Spring 1979

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



COVER 59.1010

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FRONT COVER: Carved and gilded wooden figure of a Chinese warrior, *ca.* 1825. (59.1010)

FACING PAGE: Pen and ink drawing of a "Johnny Woodboat," by John F. Leavitt. (76.1.52)

BACK COVER: The fireplace cooking demonstration in the Buckingham House is one of the Seaport's most popular cold weather activities. Photograph by Mary Anne Stets.

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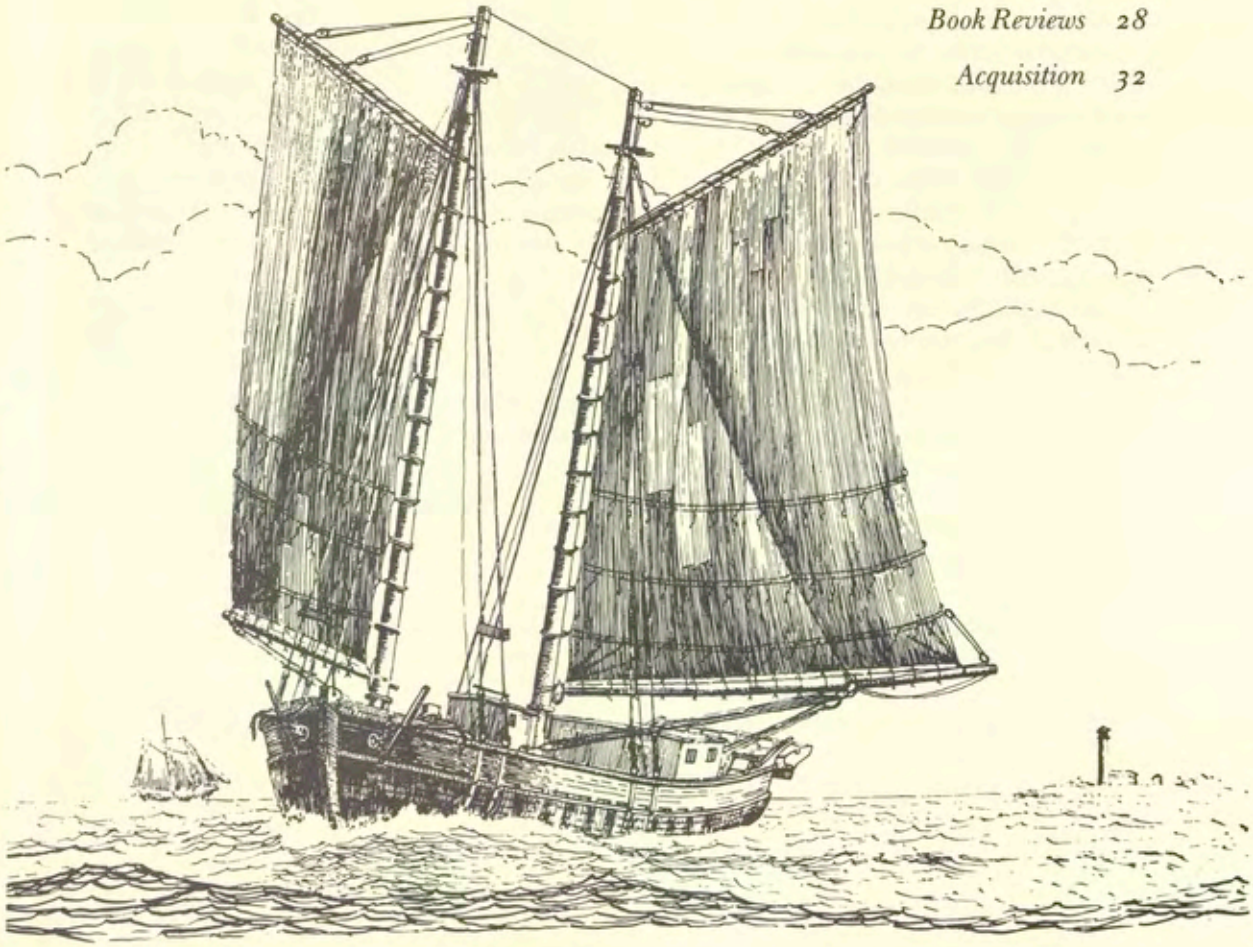
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SIGHTINGS



