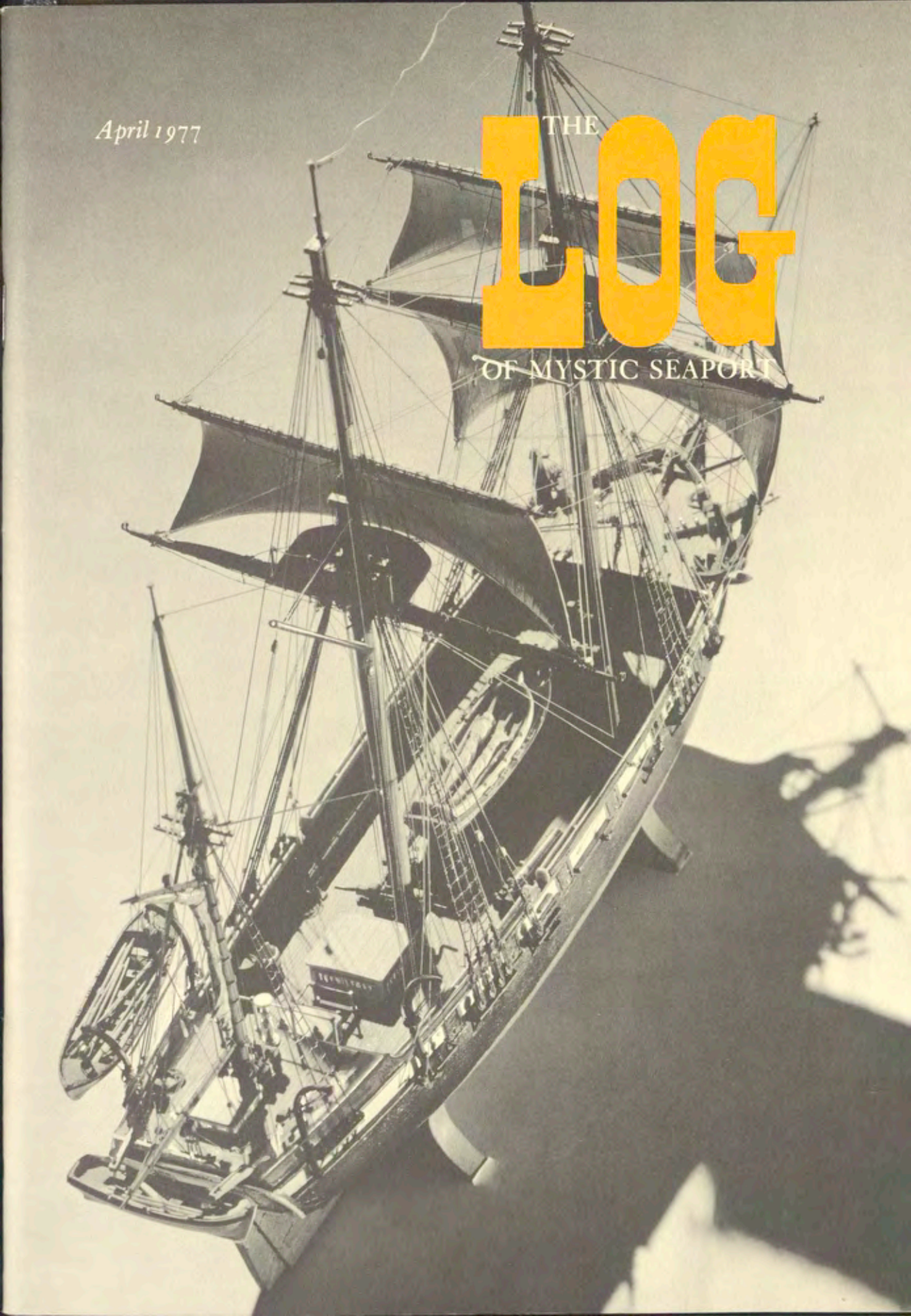
April 1977

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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COVER: *Built to a scale of 3/32" to 1', the model of* H.M.S. Beagle *made by Lois Darling shows her as described by Captain FitzRoy: "under close-reefed fore and main topsails, and double-reefed foresail."*

FACING PAGE: *The Gloucester fishing schooner* L. A. Dunton, *after extensive work on hull and interior, is ready for the summer's crowds. Drawing by John F. Leavitt.*

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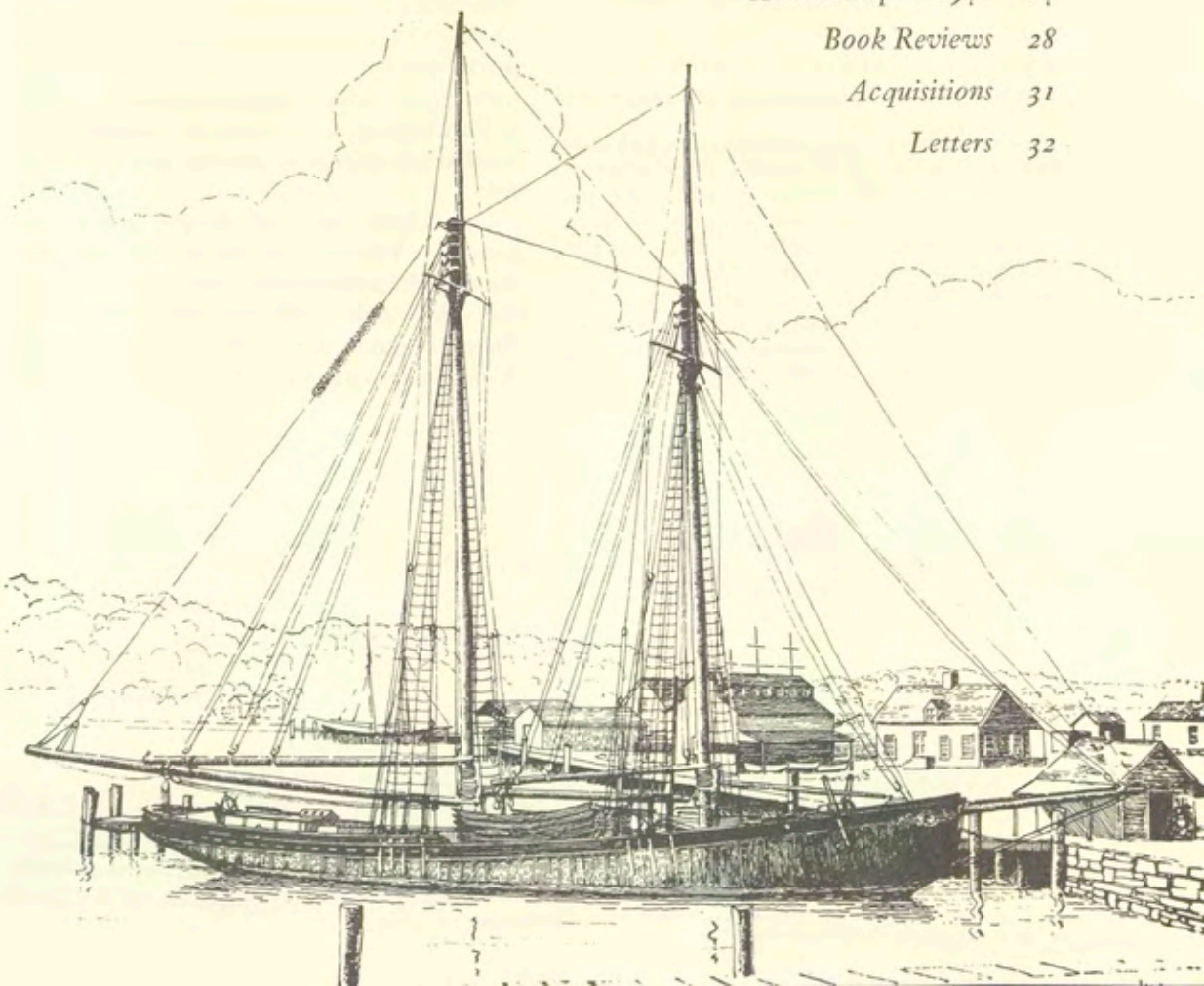
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H.M.S. *Beagle*

Further Research *or* Twenty Years a-Beagling

By LOIS DARLING*

The name H.M.S. *Beagle* does not necessarily mean very much unless something is known of the *Beagle*'s history. She was the vessel in which Charles Darwin circumnavigated the world while still in his twenties. The voyage took five years, from just after Christmas 1831 to October 1836.

The *Beagle* had been out before. Her first surveying voyage, from May 1826 to October 1830, in company with H.M.S. *Adventure* was for the purpose of charting various passages through and around the southern tip of South America. Sailing amid islets awash and rocks only occasionally revealed by breakers, with strong currents, gales and williwaws, and with sleet and snow and frozen sails, Pringle Stokes, Surveyor and Captain of the *Beagle*, began to find it all too much. His account in *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of His Majesty's Ships Adventure and Beagle, Volume I*, shows the *Beagle* spending more and more time at anchor and her captain more and more time in his cabin. By August 1828, with the ship in a sorry state and out of provisions, and the men sick with scurvy and pulmonary diseases, Captain Stokes returned to Port Famine on the Strait of Magellan, retired to his cabin and ended his misery with a shot.

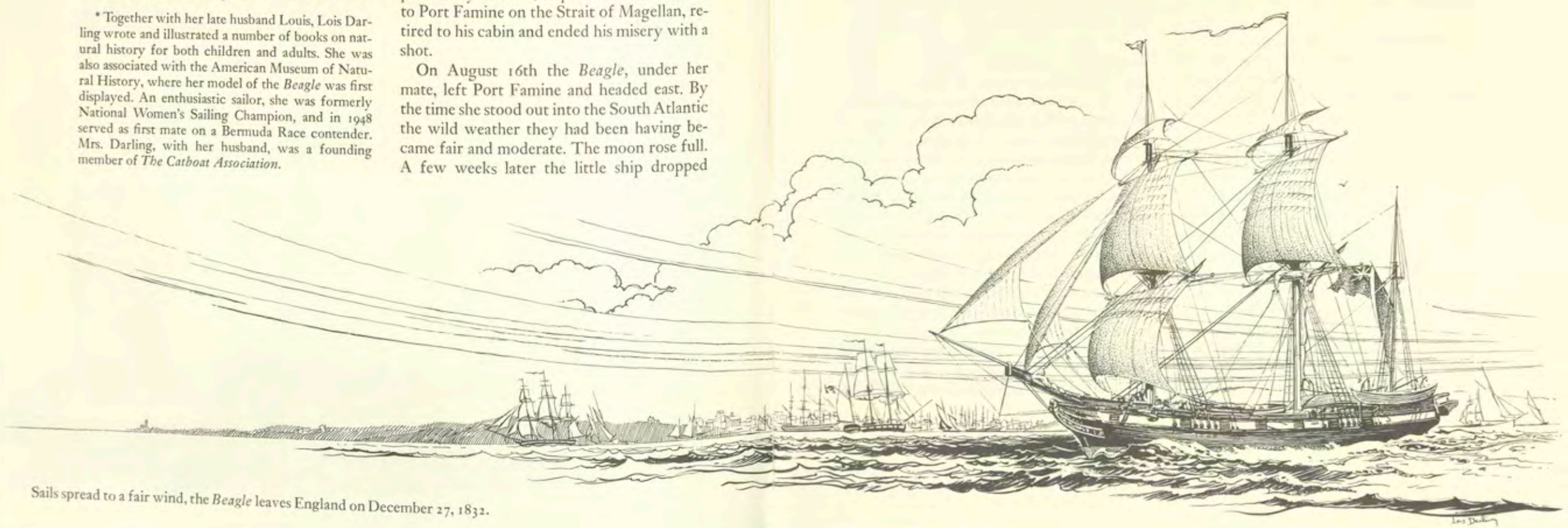
On August 16th the *Beagle*, under her mate, left Port Famine and headed east. By the time she stood out into the South Atlantic the wild weather they had been having became fair and moderate. The moon rose full. A few weeks later the little ship dropped anchor in Monte Video. Here, twenty-three year old Robert FitzRoy, Flag Lieutenant on H.M.S. *Ganges*, was appointed to command the *Beagle*—a position he filled with consummate skill for the duration of the first voyage and all of the second, the one in which Charles Darwin sailed.

Darwin's account of the observations and studies he made during the second voyage appears in Volume III of the "*Narrative*" mentioned earlier. He called what he had written *Journal and Remarks 1832–1836*. In time this became known simply as *The Voyage of the Beagle*. The presence of the young scientist was to make this voyage one of the most important of all time, and his account of it, first published when he was barely thirty, was to become one of the classics of science and literature.

But what of the *Beagle?* How did she look? Beyond Darwin's introductory sentence in *The Voyage* in which he calls her "a ten-gun brig," he seldom mentions the ship. Actually, to one conversant with the British Navy of this period, "ten-gun brig" means a great deal, but with the changes made for her surveying voyages, few readers would have been able to picture the *Beagle* even then, except on the vaguest of terms. Later editions of *The Voyage*, illustrated by R. T. Pritchett, only served to confuse the issue; the more so as distance gave these erroneous drawings an aura of authenticity they never had. This is unfortunate as the *Beagle* was extant up until 1870, and although sadly changed from the time she was transferred from Her Majesty's Navy in 1845 to become a Coast Guard Watch Vessel, facts about her would have been easy to attain. The *Beagle*'s history is a fascinating story in itself, but the problem at hand is not her history but how she looked.

