations. But the enthusiasts had gone too far: with such unrestricted killing the whales were rapidly decreasing in number. In the first ten years of the industry over four thousand whales were taken; in 1903 the three small vessels that comprised the Newfoundland whaling fleet took 858 whales. Four years later there were fourteen vessels at work and all fourteen took only 481 whales.

Similarly, the new whaling reached South America, Africa, and Australia; Russia, and Bermuda; British Columbia, southeast Alaska, and the Aleutian Islands. The Japanese had been whaling for a thousand years or more and now seized upon the Norwegian method and characteristically adapted it to their own needs, with all its strongest points and a few of their own invention added.

In one respect the Japanese are ahead of nearly all the rest of us: they eat whale meat. True, here and there, and in great

emergencies, whale meat has served as food but, on the other hand, whalers of old days have faced starvation, to say nothing of the almost killing monotony of "salt horse" and ship's bread, without a thought of the tons of fresh meat they were presenting to the sharks with every flensed carcass they set adrift. This seems to need some explanation.

For the honour of the sperm whalers, be it said immediately that sperm whale meat is indeed what the layman thinks all whale meat must be: too oily to eat. But the right whale is edible, though we have now very little chance to prove it, and ignorance alone can account for the desperate plight into which scurvy and the Arctic ice brought the old Greenland whalers.

Why we have so strong an objection to eating whale meat to-day is quite another question and one more embarrassing to answer. There are three whales, the humpback, the finback, and the sei, which are edible; together they form the bulk of the animal food of the Japanese middle and lower classes, the meat of the humpback being most highly esteemed. This we know; but what ignorance cannot do, by way of perversity, pride and prejudice evidently can.

Our own Bureau of Fisheries spoke a good word for whale meat in 1916, when the exigencies of war recommended all sorts of strange new fuels, fabrics, and foods, and that year nearly a thousand of the beasts were killed on the Pacific coast, each of them supplying, besides oil and fertilizer, about seven tons of food for humans. Undoubtedly time and experience could have improved our results in this new industry, for various are the reports, both of the work and of the whale as "a table fish." Still, the demand is said to have exceeded the supply, and the supply increased—also the price, which began at ten cents the pound and by 1919 had reached twenty-two and a half cents.

Whale meat certainly has much to recommend it. First of all, it comes from an animal of cleanly habits and clean habitat, a beast free from disease of any sort. It is inexpensive and there is almost no waste. Also it is highly digestible. All of which would be but useless praise if the meat were not palatable, but it is. In the opinion of most experimenters, it much resembles

beef, and though the grain is rather coarser than that of beef, the meat is not tough. Probably the various parts of one whale yield meat of different grades, though as to this, reports differ. In any case there are tons of good steaks to be had, and the heart, liver, tongue, and intestines are all edible. The Japanese prefer it raw, chopped fine and mixed with vegetables, the whole mess dressed with their brown sauce, *shoyu*. I have never eaten whale meat, cooked or raw, but I may venture the rather extraneous remark that with that same brown *shoyu* almost anything would be food for the Olympians. They do cook it, too, and of course it must be cooked for canning; and, since it comes in such enormous quantities, much of it is cooked and canned at once for shipment inland; that is true both of Japan and of our own Western coast. There are now several canneries on the Pacific coast, principally in Seattle, and the canned product is said—and not by the canners only—to be distinctly superior to much of the canned beef and other canned meat that is daily sold in American markets.

A further development in modern whaling methods was the "floating factory." With all the advantages of the small vessels built for short trips, there was the grave disadvantage of being tied down to their base, the little shore station to which they must constantly return. The floating factory, although to-day she serves a somewhat different use, originated as the obvious solution of this difficulty. In 1923 Captain C. A. Larsen, pioneer of all sub-Antarctic whaling, took a twelve-thousand-ton wrought-iron vessel to the Ross Sea, within the Antarctic Circle. He had six catchers and intended to operate off the Great Ice Barrier. In the season of 1914-15 there were twenty or more floating factories in South Georgia, the South Shetlands, Graham Land, and the South Orkneys, with about three times as many catchers.