As we anticipate the summer season at Mystic Seaport most of us, I am sure, develop mental images of our ships with sails set, the river crowded with youngsters in Dyer Dhows as *Sabino's* whistle clears a path, and of visitors exploring exhibits or gathering around the chantey singer. Few of us think about another significant aspect of our museum, the Frank C. Munson Institute of American Maritime Studies, which has been a part of Mystic Seaport for twenty-five years. In this program each summer a dozen or more scholars pursue graduate-level courses in maritime history and literature, occasionally resulting in some lasting contributions to the field. This issue of the *Log* presents prime examples of the benefits to be derived from this program since each of our three authors has been involved with the Munson Institute. Mrs. Helen Johnson attended in 1965 while Jeff Bolster participated only last summer; and William A. Baker has lectured for many years in these courses. It seems appropriate, as the Institute begins its twenty-fifth year, to look at its origins, goals, and achievements.

In the early 1950s Edouard A. Stackpole, then Curator of Mystic Seaport, and Robert G. Albion from Harvard University proposed that the museum sponsor a seminar in maritime history. Mrs. Cora Mallory Munson established an endowment in the fall of 1954 to underwrite the costs for the Institute in memory of her husband, Frank C. Munson. This initial endowment was generously augmented through the years by Mrs. Munson's brother, Philip R. Mallory, and the P. R. Mallory Family Foundation. Very few universities had courses giving adequate consideration to our maritime heritage and none could match Mystic Seaport's setting for enlivening that heritage.

The quality of the program was of utmost importance if the Institute was to gain a solid academic reputation. Fortunately, through the years, it has been directed by two highly respected scholars and teachers, first Robert G. Albion of Harvard and, since 1974, by Benjamin W. Labaree of Williams. These men, along with two resident faculty members, John H. Kemble of Pomona College and Edward W. Sloan III of Trinity College, have set the high standards essential to the success of the program.

From its inception, the Institute has been geared toward graduate students and teachers. This direction was taken in the belief that they would be in a position to contribute to our knowledge of maritime history through their research, and spread their knowledge and understanding of the sea to others through their writing and teaching.

Solid achievement is evident in that more than thirty Munson graduates presently hold responsible positions with museums or college faculties, and many more teach in high schools. We should see a broadening of that influence this year as Connecticut College, Trinity College, and Wesleyan University join the University of Connecticut in awarding credit for Munson Institute courses.

For a quarter of a century Mystic Seaport Museum has been able to reach out through its Munson graduates and awaken thousands of students to the significant role the sea has played in shaping our nation's history.

J. Revell Carr

China and the West: A View from the *Roman*

HELEN H. JOHNSON

May 1st, 1853. Harbour of San Francisco. This day i went on board the clipper Ship Roman, Capt. Hepburn, bound to Hong Kong, (China) & from thence either to New York or London. After bidding my Friends & Associates a hasty farewell The ship was hove short & the signal set for the Pilot. At 10 Oclock he answered our Blue Peter by coming on board & hoisting Anchors, after which the welcome cry of Lay aloft & Loose the Topsails, Sheet Home & Stand By. As we drifted down the Harbour a thrill went through my heart, Homeward Bound. Glorious words & Yet twas strange that I should feel so happy when we had Eight long months ahead of us. But the charm Hope blinded us with Joy which Shut out from our view the dark Scenes through which we must pass. The wind was dead ahead & we was obliged to beat out between the Golden Gates (two high Bluffs at the Entrance of the Harbour, as we was going out the Steamer Pacific Passed us & gave a cheer which was heartily responded to by the crew. At 4 P.M. the Pilot left us & we was once more on the deep, bound to the Celestial Empire. We went off finely dead before the wind reeling off 9½ knots. Every one was happy & Expecting soon to be in Tradewinds.