Years ago, my husband and I used a plastic model of the *Charles W. Morgan* to represent the *Beagle* in an effort to make Darwin's voyage come alive when we were lecturing at local schools. This was good enough until the day I began (Heaven help me!) to wonder what the *Beagle* really *did* look like and why Darwin had called her a brig, when what illustrations I had seen showed her as a bark.

* Together with her late husband Louis, Lois Darling wrote and illustrated a number of books on natural history for both children and adults. She was also associated with the American Museum of Natural History, where her model of the *Beagle* was first displayed. An enthusiastic sailor, she was formerly National Women's Sailing Champion, and in 1948 served as first mate on a Bermuda Race contender. Mrs. Darling, with her husband, was a founding member of *The Catboat Association*.



Sails spread to a fair wind, the *Beagle* leaves England on December 27, 1832.

How, in fact, could he have written his cousin, W. D. Fox: "My objection to the vessel is its smallness," (the *Beagle* was 90′ between perpendiculars and about eight feet more from stem to stern), "which cramps one so for room for packing my own body and all of my cases.... She is a ten-gun three-masted brig, but, I believe, an excellent vessel."

A "three-masted brig" is impossible, or so I thought, for the very thing that makes a brig a brig is her two-mastedness—two masts with square sails on each. At the time Darwin wrote the letter he could easily have been mistaken, for he knew little of ships and had just visited the *Beagle* for the first time. But he continued to call the *Beagle* a brig from then on. By 1958, curiosity overcame me to the extent that I decided to make a small model to replace the *Morgan-Beagle* I was using. It seemed only necessary to write the British Admiralty for information and plans. A tiny note arrived in prompt answer to my letter. In a spidery hand it informed me "that such plans and drawings of H.M. Ships of that period as now exist are deposited in the National Maritime Museum..." I wrote as directed, forthwith. Here are some extracts from the reply:

"With regard to the *Beagle*, we have the Admiralty plans for the class of 10 gun brig to which the *Beagle* belonged. These do not show the ship as fitted for Darwin's voyage, but they give the shape of the hull which was not in any way altered (after 1817). Unfortunately no rigging plan exists. Although the *Beagle* was a brig, a small third mast was carried in order to assist with steering... I will send you copies of four of our plans and I think you should be able to get sufficient information to make a reasonably accurate model of the *Beagle*.

A. H. Waite, Deputy Curator
of Models and Relics."

I had expected to find the *Beagle* fully documented and was amazed to find that she was not. The search for the *Beagle* seemed to be only beginning. How was she fitted for her surveying voyages? What changes, other than the mizzenmast, had been made?

The matter intrigued me. This small ship going about the business of scientific exploration had somehow been overlooked. This seemed a pity when countless models have been made of other sailing ships with well known names and often bellicose histories; the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, H.M.S. *Bounty*, H.M.S. *Victory* and even the ugly *Monitor*, to name but a few. Nelson's *Victory* is kept enshrined by the British government. The *Beagle* is gone—presumably broken up by the firm of Murray and Trainer, which bought her at public auction in 1870 for 540 pounds... leaving what was left of her rotting hull to become part of the Thames or Roach River's muddy bottom. At that time Darwin and *The Origin of Species* were still very controversial and it is doubtful if more than a handful of people knew or cared what became of the little brig which carried him safely around the world. No one dreamed that the *Beagle* would be worth saving or depicting until it was too late.

I had begun to jot down what I occasionally came across re. *Beagle* when I learned that the American Museum of Natural History was planning a special exhibition to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the publication of *The Origin of Species*, in 1859. Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, director of the Department of Paleontology and in charge of the exhibition, asked if I thought I could get the proposed model made in time to be a part of it. This was all the impetus I needed.

By the time copies of the lovely old Admiralty draughts arrived from England, along with other material Arthur Waite so thoughtfully sent, I had begun to look up and read anything that might prove helpful. All this took a while, for "Beagling" was not my main job. However, a year later the model was nearing completion. With the exhibition about to open, masts were shaped and stepped, and wooden sails, shown close-reefed, were carved and painted. With this,

the nine-inch *Beagle* took on the appearance of a bitch with pups, surrounded as she was with clothespins. Each held its wisp of rigging taut while my fly-tying husband and I worked together with Darcy Lever's classic *Sheet Anchor* for rigging British ships of this period.

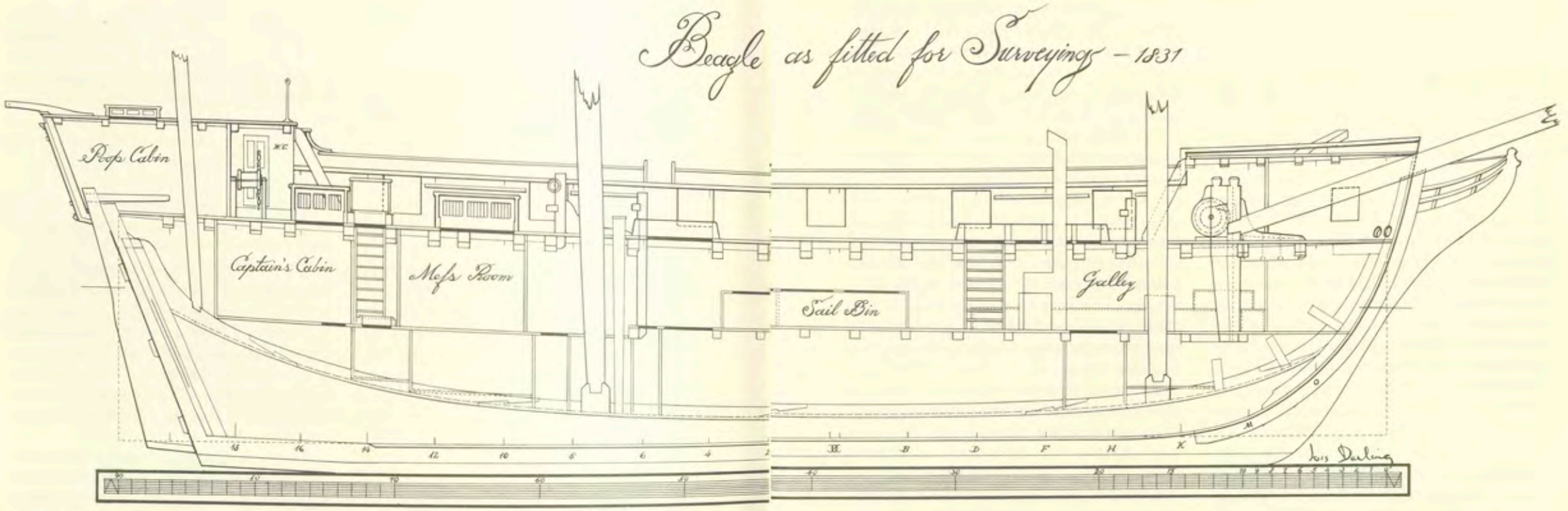
As models go, this small one of the *Beagle* leaves much to be desired. I was mainly after an impression—a sort of three-dimensional painting of how the Beagle looked. In many ways she was never finished. I hadn't time to carve one of the twenty-eight foot whaleboats the *Beagle* carried overturned with one end on her poop deck and the other on gallows or "skids" (as FitzRoy calls them) aft of her mainmast. There were loose ends and errors due to ignorance and incomplete research. The model went on exhibition, however, and I wrote an article for *Natural History*, May 1960, about the research that had gone into it. After that, I turned my attention to other things.

While in England in 1963, I had the pleasure of meeting Arthur Waite at the National Maritime Museum, surely one of the world's finest, and Darwin's granddaughter, Nora Barlow, at her home in Wendover. I had read Lady Barlow's books and papers and she, delighted to have someone interested in finding out how the *Beagle* looked, showed me much of the material she has since given to Cambridge University. In 1966 and again in 1973, I visited Lady Barlow, now grown old but as delightful as always. I also spent as much time as possible in London reading the *Beagle*'s logs, the Admiralty Progress Book kept on all ships of the Royal Navy, and other record books and files in the archives of the Public Record Office and the N.M.M.

Arthur Waite has been of help right along. Even had I spent months in England, I could not have found, much less understood, some of the material he has come up with. Letters, photos, draughts and sketches have flown back and forth across the Atlantic. A letter of 29 February 1976 says: "I think I can safely say there is nothing new in the shape of original drawings of the *Beagle*. If there is anything then I don't know of it and that goes for the rest of the staff at the N.M.M. including George Naish." Mr. Naish is now retired from the N.M.M. and is Honorary Secretary of the Society of Nautical Research. He has also helped most generously with some of the Beagle problems as they came up. "The general opinion at Greenwich" (N.M.M.) continues Arthur in his letter, "is that doubtless there *was* a series of drawings showing the *Beagle* as fitted for surveying and that sometime in the past they were removed from the file by some interested person and not returned. This is not the only case we have experienced of vital drawings being mislaid. One can only hope that one day they may turn up in some deceased person's papers or be found in some dusky file in the labyrinth of the Old Admiralty—this has happened several times!"

Now, at last, it is time to draw together and bring up to date the sporadic efforts of almost twenty years of "Beagling." Short of finding more sketches, paintings, lost plans or descriptive material, Arthur Waite and I have done the best we can. Most things are now sure. Others are not. But there is nothing on the drawings just completed that has not been carefully weighed and thought about and for the most part, documented.

From the many draughts of 10-gun brigs on file at the N.M.M., Arthur had carefully selected three to send in 1958 and these would be as useful today, were I to make the larger model planned, as they were then. Number 3861, dated July 1817 and titled *A Draught for building Two Brigs of 10 Guns each*, is the sheer, body and half-breadth draught needed to make the hull. It is one of the historically interesting copies incorporating the alterations made in 1817 on an early master-draught (1807) and sent to various yards on 16 July 1817 for making a number of the brigs at this time, the *Beagle* included. It happens to be labeled *Brisk* in the box where the number is, and Arthur explains this in a letter: "Before I go any further, I think I had better explain



Twenty years of research went into Lois Darling's final version of the *Beagle* as she appeared when altered and equipped for her surveying role.

that the names *Cadmus, Rolla, Barracouta* (in the cross section draught) should not be taken as meaning they are the vessels represented by the drawings on which they appear. They are merely class names put on by the Admiralty Librarian sometime in the 1920's (along with the number) for listing purposes. They might well have had the name *Beagle* instead. There were over a hundred brigs built on the lines of the *Cadmus, Cherokee* (call it what you will) Class and a series of approved master-draughts such as 1, 2 and 3 were prepared and copies sent to all the various shipyards for building. The last was *Termagant* built in 1837. Of course many of the individual drawings for a particular vessel, as built or as fitted for a particular service, have survived (such as the *Barracouta* fitted for a packet) but, unfortunately an *individual* one of the *Beagle*, (as fitted for surveying), is not with us. It is fortunate, however, that the master drawings for the class have been carefully preserved and these are the ones that you have had in the past. I chose the draught of the '*Brisk*' as it was a clean undamaged drawing."

The master draught of 1807, referred to earlier and numbered 3974, is of considerable interest to anyone engaged in the history of the class. On the draught is written "a Copy" and in the upper righthand corner it lists to whom and where other copies, such as those referred to by Arthur Waite, were sent for building the first of the brigs, and includes their names. Among them are *Rolla, Cadmus* and *Cherokee*, names which came to be used rather indiscriminately to designate the class. It is also possible to see that the "10 Gun Brig" designation came from the eight 18-pound carronades and two 6-pound guns the draught calls for.

These relatively swift brigs came to be used for a variety of things, including attempts to suppress the slave trade, and against privateers and pirates. But the very thing that made them fast, a sharp deadrise with low displacement, also made them dangerous, particularly when overloaded. (See H. I. Chapelle, *The History of American Sailing Ships*, under *Rolla* Class, p. 155). From 1808 to 1817, they had, as can be seen on the draught, a low, flat look. Thereafter alterations drawn on this draught in green, yellow and red (the red had no bearing on the *Beagle*), show a raise in sheer, particularly forward, and a deepening of the keel.