When the floating factory comes from her port of discharge she is well ballasted with coal; so well ballasted, indeed, that the best Tyne coal is exceedingly cheap at Antarctic whaling stations. Of course she carries provisions, machinery, and various supplies for any stations which the owners plan to erect

on the land. The catchers are little steamers of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty tons gross tonnage, a speed of from twelve to fifteen knots, and a crew of at most eleven men: gunner, mate, cook, first and second engineers, and two firemen. (Sometimes there are only eight in the crew: gunner, mate, steward, one engineer, one fireman, and three seamen.) They cruise about for perhaps ten days and then, with two, three, or maybe even four, whales on each side, back they come to the floating factory, where the blubber is, in the British phrase, "flensed off," the meat removed from the bones, and the bones sawn up. The blubber and meat are chopped fine and treated in digesters separately. The bones are ground up and also treated separately: in all cases the treatment consists of steaming in large closed tanks and boiling out the oil.

There is as complete a contrast between old and new methods of trying out whale oil as between the old-fashioned stagecoach and to-day's express train. The "cooker-tanks" of the floating factory are still amidships where the try-pots used to be, but the old three-legged kettles have grown to sheet-iron tanks some ten feet high and seven feet wide. If the floating factory is accompanied by two catchers, she carries no less than nine such pressure boilers. If three catchers are used she must have twelve boilers. Through a manhole in the top, a man goes down into the boiler, and curved iron plates, fastening together by a central stem, are sent down to him, a layer at a time. After each layer comes blubber enough to fill the plates, and he packs it accordingly. When the boiler is full, the man steps out, the manhole is closed and steam is turned on, some forty pounds pressure, for from eight to ten hours. The lower the pressure the longer it must be maintained, but with low pressure the oil rendered is of a light colour, and the lightest coloured oil is "Number 1" oil, the most valuable. On the other hand, the very pale oil produced by undercooking will be rancid when it is unpacked for sale at home, and its value, of course, will be much lowered thereby. Hence the cook is a personage of real importance.

When the cooking is adjudged to be done—and this is gauged either by the colour of the oil or by the elegant trick of spitting into it—the lid of the manhole is taken off again, a big hook is caught into the central stem, and all the "internal workings" of the boiler collapse like an umbrella and are pulled up through the manhole. The oil and water are run off through their proper discharge pipes in the bottom of the boiler, and what sediment remains is similarly drawn out. Then the whole process is repeated with new material.

But the floating factory has its grave disadvantages: instability, lack of space, and the ever-present smell. Thus where shore stations are practicable they are always used. And at shore stations a slightly different method obtains. Each kettle has a steam pipe, an inch and a half wide, running through it from top to bottom. Connected with this are either several parallel pipes or a single perforated pipe bent to a circle nearly as wide as the kettle. The blubber leaves, three quarters of an inch thick, are packed into the kettle, to within four feet of the top, steam is turned on—forty pounds of it for about eight hours; then the contents are left to settle. This they do for another eight hours. The oil is then run off—a Number 1 grade if all has gone as it should—after it, the glue water. Then comes a second boiling of about four hours, and a settling of four to six hours, and oil is run off again, which may be a Number 1 but is more likely to prove of Number 2 quality. Still another boiling gives a darker oil, such as is used by tanners. Whale oil is still used as an illuminant, as a lubricant, as a constituent in the manufacture of certain soaps, and as an essential of the most powerful modern explosives.

For some years a whale-meat meal was made by a similar process of steam pressure and draining. The remaining meat was artificially dried in an enormous cylindrical dryer with two or three fireplaces for coke at the bottom of it. When it was completely dried it was mechanically disintegrated and bagged, and then shipped to Norway for cattle food. According to report, the cattle liked it, it was a highly concentrated food, and when fed with hay or cut straw, it caused no trace of oily taste or

odour in the milk. But of late years this long and laborious process has proved too expensive to justify itself, so that whale-meat meal, and even whale guano, which was made in much the same way but from the bones and other inferior parts of the beast, are made no longer.

To-day, in the Antarctic, they use the best of the fresh meat for food, but even so experienced a whaler as Captain Larsen considers it quite too dry and stringy for canning, in spite of the extensive canning of it in Japan and New Zealand and the little we have done in the western United States. It is quite generally agreed, however, that there is no time to be lost before the fresh meat is in cans and sealed; this would necessitate in South Georgia, not one central cannery, but one at each shore station, and since they have already found the processes of manufacturing cattle food and guano too expensive, it is hardly likely that they will attempt a whale-meat cannery. Many recommendations and considerable legislation concerning the utilization of the entire carcass have succeeded only thus far: that in various parts of the world whale skin is used for leather (that of the white whale being at once softer and far stronger than the white kid used so commonly for gloves, and other kinds having several excellent qualities to recommend them), and that, in the Antarctic, blubber, meat, and bones are all steam-pressed for the oil that can be got out of them. What remains after that is thrown out upon the sea again and forms, doubtless, the *pièce de résistance* in the diet of the innumerable waterfowl of those bleak shores.