The *Roman*, rated as the best full-built American tea ship in the China trade,[1] was sailing to the Orient on the second leg of a familiar three-cornered route: out from Atlantic ports to California with merchandise for the miners, then on to the Far East in ballast or furs, and finally home again stowed with tea, silk, and spices. Home might be one of several American ports, and often a ship dropped anchor in an English harbor; but the magnet of the voyage–China–never varied.

Sailing on the *Roman* as ship's carpenter was a young man, Samuel G. Stanley, who kept a journal that is now in the manuscript collections of the G. W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport Museum. Lively and amusing, Stanley's diary is a captivating account of a voyage to the Orient seen through the eyes of a twenty-three-year-old youth. Entertaining though it may be, the journal serves a second purpose of far greater importance. It is an excellent background against which to examine the confrontation that took place during the nineteenth century between two alien civilizations–nations that even today scarcely understand one another.

American commerce with China began when, with the Revolution scarcely ended, the former colonies were forced to find substitutes for British ports that were now closed to them. With trade a necessity for survival, men sailed away like Yankee peddlers–buying here and selling there–until they discovered the enormous profits hidden in the Orient. The first ships carried mainly freight for the French, but before long they added furs, hunting seals as they rounded the Horn and picking up otter from the Nootka Indians on the northwest coast of America.[2] While Washington was still president, as many as fifteen vessels entered the Canton anchorage (the only port open to foreigners) in one year;[3] and soon the fledgling nation joined European powers in the fabulous era that brought great wealth to some and great injustice to others, deception on one hand and Chris-

Mrs. Helen H. Johnson, a resident of Norwich, Connecticut attended the Munson Institute in 1965. Her major at Connecticut College in East Asian History led her to the material upon which this article is based. For eight years Mrs. Johnson was editor for the *Connecticut College Alumni Magazine*.



Oil painting of Canton Harbor showing the Hongs, *ca.* 1855. (54.590)

54.590

tian charity on the other.

While the United States was discovering China as a source of trade, an event occurred in Great Britain that was to have a lasting effect upon relations between East and West. In 1784 England reduced her tax on tea from 100% to 12½%. While this act greatly increased the demand for tea, it also brought an alarming imbalance of trade because the Chinese had little interest in Western goods at this time.

To compensate for the loss of revenue, Britain increased her shipments of opium from India, although the drug was outlawed in China. Since the English East India Company, which had held the monopoly since Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757, did not wish to be associated with the illicit trade, the drug was transported in small, privately-owned vessels which, in appearance at least, divorced the company from the trade. These vessels delivered the opium to receiving ships that formed a depot off Lintin Island, not far from Canton, where the contraband exchanged hands. profitable returns inevitably attracted other nations, and soon after 1800, some swift American vessels were also bringing opium into China, mainly from Smyrna.[4]

In 1839, Emperor Tao Kwang, appalled by the degradation and corruption accompanying the drug trade, threatened hostility if the ships were not sent away. When they were not, he selected Commissioner Lin Tse-hsu to abolish the commerce in opium. The culmination of Lin's efforts resulted in an oriental version of the Boston Tea Party, during which 20,291 chests valued at £2 million were seized and destroyed.[5] The Western nations were furious, naturally, but so was the Chinese government: the former because of the losses her merchants suffered, the latter because Lin's action hastened the unavoidable event that followed–the Opium War.

Since England took the lead and more than one issue was at stake, Anglo-Chinese War is a more accurate description of the conflict. Diplomatic recognition, legal procedures and the crucial question of opening more ports for trade concerned both countries as much as opium. Up to this time no foreigner was permitted to step beyond a designated section of Canton, and foreign women were not allowed in China at all. The men lived and worked in their factories (from the word "factor" not "manufacture") while their families maintained homes in nearby Portuguese Macao. But great as this inconvenience was, the question of expanding trade was greater; the foreigners were determined to force their way into China. Equally determined to prevent any concessions were the Chinese, who, confident of their superiority, saw no advantage to contaminating their ancient civilization with foreign trade and practices.

