August 1975

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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COVER: *Coasting schooner* Alice S. Wentworth, *ex*-Lizzie A. Tolles, *by John F. Leavitt, watercolor, 15 x 21⅞ in., (detail).*

FACING PAGE: *Coasting schooner* Oakes Ames, *built in 1862 by R. J. Palmer, Noank, Connecticut. Second in a series of drawings by the late John F. Leavitt depicting vessels built on the Mystic River.*

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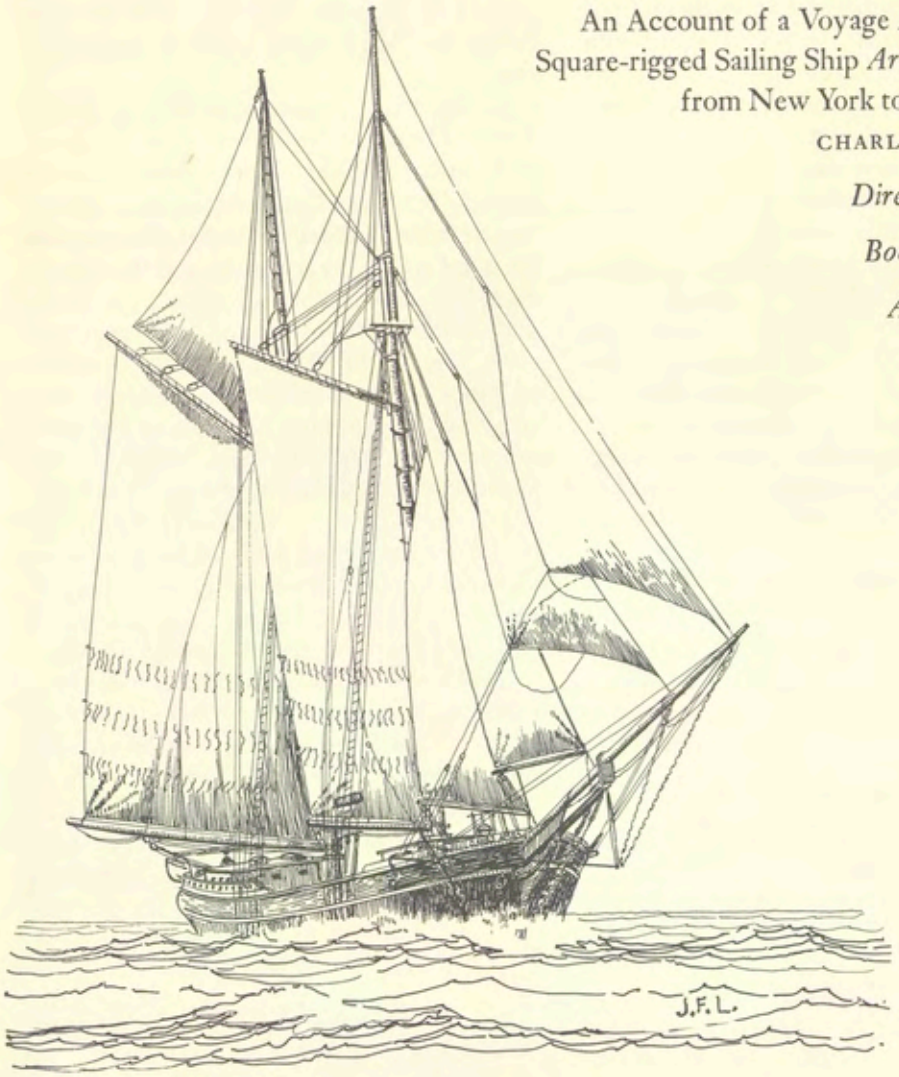
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Chaplain John Hambleton, U.S.N.: A Diplomatic Correspondent

By ALEXANDER MONROE*

Though he is remembered chiefly for his role as the leader of victorious naval forces at the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, U.S.N., played another major role in the execution of American foreign policy and the protection of maritime interests. He was chosen by President James Monroe to lead an important but little-known mission. He was to meet with Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan military leader in the War of Independence against Spain, to gain assurances that American commerce would no longer be molested on the high seas and American neutrality in that struggle would be no further abused. The Commodore sailed from Annapolis in the summer of 1819 embarked in U.S.S. *John Adams*, which sailed in company with U.S.S. *Nonsuch*. Perry contracted yellow fever at the end of his cruise down the Orinoco River and died at the end of a memorable but sadly inconclusive expedition. Fortunately for naval officers who follow him, Commodore Perry instructed his chaplain, John Hambleton, to write a journal in which information related to the mission might be transmitted to the Navy Department. This journal is a remarkable document which depicts the versatile roles a naval officer was called upon to play, the novelty of the sights of the Orinoco, the hardships of the cruise, and the efforts of a young nation to protect its interests. Together with the few letters that Perry wrote, it tells an impressive tale.

About 1810 Spanish colonies in South America began to break away from the Spanish Crown, much as colonies in North America had done from Great Britain some thirty years earlier. In order to survive, they needed the good will of other nations and the wherewithal to carry on their struggles. The president of the United States and his secretary of state, John Quincy Adams, wisely concluded that a policy of scrupulous neutrality was required. To gain material support, the governments of Argentina and Venezuela engaged in two practices that made it difficult if not impossible for the United States to maintain this cautious policy. The Venezuelan Government had attempted, indirectly, to recruit soldiers of fortune for service in that country, and the Argentine Government, known as the United Provinces of the Plata, had indiscriminately granted letters of marque, which enabled the holders to prey on commerce. Indeed, a colleague of General Bolivar, General Arismendi, had condemned a prize taken on the high seas by a person who claimed to operate under commissions from two governments. In summary, the govern-

*Alexander Monroe, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R., earned a B.A., with Distinction, from the University of Virginia in June 1964. Following graduation he served as gunnery officer in U.S.S. *Aucilla* (A056) and in the Amphibious Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. After his 1967 release from active service, he enrolled in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of the College of William and Mary, where he earned the M.A. in government in 1969. He is now an administrative assistant to the city manager of Richmond, Virginia. He discovered Chaplain Hambleton's journal while on active duty in the U.S. Naval Historical Center at the Washington Navy Yard.

ments of the United Provinces and of Venezuela had been derelict in supervising the activities of those operating under letters of marque, and numerous desperadoes operated under their cover, molesting not only the ships of belligerents but the ships of neutrals as well.

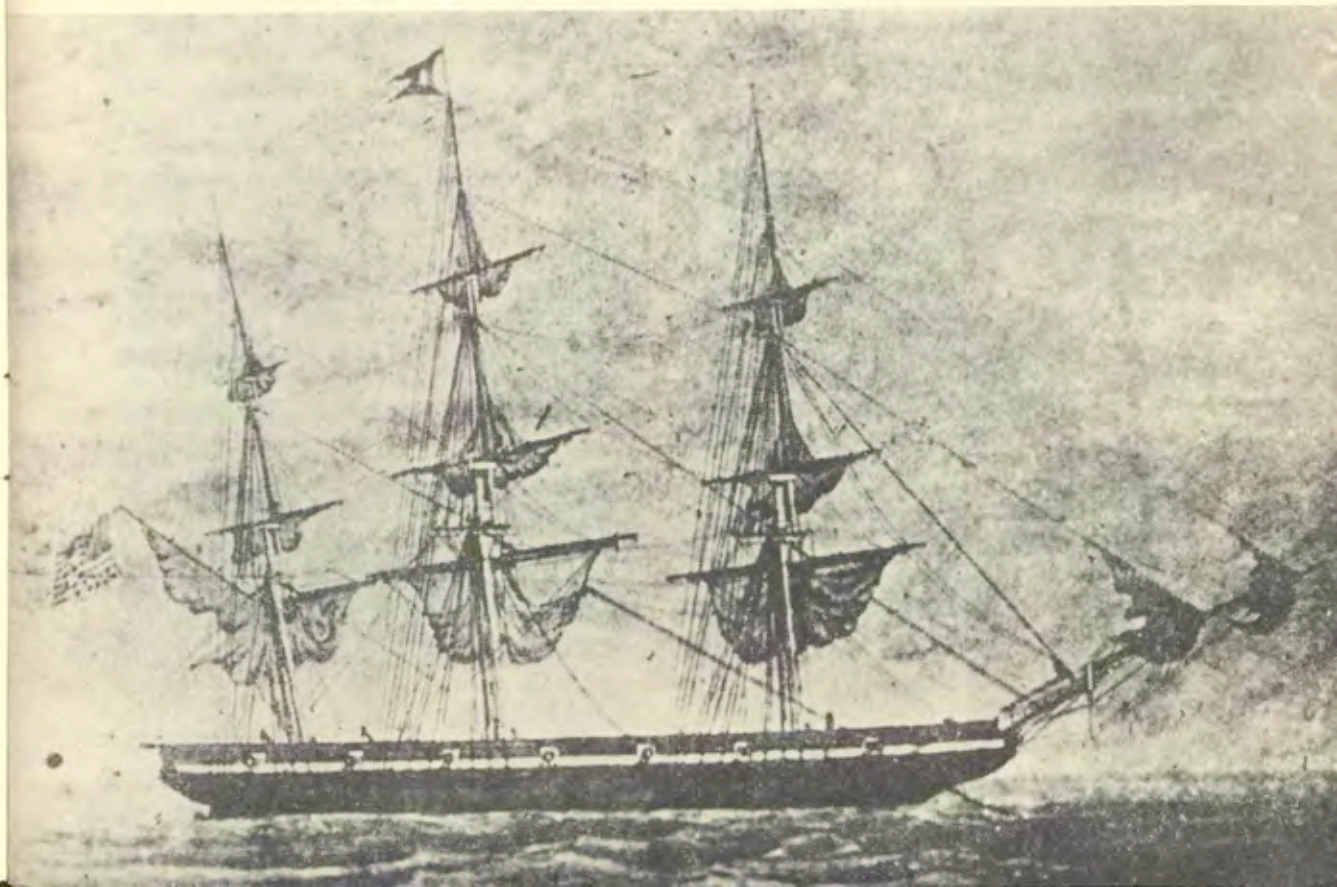
Secretary Adams wrote of these abuses in a letter to Secretary of the Navy Smith Thompson, Commodore Perry's military superior:

> In the month of December last [1818], Don Sino de Clementi announced himself to the Department of States as the *Representative* of . . . Venezuela and requested an interview with the Secretary. . . . Mr. Clementi had sent no copy of his commission . . . it is not known what character or capacity he was authorized to act. . . . He had some time before with the name of deputy from Venezuela, joined in issuing at Philadelphia commission to a foreign officer to organize an expedition against Amelia Island and the Floridas. . . . The act of Mr. Clementi was an outrage upon the sovereignty and neutrality of the United States. . . . It was for acts of the same character that President Washington had demanded and obtained the recall of a French Minister.[1]

Another portion of Secretary Adams's letter to the secretary of the navy deals with the second trouble area: toleration of the acts of pirates and desperadoes. The year before, the schooner *La Paloma*, owned by American citizens John Lewis Nicklye and William Lowell, had been taken as a prize by the *Brutus* under the command of Nicholas Joby. The *Brutus* operated under no commission from any nation, and the Americans' cargo and ship had been condemned in a Venezuelan court under the supervision of General Arismendi, trusted assistant of General Bolivar, in a manner "quite unwarrantable." Captain Perry, Adams continued, would "communicate these papers to the Supreme Chief

[1] Letter dated 29 May 1819 from Secretary of State John Quincy Adams to Secretary of the Navy Smith Thompson, Record Group 45, National Archives of the United States.

Corvette *John Adams*, flagship of the West India Squadron, 1822.
Photograph courtesy of the Navy Department.