Such is the technique of the modern Norwegian whaling. The Newfoundland method is only very slightly different, for to-day the Norwegians are the acknowledged master whalemen the world over. About two thirds of the world's whaling companies are Norwegian; of the other third nearly all are British or Japanese, and the British companies employ Norwegian whalemen exclusively. Even in Japan the personnel of the modern steam whaler is Norwegian, although there all the shore operations are done by Japanese labour.

And to hunt whales under a Norwegian gunner is a lesson in

good sportsmanship. Quiet, able, and rugged they are—and dead shots! Their prize records are never much concerned with the amount of oil they have brought in or with the sums of money they have made thereby; their talk and their pride are concerned rather with their marksmanship; they seldom miss a whale. And he who has fewest such misses against his name, he is indeed a prince over princes.

Whaling, in the earliest days of the industry the world over, was pursued from the shore. In this, the 20th Century, by a curious cycle which economic conditions and mechanical invention have largely caused, it has returned to shore whaling.

In the different phases of this newly completed cycle wars and peace are reflected. It has progressed by centuries of grinding labour and daring projects; it is replete with suffering and with adventure. It is often sordid in detail, but as a whole, it is worthy of an epic. The story of whaling is not the property of any one country, or of any one continent, but of the world.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

"Let the whale appear first, since by its bigness it is a kind of king of the sea; and if where the king is, the court is, we may give that title to the sea of *Chile*, where there is such store of whales, that I know not any place where they abound more; and they are accompanied by such a court of little fishes of all kinds, that those who have navigated those seas, cannot but mention it with admiration."

—ALONSO DE OVALLE; "Churchill," vol. III, p. 40.

Of the town of Messa, in the region of Los "in the extreme part of Africa," is written:

"Not far from the sea-side they have a Temple, which they greatly esteeme and honour. Out of which, Historiographers say, that the same Prophet, of whom their great Mahamet foretold, should proceed. Yea, some there are which sticke not to affirme, that the Prophet Jonas was cast forth by the Whale upon the shoare of Messa, when he was sent to preach unto the Ninevites. The rafters and beames of the said Temple are of Whales bone. And it is a usuall thing amongst them, to see whales of an huge and monstrous bignesse cast up dead upon their shoare, which by reason of their hugeness and strange deformitie, may terrifie and astonish the beholders. The common people imagine, that, by reason of a certain secret power and vertue infused from heaven by God upon the said temple, each whale which would swim past it, can by no meanes escape death. Which opinion had almost perswaded me, especially when at my being there, I my selfe saw a mighty whale cast up, unlesse a certaine Jew had told me, that it was no such strange matter: for (quoth he) there lie certaine rockes two miles into the Sea on either side, and as the Sea moves, so the whales

move also; and if they chance to light upon a rocke, they are easily wounded to death, and so are cast upon the next shoare. This reason more prevailed with me, then the opinion of the people. My selfe (I remember being in this Region at the same time when my Lord the Seriffo bare rule over it,) was invited by a certaine Gentlem, and was by him conducted into a Garden, where he showed me a Whales rib of so great a size, that lying upon the ground with the convexe or bowing Side upward, in manner of an arch, it resembled a gate, the hollow or inward part whereof aloft we could not touch with our heads, as we rode upon our Camels backs: this rib (he said) had laine there above an hundred yeares, and was kept as a miracle. Here may you find upon the sea-shore great store of Amber, which the Portugal and Fessan Merchants fetch from thence for a verie mean price: for they scarcely pay a Duckat for a whole ounce of most choice and excellent Amber. Amber (as some thinke) is made of Whales dung, and (as others suppose) of their Sperma or Seede, which being consolidate and hardened by the Sea, is cast upon the next shoare."

—John Leo, on Africa:
"Purchas His Pilgrimes," Maclehose edition,
A. D. circa 1526. Glasgow, 1905, vol. V, p. 369. *et seq.*

The Request of an Honest Merchant to a Friend of His, to be Advised and Directed in the Course of Killing the Whale, as Followeth. An. 1575.

I pray you pleasure me in getting me perfect information of the matter hereunder specified.

For the provision and furniture for a shippe of 200 tunnes, to catch the Whale fish in Russia, passing from England. How many men to furnish the ship.

How many fishermen skilful to catch the Whale, & how many other officers and Coopers.