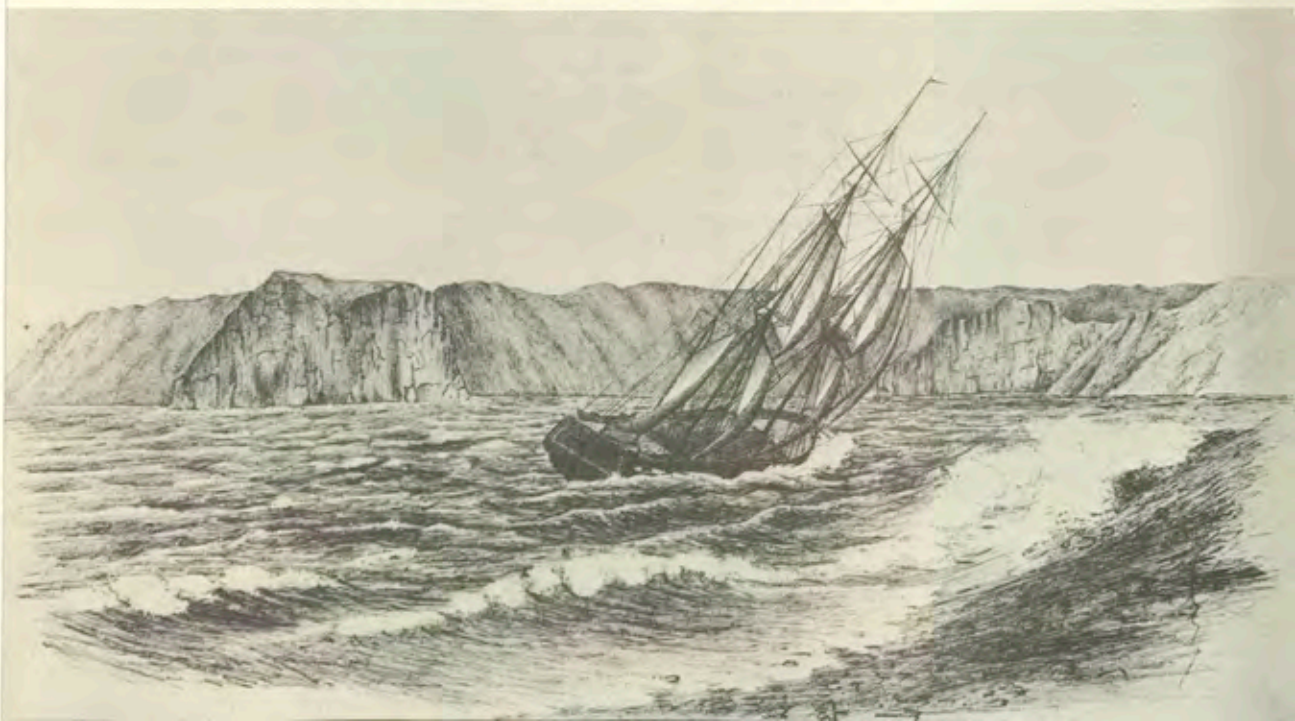
Of particular interest is a note in the lower left corner which states "16 July 1817. Copies agreeably to the alterations in green and yellow . . . . ." were sent to six yards, which it names, for the building of two brigs in each, also named. Among them are "*Chatham for the Brisk and Bustard*" and "*Woolwich for the Barracouta and Beagle*." (See K. S. Thomson, *H.M.S. Beagle, 1820–1870; American Scientist*, Nov.–Dec. 1975). The names of these H.M. Ships are refreshing. Aside from those just mentioned there are also *Alacrity* and *Ariel, Eclipse* and *Emulous, Cygnet* and *Delight, Falcon* and *Frolic*. And ah, yes, H.M.S. *Opossum*.

The copies caused the old master plan to become obsolete and this is why the draughts Arthur sent in 1958 were dated after July 1817, and not before. Aside from #3861, dated July 1817 and mentioned earlier, he sent #3862, dated 16 Feb. 1818, *Profile and Plans of the Brisk and Bustard building in His Majesty's Yard Chatham;* #4052, dated Sept. 1829, *Barracouta as fitted for a Packet;* and another to help with the sail plan.

There can be no question that when the *Beagle* was launched at Woolwich on 11 May 1820, she looked very much like her contemporary sisterships. But by the time of her first voyage her mizzenmast and poop cabin had been added. In preparation for her second voyage, further changes were made. Captain FitzRoy writes in Vol. II of the *Narrative:* "the *Beagle* was commissioned (for the second voyage) on the 4th of July 1831, and was immediately taken into dock to be thoroughly examined, and prepared for a long period of foreign service. As she required a new deck, and a good deal of repair about the upper works, I obtained permission to have the upper deck raised considerably, (8″ aft, 12″ forward) which afterwards proved to be of the greatest advantage to her as a sea boat, besides adding so materially to the comfort of all on board." FitzRoy goes on to list changes in the rudder; a windlass to replace the capstan; a stove with oven to replace the galley fire-place; and lightning conductors installed. "The arrangements made in the fittings . . . ," he writes, "left nothing to be desired. Our ropes, sails and spars, were the best that could be procured; and to complete our excellent outfit, six superior boats, besides a dinghy carried astern, were built expressly for us, and so contrived and stowed that they could all be carried in any weather." The *Beagle*'s surveying work was carried on to a large extent by her boats, and they were therefore important to an unusual degree. Through reading it is possible to find out much about them, their type, size, where they were stowed and who built them. But in this as in other things, at a time when it appeared that the British Navy and eternity were one, descriptions of how these particular boats and their gear looked is, for the most part, lacking.

Raising the upper deck "considerably" involves problems which do not at first meet the eye. The *Beagle*'s armament did not include the 18-pound carronades called for in the old master plan. Except for a small 6-pound carronade on her fore-deck, she carried four 6-pound and two 9-pound guns on deck placed as FitzRoy describes them. When the deck was raised, so must have been the bulwarks with their gunports. And so would be the stem and bowsprit. Sketches indicate that the *Beagle*'s knee of head, or cutwater, was not left behind. It sweeps upward carrying its headrails with it. I made them as they are shown on the plan, so that they are open and graceful on the little model. I was wrong, for there is every evidence

The *Beagle* tacking off a lee shore, drawn by a contemporary artist.



that they were boarded in by the time of her voyages. This was common practice at this later date in order to protect the crew and to give them more privacy.

The foredeck must needs be raised also, and not just one foot to keep pace with the new upper deck, but at least a foot more. The old foredeck which extended aft almost to the foremast allowed only some 4 feet 6 inches of "headroom" under it, not counting how far one had to duck for the deck beams. The new one must allow space for the "patent windlass," FitzRoy says, which "supplied the place of the capstan." It must also allow a modicum of room for the sailors to work the windlass and handle the heavy anchor cables and chains. The *Beagle*'s new windlass would almost surely be similar in design and location to those shown on the *Barracouta* and *Frolic*. In their case the deck was simply shortened, and the crew worked with all Heaven above their heads. But the *Beagle*'s forecastle provided protection and "cabins" located where sheep and hog pens are shown on the *Frolic*. One of these housed "some of Mr. Darwin's collections." The capstan had been located aft of the mainmast, and doing away with it provided room for a fine and much needed skylight over the mess room.

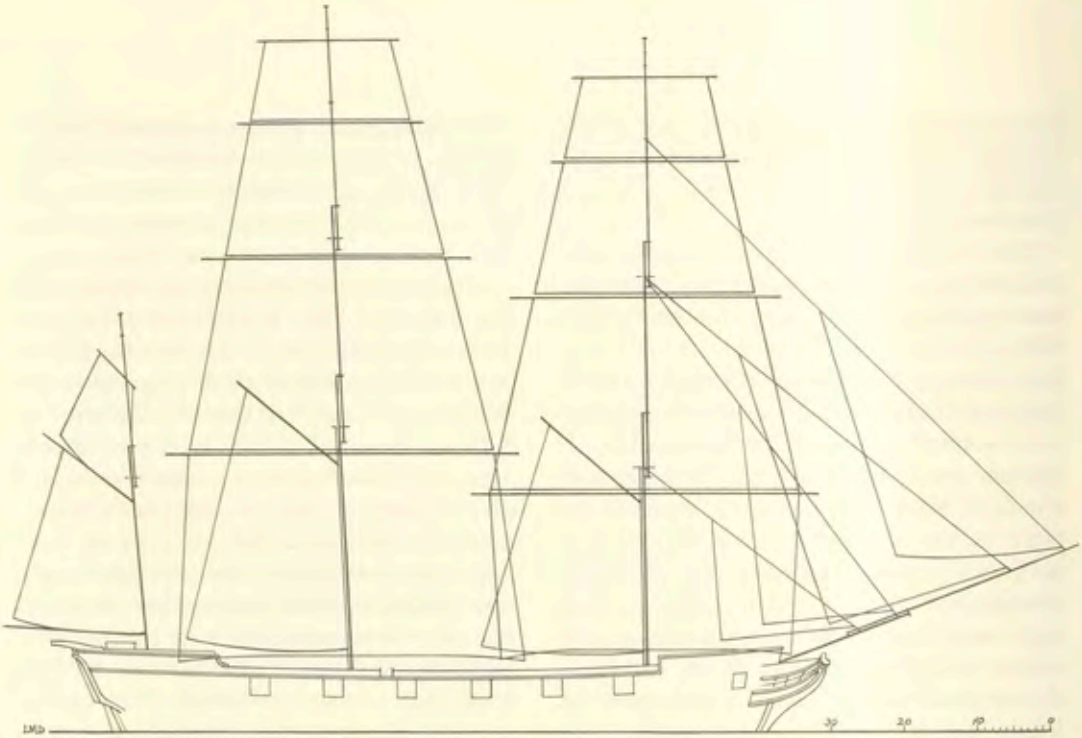
Aft, the raise in deck of eight inches meant a raise in the poop cabin. This would affect the appearance of her stern, unfortunately, for the *Beagle* would surely have been launched with the graceful stern of her class.

Thanks to the drawing titled *Poop Cabin* and annotated in Darwin's hand, there can be little doubt of what this was like. At first glance this sketch looks crude and in some ways it is, but the scale drawn as part of it makes it invaluable. Not only can the size of the cabin be determined but its furnishings. The "Great Table" measuring 4½ x 6½ feet is built into the center of it all. It was here that the tremendous job of chartmaking took place. And it was here, during slack moments, that Darwin spread out his collections for study. Under the table was the tiller. Time probably brought unconscious acceptance of the creakings and groanings created by the blocks and tackles at every turn of the wheel, while quick conditioning would ensue for those unwary or careless of where they put their feet—in spite of the guards pictured.

A bookcase extends along the transom and the starboard side. Forward is a chest of drawers, a washstand, and a place for instruments. Here, too, is the cabin's small door and the after part of what Darwin calls irreverently "Old Stokes' Cabin." John Lort Stokes, Mate and Assistant Surveyor and by the end of the *Beagle*'s third voyage, her Captain, must have been a midget. His cabin is three and a half feet wide where it projects eighteen inches into the poop cabin's starboard side. From this point, allowing six feet for a bunk, the minimum forward extension of the poop deck can be established. FitzRoy had written: "Over the wheel the poop-deck projected, and under it were cabins, extremely small certainly, ..." P. G. King, in drawings made in his eighties from his memories as a midshipman on the *Beagle*, left these cabins out—as I did on the model, copying King. Now, thanks to the poop cabin sketch, it is possible to better understand FitzRoy's description. The sketch also confirms the position of the *Beagle*'s mizzen. Initially we had to assume that the mast shown in the profile of the *Barracouta as fitted for a Packet* was probably right for the *Beagle* also. Now it is possible to be absolutely sure of it.

Forward, on what would be the quarter deck, a binnacle was located behind a brass railing. This appears to have been the only railing, and William A. Baker, curator of the Hart Nautical Museum at M.I.T., pointed out that this was not uncommon, as the davits such as the *Beagle* carried, either with or without her whaleboats, would be rail enough. Aft of the mizzen and located over the "Great Table" was a skylight, flattened to enable the spanker boom to clear it.

Part of the fun of "Beagling" has been the people I have met or sought out to either aid in the search for detail, or to help in technical ways. Early on I had asked Howard Chapelle



This sailplan of the *Beagle* as she was fitted for surveying is based partly on the tables and drawing found in John Edye's *Naval Calculations* of 1832 and partly on contemporary sketches of the *Beagle*.

for advice. Now I turned to Bill Baker at M.I.T. I also queried Revell Carr, Curator at Mystic Seaport, who has made a particular study of marine paintings, and Rob Pittaway, N.A., Maynard Bray and John Gardner, also of the Seaport. Each has been helpful in his special field, Rob, for assistance with such difficulties as: "What does two inches of fir sheathing which increased the *Beagle*'s displacement by about 15 tons (7 to her actual measurement) and all the extra weight of the upper deck, poop cabin, mizzen and forecastle, do to the load waterline?!!" (an unfair question); Maynard, master-shipwright in charge of restoring the *Charles W. Morgan* as well as many another ship, with: "What is entailed in such a deck raising operation as the Beagle had, etc.?," and John Gardner as small boat expert and historian.

Thanks to Professor Thomson of Yale, I was able to find John Edye's *Naval Calculations*, published in London in 1832. I had not known about this, so it fills an important gap. In some respects the sail plan I made for the *Natural History* article checks with that drawn by Edye for the *10 Gun Brigs* to a surprising degree; in other respects I was way off. I had said that there was no evidence that the *Beagle* had royals. She did, of course, as I found out later when I read her logs. They would not have been set on separate masts, however, but from royal poles—extensions of the topgallant masts.