Bronze commemorative medal, in the Seaport's collection. The inscription reads: "Commander Oliver H. Perry defeated the entire fleet on Lake Erie."

with a demand for restitution or indemnity for the loss of these two American citizens."[2]

Secretary Adams made a number of points in his instructions that would govern the mission. The conversations were to be with General Bolivar or his second-in-command. Perry was to touch on international usage, which prohibited privateers from sailing under more than one commission and required, further, that they be manned nearly exclusively by nationals of the country issuing the commission and that prizes be taken to courts of the nation issuing the commission for condemnation proceedings. The commodore was to obtain a list of vessels operating under the Venezuelan flag, both naval vessels and privateers. Finally, he was informed that if Bolivar asked why a naval officer had been sent to undertake a mission normally executed by a civil diplomatic officer, he was to respond that "the President has preferred to give [his views] through a naval officer rather than through an agent expressly appointed for that purpose because he thinks the Communication may be the more friendly and confidential for being informal."[3] An earlier mission conducted by Baptist Irvine, a diplomatic representative, had failed to produce restitution for the loss of the *Paloma*, and it is clear from a reading of Adams's letter that President Monroe had concluded that additional measures were required.

Provided with explicit instructions, Perry prepared to leave Annapolis. He noted in a letter of 7 June 1819 to Smith Thompson that his departure was delayed by the fact that his purser had not yet arrived from Baltimore with funds. He disavowed one Lieutenant Dunham who "had applied . . . for aid in procuring service" and had proven to be "reprehensible" in his conduct.[4] Finally, on 11 June, the "*John Adams* was at length out of the Chesapeake," and we next learn of the cruise to Angustora (now known as Ciudad Bolívar) from Chaplain Hambleton.[5]

Sunday, July 11th

Agreeably to the order of Commodore Perry, went on board the U.S. Schooner *Nonsuch* for the purpose of accompanying him up the Orinoco to Angustora—Two days were lost in vain attempts to find the mouth of the river, during which our time was spent rather unpleasantly. The swell was so violent the Schooner rode it out with difficulty . . . and for several nights we were strangers to sleep. . . .

Thursday, July 15th

At nine this mg; discovered a schooner about five miles distant and dispatched a boat to her for intelligence; She proved to be from Angustora, seven days out, with a cargo of mules and furnished a pilot for the Oronoco the entrance of which we discovered the same day at 4 in the afternoon bearing S.W. . . . The mouth is about five miles wide, with two small islands at the entrance. A long bar extends upwards of twenty miles in front of it, over which vessels cannot pass drawing more than 16 feet water. This noble

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Letter dated 7 June 1819 from Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, U.S.N., to Smith Thompson, Record Group 45, National Archives.

[5] Unless otherwise cited, each quotation attributed to Chaplain Hambleton is extracted from his signed journal deposited in the National Archives of the United States.

river appears to be little known in the United States having been principally navigated by Europeans—The latitude of its entrance is laid down differently in almost every chart. . . .

Friday, July 16th

Early this morning two Indian canoes were seen approaching the schooner. They paddled with great rapidity, and were soon alongside. Two pilots accompanied them, one of whom spoke English tolerably well—and the one we had obtained from the schooner having brought himself into disrepute by running the *Nonsuch* aground—one of these fellows was employed in his place.

At this point Chaplain Hambleton described the Indians' custom of following ships up the river in the hope of selling fish and other foods to the travelers. He noted that one such fellow had followed the *Nonsuch* for twenty miles and been rewarded with some loose change and a few biscuits from the crew. Hambleton went on to describe the character of the land and its inhabitants:

For nearly 200 miles up the river, the banks are uninhabited, being subject to inundation. The land is a fine black mould and cannot be excelled in richness: it is adapted to sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco and Indian corn, and will produce these articles almost without cultivation. With the exception of two small plantations near Sancho—we observed no signs of culture from the mouth of the river to Angustora—the natives being among the most inactive and indolent people in the universe . . . swing all day in the hammocks. The consequences are natural: the necessaries of life can scarcely be obtained, and the people are poor, miserable and ignorant in the extreme. I never before witnessed, by contrast, the immense advantages of industry to society, and am satisfied that almost every comfort of life is derived from it, directly or indirectly. Neither the prospect of gain or fear of punishment can make a Spaniard work. . . . The characteristics of the birds of this country are elegance of plumage and want of note: we saw none that were common in the U. States except the dove, bat and mockingbird. Muscovy Ducks (as they are called), abound in the Orinoco. . . .

Sunday, July 18th

We passed a sloop loaded with mules, and for the first time, saw an alligator about twenty feet long which, I am informed, is a very large size. . . . It remained calm all day, and the current being very strong we made the schooner fast, in three fathoms water, and could easily have jumped ashore.

As the *Nonsuch* proceeded up the river, Chaplain Hambleton continued to make entries in his journal. These relate to the natural wonders and to signs of approaching civilization.

Tuesday, July 20th

Met the schooner *Two Friends* of Barbadoes who informed us there was a small American schooner going up with ammunition for the Patriots. Discovered a baboon on the bank of the river, apparently asleep, as large as a common-sized dog, and of a light red color. The Commodore gave him several shots but without effect, owing I suppose to the toughness of his skin. . . .

Thursday, July 22nd

Arrived at the village of Barancas—seated on the right bank of the river—This is the naval rendezvous of the Patriots in this quarter, consisting of four gunboats and carrying one gun each. Commodore Padillo, the commander of the station boarded us in a canoe paddled by eighteen men and bearing the Venezuelan Flag. The Commodore is a fine looking man of grave and dignified appearance, and seems to be deeply tinged with Indian or Negro blood. He is a brave and enterprising officer—but has been guilty of many inhuman acts. Among the rest, he captured a Spanish transport with 300 men, which he secured in prison but fearing they would escape he caused every man's throat to be cut—Barancas is 104 miles below Angostora. . . .

Arrived at Guyana this evening at 10 o'clock. This town is 15 miles from Barancas on the left bank of the river—Its situation is high and beautiful. The place contains about 30 houses, principally thatched, painted red and furnished with glass windows—a thing not very common in this country. The principal fort is built of stone, stands at the foot of a hill and mounts five guns. . . . No regular watch is kept. . . . The soldiers are tolerably provided with arms but almost naked. . . . These batteries if kept in proper

repair, and sufficiently manned would command the river at this point, where it is not more than half a mile wide—but such is the want of discipline among both officers and men and their ignorance in managing artillery, that I am confident, two hundred good men could take the batteries. . . .

Sunday, July 25th

Met an English brig from Angustora, bound for Tobago—Com. Perry wrote to the Secretary of the Navy by this vessel advising his progress.

Monday, July 26th

Arrived at Angustora at six o'clock p.m., after a passage of 11 days up the river owing to the head winds and a strong current. Next mg. the *Nonsuch* fired a salute of 18 guns which was returned by 21. Immediately after, Com. Perry, accompanied by Capt. Claxton, Lieut. Temple and myself visited the Vice President. He received us with great cordiality and politeness, expressed much satisfaction at seeing so distinguished an officer as the Commodore. . . . He asked the reason why our Government sent a naval officer instead of an embassador—the Commodore answered because it was the more friendly and confidential . . . assured him of the good wishes of the United States toward the South Americans and its best hopes for success in the struggle for independence.

With the arrival of Commodore Perry and the *Nonsuch*, the difficult negotiations among the parties began. Chaplain Hambleton began to record a series of observations of the people of Venezuela, their leaders, and their mode of government. (His observations, from 26 July to 14 August 1819, are not specifically dated.

The Vice President, Francisco Antonio Lea, is a man of middle age, apparently sixty and stoops a good deal. His countenance is pleasing and animated—being set off to advantage by a fine black eye. He is a native of Santa Fee, has passed much of his time in France & is highly accomplished and elegant in his manner. He is a warm enthusiast, an eloquent speaker, and, I believe, an artless good man. . . . His secretary, Mr. Sayre, is rather a stouter man, of a stern forbidding countenance . . . but like Sir John Falstaff, "settin aside the attraction of his good parts he has no other charms."

Of the policies of the Venezuelan rulers, he wrote:

The government is extremely sanguinary—and often puts men to death without trial either civil or military. Indeed, I question whether any law exists in the country, except the will of Bolivar, who is absolute dictator: he caused Gen. Paise, a gallant officer who took Angustora to be shot, on pretense of entertaining ambitious views and endeavoring to seduce the soldiers for his own purposes; but it is believed jealousy of his talents and reputation was the true motive. He has stained his reputation by many acts of this kind.

Chaplain Hambleton also commented on the soundness of the Venezuelan economy:

The poverty of the Venezuelan Government will be easily conceived, when it is known that the people pay no taxes, owing to their indigence. Government is deeply indebted to the merchants who have lent it money and sold it military stores; and the duties on goods imported are not paid in cash *but passed to its credit in account*. The only ostensible revenue they possess, consists of the cattle and mules that run wild . . . which are sold for exportation . . . and their publick land. . . . The commerce of Angustora is carried on principally with the West Indies, by regular traders, who bring goods of every description and take return cargoes of cattle and mules.

Prior to reporting on substantial aspects of the negotiations, Hambleton spoke of yellow fever, a menace to the crew. In earlier letters Perry had reported the crew of *Nonsuch* to be in perfect health. However, Hambleton wrote of the river and its relation to health:

The Oronoco commences rising in April, and continues to increase until September when it generally overflows the banks—This is the winter and the most sickly season of the year. While lying at Angustora, the crew of the *Nonsuch* suffered much for the Yellow Fever—nearly half the officers and men were sick at once. . . . The fever was so fatal that it often carried the subject off in 24 hours, in the most horrible agonies: the average number of deaths in Angustora was about 20 a day.

The course of negotiations with the Vene-

zuelan vice president was tortuous and inconclusive with regard to the specific requirements outlined by President Monroe. One matter on which the United States Government desired information concerned the names and classes of Venezuelan public vessels and privateers issued letters of marque. Chaplain Hambleton found that "Commodore Perry requested of the vice president a list of the vessels in the service of Venezuela, which he either could not or would not furnish." The chaplain did, however, secure a list of "Seventeen vessels, mounting 145 guns." He stated that, in addition, "there are several other small gunboats *paddled* by from 12 to 18 men and carrying a swivel in the bow."

In the period between 26 July and 15 August 1819, the Commodore engaged in further negotiations and his hosts extended hospitality of a sumptuous nature.

Saturday, August 14th
Commodore Perry and his officers received an invitation from the Vice President to dinner. We assembled at six in the afternoon at the house of Dr. Rossio, the Secretary of State: where we found a collection of the first people in the country. The entertainment was plentiful and, had it been properly dressed, would have been elegant—but garlick so predominant in every dish that I could scarcely sit at table. We had a fine band which played several national airs & many toasts were drank. . . . Among the guests was a Scotch gentleman of my name, dressed in the complete Highland costume—he paid particular attention to me and claimed relationship which I readily admitted, as he was a man of some importance.

Though the *Nonsuch* was to leave Angustora on 15 August, its missions of securing lists of Venezuelan vessels and securing restitution for the condemnation of the *Paloma* remained incomplete. Hambleton took the opportunity to make a number of contradictory observations about the country and touched on a number of subjects. On the state of the armed forces he held that

the total military force of Venezuela, including some detachments which have not been mentioned, may be fairly estimated at 15,000 men.... The territories actually in the possession of the Patriots are Guyana, 1200 miles in length and 210 in breadth, lying on the River Orinoco—part of the provinces of Carracas, Tunya and Sacora in New Grenada, all of Cumana except the capital.

He spoke, too, of the state of freedom of the press and constitutional government:

Only one newspaper is published, at present, in Angustora, entitled the Courier of the Orinoco, it is completely under the jurisdiction of the Government, and nothing whatever is published without its consent.

. . .

Congress had been in session at Angustora for several months, employed principally in framing a Constitution: This body is not very respectable—being few men among them of abilities—The nominal pay of a member is $4 a day, *and a ration of beef and bread;* the latter however is all they receive. Most of their time is spent in the coffee house gambling for a shilling a game. At two o'clock this day a constitution was signed.... We could not obtain a copy, nor were we able to learn the nature of it. . . . The Vice President mentioned it at Com. Perry's first conference, that a copy of the constitution of the U. States had been submitted to Congress but that at present would not admit of its being adopted.