Following China's defeat, the treaty ending the war opened up five additional ports so that, by the time of the *Roman*'s maiden voyage in 1850, many of the important houses no longer needed to sell opium. "... I am glad we are done irrevocably with a branch of the business that of late has seemed actually disreputable," wrote a member of the prestigious Russell Company, an American firm, "a trade which brought us into contact with the most degraded Chinese and consequently served to sink us in the estimation of the better classes."[6]

Although swift ships were no longer necessary for subversive purposes, speed still counted, for then as now the first goods on the market brought the highest prices. Ladies at home who had never even heard of opium looked forward eagerly to new stocks of silks and nankeens. And because the quality of tea depends to a great extent on its freshness, the faster the ship the better the tea. The *Roman*, standing high in her class, raced toward her destination, and although the days at sea seemed endless to the impatient young Stanley, Hong Kong was soon sighted.

15th. [June] This morning as we came on deck I heard the mate Sing out Land Ho! dead ahead. All was now life. All the sailors counting on having a spree. Hurrah Boys, bear a hand, be lively, Haul here & Push there, a perfect Babel. At 10 Oclock we saw two junks ahead a little to Port. They proved to be Pilot's. We made a signal & one hove down on us. It was Quite a novelty to me to see their rude vessels out to sea rigged up with Lateen Sails. They had Some Young ladies on board. Really I thought i should faint when i saw them. But as they neared us i soon found out they was not the Kind of galls i like at Home. Never mind Sam, time enough Yet. After old Chin Chang Chene [a pilot] had got aboard he Squared away the yards & away we went for port. A Squall Struck us & hurried us on Quite lively. At 4 PM we passed the Bluff Known as the Asses ears & in one hourly was ploughing up river finely expecting soon to be in. Just then we lost out breeze & there we was becalmed. A Junk

tried to tow us up but it was no use. We anchored. At 7 Oclock the Captain sent Boy Dick up the river to the City for some fruits & when he returned we had a spree lichees, Bananas, Grapes, Preserves, Eggs &c. You may bet we was not bashful. At 10 Oclock we up anchor & started again & I hope we will not be compelled to let go the mud Hook any more. Out passage is now up 1/2 past 3 Oclock. The run has been made in 45 days from California to China. Not bad Passage by a long shot Quoth I. Good night.

In many ways the Hong Kong that greeted Stanley in 1853 resembled the city we know today with its conflicting ideologies, but in the nineteenth century there was less understanding and more antagonism. Like other areas in the East where Westerners first settled, both sides were consistent only in the enmity with which they regarded each other. Americans in China said of the natives, ". . . you have no idea of the cunning they use,"[7] while the Chinese described Americans as ". . . by nature deceitful and should be rigorously guarded against."[8]

With overtones of contempt, the Chinese government called the special category dealing with other nations "barbarian affairs"–terminology that all foreigners resented, the English going so far as to refuse any communication in which the phrase appeared. Americans, though annoyed, showed less sensitivity. A distinguished sinologist even maintained that "barbarian," as in Greek, merely meant someone who could not read the native language.[9] Chinese, on the other hand, were insulted by American presumption in using their emperor's pronoun "*chen*" for the President of the United States, and they greatly resented expressions of equality such as "Chinese and foreigners are one family."[10] Of the many foreign social customs they disliked, the practice of women appearing at an assembly of men was particularly offensive. "This is actually the custom of various Western countries," explained one Chinese official, "and cannot be determined by Chinese standards of propriety. If we condemn them hastily there will be no means of dispelling their stupid ignorance, and at the same time we would arouse their doubts. Furthermore, all the barbarians came in complete amity and we cannot but treat them with cordiality."[11]

After the war friction increased between the Chinese and the Westerners. One source of constant irritation to foreign merchants was the incompetence of China's customs employees, who handled inspections and shipping documents. Just two years before Stanley's voyage, Chinese officials accused the *Roman* of smuggling, insisting that only part of the cargo had been declared. Tempers flared on both sides until an inspection of the custom house books revealed that the fault lay in an incorrect entry; sheetings had mistakenly been entered as drills, and shirtings and long ells as camelots and woolens.[12] Meanwhile, much to China's sorrow, foreigners continued to traffic in opium, establishing more "receiving stations" to which the Chinese were not in a strong enough position to object.