In answer to my inquiry regarding Edye, Arthur wrote: "Edye was a high ranking naval draughtsman and his signature appears on many of the Admiralty plans. He became Chief Draughtsman to the Surveyor of the Navy in 1839. His sailplan should certainly be authentic." So I have followed Edye, showing only such modifications as we know the *Beagle* had: the mizzen with its club topsail and spanker (apparently with a traverse gaff which makes sense, although the gaff is also shown in a "fixed" position aloft, with the sail brailed) and the "large trysails between the masts" which FitzRoy called "very useful" and which are shown in most sketches of the *Beagle*. Edye's sailplan shows an unbelievably large jib with the center of effort circled.

This gives a misleading picture, so I made the *Beagle*'s sailplan to include the other headsails as well, in the manner usual for sailplans.

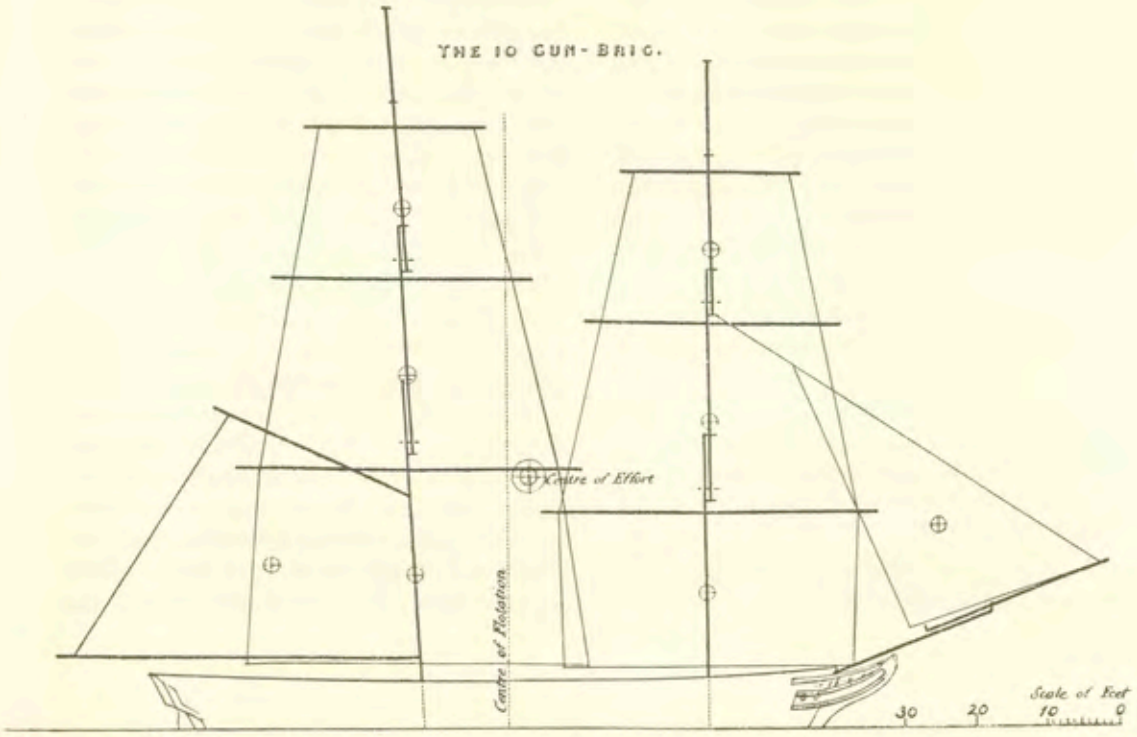
With all these additions and modifications, it can be seen that the *Beagle* had acquired a character of her own and was quite different from any of her "siblings." The height of her already high topsides would have been further emphasized by the wooden hammock rail common at this time. I am sure of the hammock rail, but no one can be sure of the waterline. Rob Pittaway thought more ballast would have helped to offset the topheaviness already characteristic of the class and made worse by the raising of the deck and all else. And he thought the increased ballast would be acceptable because the "two inches of fir sheathing" added "about 15 tons to her displacement." At any rate, I arbitrarily, with Rob's blessing, raised her load waterline a few inches and placed her copper sheathing considerably above that. At least it makes her look better. Regardless of the new waterline, the *Beagle* loaded with stores, boats, spare gear and, incredibly, some seventy-four souls, must have been down to her scuppers when "trimmed for sea."

Another problem is the position of her white band. It varies so widely in contemporary pictures it would be foolish to place it with certainty.

FitzRoy describes the *Beagle*'s yawl: "She was a beautiful boat, twenty-eight feet in length . . . pulled and sailed well, and was roomy, light and buoyant. . ." Elsewhere he says "... and amidships two boats, on the diagonal principle, one (the cutter 25′) stowed inside the other, (the yawl), and as close to the deck as possible..." How the twenty-eight foot yawl ever fitted between the mainmast and the foremast without blocking all hatches and singeing its stem on the galley stovepipe, I cannot imagine.

Aside from and including such difficulties, "Beagling" has been fun. And in spite of the lost drawings we can now be reasonably sure of how the *Beagle* looked as she left England that wintry morning in 1831.

Edye's hull seems but a vehicle for his rig as it is far too low in the water and is incorrect in other ways.



The Fightingest Whale

By CAPTAIN JAMES A. M. EARLE*

as told to George M. Sheahan, M.D.

I have been asked many times concerning the perils of whaling and the fierce excitement of the "charmed circle," oftentimes by admirers of the man who has become (and deservedly), a sort of patron saint of whaling, namely Herman Melville. Have then, such scenes as he describes ever happened? Does the whale turn upon his human enemies with the malice, spirit and savage temper of an infuriated bulldog, or is he merely a great stupid victim whose revenge, when it does occur, is wholly accidental?

It will be remembered that the cetacean hero of Melville's story is a sperm whale, and therein lies the answer. The sperm is an athletic leviathan, a powerful, heavily muscled, tightly strung and well-knit fellow going directly, solidly and with determination about his business; a heavyweight athlete as it were. His lower jaw is long, strong and practical; his temper, sometimes, is highly irritable.

It was my good fortune (good or bad as you choose to view it) more than once to meet a fighting sperm. One such encounter remains vivid in my memory, and it seems to me that in the telling I live it over again. It occurred while I was in command of the bark *Charles W. Morgan*, off the coast of Japan.

The middle of the fair weather season—the second week of July to be exact—found the *Charles W. Morgan* taking on supplies at Hakodate in the island of Yezzo, one of the few ports of the Island Empire open to foreigners. Besieged at times by gales of almost incredible violence, Hakodate is a fishing town extraordinary, and rarely lacks interest and excitement. At this season, however, quiet reigned, and the scant 48 hours' shore leave was a welcome break for officers and men between the successful seven-months' cruise we had accomplished and an even longer one in prospect. Much had to be done. In addition to the highly essential supply of wood already aboard, fresh vegetables (against the scurvy) and water must be loaded in quantity. But it was all finally attended to; the crew, after the usual excitement and disturbance, rounded up, anchor was weighed and, with topsails, topgallant sails, courses and all fore and aft sails sheeted home, the brave old bark once again began to walk the water like a thing of life.

Out of the harbor entrance, we were bound through the Suva Straits to the east coast of Japan, where a departure would be taken for the Southern Pacific grounds, the old New Zealand right whale grounds hundreds of leagues to the south and the southeast, whose exact center can be indicated as at the intersection of the 37th degree south latitude and the 170th meridian. Our officers and crew were typical and consisted of captain, first, second, third and fourth mates, four boatsteerers, a cook, a steward, two boys, the carpenter, the cooper, engineer (for the donkey engine) and twenty-two men before the

*Captain James A. M. Earle was a native of Martha's Vineyard who first went whaling at the age of 12. He was skipper of the *Charles W. Morgan* on a number of voyages between 1890 and 1906, many of them during the period when the *Morgan* sailed out of San Francisco to the whaling grounds of the South Pacific and the Okhotsk Sea. This article is reprinted from *Yachting*, February 1927.

mast, each bound to certain duties and occupying the curious and exact position in the social scale of the ship determined by the age-old, ironclad custom of the industry. I call it an industry, for an industry it was, and one whose high positions were reached by no short or easy apprenticeship. Some detail of these men and their duties will appear in the course of the story.

The first hours of the voyage passed swiftly and without unusual incident, all hands busily occupied with the countless tasks of a deep-water ship. Watches were chosen and set, and the first morning dawned much like the beginning of a clear June day off the New England coast. As the day grew brighter two men could be seen ascending the ratlines on the fore, climbing ever upward until at length they slipped into the hoops of the fore royal-mast, where, scanning the watery fields, they swung with the gentle motion of the ship back and forth and from side to side in a sort of circular motion. Though our destination was far away no opportunity for the taking of a whale must be missed. A steady breeze from the land filled the sails; to leeward, miles away, a broad belt of dark blue and drift showed the presence of the Japan current, rolling on its eternal journey from the burning Bay of Bengal to the frozen Aleutian Islands. A few months previous it had been teeming with fur seals on their spring migration, but now it was deserted. Westward rose the mountainous coast of Japan where the tide rolled, then as now, into deep indentations between the heavily wooded hills.

Suddenly, from the masthead, came a long-drawn cry, not unexpected, yet startingly familiar, but never failing to stir its hearers to wild excitement. Who that has heard that cry can ever forget it? It is like the call of fate itself.

Lookout: "Blows, Blows!"

Officer of the deck: "What do you see, there?"

Lookout: "Sperm whale I think, sir." (Note carefully the language of politeness, caution and deference to authority. None must pass final judgment but the autocrat of the ship, nor must the officer of the deck report without getting all possible information.)

"Where away?"

"Off the lee beam, sir."

"How far off?"

"About two miles, sir."

Officer of the deck going to skylight and reporting to captain: "Whale off the lee beam, sir; he calls it a sperm whale!"

I took my long sypglass in hand—it was a trusted companion of many voyages—and ran aloft to have a look at him, my mind the while active with conjectures and details of the coming hunt. From the crosstrees there was no doubt. About two miles to leeward lay a large sperm whale, his broad, gray, glistening back rounding up from the surface, leisurely swimming to the north and spouting his single feathery jet with the amazing clock-like regularity characteristic of these enormous creatures.

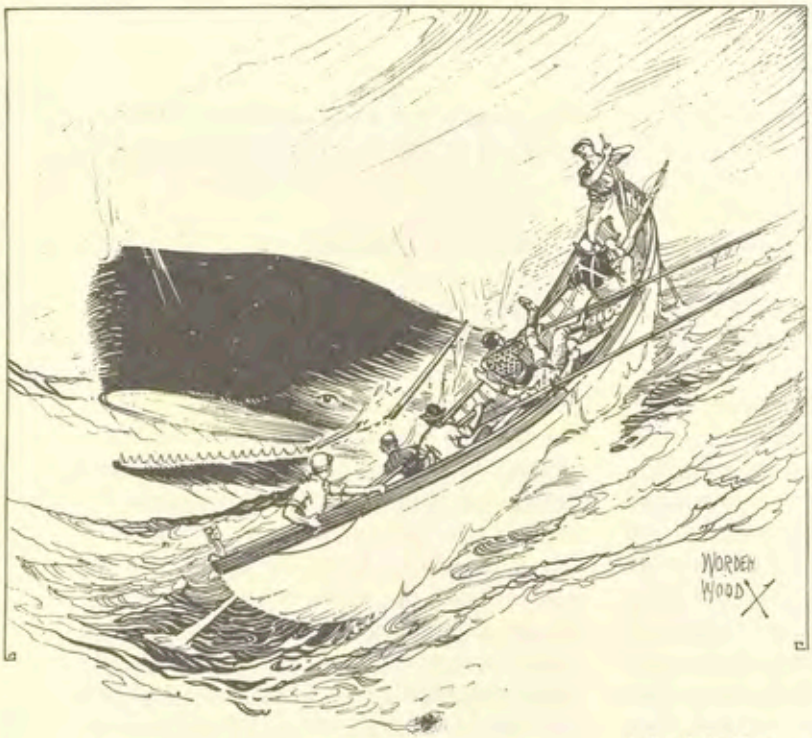
"Call all hands, Mr. Mate, and get your boats ready; there is a hundred barrels of good sperm in his overcoat and he wishes it cared for in the *Morgan*'s lower hold!"

Followed a pounding and thumping on the forecastle door; a loud shout of "Roll out and go in the boats—sperm whale;" a hustling on of jackets and sea boots; a rush up the steps; a swift trampling of feet on the deck and a seeming confusion that was in reality expedition born of long practice and many drills. In an instant the men were at their stations, the tub oarsman with his canvas hardtack bag and the after oarsman with his cask of water—rations on which the sustenance of the several boats' crews during the hunt would depend. The boat-steerer and the officer of each boat took their places aboard, the former at the bow falls and the latter aft.

"All ready, sir!" sang out the mate.

"Hoist and swing!" came the reply. A swift short pull lifted the boats a trifle, clearing the heavy wooden cranes which were thereupon swung in and hooked behind the bulwarks.

"Lower away!" There was a swift roll and clucking of blocks and cordage; down



dropped the boats, striking the water at almost the same instant. The remaining members of the crews clambered down the sides on the slideboards and took their places, tackles were unhooked, and the chase was on.