How many boats, and what fashion, and how many men in each boate.

What wages of such skilful men and other officers, as we shall neede out of Biskay.

How many harping irons, speares, cordes, axes, hatchets, knives, and other implements for the fishing, and what sort and greatnes of them.

How many kettles, the greatnesse and maner of them, and what mettall, and whether they bee set on trivets or on furnaces for boiling of the traine oyle, and others.

What quantitie of caske, and what sort of caske, and what number of hoopes and twigges, and how much thereof to be staved for the traine.

What quantitie of victuals, and what kinde of victuals for the men in all the ship for 4 moneths time.

For the common mariners and officers to governe the ship, we shall not neede any out of Biskaie, but onely men skilful in the catching of the Whale, and ordering of the oile, and one Cooper skilfull to set up the staved caske.

Also what other matters are requisite to be knowen, and done for the said voyage to catch the Whale, not here noted nor remembred.

These requests were thus answered, which may serve as directions for all such as shall intend the same voyage, or the like for the Whale.

A Proportion for the Setting Forth of a Ship of 200. Tunne, for the Killing of the Whale.

There must be 55 men who departing for Whardhouse in the moneth of April, must bee furnished with 4 kintals and a halfe of bread for every man.

250 hogsheds to put the bread in.

150 hogsheds of Cidar.

6 kintals of oile.

8 kintals of bacon.

6 hogsheds of beefe.

10 quarters of salt.

150 pound of candles.
8 quarters of beanes and pease.
Saltfish & herring, a quantitie convenient.
4 tunnes of wines.
Half a quarter of mustard seed, and a querne.
A grindstone.
800 empty shaken hogsheds.
350 bundles of hoopes, and 6 quintalines.
800 paire of heds for the hogsheds.
10 Estachas called roxes for harping irons.
10 pieces of Arporieras.
3 pieces of Baibens for the Javelines small.
2 tackles to turne the Whales.
A halser of 27 fadom long to turne ye whales.
15 great Javelines.
18 small Javelins.
50 harping irons.
6 machicos to cut the Whale withall.
2 doozen of machetos to minch the Whale.
2 great hookes to turne the Whale.
3 paire of Can hookes.
6 hookes for staves.
3 dozen of staves for the harping irons.
6 pullies to turne the Whale with.
10 great baskets.
10 lampes of iron to carie light.
5 kettles of 150 li. the piece, and 6 ladles.
1000 of nailes for the pinnases.
500 of nailes of Carabelie for the houses, and the wharfe.
18 axes and hatchets to cleave wood.
12 pieces of lines, and 6 dozen of hookes.
2 beetles of Rosemarie.
4 dozen of oares for the pinnases.
6 lanternes.
500 of Tesia.

Item, gunpouder & matches for harqubushes as shalbe needfull.

Item, there must be caried from hence 5 pinnases, five men to strike with harping irons, two cutters of Whales, 5 coopers, & a purser or two

A Note of Certaine Other Necessarie Things Belonging to the Whalefishing, Received of Master W. Burrough.

A sufficient number of pullies for tackle for the Whale.
A dozen of great baskets.
4 furnaces to melt the Whale in.
6 ladles of copper.
A thousand of nailes to mend the pinnases.
500 great nails of spikes to make their house.
3 paire of bootes great and strong, for them that shall cut the Whale.
8 calve skins to make aprons or barbecans.

Hakluyt.
"The Principal Voyages of the English Nation," vol. II, p. 161.

This same day the Salamander being under both her corses and bonets, happened to strike a great Whale with her full stemme, with such a blow that the ship stoode still, and stirred neither forward nor backward. The Whale thereat made a great and ugly noyse, and cast up his body and taile, and so went under water, and within two daies after, there was found a great Whale dead swimming above water, which wee supposed was that which the Salamander strooke.

Richard Hakluyt:
"The English Voyages," vol. V. p. 236.