Given some of Chaplain Hambleton's observations, the reluctance of the Venezuelan Government to adopt such an instrument does not seem startling. The remainder of his journal is devoted to describing the conclusion of the mission.

Com. Perry having finished his business took an affectionate leave of Mr. Lea who gave him a profusion of good wishes both for himself and for the happiness and prosperity of our country. . . . The Commodore came on board the *Nonsuch* the same evening and we immediately weighed anchor for Trinidad: much to the satisfaction of all on board—more than half of us were sick with the yellow fever or in daily apprehension of it. . . . On the 19th we arrived at the mouth of the river after a passage of four days. While lying at anchor there, the schooner shipped a sea which went into the cabin and wet

the Commodore completely. Next day he was taken with the fever: for three days he was not considered dangerously ill; but on the night of the 22nd Dr. Morgan came into the wardroom about midnight and informed us he was extremely ill and could scarcely survive.

. . .

On the morning of the 23rd Aug: the boat returned with Lt. Turner, Dr. Osborne and Mr. Handy. Before their arrival the Com. called Capt. Claxton, Lt. Salter into the cabin to witness his will—He recognized all his officers and left his effects in the charge of Mr. Handy. He was perfectly resigned to his fate, and died with great firmness and resolution, at half past three o'clock, in the sight of his ship at Port Spain. Next day, 24 Aug. he was buried with the honours of war: The regiments of the Island, the officers and men of the *John Adams* . . . & a fine band of musick accompanied the corpse. . . . Every American should feel grateful to the Governor, Sir Ralph Woodford, for his handsome conduct on this occasion: a more splendid funeral has seldom been seen . . . and there appeared to be but one sentiment of mournful regret among the English and American officers for the loss of their amiable and distinguished countryman.

In a postscript to his journal, Chaplain Hambleton issued a number of caveats. He had told his readers, he said, only of "things under my observation." He had relied on one Dr. Forsyth, an American resident of long standing, for descriptions of the Patriot leadership and extent of their holdings. Moreover, Hambleton stated, "I was aware that my account of the country and people is not flattering; but I could not have made it more so consistently with common honesty and integrity." He apologized, finally, that in writing the journal he had not had access to a number of the notes that Perry had made in the course of his negotiations.

From the commodore's exchange of letters with Vice President Lea, American naval officers of today can learn of the inconclusive outcome of the cruise. Upon his arrival at the Venezuelan capital, Commodore Perry wrote a courteous letter to the vice president. In it he explained his purpose in making the trip and stated that he knew he could count on "the justice of this government" in resolving the claims of American citizens.[6] He repeated to the vice president the issues upon which he had been instructed to focus by President Monroe: restitution for past condemnations, information about the status of ships operating under the Venezuelan aegis, and assurances that such acts as condemnation of the *Paloma* would not be ratified in the future by Venezuelan leaders.

The commodore received no response to his inquiry and by 9 August, when "the alarming state of the crew of the vessel" dictated his departure, he concluded that he must have a reply from the vice president. He received a letter from Dr. Rossio, the Venezuelan secretary of state, which denied that General Arismendi had acted improperly in condemning the *Paloma*'s cargo, holding that

> all the papers prove that the property was Spanish; or that if it was American, it was under Spanish name, which in this case is the same. For by the fact that of Nicklye and Lowell's having put the property under the Spanish name it was deprived of its American qualities.[7]

It is difficult to see why Perry delayed his departure from Ciudad Bolívar for another two days; perhaps it was to write a letter of remonstrance to Lea, dated 12 August 1819, in which he stated that a merchant of Curaçao, Jonathan Harrison, had sworn that the *Paloma*'s cargo was American property. In any case there were no assurances for Commodore Perry to forward to President Monroe, no lists of Venezuelan public vessels except a list made by the chaplain from unofficial sources, and no restitution for the American merchants Nicklye and Lowell. Perhaps Perry and his colleagues felt that by

[6] Letter dated 30 July 1819 from Commodore Oliver H. Perry, U.S.N., to Vice President Francisco Lea, Record Group 45, National Archives of the United States.

[7] Letter dated 10 August 1819 from Foreign Minister Rossio to Commodore Oliver H. Perry, U.S.N., Record Group 45, National Archives of the United States.

staying on they might be able to gather information useful to the president, but careful examination of Perry's letters and the chaplain's log uncovers no clues.

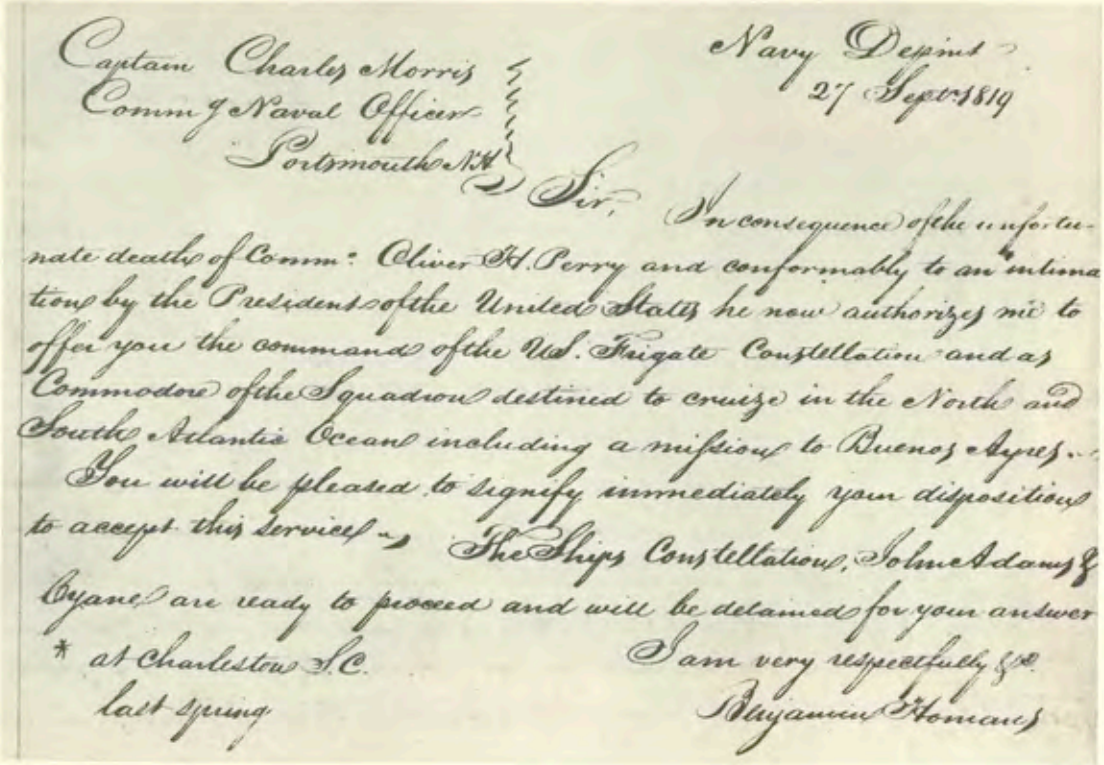
Whatever the reason for the commodore's delay, the news of his subsequent death was brought to Norfolk on 25 September 1819 by Lieutenant Commandant Alexander Claxton, who had accompanied him on the *Nonsuch*. Captain Arthur Sinclair, U.S.N., commandant of the navy yard there, immediately sent the young officer to Washington by "a Steam Boat, which can give you the information two days earlier than our mail."[8]

A contemporary candid look at Perry's mission would doubtless have raised certain questions about its success—its leader died and his letters tell only of rebuffs at the hands of another young nation. However, a long-range evaluation may be more valuable. It was the first diplomatic mission conducted by an American military officer and is therefore an important precedent for later missions conducted by other distinguished military officers, the most notable being Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy and General Alexander Haig. The frustrations of old-world colonial relations, in which American foreign policy was expected to remain scrupulously neutral while its citizens' interests were being victimized by the belligerents, may have led President Monroe to issue his historic Doctrine in 1823. Taking place in a time when the consuming interests of American naval officers were focused on such questions as whether or not the navy was large enough to warrant the creation of its first admiral,[9] the cruise was a fascinating event that is of paramount interest to naval officers of today.

[8] Letter dated 25 September 1819 from Captain Arthur Sinclair, U.S.N., to Secretary of the Navy Smith Thompson.

[9] In a letter to Smith Thompson, Captain A. Murray, U.S.N., a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, spoke of this issue. He said, among other things: "It has never before been known that a Navy of so long standing as ours, has been without a grade of that rank." In his letter, he also stated that he felt he had a splendid record that justified his promotion to admiral, "should Congress . . . deem it proper to sanction the appointment of Admirals."

From a letter copybook, Navy Department, Washington, D.C., showing the assignment of a successor to Oliver Hazard Perry on the Orinoco River diplomatic expedition.



Captain Charles Morris
Comm.g Naval Officer
Portsmouth N.H.

Navy Depmt
27 Sept. 1819

Sir,

In consequence of the unfortunate death of Comm.r Oliver H. Perry and conformably to an intimation by the President of the United States he now authorizes me to offer you the command of the Ud. States Frigate Constellation and as Commodore of the Squadron destined to cruize in the North and South Atlantic Ocean including a mission to Buenos Ayres.

You will be pleased to signify immediately your disposition to accept this service. The Ships Constellation, John Adams & Cyane are ready to proceed and will be detained for your answer

* at Charlestown S.C. last spring

I am very respectfully &c.
Benjamin Homans



John at nine months. Photograph by Walter Leavitt, John's father, courtesy of Mrs. John Leavitt.



John with longer hair and his favorite hat, around 1950. Photograph by Kay Vosburg.



John in the early 1960s on the deck of the *Charles W. Morgan*. Photograph courtesy of Mrs. John Leavitt.

An Impression of a Man: John Faunce Leavitt

By SUSAN P. HOWELL*

On 24 May 1974 the life and active career of John Faunce Leavitt terminated. He began his sixty-nine years as a strapping twelve-pound baby in Lynn, Massachusetts, and ended as associate curator of Mystic Seaport in Connecticut. For only a few months, in Philadelphia, was he ever very far from the New England coast he loved. In the teens of the twentieth century, he became actively interested in the sea, but caught only the tail end of the era of commercial sail. He devoted his last fourteen years at Mystic Seaport to reliving this era through historical research, authentic preservation, and pictorial and literary recounting.

John was unique and colorful. He openly defied conformity and pretentiousness and was characteristically blunt and outspoken, especially against politicians and bureaucracy. In his early years he had fairly long hair on the top of his head, noted for its tousled appearance as he would run his fingers through it. Later he chose the Yul Brynner look, and when I would comment on how his quarter-inch growth was in the stages of being more stylish, he would say, "Twan't but a little while ago that I was thinking I should shave it off again." John was a tall man with a loud voice, and whenever he spoke, people listened, not because he demanded it but because he was interesting. Whether one agreed with him or not, he spoke from many years of experience and acquired knowledge, and always had something to say to benefit a learner.

John was a romanticist. He loved redheads, and married *his* redhead, Virginia, in 1927 after courting her with his guitar, Spanish style. They never had any children but enjoyed the company of young people very much, especially in recent years. Young men needed purpose and talent to be respected by John; however, young girls had the distinct advantage of his favor. Their attractiveness rated them high—talent and purpose were a bonus. John's romanticism extended beyond people. He loved Viennese waltzes, French food, Mount Gay rum, wild-strawberry shortcake, and especially cats. One or all of these were common in the Leavitt household. John felt that the love of money was the root of all evil, and he gave freely of his physical possessions, desiring only a warm home and adequate sustenance. The thriftiness of Virginia extended their life-style somewhat beyond that.