Sometime, before you die, you must go to New Bedford and there see whaleboats and gear, not pictures nor yet models, but the real, old, sweet-lined, long double-enders, fitted with sweeps of a length and toughness suited to the arms of strong men, and then you will understand.

Whaleboats, when possible, sail until the harpoon is flung, and, once clear of the hull of the *Morgan*, our boats, their crews animated by keen rivalry, excitement and the almost universal human desire for gain, set sail with all speed. With started sheets, a fair wind and a good rap full they swept down upon their prey, the mate's boat leading, followed, as on a tow line, by the third's, and at a little distance by the two remaining boats foaming along much like yachts in a race. Yachts, though, never raced for such a prize.

From the crow's nest I watched them, the *Morgan* lying still with main yards braced up on the starboard tack, foreyards square, and wheel half way down (an accomplishment of successful maneuvering essential to the checking of headway before the boats were lowered), drifting slowly along, and the lookout's regular cry of "Blows-Ah-Blows" signaling the spouts. When about a mile away the whale curved his gigantic back well out of the water, something like a man making two tries for a handspring—"rousing" we call it. Then from aloft rapidly followed the shout, "There go flukes," and he disappeared almost perpendicularly in a smother of foam.

No concern was felt, for it is almost a certainty that his reappearance will be on the same course which he was traveling when he sounded. It is even possible to foretell with accuracy the length of his absence. This fellow took about an hour, we timed him by watch on his first submersion, knowing well he would come up to the minute the next time. So, on his second rising his great head and back appeared in an almost straight line fore and aft between Swain's, the chief mate's boat, and Peckham's, the third's. They were men between whom a strong rivalry existed, not an uncommon thing between two men engaged in the same pursuit, especially when the younger is crowding the older.

Above, the sun shone from a clear blue sky on a rushing and breezy ocean. The leading boats with their silent crews were at an equal distance from the quarry, on whose great grey sides the waves lapped, then rolled away in foaming bubbles. He was nearly 90 feet long and in the full pride of strength and vitality. Mr. Swain's boatsteerer, a thoroughly practical, keen-eyed, cool-headed young fellow (with an eye to the main chance for profit of all concerned), was the first to speak, calling to his officer, "We are right ahead of him, sir; this is Mr. Peckham's chance, he is right behind him where he can't be seen and he surely will see us before we get there." (A whale's eyes are set above the angle of the jaw and a slight turn of the head and body brings his vision, which, at close range, is strictly lateral, to bear forward.) But you cannot keep a man from his fate.

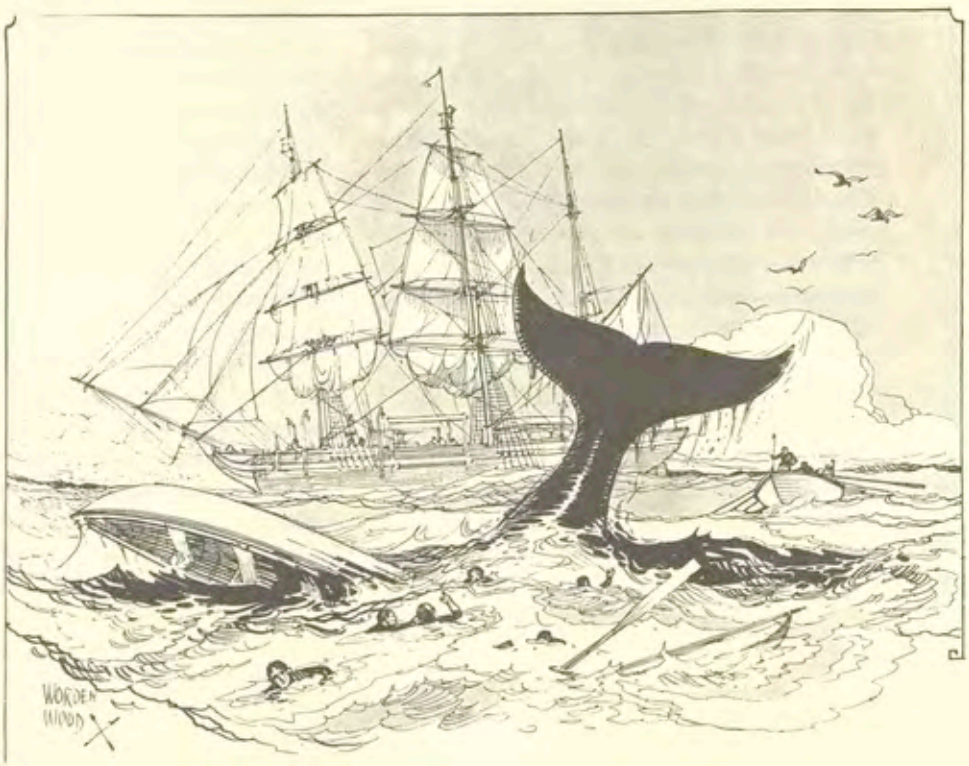
"I don't care a damn," roared the mate, "I am going to take him," and suiting his action to the words he first signalled the third, who took in his sail, standing by with his oars, then faced the monster. They approached rapidly, the whale's head and the sharp stem of the cleaving, on-rushing whaleboat meeting and sliding by, then, side to side, and almost touching. Farther yet forged the stem, the mate hoping to deal the blow in the "life mark."

"Give it to him," came the hoarse command, and at that close range two harpoons were driven below the hump with all the willing power of a strong and practiced arm.

The agony of the stabs galvanized the monster into action; and his action was worthy of his power and size. From the *Morgan* I could see only those terrible ponderous flukes towering, the central point of a seething circle of white water. In an instant the boat shot clear of the commotion, sail down and a waif up.

"A stoven boat," I thought. Then a second waif appeared. "An injured man"—there could be no other meaning. I swung the ship off, squared the main yard, set the foresail, and we bore down to leeward to render aid. It was clear that we had met a foeman worthy of our steel, for, when high spirited and a fighter, the hunted sperm whale presents a peril as great as the sum of his size and speed and strength.

We rounded to about an hundred yards from the stoven boat with fore yard aback. Meanwhile, the second's boat advanced—for there was need of attracting the brute's attention away from the disabled crew. Two more irons were flung and again the scene became



a maelstrom of seething, swirling, circling white water, that terrible tail with its broad spreading flukes thrashing and flailing with savage ferocity. Again came a lull in the combat, and on the edge of the whirlpool, lifting and falling, could be seen a sail and its spars spread out on the water, a sweep or two, and here and there a black spot, the head or shoulders of one of the crew—nothing more.

I was now drawing closer to them. The whale remained at the scene of the second encounter lying almost level with the water through which his bulk could be plainly seen, watching and waiting—and full of fight. Occasionally when the irons pricked deeper in his side with the motion and pull of the trailing lines he rolled and thrashed.

I signalled the return, for our first care must be the injured. One by one the boats came alongside. Peckham had saved all men from the destroyed boat, but the 2nd mate was unconscious and one man was wounded. The fourth reported no mishaps, and all hands stood by anxiously awaiting the return of the first's boat, which approached slowly. One short—still he might be lying hurt—no, there was surely one man missing!

"Anyone injured, Brown?"

"Mr. Swain, sir, he was knocked overboard, the flukes caught him I think, he had hold of the tiller and it's broken off short. Steering oar broken, too, sir. I cut the line and we searched everywhere. We found his hat floating, but no other trace."

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What was to be done? Attend to the injured at once and then we would see. Willing hands carried them below and we cared for their wounds, rubbed them and wrapped them in blankets. One man was detailed as nurse. On deck, the tangle had been straightened out and once again the boats were ready.

"What now, sir?" said the boatheader, "shall we try him again?" "Yes," I replied, "use your oars. You take him on his left side and Peckham on his right. Don't try to fasten, but bomb him, both of you at the same time."

Clearing the ship, the crews again set upon the whale but this time armed with weapons against which, poor fellow, all his courage and mighty strength were of no avail—he was doomed. Ranging alongside from behind, and at a point blank range, Peckham fired, the bomb entering perhaps a little too far ahead for the 'life mark," but near enough, for immediately following the explosion the great head dropped, and the great body rolled, exposing the whole of the left broadside, into which, just at the round of the belly, with merciless and deadly accuracy the boatheader in the second boat fired, the bomb bursting almost in the chambers of the heart.

"You will destroy no more boats," sung out the boatheader as the whale sounded, seeking once again the depths of the ocean. But the awful air hunger had to be satisfied, and again he rose, rushing forward, snapping his jaws, head lifted high, pushing a little wave ahead; he vomited and purged, and the thick dark blood rose rhythmically from his spout. Three times, for so strong burned the flame of life within him, did he complete that circle, game to the core, more and more slowly rolling, and more and more feebly righting himself; then the current of his life blood ceased to flow, the jaw fell, and the poor dry spout hole frenziedly opened and closed with his last gasps, until death was upon him, and he rolled upon his side, "fin out"—for the last time.

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Perkins of Biddeford and launched in the Saco River in October, 1854.

Captain Jordan's only son Frederic at the age of 18 shipped with his father for his first (and last) time on the maiden voyage of the Pepperell *on October 26, 1854. He died of "the fever" and was buried at sea on February 24th, 1855. His father, who never recovered from his grief, was swept overboard from the quarterdeck of this same ship twenty-two months later in a North Atlantic hurricane—by coincidence exactly two years to the day after the launching of the ship. These and other events from the* Pepperell's *long history are the subject of a book, "Voyages," by Alfred T. Hill, a descendant of Tristram Jordan. The book will be published in April by David McKay of New York.*

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The next afternoon after my arrival Captain Twambly came on board. He was the mate of the ship when Uncle Tristram was lost, and the owners had very wisely kept him in command. He sent for me and I went aft and stood before him "like Paul before Felix." There was an open letter in his hand from Aunt Kate. Its contents I never knew, but he told me to take my things into the cabin, and I could see that he was visibly affected. He was bluff, hearty, and a fine specimen of the Old New England sailor, and I took a great fancy to him at once, plucking up courage wonderfully. He often spoke of Uncle Tristram and thought much of him, the two getting along famously together. He was also present when poor Fred died and related what an effect his death had had on the captain and how it seemed to change his whole life. Sometimes he would stand for hours gaz-



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"Yellow Jack" on the *Pepperell*

A Boy's First Voyage

From the journals of FRANKLIN JORDAN

This is the verbatim record of a voyage from Boston to New Orleans in the spring of 1858. The author was a lad of sixteen by the name of Franklin Jordan of Saco, Maine. He was the nephew of Captain Tristram Jordan of Saco, who was the first master and a part owner of the vessel Pepperell, *built by E. E. Perkins of Biddeford and launched in the Saco River in October, 1854.*

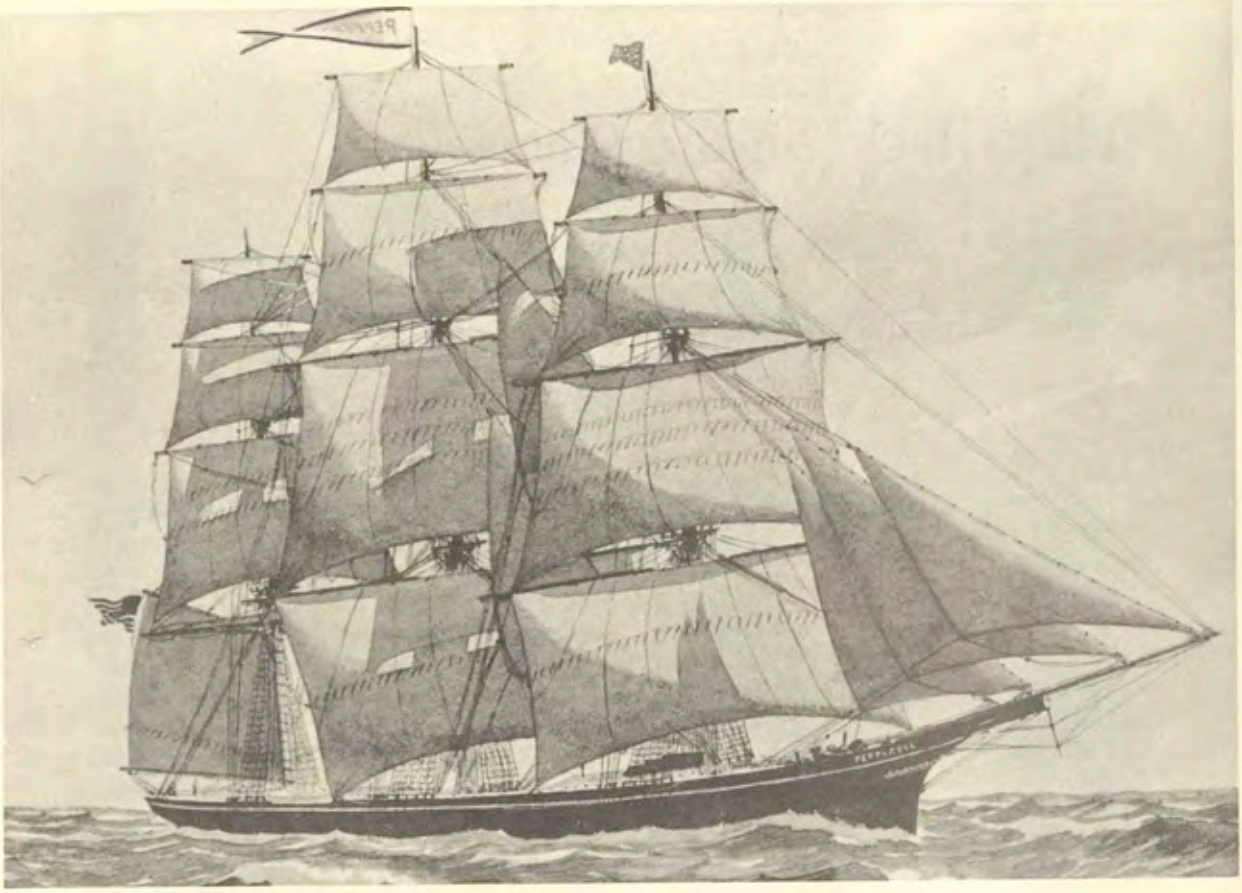
Captain Jordan's only son Frederic at the age of 18 shipped with his father for his first (and last) time on the maiden voyage of the Pepperell *on October 26, 1854. He died of "the fever" and was buried at sea on February 24th, 1855. His father, who never recovered from his grief, was swept overboard from the quarterdeck of this same ship twenty-two months later in a North Atlantic hurricane—by coincidence exactly two years to the day after the launching of the ship. These and other events from the* Pepperell*'s long history are the subject of a book, "Voyages," by Alfred T. Hill, a descendant of Tristram Jordan. The book will be published in April by David McKay of New York.*

I found the *Pepperell* lying at the end of the bridge at Charlestown near the Navy Yard and went on board with my few belongings and "all my imperfections on my head."