Now of the fight betwixt the Whale and his contraries; which are the Sword-fish and the Thresher. The Sword-fish is not great, but strongly made, and in the top of his chine (as a man may say) betwixt the necke and shoulders, he hath a manner of Sword in substance, like unto a bone of foure or five inches broad, and above three foote long, full of prickles of either side, it is but thinne, for the greatest that I have seene, hath not been

above a finger thicke. The Thresher is a greater fish, whose taile is very broad and thicke, and very weighty. The fight in this manner; the Swordfish placeth himselfe under the belly of the Whale, and the Thresher upon the Ryme of the water, and with his tayle thresheth upon the head of the Whale, till he force him to give way, which the Sword-fish perceiving, receiveth him upon his sword, and wounding him in the belly forceth him to mount up again: (besides that, he cannot abide long under water, but most of force rise up to breath) and when in such manner they torment him, that the fight is sometimes heard above three leagues distance, and I dare affirme, that I have heard the blowes of the Thresher two leagues off, as the report of a peece of Ordnance, the Whales roaring being heard much farther. It also happeneth sundry times, that a great part of the water of the Sea round about them, with the bloud of the Whale changeth his colour. The best remedy the whale hath in this extremitie to helpe himselfe is to get him to land, which hee procureth as soon as he discovereth his adversaries, and getting the shore, there can fight but one with him, and for either of them hand to hand he is too good.

Amber-greece is thought by some to breed in the Whales belly by eating of a certaine hearb, but that which carrieth likeliest probabilitie is, that it is a liquor which issueth out of certain Fountaines in sundry Seas, and being of a light and thick substance, participating of the Ayre, suddenly becometh hard, as the yellow Amber, of which they make Beades, which is also a liquor of a Fountaine in the Germaine Sea: in the bottom it is soft and white, and partaking of the Ayre becommeth hard and stonie: Also the Corrall in the Sea is soft, but commeth into the Ayre, becometh a stone. Those who are of this opinion, thinke the reason (why the Amber-greece is sometimes found in the Whale) to be for that hee swalloweth it, as other things, which he findeth swimming upon the water, and not able to digest it, it remaineth with him till his death.

SIR RICHARD HAWKINS:
"Purchas His Pilgrimes," Maclehose edition,
A. D. 1593 Glasgow, 1905. Vol. VII, p. 85.

Whilest we remayned at this Island we saw a Whale chased by a Thresher and a Sword-fish: they fought for a space of two hours, we might see the Thresher with his flayle lay on the monstrous blowes which was strange to behold: in the end these two fishes brought the Whale to her end.

GEO. PERCY:
"Purchas His Pilgrimes," vol. XVIII, p. 404
ISLAND OF DOMINICO, *Feb. 1607.*

But the French and Biscaines (who resort thither yeerely for the Whale-fishing, and also for the Cod-fish) report them to be an ingenious and tractable people (being well used) they are ready to assist them with great labour and patience, in the killing, cutting, and boyling of Whales; and making the Traine Oyle, without expectation of other reward, then a little Bread, or some such small hire.

RICHARD WHITBOURNE:
"A Relation of Newfoundland," "Purchas His Pilgrimes," vol. XIX, p. 429.
A. D. 1616.

WHALE SIGNALS OF BARK "MORNING STAR" OF NEW BEDFORD, IN LOG OF VOYAGE BEGINNING JULY 21, 1857. CAPT. H. D. MORTON MASTER. SYLVANUS THOMAS & CO. MANAGING OWNERS.

signal to fore topmast head whales up
weather clew fore topgallant sail on
main do.
weather bow signals at main
whales on weather beam half mast: head
a bost fast two signals, stoven boat signals at mizzen
whales on weather quarter half mast
two points weather of the wake
spanker in and out.
Two points off weather quarter, spanker ditto
whales astern, signal at the peake
fore yard aback & colors set.

whales between boats, and
ship colors up & down
boats far enough.

REMARKS OF A. WHALEING VOYAGE ON BOARD SHIP "JUNIOR," COMMANED BY ARCHIBALD MELLEN JR. SAILED JULY 21ST, 1857

* * * * * * *

C. R. C. P. "Latitude 37°—58′ S.
Longitude 16°—57′ E.

Friday December 25 1857

Shortened sail for the night. and everything appeared until one Oclk Saturday morning. when the cabin was attacked by the five men afore said. Cyrus Plumer shot the Captain with a Whaling Gun containing three large balls. the balls went in at his left side passing under his ribs. and came out at his right side. entering the side of the ship. The Captain sprang from his bed. and exclaimed "Oh My God what is this." He was answered by Plumer. "God damn you it is me." who then seized the captain by the hair of his head. (at the same time calling to his other men to "up with their hatchets." and commenced cutting him with his hatchet. after he had struck him 3 or 4 times he let him fall on the floor and he (Plumer) went on deck. The Mate was also shot by a whaling gun in the hands of John Hall. alias William Payne. I was fired upon at the same time the Capt. was. The charge from the gun went so close to my left cheek as to take some of the skin off and lodged in my left shoulder. It stuned me so that I knew nothing. But when I came to myself I sprang from my bed, exclaiming. "My God My God what is this." and called for some one to come to me. I said "Steward come here." The steward made haset to obey. but was met at the door by John Hall. with Coopers Ax raised. (He had droped his gun) and told him if he said a word he would cut him down. I then sung out 'Boy.' The boy turned out and come to me with a light. And I told him to put the fire out in my berth.