* Susan P. Howell is the only daughter of Murray and Susan Peterson of South Bristol, Maine, who have been friends of John and Virginia Leavitt since the late 1920s. Her association with John, therefore, dates from birth and was especially strong during the past eight years. Mrs. Howell was graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1968 with a background in mathematics and astronomy. She has done part-time work for Connecticut College as an astronomy laboratory instructor and has written articles on astronomy and meteorology for *The Naturalist's Almanac* and *Pequot Trails*. Mrs. Howell is currently lecturing for Mystic Seaport's Planetarium.



John at the opening party for his first book, *Wake of the Coasters*. His painting of the *Alice S. Wentworth* was used on the jacket. Photograph by Lester Olin.

John was a sailor and an adventurer. When he was fourteen years old he prevailed upon his parents to allow him to leave high school in his first year and go to sea. This call was spurred on by the many trips John had made to Boston with his father to walk along the wharves and watch the square-riggers come in. Since the age of seven, he had participated in short fishing ventures. Now he could do full-time the work he loved. His first job was aboard the *George W. Collins*, a lumber schooner out of Rockland, Maine. During the next seven years he coasted on such ships as the *Alice S. Wentworth*, the *Lulu W. Eppes*, the *Gilbert Stancliff*, the *Eugenie*, the *M. M. Hamilton* and many others. When he finally came ashore and married, he had held such jobs as professional yacht skipper and rigger.

John owned a Swampscott dory for only a short time, but crewed for many friends in Marblehead. He sailed mostly "down east" and the vessels were traditional types—Murray Peterson, Aage Nielsen, Fenwick Williams, or John G. Alden designs. John's work as a yacht broker for many years for Sparkman and Stevens, Eldredge-McInnis, and then John G. Alden brought him in contact daily with sailors and boats. He came to Mystic Seaport in 1960 to live on the *Bowdoin*, climb the *Morgan*'s rigging, and return to a way of life he had once known. The difference now: John was the teacher, no longer the student, an authority on the old-time sailors and their ships.

John's sense of adventure was also evident in his summer vacations. For several years he, Gin, and Heidi, their German shepherd, spent three weeks on the top floor of the

John in his studio at home pencil-sketching in preparation for a watercolor. Photograph by Don Treworgy.





John in his red recliner at home reading poetry by Rupert Brooke. Photograph by Don Treworgy.

"fishhouse," a shingled, two-story building once used to hang smoked fish. It was located on the shore of my parents' property in Maine, and its fish aroma had been replaced by boat smells—tar, lumber, paint. My dad used the first floor for boat storage and repair, while the upstairs was regally fitted out with a couple of mattresses, an oak rocker, a pipe berth, a "Little Cod" stove, a three-by-three-foot kitchen area, and an old Coca-Cola icebox. For John, its crowning glory was a bench padded with boat cushions, built in the northeast corner around a card table. A swinging door opened out over the cool water of Jones Cove. Granite cliffs topped with spruce trees were on the far shore, and in between were a collection of Peterson dinghies, a fifteen-foot catboat, and a Block Island fishing boat. After taking a few days to unwind from the Boston bustle, John settled down in his alcove to paint.

John was an artist. His father, Walter Leavitt, had been a ship-model maker. John reproduced his vessels on paper. His first painting of a whaleship, done when he was nine years old, was the beginning of a style all his own, although a lot of research and study in the Peabody Museum in Salem familiarized him with such nineteenth-century marine painters as Montardier, Camillieri, Corne, Salmon, and the Roux family. His medium was watercolor, although with Andrew Wyeth's recipe John did the *Bloomer* in egg tempera, and also experimented with a few oils. His accuracy of detail and his firsthand experience with many of the ships he painted made each picture not only a pleasurable piece of art but also a historical record. The contrast between his early and later paintings shows great improvement in water and sky, from serene, calm backgrounds to cumulus-filled skies and whitecapped waves. His ships were always masterpieces of detail and color. The helmsman in a red-checkered shirt, another vessel on the horizon, a spouting whale, the shores of the subject's stomping grounds, and JOHN F. LEAVITT printed last in red are familiar signs of John's paintings.

John also portrayed his ships in pen and ink. His annual Christmas card, innumerable sketches in his books and in other publications, and individual works all incorporated dimension and, once again, detail in ships and related gear. He even painted mermaids well!

During his lifetime, John had several showings of his work at print shops, museums, libraries, art associations, and galleries. His work now hangs in art museums in this country as well as in England and Denmark, and in the homes of many lovers of maritime art. One of his cats, Jezebel, appreciated John's talent for another reason – his watercolor water made a marvelous beverage and his paper a soft perching place.

John was a storyteller. My first recollection of his fantastic memory came early via "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Little Orphan Annie." My brothers and I never slept too soundly after these scary choices for bedtime stories, but the exciting renditions more than made up for the insomnia. John could recite long passages of literature and poetry. Among his favorite authors were Edna St. Vincent Millay, Rupert Brooke, Joseph Conrad, Henry David Thoreau, and John Masefield. Many of his friends have fond memories of him sitting in his red recliner with Jezebel in his lap and reading *Dauber* or other works concerning the sea or philosophies of life.

John's storytelling abilities also found expression in his years as a newspaperman in Philadelphia and Marblehead and in his later authorship of *Wake of the Coasters* and *The Charles W. Morgan*. He was working on two more historical accounts when he died. Those fortunate enough to have heard and seen some of his lectures are aware of how he could make a series of slides of ships, most of which he had painted himself, turn into a tale of a way of life in coastal New England. Shipbuilding, sailing cargoes, ship's captains, ports, life on shipboard—John knew them well. One could almost taste the slack salted pollock and feel the warmth of the stove in

The "fishhouse" belonging to Murray Peterson at Jones Cove, South Bristol, Maine. John and Virginia spent several summer vacations here. Photograph by Flye Studio, courtesy of the author.





Whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* as she appeared when built, watercolor, 12 x 18 in. 70.118

the *Alice S. Wentworth*'s cabin. His audiences ranged from Scout groups to maritime "learneds" to members of historical groups who had never felt the ocean. John could immediately spark in all of them a love and appreciation for the subject about which he was so obviously enthusiastic.

John was a friend. His loyalty and unselfishness toward those he loved was honest and enduring. I never heard him speak an unkind or untrue word about his friends. Instead, he was likely to extol their virtues. In his losing battle with emphysema, one of his great disappointments was that he was no longer able to take part, with his friends, in physically demanding activities. He disliked being waited on and being given something for nothing. These personal characteristics made John continue as associate curator of Mystic Seaport until the end. The presence of young girls in his building didn't hurt either!

John was a man. In so being, he had his faults. However, to those who loved him, his "Hello, sweet things," "It was blacker than the Earl of Hell's riding boots," "Colder than a call girl's heart," "It's a thick a-dungeon of fog," or "Din Skaal, min Skaal, alle vakre Piger Skaal" (a Danish toast) are only the beginning of a ream of wonderful memories. To those who didn't know him, his maritime research, writing, and art testify to this man's love for the sea and his expert ability to convey it to others in an accurate and exciting manner.



Whaling bark *Charles W. Morgan* as she appears today, watercolor, 17½ x 23⅞ in.

Whaleship *Dauphin*, watercolor, 18 x 24 in.

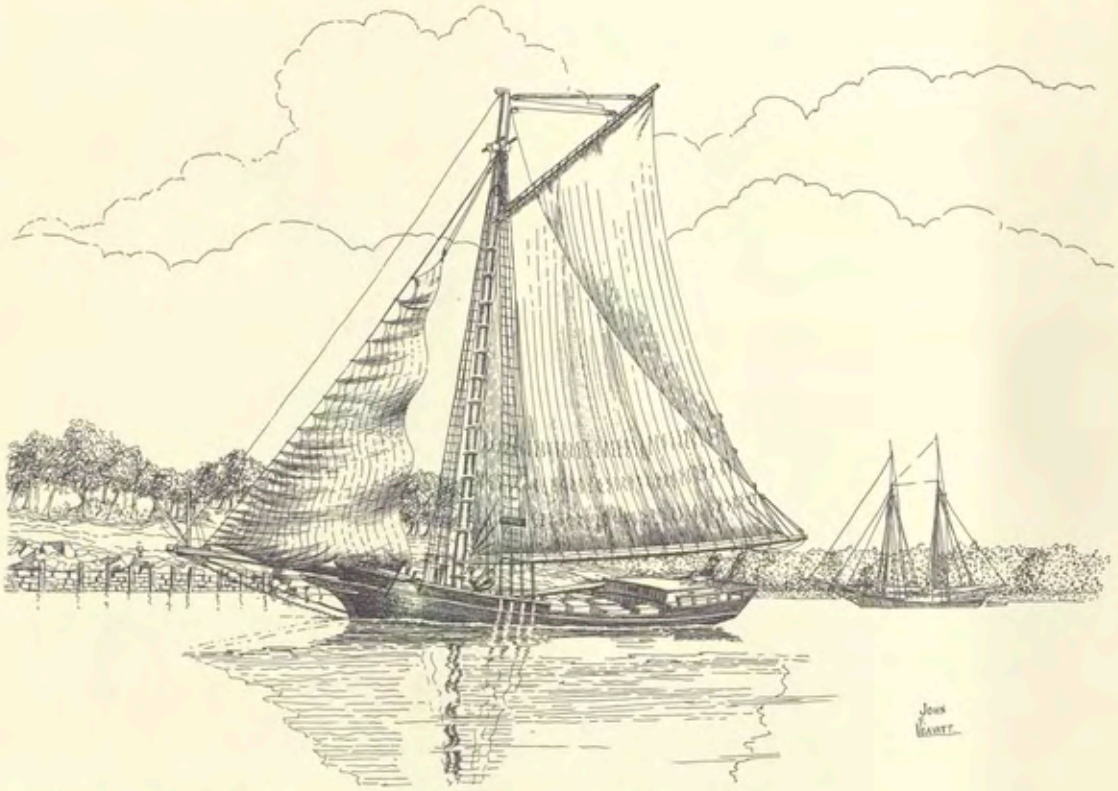


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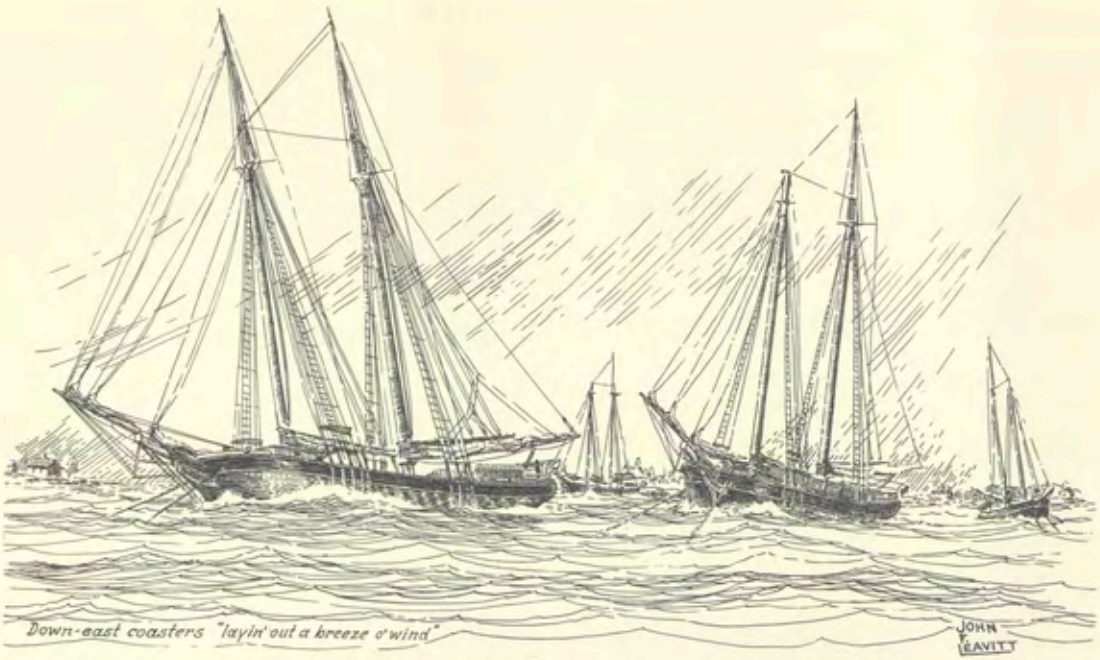
Noank sloop smack *Emma C. Berry*, watercolor, 14⅞ x 21⅞ in.