I was ordered to put my "pie box" into the forecastle and given to understand that a boy was no use on board a ship and should be thankful if allowed to live and say that his soul was his own. For the rest of the day, however, they did me the kindness to leave me alone, treating me with a sort of good-natured contempt for which I was thankful.

When night came I nibbled some hard tack and went to roost in a top bunk in the forecastle, a dingy place smelling horridly. I was regaled by coarse jokes, tobacco smoke, and language so bad that it seemed to roll off my mind and conscience like water off a duck's back. There was a big lubberly boy from Kennebunk, who had made a voyage before, and I patched up an alliance with him, but he evidently had a good lot of fun at my expense and told me things about vessels and of his wonderful experiences that convinced me that he was a veritable son of Annanias, and I soon lost confidence in him.

The next afternoon after my arrival Captain Twambly came on board. He was the mate of the ship when Uncle Tristram was lost, and the owners had very wisely kept him in command. He sent for me and I went aft and stood before him "like Paul before Felix." There was an open letter in his hand from Aunt Kate. Its contents I never knew, but he told me to take my things into the cabin, and I could see that he was visibly affected. He was bluff, hearty, and a fine specimen of the Old New England sailor, and I took a great fancy to him at once, plucking up courage wonderfully. He often spoke of Uncle Tristram and thought much of him, the two getting along famously together. He was also present when poor Fred died and related what an effect his death had had on the captain and how it seemed to change his whole life. Sometimes he would stand for hours gaz-



The *Pepperell*, launched in 1854, was the largest ship ever built in Saco, Maine. At 155 feet 11 inches overall, she displaced 667 tons.

ing into the water in a sort of reverie and he never recovered from the shock caused by the death of his only son, whose body he had with his own hand consigned to the deep, which was so soon to become the burial place of both.

The *Pepperell* was the largest ship ever built in Saco to that date (1854). She measured 155 feet 7 inches in length; 30 feet 4¾ inches in breadth, and 15 feet 10⅜ inches in depth. She had two decks and three masts and was described as a "full model." She had a square stern, no galleries, no tuck, and a billet-head. Her construction was of white oak and yellow pine with copper and iron fastenings. She had a deck cabin and was "qualified for transportation of perishable cargoes on long voyages."

Here are some extracts from my little memorandum book, written a long time ago in a sprawling, schoolboy hand:

March, Sat. 20, 1858. Cast off at noon and anchored in the roads at 1:00 P.M.

Sunday, 21. Lay in the roads all day. Stood anchor watch tonight for the first time.

Monday, 22. Pilot came on board at 8 o'clock. Hove up the anchor and we were underway before nine. Was seasick in the P.M.

Tuesday, 23. Seasick all day; reached the Gulf Stream at night. Was sick all night and wished I had stayed at home.

Wednesday, 24. Morning in the Gulf Stream. Do not feel much sick. Ate some breakfast and was set to work ripping up some old sails.

Thursday, 25. The mate let me sleep all night; awoke in the morning feeling very well. Do not think I shall be sick again. Beautiful weather. Wind NW.

I had now been initiated; there were no more excuses for me, and I had to take my chances among the rest and soon began to feel at home, taking to my surroundings like a duck to water. We were bound for New Orleans with a cargo of ice in the lower hold and were soon bowling along under full sail before a fair wind.

Off the Bahamas we were becalmed and boarded by Negro wreckers who brought fish and conches. It was my first glimpse of a foreign land, and the various islands with fringes of palms looked pretty and romantic. We were also boarded by a boat from a whaler, homeward bound, and the boat steerer was glad to get some newspapers less than a month old.

One night the weather looked dark and threatening, and the topsails were reefed for the first time, at which event I was useless. The early morning dawned bright and clear. Reefs were shaken out of the topsails, and in a few days we passed the straits of Florida and with light southerly winds coasted north through the Gulf of Mexico.

The muddy waters of the Mississippi discolored the blue waters of the Gulf for many miles, and when "land ho!" was cried by the lookout aloft we were almost within the delta of the mighty river, where we saw ships at anchor and steamers in all directions. A steamer soon took us in tow, sails were furled, and we made way slowly against the muddy torrent. The New Orleans tow-boats were powerful, high pressure, sidewheel steamers, taking two ships in tow, one on each side, and after twenty-four hours of incessant puffing from the mighty engines—Sunday, April 18th—at noon (nearly a month out) we reached the great city with its miles and miles of shipping lying four abreast. The ship was made fast in her berth and deserted by the crew.

After all had been made snug I was allowed to go on shore, and to a Yankee boy fresh from the New England Sabbath—and a revival one at that—the sights were startling, not to say somewhat shocking. Sunday was always a gala day in the gay French city, and to see saloons running full blast and a general Fourth-of-July air everywhere was more than I was prepared for. I soon wandered away from the levee and went through Lafayette Square. Trees never looked greener and birds never sang so sweetly. Everything was at its best, and I was much charmed with so much floral beauty, gazing with wonder at orange trees and tropical plants I had never seen before.

While in New Orleans I had a good opportunity to observe events. Slavery was a "divine and patriarchal" institution. I often attended "nigger auctions" and saw many "chattels" sold from the block. On Sundays I heard a powerful preacher defend slavery. I cut out the following advertisement from many in the *Picayune*.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD

Ran away from the subscriber, the negro woman Elizabeth, on or about the 8th inst. She is in color black, about 5 feet 5 inches high, one of her front teeth out, has a fine suit of hair, stands erect, speaks French and English well, and in appearance handsome; weight about 130 pounds. Her family lives on the plantation of Mr. Egana, about six miles below the city. I will give the above reward for the delivery to me or in jail in this city. *A. Lauraine*

96 Canal Street / New Orleans

On the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans General Scott visited the city. There was a great parade; and as the bent and infirm survivors of that battle passed along, they received an ovation. Among them, playing a march, was the drummer who beat the reveille on the memorable Sunday morning of January 8, 1815, the day of the battle.

I tried many times in vain to find the last resting place of my uncle, Warren Rice, who died of the yellow fever about the time I was born. No graves can be dug as the soil is saturated with water. The dead are placed in ovens (sic) built in walls of cement and then sealed up.

All my preconceived ideas of tropical climates received a rude shock when night came on, for it seemed all the mosquitoes in the world were after me. Sleep was impossible, and I was in a bad state with face and hands swollen, and it was so for weeks until my condition really became dangerous. Finally, after many failures, I managed to rig up a net which kept me from being murdered, and, by keeping half suffocated, managed to live and tried to make the best of the situation.

I was the only one left of the crew, being a general roustabout. After the cargo was discharged, the second mate and myself painted the ship all over inside and out and had to wash off the deck every morning. Drinking the muddy water made me sick, and on my 17th birthday (June 3, 1858) I recollect being in a very bad condition. The mate, who was a fine old Scotsman, consoled me by telling me to "die game" if I had to die, but he had a kind heart under his bluff exterior as after events proved.

The long tropical summer had come; freights were low; the heat was intense and prospects far from pleasing. Finally, a charter was accepted for Bordeaux, France, and we began to load oak staves for making wine casks. While getting ready for sea, I often saw too many funeral processions along the levee to make me feel comfortable, and it was a matter of current report that the dread "*vomito*" (yellow fever) was claiming many victims.

On July 20th at night, after taking the crew on board, the ship swung into the stream. It would be too shocking to portray the sights and sounds of the coming on board of those drunken, half demented human beings, escorted by boarding house runners, thieves, and murderers. All were sick or drunk; it made little difference which. The next day the blue waters of the Gulf appeared, and after rapidly sweeping across the bar, the pilot left us. We made sail slowly and with difficulty; night came on, and with light airs the ship drew away from the delta. For the first time in three months there were no mosquitoes but there was no lack of suffering and human misery from other causes.

I had been transferred from the cabin to a berth with the carpenter, just abaft the galley; I always called him "Chips." The poor fellow was taken sick almost the first day out and just below me in his bunk talked incessantly in his delirium.

It was very hot, and our close quarters literally swarmed with the horrible and disgusting nuisance, cockroaches. They got into everything and would nibble one's toenails away while sleeping. One day, while in New Orleans, I bought a box of shoe blacking and put it in my locker. I had left the cover partly off. The next morning being Sunday, I was going to "shine up" for church, but my box was empty—as bright on the inside as on the outside—the contents having been devoured by the miserable cockroaches.

Chips grew worse, talking continuously in his delirium. One morning I heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer in a most pathetic manner. I think he was a Swede by birth and, like all natives of the Baltic countries, an excellent sailor. I was sick myself, but he was much worse and kept me from getting the little sleep I so much needed. One afternoon the heat was so unendurable that he crawled out of his bunk and lay down in the shade of the mainsail on deck and took my bed cover, a little patchwork quilt, to lie upon. I followed the best I could, stretched myself by his side, and under the influence of the cool breeze, and in spite of his groans, fell asleep.

I was awakened by a confused murmur of voices and found myself lying on the bare deck. Some of the men were sewing up poor Chips in my bedspread, and in another hour his body was committed to the deep.

There is something peculiarly affecting about a burial at sea, which is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, prince and peasant, are all alike distinguished.



Quarantine area of lower New York Bay is crowded with vessels in this 1856 view.

The same wave rolls over all. The same requiem by minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep until awakened by the same trumpet.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and
unknown.[1]

[1] Byron: *Apostrophe to the Ocean.*

It was an awful night for me, but I began to grow better while others grew worse. The second mate was soon taken down, then the captain and the crew, one by one until hardly enough were left and none to work the ship or furl the sails. She was a spectre ship floating on the seas with death literally at the helm.

Then it was that the brave mate and gallant sailor, John Owens, showed his great qualities which were never rewarded. He never slept but was always at his post day and night.

The phantom ship drifted along with the current of the Gulf Stream; fortunately it was summer and the weather mild. Flying fish were to be seen, and shoals of porpoises played about our bows. When in the latitude of New York, a sudden squall came and struck us with all sail set. Halyards were let go and

the ship kept before the wind, but it was a fearful time for a few moments, and she was nearly capsized. As soon as possible after the squall was over, the pumps were sounded, and it was discovered that a leak had been caused by the great strain. It was resolved to head for New York, and the prow was turned in that direction. All night the exhausted men stood at the pumps, but when daylight came they could do no more.

No friendly sail appeared on the horizon, but we were in the track of commerce, so it was determined to hoist a signal of distress at the main, but there were no halyards rove. Mr. Owens came out of the cabin with a long line in his hand and, looking at me with a doubtful air, told me to climb to the masthead and reeve the halyards. I think the captain would have stopped him. The sick and tired men looked askance. I think he expected me to show the "white feather," but I took the line and began to climb, stopping on my way many times—in the main-top, in the cross-trees, and finally on the royal yard. I did not dare look down at the blue sea stretching far below but climbed away at the rolling speck, put the line through the truck, took the end in my teeth, and slid down to the royal yard.

Coming down was not so bad, and when I sank exhausted the mate remarked that I was "damned smart" or words to that effect. The flag, union side down, was sent aloft and late in the afternoon we saw the black smoke of a steamer bearing down on us!

After the usual hoarse hail from the steamer, which, by the way, was a powerful tugboat looking for homeward vessels, our condition was made known, a wrecker's crew sent on board, the pumps manned, sails furled, and with the steamer ahead and a smooth sea, deliverance was at hand.