Then I went into the Second Mates room, and saw the second mate dressing himself. I told him I was shot. He answered that he was shot too. The Third Mate was on the deck out of his birth dying. I left him and went to the captains state room. I was bare footed. not having taken time to dress myself. when I entered the Captain's state room I felt that I was treading in blood. I sung out to the boy to bring the light I saw the Captain lying on deck dying. I raised up his head and he breathed his last. I then opened his chest and took his pistol (Revolver) and loaded 3 shots. & determined to shoot the ring leader. I then sent the boy to tell the second mate to come to me. But neither one returned. I then blowed the light out. and stood there as long as I could without suffocation. I then thought I'd leave and give them a chance to put the fire out. As I passed out through the steerage I sung out Cooper. The cooper answered me here I am. Then I sung out for several others. to see how many I'd have to help me. But when I saw the ship on fire I thought was no use to ask for help. I then sung out to the men to put the fire out. and I would not hurt them. as I passed by I heard the second mate on deck asking for his life. I heard Plummer say Kill him (as I thought). When the men heard me sing out to put the fire out. They said. "Yes you would like to get us down there." & told me to "come up you son of a Bitch or I'll shoot you—I felt faint and being wounded I thought I'd take a Bung Borer and go down in the lower hold and get some water and also in hopes of shooting the Ring Leader. But I was two days without geting water or anything to eat. By that time my Pistol was out of order. My thoughts were all the time that the second mate was dead. My only hopes were that I would live to get into port. and if they undertook to sell the ship I would come out and take her. But after I had been in the hold five days they found me and told me if I would come out there I should not be hurt and that I might have the ship. So I passed my Pistol up when I found to my surprise the Second Mate alive & in Irons. I was almost dead. But they took me aft and washed and dressed me. My shoulder where I was shot.

had mortified. but they had it dressed. They told me that all they wanted me to do was to take them where they wanted to go. and I might have the ship. So I did it to save my life & the ship. The third mate had the boarding knife run through him several times. By Cornelius Burns. and after he had killed him. Richard Cartha told him to get out to the way. And he (Cartha) struck at the second mate with another boarding knife. But it struck the Berth Board. He then struck at him again when the 2nd Mate caught the blade in his hand and bent the point of it over the berth board. By that time I was out of my berth hollowing. Cartha then fired a pocket pistol at the 2nd Mate and shot him in the breast. All I know before I took to the hold was that the Captain and 3rd Mate were dead. & that the 2nd Mate was shot and wounded, and I supposed he was killed after he went on deck. The remainder of the aforesaid testimony. was told me after I was taken."

"This is to testify that we, Syrus Plumer, John Hall Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns, and William Herbert did on the night of the 25th of December last take the Ship Junior and that all others in the Ship are quite innocent of the deed.

The Captain and third mate were killed and the second mate was wounded and taken prisoner at the time. The mate was wounded with in the shoulder with the balls from a whaling gun and at the time we fired we set his bed on fire and he was obliged for fear of suffocation to take himself to the lower hole where he remain until Wednesday afternoon. We could not find him before that but we undertook a strict search and found him then. We promised his life and the ship if he would come out and surrender without any trouble and so he came out. Since he has been in the Ship he has been a good Officer and has kept his place. We agreed to leave him the greater part of the crew and we have put him under oath not to attempt to follow us; but to go straight away and not molest us. We shall watch around here fore some time and if he attempts to follow us or stay around here we shall come aboard and sink the ship.

If we had not have found Mr. Nelson the ship would have been lost. We are taking two boats and ten men and everything that we want. We did not put Mr. Nelson in irons on account of his being wounded but we kept a strict guard over him all the time. We particularly wish to say that all others in the Ship but we five aforesaid men are quite innocent of any part in the affair.