Two-masted fishing schooner *L. A. Dunton*, watercolor, 18 x 24 in.

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Hudson River sloop *Wasp*, pen-and-ink drawing, 11⅛ x 14⅝ in.



Down-East coasters "Layin' Out a Breeze o'Wind," pen-and-ink drawing, 9¼ x 13¾ in.

All paintings and drawings from the Seaport's collection.

An Account of a Voyage
Aboard the Square-rigged Sailing Ship *Arthur Sewall* From New York to Yokohama

By CHARLES R. PAGE*

Ship "Arthur Sewall"
At Anchor, Feb. 3rd, 1901
In Yedo Bay, Japan

My dear "Snipes":

I am a villain, a blackguard, a failure in promises, etc., etc., and I know it, for not having kept all my promises and had letters ready to send off to both you and your Mother via the "City of Peking" which sailed for home yesterday. As usual with me, my intentions were unimpeachably good, but oh how slack I was when it came to realising. I did succeed in pulling myself together and at the last moment of the voyage got ready a letter home, at that making the one do complete family service. But hold! I speak of the last of the voyage as though that was an accomplished fact. Not a bit of it—in fact I feel almost as far away from Yokohama today, though the distance up to the Bay is but half a score of miles, as I did a month ago. Just four days ago we made land, took on a pilot and commenced to pat ourselves on the back and plan wonderful excursions ashore and the eating of countless juicy beefsteaks and crisp celery and juicy fruits, little knowing at the time that our troubles were but just commencing. There is an old story, that would fit our case, of a prominent American shipmaster who asked the darky pilot of a small Southern up-river port just how far it was up to town. The darky replied "Cap'n, with a fair wind and fair tide you'se dar now—with a head wind and head tide you'll never get dar." And so it is with us! The little gained in beating against the wind with the tide in our favor is almost invariably lost when the tide turns until it seems as though we were destined to knock around here forever and aye. But all this is ahead of my story, and as I intend to attempt some narration of what befell us en route, here goes. Take courage, and as Cris would recommend "Get a newholt"—you will need it for in true deep sea fashion when I start to "spin a cuffer," it is liable to be long, windy and before long vague as to the premises "from which I take a departure." In a very few hours from the time you left us the tugs cast off our lines and encouraged by the Mate, who simply outdid himself in the gentle art of swearing, the second Mate being by that time in a beautiful posture of alcoholic repose on the top of his trunk, the crew managed to get some sail set and the old box soon began to put the "high lands," last trace of home and the States for many a day, well

*This letter was written in 1901 by Charles R. Page of San Francisco and addressed to his intimate friend and college classmate at Yale, Edward G. Bradford, Jr., of Wilmington, Delaware. The ship sailed from New York 23 August 1900 and anchored in Yedo Bay (Yokohama) 4 February 1901, a passage of five months and twelve days. The letter's original punctuation and spelling have been retained.

down on the horizon. At evening time America was but a blur on the edge of the sea. I too found my thoughts set on the parting from friends, and from home and then for the first time realized the complete isolation from all my usual sources of comfort and pleasure, and from any word of dear ones for so long. It was but natural that a feeling of wishing to be able to draw back should possess one, and yet it soon had to give way in the place of such new and interesting surroundings. Between you and me and the gate post (or shall I say the "Wed") mal de mer was one of these contributing incidents of interest. This done for there was a real interest in investigating the officers and crew and getting acquainted with the ways of their life—you had a bit of a glimpse via Giles, the Falstaff of shipping masters, and may be interested to learn more. The entire ships Company, myself included, when we once got clear of such idlers as pilots, shipping masters, and Delawarians, we found to include upon due inspection of the Log Book thirty one souls—I wonder if all these coolies have souls—i.e. Captain, Mate, Second Mate, Carpenter, Steward, Cook, Sail maker, twenty A B's (able seamen), and 4 ordinaries. The Captain you had some chance to become acquainted with. He has proved himself a splendid character. As a man he is great hearted, kind and generous to Passenger, officer and man alike, and I may say that with the exception of two malcontents whom I shall speak of later, all hands feel for him not only respect but an affection. If you know of the ways of American ships and officers—it is the boast of some Captains that they would not hand anything to a sailor but would always kick it to him—you would recognize in this a tribute to the man. He is all "every inch a sailor" even to that Cape Horn roll he gets into his walk and is equally a navigator. As to his treatment of me there is little I can say—had it not been for the awkward right of ownership in the vessel vested in Arthur Sewall Co. of Bath, I might have had her long ago. First among the officers come the First Mate—*the* Mate, par excellence, the Captain's prime minister, the wit of the main deck and the terror of the crew, and in our case the first and worst of the malcontents aforesaid. Mr. McKay in port is different from Mr. at sea. Oily and pleasant enough when you saw him, he soon showed up in his true colors as a coward, a liar, and a brutal bully of the first water. "Look out there now, you g - - d - - s - - b - - etcs. or I'll get among you with a rope's end. I'll show you who I am, I'm McKay from way down East and don't you forget it. I'll lay one of you out yet, you a-b-c's. Look out there now," and he would go for the smallest, most inoffensive and hard working of the poor foreigners with a rope's end, belaying pin or any other hand instrument, carefully avoiding any lazy bucko, who was always a mighty good fellow. The above, edited and cleansed of its obscenities, curses and blasphemies, always announced the Mate's arrival on deck. It is just such officers as this who have given American ships such a hard name and thirty years ago made the packets of the Western Ocean known the World over as "floating hells." And yet withal he is a capable seaman and officer but has but poor ideas on navigation. By the way he especially loves me and I imagine often invokes blessings on my head, when he knows I am well out of ear shot. In this universal brotherhood of love he includes the Captain, who has dressed him down for his conduct and informed him that he is a fool, liar, etc., as well as all others about him. Is it strange that such a man should hate himself too? He does, and I have often heard him "calling himself out of his name." Such a man is the mate—a pitiable figure by contrast with his brother officer, Mr. George. The latter's arrival on board was attended with some eclat as you may recall—at least it was sailor fashion i.e., "Don't by any means, if you can avoid it, go to sea sober." Still a few days away from rum straightened him out and left him as fine a specimen of a sailor man as you can find on salt water. To use the college vernacular, he is "a stud" and I find myself much attached to him, so much so that I am going to

sketch out his life as he has given it to me in many a long night watch, feeling sure you will find much of interest in it. The son of a hardy fisherman up in Newfoundland, as soon as he was able to toddle he went out to sea to help "*his father with his Nets*." So young, he told me, that at night the men would cover him up with jackets, until daylight, when he was turned out to toil again at this perilous business. Imagine ourselves at eight or ten having to work such hours in an open boat in all weathers. From this he started at about twelve working as a man in one of the Cod fishing schooners on the Grand Banks, and at fifteen made his first deep sea voyage to be wrecked on the coast of Portugal. From that time on he sailed in English and American ships seeing almost all parts of the world and plunging deep into the hells of "Sailortown" in Frisco, Calcutta, Hamburg, Liverpool and other great ports, and bringing out many tales of the villainies of these land sharks. The ways of the sailor's boarding houses, of their runners, of the "shanghaiing" of men of all walks he is familiar with. From deep sea ships he turned to sealing and Polar Bear hunting on the Coast of Labrador and Greenland, and then put in two years in the Bering Sea "whaling." In the meantime, he has been a sailor's boardinghouse runner, and professional strongman along "the front," finally bringing up at sea again as Second Mate of these ships, where lack of the most elementary education will keep him all his life. Such a life as the above has furnished many incidents for a stirring tale and in a certain breezy picturesque fashion of his own he can spin his yarns. Not the least attractive of the narration in his pronounciation of proper names. For a long time "Kehipspy" kept me guessing until I hit on Poughkeepsie, N.Y. "Huskimaw" Indians were Esquimaux in disguise. Physically you cannot help admiring the man and outside of the leading lights of the prize ring I have never seen such muscular development. On his feet he is as quick as a cat, and his fists he knows how to handle when he cares to. That New York hoodlum whom you saw aboard gave this officer a bit of back slack the second evening out and had the pleasure of spending the next ten minutes insensible in the lee scuppers. This one incident nipped in the bud any fractiousness that may have been growing among the men and from then on they have given him *unlimited respect*. In addition to his other qualities he is a singer—he has what I should call a magnificent voice could it have been trained—and is always ready with a sea-song or chantey, and as for a sailor's hornpipe he is a daisy. Altogether he is a "bully" companion and—by the way he took a great shine to you. "My, Mr. Page, but that young filler aboard here could chew terbacy." He is an ardent lover of the weed himself, chewing five pounds of black ship tobacco per month, but seems to be rather awe-struck by your prowess in that direction. The ship's carpenter you saw. He is chiefly interesting on account of his sea sobriquet—"Chips," by the crew "Mr. Chips." Did you ever hear of such an incongruity as that—a handle to a nickname? He is the most remarkable mechanic I have ever seen, a real "Jack-of-all-trades" and good at all. A nautical instrument for the captain and a new foretop gallant mast for the ship show the range of his accomplishments. From "Chips" we pass on to the second of the malcontents, the steward, lazy, good for nothing, incapable black villain—further words fail me. I only wish now that I could get back the five dollars I gave him in New York. The Doctor, or "Cook" is a jolly, good-natured darkie, always ready to lend a hand and a "chantey" on a topsail hailyards. Another typical sea nickname is that of "Sails" for the sailmaker—in fact you might easily lead yourself to believe that both "Chips" and "Sails" had never known other names. The men in the forecastle are interesting from the variety of nationality and because of some of the nicknames they rejoice in. Of the twenty there are 1 American only in an American ship, 2 Ilo Ilo men (Filipinos), 1 Fillipino-Chinese, 1 Japanese, 1 Malay from Singapore, another from Calcutta, 1 Kanaka from Guam, a num-

ber of Swedes and Danes, 2 Spaniards, 1 Greek and sundry Russian Finns. That forecastle, when the old Mate gets afoul of it is a perfect tower of Babel. "Diamond Dick" for a Malay with rings in his ears, "Tug of War" for a diminutive "Jap," "Longfellow" for that Swede that looked like a fathom of pump water show the fancifulness of the different names. Of the twenty Giles brought aboard I suppose an even half may have been sailors, and the others simply beachcombers. "Longfellow" was shanghaiied into the ship, being told he was going to sea in a steamer with his brother, and once aboard here with his month's advance in the boarding master's hands he was threatened with instant annihilation should he speak. A typical sailor's life! For the few days he is ashore he is robbed by the prostitute, saloon keeper and boarding master, then is filled up with villainous whiskey, signed away in another ship, his month's advance taken in payment of alleged debts at his boarding house, and then he is put aboard his new ship with a bottle of rum and possibly nothing more than what he stands in, and has the very devil thumped out of him if he dares complain. Such is Jack's life ashore—God knows his life at sea is hard enough! I tell you, Ed, there is plenty of work for the Christians among these men, their "sailor-towns" and the hungry sharks who feed upon them. Why not spend a little of the money in an earnest well directed effort in such a quarter as this and leave the Chinese to the quite enjoyment of their faith. But with many such digressions as these I will never get started for Yokohama. Old man, you're in for it now. I am well wound up, don't know when I shall stop and in fact hardly know where to stop once I try to tackle in any comprehensive way at all such a big subject as this trip. You may be interested to know the daily routine at sea. The crew is divided, immediately on leaving port into two watches, the starboard and port watch, the former in command of the second mate (it is theoretically the Captain's watch although he stands none at sea) and the latter in command of the mate. The day is then divided into five 4 hour watches and two 2 hour or dog watches. The nautical day commences at 12 noon of the previous civil day. At a little before noon, the Captain and Mate come on deck for the noon observation. When the sun reaches the meridian the Captain calls to the man at the wheel "Eight Bells," thus each day getting the correct local time. Eight bells is then made and the watch below called out for their dinner. At one bell, the watch on deck go below for their dinner, the wheel and lookout being relieved and the other watch coming up. In every watch at four bells, the wheel and lookout are relieved, each quartermaster and lookout man thus having but two hours of this duty. The afternoon watch ends at 4 P.M., eight bells is again struck, the watch below comes on deck for its two hours dogwatch, at the same time "Chips" whacks out the allowance of water. So the watches pass around, only one watch ever being on deck at the one time unless "All Hands" are called

The *Arthur Sewall* by Charles Robert Patterson, an Anglo-American painter (1878–1958), (detail).



in an emergency to shorten sail, etc. The bells are struck each half hour fore and aft the ship, at night the lookout calling out "All is well and the Lights are burning brightly, Sir" to the officer of the watch. Thus the days go around with their three meals (7:30 A.M., 12 m, 5:30 P.M.) and "coffee" at 4:30 A.M., the latter being known as "coffee begrudged and water bewitched" a very good name for the mess. The diminutive Japanese pilot who is toasting before the cabin stove and who has been watching me intently for some time has just stopped me to ask in pigeon English if this is a love letter. I shall take the hint and knock off—at least for a time. Terrible, terrible! eleven pages and not even started yet. So long for the present.