The next day the highland of Navesink appeared. The whole scene at sunset was beautiful. Numerous large packet ships lay at moorings near us, their sails all furled. The water was studded with white sails moving gracefully across its surface and now and then a steamer with clanking engines and a load of passengers, while the lights twinkling from New York and Brooklyn in the distance and from numerous villages and villas nearer sent their sparkling beams across the water speaking of comfortable homes.

In a few hours the anchor was let go in the lower bay among the fleet of vessels already in quarantine. The sick were hurried off to Staten Island Hospital and consigned to the yellow fever ward, myself among the number, which I did not like at all, being convalescent. I had to go and did so with the best possible grace.

Hospitals are scenes of horror. Glimmer and gloom come close together and emphasize each other: the long row of narrow beds, the wild delirium, the surrender to the conqueror after a hard struggle, the pathetic pleading and sometimes defiance ending with a motionless form outlined by the white spread. It is terrible to see the enemy take a man by the throat and shake him; yet it rather nerves the witness to a more desperate struggle lest he himself be brought in such straits.

Near my cot was a Spanish sailor who had a parrot. He would not part with him for a moment, and they were close friends. One morning Poll opened his cage as usual and stepped out with a "*bonita manana*" (good morning), but there was no reply. I do not know what poor Poll said, but he called in vain to the dark form from which the soul had fled.

After being in the hospital for about a week I was discharged and allowed to go home. I had hardly gotten away when the hospital was pulled down and burned by a mob, many of the sick dying from exposure. My boyhood days were at an END.

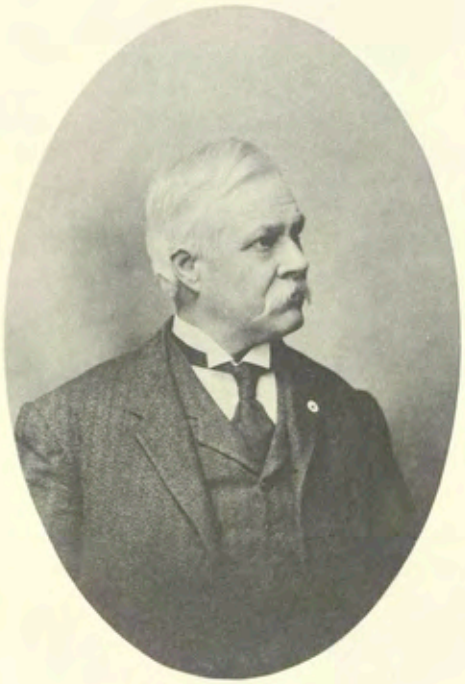


In the January *Log* ("Sailing by Ash Breeze," pp. 127–129) the headland shown above was described as "presumed to be Newfoundland," and the hope was expressed that someone might fill in the rest of the story. It is pleasant to report that someone has. His name is Norman Widger, he is a Volunteer at the Seaport Shipyard, and he took the picture shown below last summer at St. Johns in Newfoundland. Close inspection will reveal that the two localities are indeed identical.



The Past in Focus

A PICTURE ESSAY



Mystic as it used to be—its people, its ships, its work and its play—is the subject of the recent exhibit in the R. J. Schaefer Building: a collection of photographs by Everett A. Scholfield. A man who with justification billed himself as a "Photographic Artist," Scholfield carried his huge and heavy, old-fashioned view camera through the streets and along the waterfront of Mystic from 1865 to 1913 to provide for posterity a panoramic portrait which is both rare and beguiling. For those who were not able to visit in person, a small selection of the exhibit is presented here.

Everett A. Scholfield (*left*), born in Lowell, Mass., opened his Mystic studio in 1865. Outdoor views and portraits were the mainstay of his business.

This unknown bark (*below*) tied up at Cottrell's Wharf in 1866 may be the *Mary E. Packer*, a freighter operated by the firm of Hill & Grinnell.





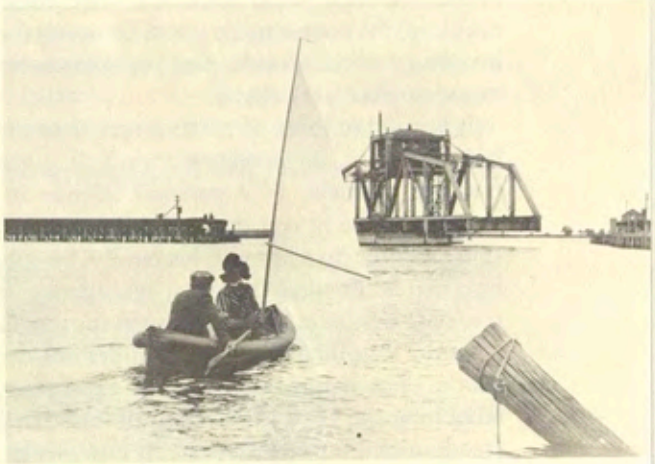
From top to bottom:

On mirror-smooth water of Noank harbor the graceful schooner *Mary E. Hoxie* lies at her mooring.

The magic of a water-borne tryst is held forever in this early snapshot in Mystic Harbor. Railroad bridge carries Amtrak trains today.

Sledding on Baptist Hill has fallen victim to progress, but some of the buildings seen here still exist, as does the lovely old church above them.

This wintry scene might have been taken this very year, but the *Twilight*, sitting at Mallory's Wharf, has long since gone to her reward.







DIRECTOR'S PAGE

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me"
Childe Harold

At the year's end winter lies along the shore and across the decks of silent ships. The rigging stands frozen against the waning afternoon. We each pause alone and look back, checking the course made good, counting the inventory of the months past and tentatively measuring the year ahead.

It is good to think in terms larger than the daily watches, the common round. It is the measure, perhaps, of a person's infinite resource that he have a commitment to something greater than himself, his family, his job, his friends. Beyond the usual boundaries of one's life lies the chance to share in the movements of time long ago, the life under sail, the hustle of a nation being born, expanding, launching the great experiment of individual freedom and universal access to knowledge.

The person who crosses these boundaries becomes a portion of the world around him, enlarges his horizons, sharpens his perceptions, brings purpose and fulfillment to his life. As a corollary, he brings definition to his society and enriches the lives of others.

Those of you who have been the support of Mystic Seaport know that we here are grateful beyond measure to you; but there is a point to be made of an even greater gift which is ours to you. You are a part of this adventure. You have, by virtue of your interest, assumed a responsibility, taken on a new dimension, expanded your horizon, gazed through a strong glass at what could and will color your thinking, enlarge your perspective, mark your decisions.

Come and make use of this gift and let us grow together. Such a partnership will burnish our endeavors and secure the future of Mystic Seaport.

Waldo Cmy. Johnston



ANNUAL REPORT 1976

FINANCIAL HIGHLIGHTS

Significant improvements have been made to the accounting system during 1976. The chart of accounts, the recording process and the reporting format have been changed to conform with the Museum Accounting Guidelines recently published for the American Association of Museums.

The final result of these changes are informative financial statements which more clearly reflect the operation of the Seaport. However, they are considerably different from previous financial statements, and, therefore, require some explanation.

The excess of income over expenses includes money received from all sources less current expenses. Almost all of these funds are restricted for special projects and programs which either have not been started or are currently in progress. An example is the $145,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities for the "New England and the Sea" exhibit. The funds are included in income, but are restricted and, at this time, mostly unexpended.

The following figures are a summary of the unaudited results of operations for 1976, and are subject to change. The complete and audited financial statements will be available after June 1.

We are presenting below the major items of income and expense.

OPERATING FUND	
Income	$3,079,000
Expenses	3,100,000
Excess of expenses over income	(21,000)
SPECIAL PROJECTS FUNDS	
Income	858,000
Expenses	467,000
Excess of income over expenses	391,000
ENDOWMENT FUND INCOME	371,000
Total excess of income over expenses	$ 741,000

For a copy of the audited financial statements, please write to Ralph H. Edwards, Controller, Mystic Seaport, Inc., after June 1.

BOOK REVIEWS

This Broken Archipelago, by James D. Lazell, Jr., with photographs by Martin C. Michener. (New York: Quadrangle, 1976. xi + 260 pp. Illustrations and index. $12.50)

Here is a book which should be on the library shelf of every yachtsman who likes to cruise the waters off Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Cape Cod. Not only does it open up new worlds of enjoyment for those days when sailors like to go poking about on shore, but it also provides fascinating reading material for the long and inevitable hours when weather keeps the crew belowdecks and the vessel anchored in snug harbor.

But what does a herpetologist—a reptile and amphibian expert—have to tell a sailor? Let the author explain.

"I walk through the same world as everyone else, but I see it differently. I too see trees and marshes, rusting hulks of old cars and rotting tar paper, the rocks, the beaches and the sea. I see all this in my strange perspective, through my peculiar eyes. You may read this book out of curiosity or even revulsion and, if I succeed, may finish it with a fascination, perhaps even a fondness, and at least a glimmering of respect for creatures you never liked, and never knew before."

To which this reviewer adds: not only for the creatures under discussion, but for the whole Cape-Island world, "one of the most fascinating geological regions on earth." Far more than just talking about the animals he favors, the author also delves into the sea-related history of the region, and how it came to be with its islands and "holes," its dunes and ponds and lakes, and how it relates to the sea today.

There are some wonderful nuggets of information here. There is an island you might stumble on by chance (the author wisely does not name it) where there are the very last remnants of the great American beech forest which once covered all of New England. There are other places which harbor the greatest reptile left on earth, the leatherback turtle, measuring up to ten feet in length and weighing up to a ton. On Martha's Vineyard, on a misty day, you might see a spotted salamander: if you do, it would be a big event, because they are very rare there. And on Nantucket, if you are very lucky (as the author once was) you might find a Nantucket spadefoot toad, a rare and primitive amphibian which has the color of a chewed-over olive pit and is not much bigger.

But aside from this zoological lore, you will also run across a great many other, little-known bits and pieces of Cape and Island knowledge. Why are there *two* high tides in the Middle Ground, six hours apart, but only one low tide? What makes the complexity of currents around and between the islands—currents which yachtsmen are sometimes hard put to oppose with full power on the engine? What is *life*—a huge question in this time of debate about capital punishment and life-sustaining medical aids—and why is the snapping turtle so pertinent to any discussion of the subject?

You'll find the answers here. Lazell is a great deal more than just a herpetologist; he is a philosopher, a commentator and a first-class writer as well. Seen through his "peculiar eyes," these lovely cruising grounds do indeed take on a "strange perspective"—of mystery, and meaning, and the promise of sights which, perhaps once seen, may never be seen again. Add *This Broken Archipelago* to your ship's library. You'll never regret it.

Percy Knauth

Whaling and the Art of Scrimshaw. By Charles R. Meyer. (New York: David McKay Company, Inc., 1976). 7" x 10", hardbound, 271 pp., numerous illustrations, glossary, bibliography, index. $17.95

The jacket says this is "a skillful blending of encyclopedic reference book and gripping tale of adventure, illustrated with a collection of outstanding photographs of both the story of whaling and the art of scrimshaw." It would be more accurate to call it a conglomeration of information from a variety of secondary sources with no original historical material and illustrated with many unidentified and sometimes irrelevant photographs, drawings and paintings. It is unfortunate that the subject and title will probably

attract people who will spend nearly $20.00 for a book that is pretty but useless.

There are a number of authoritative books on whaling which give a clear picture of this dramatic aspect of American maritime accomplishment, and Mr. Meyer has drawn on selected elements of these for the narrative section on whaling. With such books available and a number of them still in print, it is presumptuous for this freelance writer-photographer to attempt to improve upon the work of these men with their firsthand experience or careful scholarship. It is also apparent that the author has little background in scrimshaw, since there is very little said about what constitutes quality, and since there are numerous examples of both old and new scrimshaw in the book.

The best judge of quality in scrimshaw is the accuracy of the scene. No matter how artistically naive a whaleman was, he knew the significant details of whaling activity and his work conveys this knowledge. In his admiration of the work of some modern scrimshanders, the author recognizes the artistic excellence of William Gilkerson's work and the artistic merit of the work of A. Douglas Jacobs, but he seems insensitive to the remarkable accuracy of Gilkerson's work when compared to the inaccuracies of Mr. Jacobs' scrimshaw. In one featured Jacobs' piece called "The Harpooner," the line tub is shown in the bow of the whaleboat, where the line attached to the harpoon would run out at an uncontrolled rate until it suddenly became taut and capsized the boat. Other Jacobs' scrimshawed teeth, which appear throughout the book, show an equal lack of understanding of whaling procedures.

The book is disjointed and in some cases repetitive. In one instance, most of five pages are devoted to working on a plastic tooth hobby kit. Thirty pages later, the kit is referred to again as if it hadn't been mentioned.

The illustrations as a whole are very disturbing, with at least one printed backwards, another reproduced twice, and most poorly identified. There is a list of photographic credits at the back of the book, but there are numerous paintings that are not identified as to what ship is being shown, who painted the painting, or who owns it. There are irrelevant pictures such as the present-day brig *Unicorn* which has no association with whaling or whaleships. There are also several photographs which are misleading, since they are scenes from the 1922 film "Down to the Sea in Ships." One photo, for example, shows the villagers in mid-nineteenth century costumes waving farewell to a whaleship, with several automobiles clearly identifiable in the background.