Signed,

Syrus Plumer
John Hall*
Richard Cartha*
Cornelius Burns*
William Herbert"

Witnesses
Hugh Duff
Henry T. Lord
Herman Graf

On the 1st of January 1858, as Plume was standing watch over me with pistol in hand, He conffessed that he had taken two or three vessels before and that he come very near taking the *Daniel Wood* going home in 1856. & that he came out in this ship prepared to take her with pistols & amnuition. Hee also said that he had no malice against any man in the ship only he wanted to take the ship. & that he thought that could never be done until the captain & officers were killed"

THE PROCEEDINGS ON DECK AS I WAS TOLD

Between. one & two oclk Saturday morning I (withe the other foremast hands not engaged in the mutiny) was awakend from a sond sleep and was told by one of the gang the ship was taken. & that the Captain. 2nd & 3nd Mates were dead and that the first Mate had stowed himself away. We were then *made* come on deck and were *made* arm ourselves with Lances, Harpoons, Spades, Axes & other things & were *made* stand at the Fore, Main & Mizzen Hatchways waching for the mate. Just after I came on deck and had got to the tri-works the Second Mate. came on deck and was made prisoner by the

*These men could not sign their names but had to make their marks.

Gang. Plummer then bound him and sent him to the fore Castle & set a strict watch over him. All hand's except 2' at each hatch were made come aft, and work at putting out. the fire After we had worked very hard for an hour or so. we got the fire so mutch subsided that we could venture below. A. couple of men were then sent below into the cabin. and bent. a rope on the Captain's ankle. and some of the men. on deck hauled him up. A heavy chain was then made fast to him and he was drawn on deck and the Grind Stone was then made fast to him and he was thrown overboard on the Larboard Quarter. After the fire was put out. Plumer ordered the ship to head W. N. W. thinking he was steering for Cape Howe. he was heading a strait course for Lord Howe's Islands. After I was found I was told to steer for Cape Howe Australia. I accordingly changed my course to S. W. by S. We made the land on Sunday January 3d 1858. The Same Morning (Saturday 26) All hands were made come on deck and throw the boat Craft, the Spades, Spare Irons, & in fact every-thing pertaining to whaling—overboard. Then they broke out. the slops in the ship. & all the stores and appropriated them to their own use. And hove casks of Rye & other things overboard. After that, they went below into the Cabin and broke out everything they could find, Liquors, Tobacco & everything else they could lay theeir hands on. All the Stores and in fact everything in the ship usfull for a whaling voyage were used or destroyed, excepting Bread and water. The clothing and the Articles on board to recruit ship were distroyed."

MY PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOLD FROM DEC. 25 TO DEC. 30. 1857

After telling the men to put out the fire. (which were the last words I said) I started between decks to the lower Hold. As I passed the Main Hatch, Plumer raised the corner of the Hatch. and said "come up here you son of a——. till I shoot you. Hall sung out come up and we wont hurt you, but only give you the lenght of this. At the time the men were called aft to work I heard them working and supposed that they

were all against me. I heard no one speak except Plumer, Cartha & Hall. While the men were putting the fire out, I came aft and raised the corner of the after Hatch and went down into the lower hold. I crept aft to the run. While I was at the run they made the foremast hands go down between decks and break out the cask of Powder. They were afraid to go themselves, as I supposed. After I saw no hopes of shooting the Ring Leader, I proceeded on to Mid ships of the ship on the starboard side. I supposed it was on the second day after. I was shot. I then raised my hands to god & asked him to protect my soul. I almost choked with thirst then I said, "Oh God wilt thou be so kind as to give me a little water." As the ship rolled I heard a stick striting on the caske about once a minute. & something told me there is water. I went. there and found the Bung out & the cask nearly full of wate. Then I said How will I get it out. I was in my drawers and had on a thick woolen shirt. Then I thought about taking a piece of my shirt collar and dipping in the water & suck. it. I left The shirt collar at the Cask. when I went back to my place of stowing away. But when I went back I could not find. it. I heard them shooting on deck and thought they were firing in the hold. I also thought I saw lights in search of me. I was frightened almost to death. As I crept farther forward I lost my Bung Borer between the Main & Fore Hatch. So I had nothing left but My Pistol containing 3 Loads. I found a cask of water and got a drink. I also found a cask of bread with the bung up. the Bung being soft wood I rubbed a hole through it with the sight of my pistol. not daring to pound on it for fear of making them hear me. There I lay. My feet had no feeling on account of cold. I tore a piece off my shirt tail & wrapped around my feet. & tried to sleep. I expected to be shot as soon as I came up so I thought I would stay there and die. I thought I had been there 3 days. I thought I was getting along well. I had torn another piece off my shirt collar by which I could get water. & I could get bread out of the bung hole of the Bread cusk. The collar I made fast in my button Hole for fear of loosing it. The day they found me I