A few hours later of the same day;—Many pages ago I started to tell you of our start. Once away from the Coast we steered away to the East with a fair wind. The days to me were long idle hours of happiness, of beautiful Summer sailing such as we enjoyed along the Sound in the good ship "Grace," Capt. Palmer. A few days took us into the sweep of the Gulf stream whose proximity was long foretold by great masses of "gulf weed" floating all over the ocean and at a little distance giving the sea the aspect of a salt hayfield aflood. I have no doubt that the Gulf Stream is a great blessing in that it does much to moderate the climate of much of our Eastern Coast, but to the sea-farer it is somewhat of a bugaboo. It was our experience in crossing it to run in a very short time from pleasant weather into thick and nasty squawls. And the sea—I do believe that dirty choppy cross sea of the Gulf Stream would try the stomach of an ordinarily healthy ostrich. Passing as suddenly out again into fine weather we held on to the East until we got well into the grasp of the North-East trades. I have omitted to tell you that long before this we sailed the two English ships of the fleet, and which had put to sea before us, way out of sight, the first test of the Arthur Sewall's splendid sailing qualities. Once well within the trades there was little of note that occurred. From the steady trades we popped out into the variables and the detestable "Horse Latitudes"—the Dead Sea of the Atlantic where was neither fish nor fowl nor sail. In these regions it never breezes but it blows and once within the tropics in Lat 22° N and Long 33° W we were in for it. On the afternoon of Sept. 12th bang went our foretopgallant mast by the board, part of the wreck crashing from aloft down through the lower sails and on deck. All hands were called and set to work to cut and clear away the wreck, saving what spars we could until the wind increased to a gale and sail had to come off the ship in double quick order. It was the tail end of the disastrous hurricane that devastated Galveston and sent more than one good ship to the bottom that was on us. And our only hope was to put the wind on the starboard quarter and run from the center where no ship can survive. We got sail off her as fast as possible, wore the ship around and ran before it, under almost bare poles. It was a fearful and wonderful night, one to reveal to you the wonders of the deep and show you the sea in its glory. Hour after hour the ship staggered through the furious seas at times shipping tons of water right over her bows. All hands were kept standing by all night to be ready for an emergency until towards dawn the wind commenced to abate and we had the comforting assurance that we were out of the area of greatest danger. I tell you it was an anxious night for all, both fore and aft. At the height of it when we all tailed onto the main brace to get the ship round, Brewster, the lad who told us how desperate a character he was, and the New York hoodlum, a "dope" fiend, sought relief for their feelings in prayer. And what a mockery it did seem from those two. It was of course my first experience of a storm at sea and though it increased my respect for the ocean considerably I do not know I had any fear until others did—possibly I did not appreciate the danger—but had recourse in the feeling that we had done all that mortals could and that

sink or swim it was in the hands of some higher power. It was this same hurricane that caused that terrible disaster at Galveston on Sept. 8, on the twelth partially dismasted us, on the 20th caused the abandonment at sea of the new English ship "Nonpareil," sent the "Ellisland," one of the Yokohama fleet, into the West Indies in distress, blew away yards and sails of the "Arthur Fitzger," another of the fleet, and God knows what other poor devils it may have sent to the bottom. The "Manchester," the fourth of the fleet has not yet been heard of, although she is not yet overdue.

February 11, 1901—In the haven of a Yokohama Hotel.

Again you have my permission to vilify me for my sudden collapse above extending through a whole week. The fact is that on the 4th inst there suddenly came a light fair wind that put us in a few hours over the distance it would have taken days to beat. Once past the health and customs officers, pesky little Japs clad in miles of gold lace and dignity, I was soon ashore and lost in the seductions of the Geisha and life ashore but of this more anon. The last priceless observations I had to make were on the hurricane that nearly overwhelmed us in the North Atlantic. The tropics "where the flying fish play," were full of wonders. The whole day long these graceful little creatures skimmed the crest of the waves all about us, plunging back into the sea every few hundred yards to wet their fragile little wings. They actually do fly—the prevalent notion that they only leap from wave to wave is all wrong—but as soon as their wings become dry a dip in the sea becomes necessary for further flight. With flying fish about us, we were always sure of dolphins, their arch enemy, being in the vicinity. This fish is marvelous to behold. Poets have sung of the beauty of the dying dolphin's colors but then they never could have seen them from a perch on a topsail yard as they darted through the sunlit water in pursuit of the flying fish, else they would have written of the colors of the living dolphin. The Bonito (Spanish, Beautiful) another beauty of the ocean, and schools of playing porpoises, sure precursors of a breeze were also frequent companions. With fish about there was, of course, fishing, especially if the ship happened to be ploughing along at three or four per hour. The method of deep sea fishing is at least ingenious. Given a stout cod line with heavy cod hook baited with a small piece of white rag, the fisher and a companion armed with the "grains" (a sort of a four pronged harpoon) take their places astride the jibboom. The line is then lowered to just touch the surface and bobbed up and down to simulate the leaping of the flying fish. If the conditions are favorable it is not long before a great sparkling mass makes a leap for your bait and you hook a great fellow of 35 or 40 lbs. The problem now is how to keep him on the line and how to get him on board. Play him like a trout, gradually pursuade him to come close up to the surface, and zip your companion has speared him. With the Bonito the method is much the same except that being a much smaller fish he can be hauled up on the line. Once in your arms the fun begins for he can struggle with the strength of a man and with any sort of a sea on you find your hands full in keeping your prize from shaking you bodily off the foot ropes as you try to crawl in. But the best sport in sea fishing is trying to spear the dolphin. On a pleasant day with a good breeze you will find dozens of dolphin tumbling and playing about the bows, for they love to keep a sailing ship company and will do so for days at a time. Given these conditions you take the "grains" which are fitted to a pine staff about six feet long, bend on about six fathoms of new manila rope, and crawl out the bowsprit. You then have to follow the fish's movements with the end of your spear, and as he comes within range, choosing a favorable moment, you let fly and generally miss. But hit one and you are amply compensated for all your failures. It is not only quite a trick to shoot your heavy spear straight through 30 feet of ozone

but it requires considerable native skill and much practice to hang on. The fish we caught were always welcome as affording a bit of fresh grub but in themselves were tough and tasteless as in fact are all deep sea fish. Speaking of fresh food reminds me of the tragic end of our "porkers." One never got his sea legs on and died a few days out while the other two were drowned in their sty which was completely engulfed the night of the hurricane. The hens, owing to the absence of a cock, refused to lay so were soon devoured in Sunday pot pies. The variables in the tropics did not last long and we were fortunate enough to take the South East trade winds in 10° N. and on Sept. 28th, 36 days out, crossed the Line in 26° W, thus fairly coming within Neptune's own domains. The old gentleman came aboard in person, selected the greenhorns of the crew, ordered them tarred from head to waist, shaved them with an old rusty barrel hoop, saw them well ducked in pickle brine, and after seeing that all hands had a drink of whiskey, and giving us permission to proceed, departed as he came, over the bows. The custom is almost as ancient as the sea and its observance, although rather hard on the newcomers, always affords plenty of merriment, makes a wonderful break in the monotony of the voyage, giving "Jack" something new to talk about and so is generally allowed by ship masters. From the Line we sped on to the southward, each night bringing that most wonderful of all constellations, the "Southern Cross" and the Magellan Clouds higher into the heavens, and each day finding it grow colder. From day to day we saw passing along the horizons, many homeward bounders staggering along under great clouds of canvas. They always passed too far away to speak, though we did have a little talk with a Norwegian bark bound to Port Elizabeth, So. Africa whom we asked to report us all well. This he did and thereby allayed any fears that may have existed, as to our safety after the hurricanes of September. Once across the Southern tropic we were well into cold weather and all hands were set to work getting the ship "shipshape and Bristol fashion" for the "roaring-forties" of the South, and all spare time was spent in overhauling chests, getting ready heavy clothing, oiling up oil skin clothes, mending, etc. Out came my Tam-o-Shanter which did constant duty until we once more entered the Indian tropics. With the cold came flocks of sea-birds, harbingers of the storm, Albatross, Cape Pigeons and Ice Birds, from the Southern Ice fields. Ed, there are such things as Albatross and a mighty bird is he. I think he is the Lord of all feathered creation. The fellow we afterwards caught measured ten feet across his wings, with other dimensions proportionate. For weeks and weeks, in fact til we once again turned towards the north, these birds were our constant companions. Much amusement was afforded us in feeding them. Probably no more greedy creature exists than a sea bird and a bucket of spill poured over the stern precipitated a perfect "Bedlam let loose." The din was terrific until some old Albatross happened along and squelched the racket by gobbling all—just as Fred Adams et al's satellites used to squabble and quarrel over honors and offices until their God took to himself the honors. You can't be greedy and discriminating at the same time so that two fat juicy bits of pork tied together with a bit of rope yarn produced no end of trouble, especially if a huge Albatross got one end and a tiny Cape Pigeon another. Neither bird would disgorge so there they staid and fought til the string gave way. This same greediness leads them to take a hook baited with pork and so be hauled aboard. Approximately when off the Rio de la Plata—actually in lat 30° S and long 34° W—we started to steer to the S.E. and nautically speaking we had commenced to "run our Easting down," the long cold and desolate route to the East. Fifty-five days out in lat 37° S and long 13° W we passed Tristan da Cunha, but failed to see it, just catching the loom of its mountain through the mist and fog. I was disappointed in this for in accord with the usual custom we would have "hove to" and bought some