J. Revell Carr

BOOK ANNOTATIONS

America's Sailing Book. By Bill Robinson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976. x + 277 pp. Illustrations, line drawings, photographs, and index. $14.95)

This is a very fine overview of the sport, which includes "Introduction to Sailing, Racing, Cruising and Day Sailing." It pulls together a wealth of experience by an expert, into an easily read and comprehensive volume. The index is especially noteworthy and extensive, for the reader may quickly find an item of particular interest with its use.

The Blue Water Cook Book. By Eva Palasti Brown, with illustrations by Denis Brown. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., ix + 87 pp. Illustrations and recipe index. $4.95 in paperback)

Though primarily for the cruising cook at sea, the shopping guide, proportions, stowage, galley furnishing, and hints are already worth the price of admission. But really, one doesn't have to own or sail on a cruising yacht to truly enjoy some of these fine recipes, maybe it's just better atmosphere.

The Book of Boats. Edited by William and John Atkin. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. xii + 219 pp. Illustrations and line drawings. $8.95)

A new combined edition of the *First* (1947) and *Second Book of Boats* (1948). The designs are ruggedly handsome, sort of the work boat-*cum*-yacht types. Since the original volumes are now difficult to come by, opportunity knocks again.

Cleopatra's Barge, The Crowninshield Story. By David L. Ferguson. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1976. viii + 293 pp. Illustrations, photographs, references, index. $10.95)

Almost everyone is familiar with *Cleopatra's Barge*, even vaguely, as America's first yacht. But the sub-title reveals this to be a unique biography of the equally unique Crowninshield family. Encompassing roughly the period from 1734 to 1958, the author traces these amazing generations with an insight that places him squarely in command of the subject. Excellent.

A Cruising Guide to the Caribbean and the Bahamas. By Jerrems C. Hart and William T. Stone. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1976. xiv + 578 pp. Illustrations, charts, photographs, appendices, bibliography, and index. $20.00)

In choosing a cruising guide the best advice is to look at several. This one is quite complete for a broad expanse of the oceanic region between the east coasts of North and South America. If these are your cruising grounds, by all means consider this volume among the probabilities.

Eastward, A Maine Cruise in a Friendship Sloop. By Roger F. Duncan. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. x + 210 pp. Illustrations, photographs, appendix. $9.95)

Many sailors dream of a summer cruise to Saint John, but few accomplish it. Those who do seldom write about the cruise, and fewer yet appear in print. Obviously this volume has a lot going for it, so come on board and enjoy the cruise. You will be glad you did.

The Folding Schooner and Other Adventures in Boat Design. By Philip C. Bolger. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. x + 198 pp. Photographs and line drawings. $13.50)

The *Schooner*, which folds into a trim and trailerable package, is for openers. The other thirty-one designs range from a punt to a five-masted schooner of 128 feet. Cross this with a range from a kayak to a Greek trireme and the scope of this book is revealed. Very interesting.

Harbor Tug. By Peter Burchard, with photographs by Rollie McKenna. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1975. 62 pp. Photographs and charts. $6.95)

When we begin to accept the indispensable, it tends to fade into the backdrop. This story in particular brings the tugboat crew and their necessary services into sharp focus within the harbor of New York City. A delightfully personal tour of your very own.

Lighthouses: Their Architecture, History and Archaeology. By Douglas B. Hague and Rosemary Christie. (Llandysul, Wales: Gomer Press, 1975. xvi + 307 pp. Illustrations, photographs, glossary, notes and references, appendices, bibliography, and index. £6.)

Primary coverage is of the British Islands and Ireland, with continental antecedents of the classical, medieval, and crusader periods. With its prodigious documentation, this volume should become an excellent reference source.

Making A Living Alongshore. By Phil Schwind, illustrated by Coralee Spacht Hays. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. vi + 128 pp. Illustrations and glossary. $7.95)

It is a positive good to capture in print all of the experiences suggested by the title. But the best guess is that the sports fisherman and enthusiast will derive the maximum benefit. Most all of the inshore seafoods are covered with great "how to catch" prose, aided by illustrations of equal quality. An index is sorely missed.

The Mariner's Catalog, Volume 4. Edited by George Putz and Peter H. Spectre. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. 191 pp. Illustrative advertising. $6.95)

Fourth in a series of what has become a popular "where do I find it" catalog. In addition to the usual mix of hardware and software, there is an excellent selection from a wide range of maritime literature. Once again recommended.

Modern Rope Seamanship, Synthetic and Natural Fibres. By Colin Jarman and Bill Beavis. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. viii + 110 pp. Glossary, illustrations, photographs, and index. $9.95)

Perhaps one needs to ask why another book of knots? If so, the answer here is a reasonably compact and inexpensive volume. For the practical application it's all here in a readily usable format.

Wind Song, Our Ten Years in the Yacht Delivery Business. By Patrick and June Ellam. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1976. viii + 222 pp.)

An adventure story, but true, of these several years of many types of boats being delivered on passages which criss-crossed the entire eastern seaboard, inland waterways, and the Caribbean. This makes for enjoyable reading in a variety of



situations, and it is quite obvious that the writer-participants enjoyed their life.

World Guide to Tropical Drift Seeds and Fruits. By Charles R. Gunn and John V. Dennis. (New York: New York Times Book Co., 1976. xii + 240 pp. Illustration, appendix, glossary, bibliography and index. $17.50)

Of textbook quality in content, this volume is also pleasantly readable. Despite the fact that tropical drift seeds and fruits may seem to be an obscure subject matter, many individuals with an inclination for natural sciences will find this material fascinating and eye-opening. The appendix containing a generic and family list is also quite helpful.

ACQUISITIONS

This scrimshawed whale's tooth depicting on one side a young boy holding onto a ship's ratlines and inscribed below with Byronic verse is a recent Seaport acquisition (74.691). The unknown scrimshander's source for the picture of The Sailor Boy was the frontispiece of *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea,* compiled by Charles Ellms and originally published in 1836 by Samuel N. Dickinson. The other side of the tooth is etched with a popular nineteenth century theme, "The Young Mother." Although we do not know the specific source for this picture we can as-

sume that it too was copied from a book or magazine.

The tooth is of particular importance because of the extreme size of it (nine inches long) and the quality of the workmanship. The engraving of The Sailor Boy portion is so fine that it almost looks like the work of a professional engraver and in fact is artistically superior to the work on the Ellms frontispiece.

LETTERS

Mr. Percy Knauth, Editor
The Log of Mystic Seaport
Mystic, Ct. 06355

15 November 1976

Dear Mr. Knauth:

In reading John Leavens' article "The Noman's Land Boat" I find on page 95 a statement which may perhaps be construed as misleading or, at the least, vague. When he refers to "Goswold" I presume he refers to Bartholomew Gosnold who, in 1602, founded the first permanent settlement on our Eastern seaboard on the island now known as Cuttyhunk. This precedes the settlements at both Plymouth and Jamestown by a number of years.

I also find a certain inconsistency in the stated distance of Noman's Land from "a protected harbor." The author states that it lies ". . . three miles south and seaward of the westernmost end of Martha's Vineyard." In the next paragraph he then says ". . . the island is 20 miles or more from a protected harbor. . . ." As a lifelong denizen of Cuttyhunk and its watery environs, I cannot agree, since Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard is surely considered a protected harbor and lies but a scant seven miles from Noman's Land while Cuttyhunk, with its landlocked harbor, is only 14 miles distant.

Yours cordially,
Ambrose A. Carberry

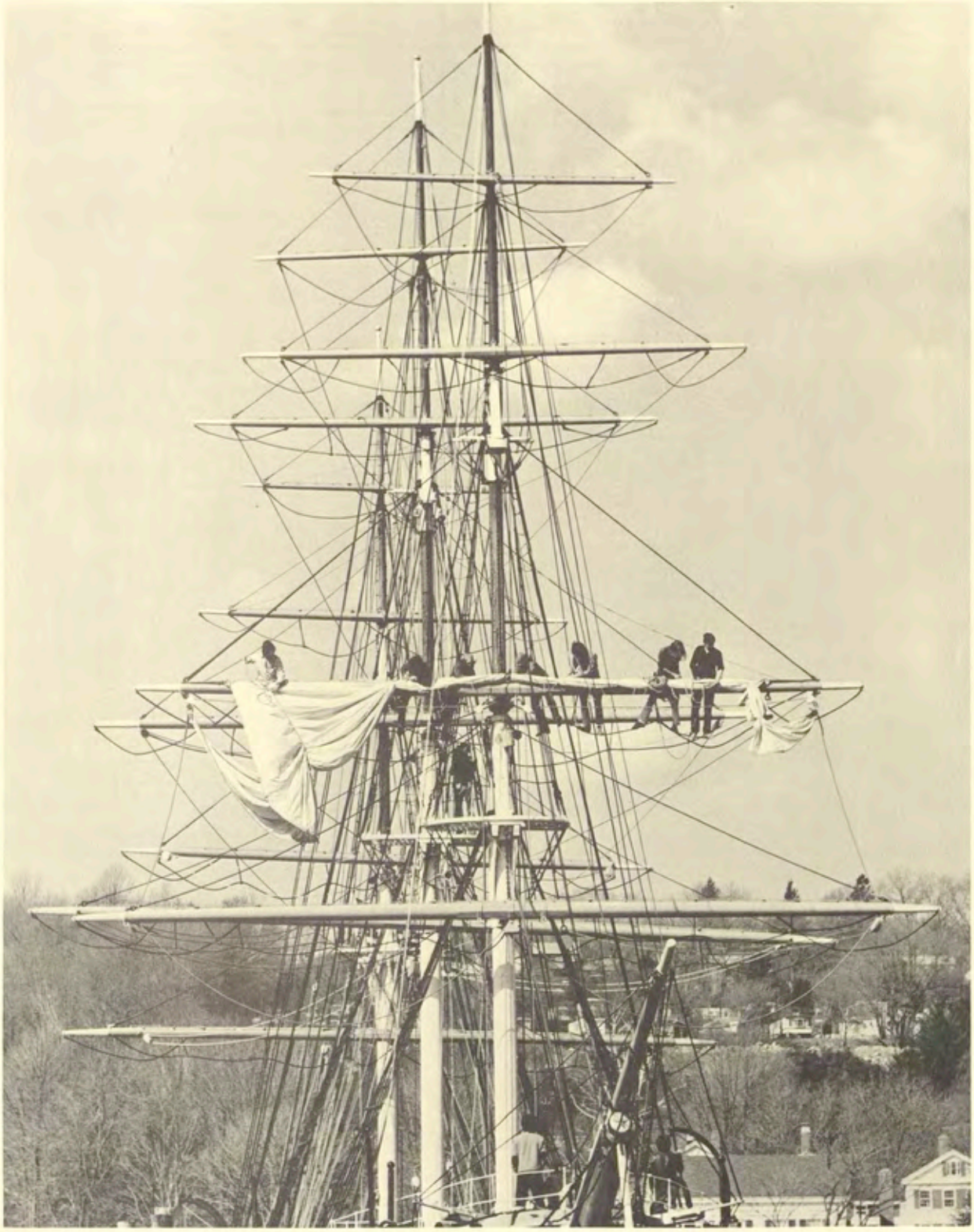
Mr. Leavens' reply:

Goswold was a typographical error. Mr. Carberry is correct in assuming that the reference is to Bartholomew *Gosnold.*

In the years when the Noman's Land boat was based on the little island for which it was named, Menemsha was such a poor harbor that, up to 1903 when stone jetties and a straight alignment of Menemsha Creek were built, the local fishermen moored their boats behind Dogfish Bar or launched them from the beach at Lobsterville, two or three miles to the west of Menemsha. In an emergency, boats from Noman's Land Island could have hauled on the beach at Squibnocket Bight four miles away or on the Lobsterville Beach some 10 miles away. If there were any reason for going there they could have put into Cuttyhunk 14 miles away by way of Canapitsit Channel. But if they wanted a protected harbor, they would have had to go to Vineyard Haven (then Holmes Hole), Edgartown, or New Bedford, all "20 more more miles" away.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover: Lee Boltin, courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History; pp. 2–3, drawing by Lois Darling from *The Science of Life* by Louis and Lois Darling; p. 8, print of original drawing in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England; p. 11, Lois Darling; pp. 14–15, original drawings by Worden Wood for February 1927 issue of *Yachting;* p. 18, painting by Harold Durand White, collection of Dr. A. T. Hill; p. 21, from Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper,* September 13, 1856; p. 23 (top) Comer Collection, Mystic Seaport; (bottom) Norman Widger; pp. 24–25, Scholfield Collection, Mystic Seaport; pp. 26, 33, Mary Anne Stets; back cover, Claire L. White.

CORRECTION: On page 77 of the October 1976 *Log,* the painting of the clipper *Hornet* should have been further identified. The original painting is by Frank Vining Smith, and is the property of The Seamen's Bank for Savings in New York.



Apprentice seamen unfurling the *Joseph Conrad*'s sails appear in this photo like harbingers of the busy summer season.



THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

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