asked them how long I had been in the Hold. They told me five days. I thought I had only been Three. While I was in the hold I was as strong as a Lion but when I came on deck I could scarcely stand. While I was in the hold I could hear a Kind of suction in my shoulder & I knew then that I was badly hurt. It smelled very bad. My shirt being bloody. cold & stiff I shifted it round and put the soft side on the lame shoulder, the same day I was found. When I got on deck I could not stand. I looked so bad they had pity on me. The foremast hands said that if there had been any other person with me they could not have told who it was. I was so much altered. My hair stood upright from fear of being shot. They took me aft. Bert Cartha came up to me with a pistol cocked and a hatchet raised & struct me on the Lame shoulder with the Hatchet. & said I am going to shoot you. He then made motions with the Tatchet and said I will cut your nose off and Kept stiking near my face. Plumer told him to keep still and not shoot me. But had hard work to hold him back. Plumer told me if I'd take them ashore where they wanted to go. I should not be hurt. but might have the ship. & said you never misused me & I shant shoot you. But my thougs were that as soon as they made land they would Kill me. My sufferings are indescribable. They took me forward and told me that Mr. Lord was all right. My heart was overjoyed. and said speak let me see him. I was then sent aft and he was kept forward in irons. They then made irons for me out of iron hoop and made them so small that I could hardly get them on, the Irons were made of Heavy iron Hoop. & in the shape of an ox bow with an iron bolt running through and a Pad lock on the end instead of a Key. I then asked them to put them on my feet and not on my hands on account of my shoulder. They then Kept the irons off and let me free thinking. I'd have a better chance to navigate the ship. Yours very Respectfully

NELSON PROVOST.
First Officer of the Ship Junior of New Bedford.

Monday January 4, 1858

This morning between 9 & 10 A. M. the ten men aforesaid took two boats loaded with stores & articles from out of the ship & headed into the shore, at Cape Howe. 20 miles off from the ship. I then braced forward and made all sail for New Zealand Heading E. N. E. until after I got out of sight of the boats. then I changed my course to S. By W. for Hobart Town V. Diemens land) at 11 A. M.

Tuesday 5th 1858

First Part. Strong notherly winds steering S. by W. at 4 P. M. we spoke a brig (*Martha Ellen*) of New Castle, and asked the Capt to come aboard. He did so and advised me to go to Sydney telling me I would not have northerly winds long. I gave him a written report of the whole transaction as far as I knew. He allowed my shoulder was almost mortal. & that I had better make all possible haste. for Port. I then headed in to the land N. N. W. '*Middle' Part*) calm. Later Part) light breeze from the south. steering 20½ E. All sail set. Latitude 37° 03′ S Lon 150° 09′ E

Wednesday 6th 1858

1st Part. Light S. E. winds steering N. by E. Middle Part Strong S. E. winds Steering N. by E. Latter Part. Light winds, men employed in bending the chain on the Anchors. All the iron & schuckles were hove overboard by the Gang & we bent the chain with cutting gear schuckles. No observation. Opposite Perpendicular. Bluff bearing N. E. distance 20 miles from land at 12 M.

Thursday 7th 1858

First Part, winds from the North. Off Perpendicular point. Between 3 & 4 a steamer passed us steering North. Set the colors with the union down at half mast. We were answered by his setting his colors but he was not gentleman enough to come to my assistance. He must have seen us as we could see

his colors with the naked eye. I hope the U. S. will do the captain of that Steamer a favor. Latter part. Light northerly winds. Lying off and on the land. At 7 A. M. spoke a large merchantman. I did not know but he might have a physician and being wounded I enquired but she had none. Light northerly winds. Latitude 35° 26′ S. Longitude 151. E.

Friday 8, 1858

First Part. Light Northerly winds. Did my best to get to the Northard. Middle Part. a light breeze sprung from the S. E. Made all sail. steering N. by E. Latter Part at 5 A. M. the wind died away at 7 A. M. a light breeze sprung up from the Northward. Latitude 34 20's.

Saturday 9, 1858

First Part. light northerly winds. Parted the Main F. Gallant yard while tacking ship. At 4 P. M. sent up a new one. Middle Part. Calm & Latter Part strong winds from the Northward.

Latitude° 34′ 17 South.

Sunday 10, 1858

First Part. Strong Northerly winds. Steering clear & died away calm.

Came to anchor. Made the port of Sydney N. Z. Wales.

[The line above written in pencil]

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