sheep and fresh vegetables from these lonely Islanders. On the 27th of Oct, 65 days out, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope in a heavy gale and raging sea, on the Lat of 40° S. So far we had made a ripping good passage! From now on the course was due East and the wind veritably roared behind, making life seem a bitter farce when it blew from the south and the ice-wastes. One uncomfortable day succeeded another—although all happy ones to me—until we came pretty close to ending our passage on 5th of Nov. On that day came a gale of wind that was a gale and threw us on our beam ends. In some unaccountable way our cargo shifted to starboard and the ship refused to right herself. For three days and three nights we lay with our lee rails under water and great seas that went a quarter the way up the lower rigging coming aboard, swept everything fore and aft the deck. The forecastle and galley were gutted and filled by the seas, and the cabin contained a depth of four feet of water on its starboard sides. Shirts, collars, blankets, law books, chairs, magazines and everything else afloat. Most of the captain's clothes were ruined and mine would have suffered the same fate had I still been living in that same room. Fortunately I had moved to one of the small rooms on the port side soon after leaving New York having learned that a bed at sea was but a delusion and a snare. On the morning of the 8th the force of wind and sea moderated a little, letting us limp along on our way a good deal the worse for wear. A few more such gales but fortunately for us less severe, and we were done with the long run across the Indian Ocean, again turning to the North when we reached the 118° Meridian East. It was the old story of too much wind when it blew or else none at all as now we entered a region of calms and light baffling winds. Ninety days out we passed Northwest Cape, Australia, lost our S.E. trade winds and commenced to cuss our luck. In ten days of drifting more than sailing we were up with the land, making out Cape Blackwood, on the Island of Sandalwood, one of the great East Indian archipelago. Running in we passed through the Ombay Passage with the mountainous island of Timor on our right and Ombay on the left. Both of these Islands are mountain jungles, peopled by a semi-civilized race and abounding in such animals as tiger, *python* (big snake) and deer. The inhabitants are of the tribe of the head hunting Dyacks of Borneo and are notoriously bad. The passage of these straits was fraught with considerable danger owing to the suddenness and fierceness of tropical squalls that came down upon us from the mountains like a thunder-burst and in their violence threatened to dismast us. How in the wild confusion and intense blackness of these squalls the ship was kept off the beach is still a mystery to me—more luck than anything else. From these straits we drifted on into the Banda Sea where we had a rude shock in the shape of a Malay prau bearing down us. The captain was like a hen on a hot griddle since we had no firearms aboard. The stranger bore away again without having trained his "Long Tom" on us or having run up the "Jolly Roger." He was in all likelihood a little coaster but at the same time we should have felt easier had we had some sort of a weapon on board. Out of the Banda Sea into Gilolo passage passing hundreds of tropical islands known to geography as the spice islands, we found ourselves on Christmas Day right on the Equator. Then began the real calms. From day to day not a breath of air, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," drifting to the eastward and southward at the rate of 3 knots an hour until I thought we should go mad. The Ancient Mariner saw the sea crawl and so did we. Hundreds of sea snakes writhed and swam all about us. These snakes were three or four feet long, with pink bellies and were attracted to the surface I suppose by the unusual calm. Some of the sailors saw them with long shaggy manes so they must be first cousin to the yellow journal sea serpents. Speaking of sea animals reminds me of an immense blue shark we caught in the Banda Sea. Upon disemboweling him, we found a large hunk of rope

yarn and a piece of Boston newspaper in his belly, apparently his favorite diet and almost as unique as Joanne's tobacco chewing goat. The calm aforesaid came to its end—I believe just in time to save life and reason for the "Parson" whom I had to nurse through those terrible days—and a good breeze sprang up and landed us with little further incident off the coast of Japan. In the end we made port safely and none too soon as a ship with a big list to one side and a leak in her bows that was making five inches of water per day is in no condition to withstand many of the perils of the sea. In some ways an unlucky passage. At one time partially dismasted, at another on her beam ends with half a dozen rivets started, then 42 days in a calm—yes, Arthur Sewall's death must have been an ill omen. The German ship that sailed with us had discharged her cargo and was going to sea when we came in. The Manchester and Ellisland have yet to give an account of themselves. As to the passage I may say it was an unqualified success—I have gained steadily in health, flesh and strength. After all I found something to enjoy at all times. I picked up plenty of seamanship, both theoretical and practical, and some navigation—sufficient to navigate on an ordinary vessel—In one thing I failed—and failed most lamentably and that was in reading law. The law has not so much attraction for me as the ministry and I am convinced now that time spent with it would be but time wasted. This is, of course, entre nous as I think I had better at least make the trial of it. The whole voyage was a time of the utmost enjoyment of a boaty time. Boaty was no name for it and in the five months I learned a great deal of the range of a sailor's duties from steering to splicing ropes, accomplishments. . . .

. . .

Thus the manuscript ends, the final page or pages having been lost. At the time the letter was written, Charles R. Page was twenty-two years old. A native of San Francisco, he had graduated from Yale in 1900, only two months before the *Arthur Sewall* sailed from New York. Upon leaving the ship in Yokohama he returned by steamer to San Francisco, where he predictably abandoned any further pretense of following either the ministry or the law and commenced a career in marine insurance with the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company of San Francisco. From 1917 to 1919 he served as a United States Shipping Board Commissioner and in 1920 he directed the organization of the American Marine Insurance Syndicate. He then returned to the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, of which he eventually became president and chairman of the board. He died in San Francisco in 1963 at the age of eighty-five, never having lost his love of ships and of the sea. Some fifty years after he had sailed on the *Arthur Sewall* he became a director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, which undertook to salvage and restore the steel-hulled square-rigged sailing ship *Balclutha*. When the ship had been outfitted and tied up at her berth for final inspection, he is quoted as having said, "She is beautiful. The only thing I can see wrong with her is that the royal and topgallant braces are hanging in a bight." Manila rope had been utilized as a substitute for wire braces, an inaccuracy which was soon corrected.

The Ship and Her Ultimate Fate

The *Arthur Sewall* was launched 23 February 1899. She was a four-masted steel bark built by A. Sewall & Co. of Bath, Maine. She displaced 3209 tons, length 332.0′, beam 45.2′, depth 25.6′. Her first master was Captain James F. Murphy, probably Bath's most famous shipmaster.

She sailed from Bath on her maiden voyage in ballast for Philadelphia, where she loaded for San Francisco. The *Sewall* loaded wheat in San Francisco for London. She then loaded chalk for New York.

At this time (1900) Captain Burton Gaffry took command and had her for the rest of her career. She loaded case-oil in Philadelphia for



The *Arthur Sewall* at anchor in the Kennebec off Bath, Maine. This photograph was probably taken just before the *Sewall* sailed in ballast on her maiden voyage to Philadelphia. A controversial feature of several Sewall ships, including the *Arthur Sewall*, was standing (fixed) upper topsail yards, which made it harder to shorten sail in a hurry. There is some speculation that these may have been responsible for her loss with all hands off Cape Horn in 1907. From the collection of John F. Leavitt.

Yokohama; then to Honolulu in ballast and then to Philadelphia with sugar. She next (1901–1902) loaded case-oil for Kobe; to Honolulu in ballast; then sugar to Philadelphia. In 1902–1903, case-oil to Shanghai, then the usual run to Honolulu to load sugar for Philadelphia. In 1904 case-oil from New York to Shanghai; then to Port Townshend to load lumber for Shanghai and then again the usual sugar run. In 1904–1905, coal to Manila, then the sugar run.

On 2 April 1907, after loading coal for Seattle, the *Arthur Sewall* passed the Delaware Breakwater at 2:30 in the afternoon. No one ever saw her again. Most authorities think she was wrecked or foundered in the Cape Horn area. Some think she may have collided with a British vessel which went missing at the same time. Others think her cargo of coal may have caught fire. In any case no trace of her was ever found.

Harold E. Brown
Curator, The Bath Marine Museum

NOTE: For further information readers are referred to Hennessy, Mark W., *The Sewall Ships of Steel* (Augusta: The Kennebec Journal Press, 1937).

DIRECTOR'S PAGE

In the fall of 1972, the First International Congress of Maritime Museums was held at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England. The concept for this meeting of leading maritime museums in the Western world originated in 1969 at Mystic Seaport from thoughts presented by Basil Greenhill, director of England's National Maritime Museum, at the Seaport's annual meeting. Subsequently Mystic Seaport and Greenwich joined forces to promote and co-sponsor the Congress.

So successful was the Congress that the delegates decided to develop it into a permanent international organization of maritime museums, and this fall the Second International meeting will be held in Oslo, Norway. The Third International Congress is already scheduled for 1978 and will probably be held in the United States, quite possibly at Mystic Seaport.

The International Congress quite dramatically demonstrated the need for maritime museums to form a close alliance wherein a continuing interchange of communications could develop and a forum could be established to exchange ideas and to promote individual and group action to meet problems and challenges indigenous to maritime institutions. These frequently differ from those encountered by museums and galleries that concentrate in other areas of museology.

Thus it came to pass that on a wintry January day in 1973 a small group of directors from leading American maritime museums met in Philadelphia to exchange views on the role maritime museums should be playing in the broader sphere of the nation's museums and, in particular, to deliberate ways to meet the pressing need, so clearly demonstrated at the International Congress, for maritime museums to pool their knowledge and shared experience. At this meeting the Council of American Maritime Museums was born. The purposes of the Council are "to uphold, promote, and further the welfare, programs and activities of American maritime museums." Membership is institutional, by invitation, and by design will remain small in number.

In its two years of existence CAMM has become the recognized voice of America's maritime museums. Its membership is closely allied and works enthusiastically and effectively as a team. It is, in effect, the American wing of the International Congress (its president and vice president are the American representatives on the Executive Committee of the Congress) and it has played a leading role in developing a national awareness of the need for a more viable program for maritime preservation. It is actively assisting the National Trust for Historic Preservation in planning and developing a new division for maritime preservation within the Trust.

CAMM is fulfilling a great need, is well established, and has a promising future. I am grateful to the trustees of Mystic Seaport, and to our staff, for the support they have given CAMM. We also can be proud of the vision and backing our trustees have given to enable Mystic Seaport to play a not inconsequential role in the formation of the International Congress and the Council of American Maritime Museums.

Waldo Chap. Johnston

BOOK REVIEWS

Workaday Schooners. Compiled by Edward W. Smith, Jr. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1975. xiii + 196 pp. Illustrations, lines, sail plans, and vessel index. $15.00.)

Historical photographs are almost unequalled when it comes to learning how old things looked. The "old things" in this case are the schooners that sailed out of Newport, Rhode Island, at the turn of the century in pursuit of mackerel or laden with various dry cargoes. These fishing and coasting schooners were so taken for granted as to be almost totally ignored by early marine photographers, who were preoccupied (no doubt for sound financial reasons) with the prestigious yachts. No so Edward W. Smith, whose photos appear in this book and who, with his Quaker upbringing, scorned the showy toys of the rich man. Instead he focused on the commonplace, neglected workaday vessels, and in so doing left behind a rare and tremendously valuable research tool.

Smith (1875–1940) was not a professional photographer, but a young summer visitor to Newport who sailed around the harbor entrance in one or the other of his catboats, *Kingfisher I* and *II*, from which he took these pictures between 1895 and 1905. They are on glass plate negatives of generally high quality and most were taken from his second boat, *Kingfisher II*, recently acquired by the Seaport (see "Acquisitions").

The book itself, compiled by Smith's son, is of particular interest to Mystic Seaport for other reasons as well. Staff members Capt. Francis E. Bowker and the late John F. Leavitt helped identify the vessels and wrote captions, and Smith's original glass plates are at the Seaport, an unrestricted gift of his son.

The photographs make up the first half of the book. About fifty fishermen, mostly mackerel seiners, and fifty coasters (two- to five-masters) are represented, more than half of which are identified by name in the interesting captions accompanying each picture. A few brigs, a brigantine, a tugboat, a light vessel, and a sloop are also depicted.

To help the reader better understand these vessels and how they were used, four classic writings have been reprinted in the second half. By far the most valuable is from the 1887 *Fish Commission Report*, compiled under George Brown Goods and entitled "The Mackerel Fishery." In it the process of seining is fully described and illustrated. Making a portion of this prime resource conveniently available is indeed commendable and I hope that some day it can be reprinted in its entirety.

Also included is another piece on fishing schooners, this one on the vessels themselves, reprinted from Howard I. Chapelle's *American Sailing Craft*, published in 1936 and out of print for much too long. There are also two articles on coasting schooners, one by Charles S. Morgan which appeared in *The American Neptune*, giving a general rundown on coasters, and another describing firsthand experiences aboard these vessels which John T. Rowland wrote for *Yachting* a number of years ago.

Much junk is published these days that capitalizes on our love for boats and the sea but is written by professional authors who don't know their subject. With *Working Schooners*, International Marine (as well as the author) is to be congratulated in producing a book that allows the past to tell its own story.

Maynard E. Bray

American Naval Broadsides, A Collection of Early Naval Prints, 1745–1815. By Edgar Newbold Smith. (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1974. vii + 225 pp. Epilogue, biographical sketches of artists and engravers, and bibliography. $35.00.)

Catalogues come and catalogues go, but this one should definitely not be condemned to a bookshelf and forgotten. The subject is probably the finest and most extensive private collection of American naval prints of the period from 1745 through the War of 1812, many of which were formerly in the Francis Garvan and Henry Graves collections. The Seaport has in its collection the original oil painting of "The *Phoenix* and the *Rose*," based on a sketch by Sir James Wallace (1731–1804.)

The Smith collection consists of 187 prints, 117 of which are illustrated in full color. Unfortunately, the black-and-white reproductions are not nearly so handsome, and in one instance (Plate 10, Number 15, page 29) somewhat difficult to appreciate fully. However, with the above exception, the collection is superb.

This reference book will be of considerable

interest to the student of American naval history, more so perhaps than to the student of printmaking and the collector, because in addition to a thorough and "neat" description of each print, the author has supplemented his endeavor with a good (though recognizably limited) synopsis of naval history. Admittedly, the reader will not gain any great appreciation for the technical aspects of printmaking, but historically and aesthetically this text would be a worthwhile addition to anyone's library and is a particularly welcome addition to the G. W. Blunt White Library's collection.

Pamela McNulty

BOOK ANNOTATIONS

Diaries from the Days of Sail. Edited by R. C. Bell, with introduction by Alan Villiers. (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1974. 160 pp. Illustrations and appendices. $10.00.)

This volume covers three typical voyages by Englishmen who kept sea journals: an 1834 passage to Canada on board the ship *Caroline*, an 1857 voyage to China on board the ship *Vanguard*, and an 1862 passage to Australia on board the clipper ship *Orient*. The appendices are also of considerable interest.

Eagle Seamanship. Edited by William Norton. (New York: M. Evans & Co., Inc., 1969. xii + 172 pp. Illustrations and glossary. $5.95.)

One-of-a-kind textbook on sailing square-riggers. The Coast Guard's training-bark cruise experience provides the in-depth background for this excellent manual.

Fishers Island, N.Y., 1614–1925. By Henry L. Ferguson. (Harrison: Harbor Hill Books, 1974. vii + 103 pp. Illustrations. $12.50.)

This reprint of a 1925 volume would be of particular interest to libraries and private collectors in southeastern Connecticut or the Long Island region. Certainly no one has improved upon the subject matter in a single volume.

Heavy Weather Sailing. By K. Adlard Coles. (Tuckahoe: John DeGraff, Inc., 1975. 331 pp. illustrations, diagrams, appendices, and index. $15.00.)

A revised and enlarged edition of a favorite through five printings. Added are chapters on "Multihull in Heavy Weather" by Michael Henderson and "Motor Craft in Heavy Weather" by Peter Haward, with an appendix entitled "The Loss of *Morning Cloud*."

The Illustrated Hudson River Pilot. By Richard W. Wilkie. (Albany: Three City Press, 1974. v + 183 pp. Illustrations, tables, charts, bibliography and index. $15.00.)

An excellent guide for the major segment of the Hudson River, from Albany downstream to New York City. Contains line drawings of both banks, plus charts showing the navigation aids and easily recognized landmarks. Material is arranged in five sections on stretches of the river, with an additional section on history.

The Marine Painting of Carl G. Evers. Introduction by Ian Ballantine. (New York: Bantam Books, Inc., 1975. iii + 45 plates. $5.95.)

A cross-section of Mr. Evers's marine art in catalog form, with only two of the plates in black and white. These paintings depict a broad spectrum of subject matter: blue water commercial sail, the fisherman, commercial motor vessels, naval subjects, and seascapes.

Modifying Fiberglass Boats. By Jack Wiley. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1975. ix + 118 pp. Illustrations, schematics, and index. $10.95.)

A timely manual for owners of all sizes of craft built with this material. It would also be a must for yards called upon to perform work from the fundamentals through sophisticated installations. All of the projects are clearly presented.

The Ocean World of Jacques Cousteau. Vols. 1–20. Managing Editor, Richard C. Murphy. (New York: Grolier Enterprises, Inc., 1973. 2880 pp. Illustrations, glossary, and index. $103.50.)

This twenty-volume set is a welcome addition to any public or private collection even remotely concerned with marine life. The quality of the color plates is excellent and the text comparable. Each volume deals with a specific subject and is indexed, with a glossary and general index in the last volume.

The Passage. By Norah A. Perez. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1975. 191 pp. $6.50.)

For those who prefer light novels, this story of a young Irish lass provides that touch of ad-

venture during the Great Migration of the late 1840s.

Riches of the Sea. By Norman Carlisle. (New York: Sterling Publishing Co., 1972. 128 pp. Illustrations and index. $4.95.)

The subject matter of this volume is scientific fish farming, the mining of numerous minerals, the sea as a power source, and much more. Factual textbook presentation.

Sea Battles. By Michael Sanderson. (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 1975. 199 pp. Illustrations, maps and bibliography. $9.95.)

A compendium of the world's great sea battles providing a very handy guide arranged in alphabetical order. The brief synopsis of each engagement includes the alignment of forces, the developing tactical situation, and the outcome.

Swamp Sailors. By George F. Buker. (Gainesville: The University Presses of Florida, 1975. vi + 152 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, and index. $6.50.)

The subtitle of this monograph is *Riverine Warfare in the Everglades, 1835–1842.* In subject matter it covers the unsuccessful attempt by the U.S. Government during the Second Seminole War to remove this Indian nation from Florida. A development of doctrine far exceeded any accomplishment in fact. One will find thorough documentation in this well-written volume.

Under the Guns, New York: 1775–1776. By Bruce Bliven, Jr. (New York: Harper & Row, 1972. xiii + 397 pp. Illustrations, one foldout map, sources, notes, and index. $10.00.)

This study will provide timely reading during these first years of the Bicentennial. The material is presented in the modern narrative form without footnotes, but sources and notes may be found in the back of the book.

ACQUISITIONS

Kingfisher II, one of two surviving Newport-type catboats, was recently donated to Mystic Seaport by John Benson, of Newport, R.I., grandson of the original owner, Edward W. Smith, Sr. *Kingfisher* was built in 1894 or 1896 as a decked catboat with a steam-bent oak coaming by either T. Stoddard or one of the Barker brothers, whose shops were located on Long Wharf in Newport. Edward W. Smith sailed her as a yacht and used her when he made the famous glass plate negatives of Newport waterfront scenes, now preserved at Mystic Seaport. (The collection has been edited and published by Edward W. Smith, Jr., and is reviewed on page 62.)

Traded to Lars Larson, a professional captain for a larger catboat, in 1905, *Kingfisher II* was later rebuilt by Larson, this time with a cuddy cabin and vertically staved coaming, and used as a day charter boat in Newport harbor. In 1941 Henry A. Wood III, nephew of E. W. Smith, Sr., purchased the boat from Larson's estate, and she remained in the family until she was donated to the Seaport by John Benson. Despite many changes over the years, *Kingfisher II* still retains those design and builder characteristics which distinguish the Newport catboat from the Cape Cod, Great South Bay, and Barnegat Bay catboats, and as such it is a valuable addition to Mystic Seaport's small craft collection.

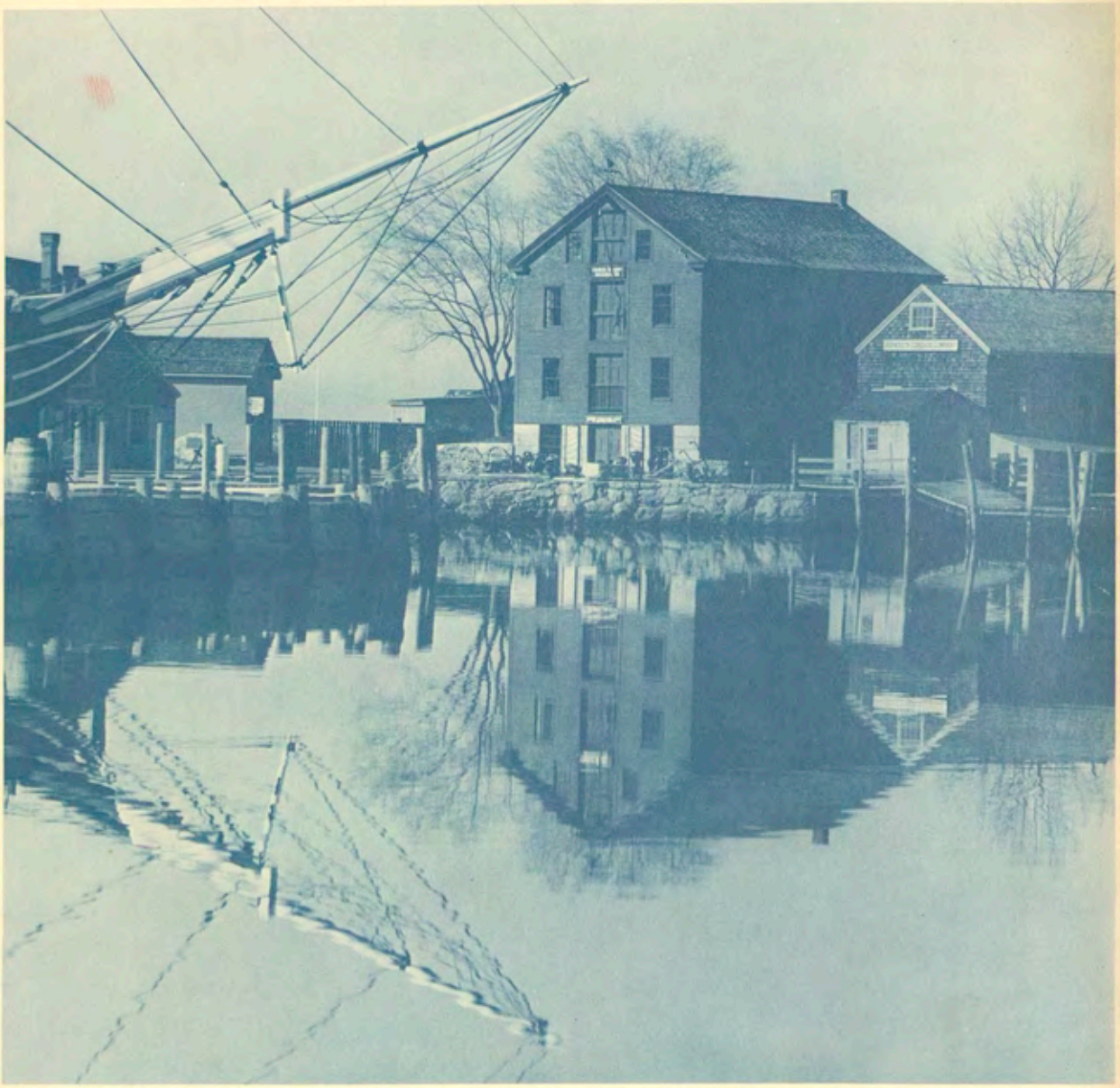
Peter Vermilya



74.928



This recently acquired ship portrait by Charles Sidney Raleigh fills a void in the Seaport's collection, which, it is hoped, will someday contain fine examples of the work of all major American marine artists. The ship *Belle of the Seas* was built in Marblehead in 1857 by Ewall and Dutton, and held a record for a passage from London to Melbourne, Australia, making the trip in sixty-four days. The painting, which is dated 1892, is in exceptionally good condition, and shows not only Raleigh's animated figures on deck, but also the unusual feature of a masthead figure, in this case a rooster on the mainmast. The painting was purchased with monies from the Lewis Austin Storrs Memorial Fund.



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