19th. [June] Last night all stood anchor watch as we had no coolies Engaged. After washing down decks, I fixed the Quarter Deck ladder. It be Sunday, we may look for visitors. We will go ashore this afternoon if it is pleasant. So Hurrah for fun. We had a grand sing last night. We all assembled on the forecastle. Two English Clippers lay just ahead of us & we opened on them rich to the tune of Yankee doodle & others. Now for some liberty on Shore, Come Boys. We have just returned from our Cruise ashore. 6 of us got a Sam Pan & started. The girls pulled us, the men steering. I am inclined to think the Girls at home would be jealous of us could they have seen us. However we got safely on Shore & such a noise i Seldom ever heard. Everyone talking his own tongue Chinese, Lascas, Malays, Parsas, Bengalese, English, Irish, French, Duch, Yankees in fact Every dialect on the Globe at present spoken. We roved off in Seperate bodies. Bob and i started off & away we went all over the place. Every thing was new to us & we had our monies

worth looking. We went up on the hill & visited the Josh House, a large building with a figure Representing their deities, as large as life. Hundreds of the Natives came in & bowed down before these images. Twas than i was thankful that i came from a Christian Country. After bidding the Josh House Good By, we trudged on. The streets was filled with Coolies (lower orders) selling fruits, Eggs, besides lots of Chinese fixins. We visited Several Shops & examined all their wares &c & promised to call & buy some. Those Chinese who leave their own Cities & Settle in Hong Kong can never go back again. Such a law would not suit a line Yankee.

Although it is true that unnecessary emigration was looked upon with disfavor, Stanley was mistaken in believing that Chinese could not return to their country once they had left it. Far from disowning her subjects, it was to China's advantage to keep them as citizens, for they were a source of taxation no matter where they lived. Chinese residing in Hong Kong lived under British law, but they were free to come and go as they pleased. Only when they became British citizens, which many of them did, was their travel restricted. In that case, while they were in China they came under the rule confining *all* foreigners to the treaty ports and a limited surrounding area.[13]

For those Chinese who were engaged in illicit activities, British citizenship was an easy way to gain foreign protection. In Amoy particularly, many Anglo-Chinese returning from Singapore, Malacca, or Penang (where they had become British citizens by birth or naturalization) were foreigners only when it suited them; otherwise they melted into the local scene. This subterfuge provoked the British as well as the Chinese until finally, in 1846, the British notified all Chinese who were natives of their colonies that they would be protected only when they carried proof of British citizenship and registered with the consul upon arrival in China. If they traveled beyond the limited half-day's journey from a treaty port or disobeyed treaty regulations in regard to smuggling, their citizenship was to be revoked. As an added precaution against mistaken identity, it was suggested that they avoid wearing native dress while in China.[14]

Chinese who became naturalized citizens were generally not admired by other Chinese: first, because they were considered traitors to their country; second, because of the part many of them played in the coolie trade as crimps (procurers). "Buying and selling of men" the Chinese called it. In the nineteenth century, when coolies were shipped all over the world, a procurer would usually arrange to have the family of a coolie paid a sum of money before his departure; then the amount was repaid to the employer from the man's meager salary. Ships for transporting the coolies were in such demand that whether or not they were seaworthy was rarely a consideration. Often the men were herded together like slaves, and many died on the way, a state of affairs sometimes leading to mutiny.[15] Finally, in 1853, the governor of Hong Kong, Sir George Bonham, opened the way for better conditions by prescribing adequate diet requirements and medicinal care on all British coolie ships.[16]

4th of July, 1853 Hong Kong. This day is the glorious fourth. How many thousands of our countrymen are welcoming this day with Joyous Shouts & hilarity. Well I suppose we must make the most of it. The Port regulations allow no guns to be fired so there we are dished. 7 O'clock Everything wears the appearance of Happiness, But still there is something wanting. The Bay is as calm & smooth as a piece of Polished Steel Whilst its surface is dotted with numerous Boats of all kinds, Sam Pans, Bum Boats, Chops, Flower Boats &c forming Quite an interesting Sight. But there goes Breakfast. .... Blow me if i know what to do. Hurrah Fourth of July forever.

5th. Well the Glorious 4th has passed. We had sort of a spree. We decorated the Forcastle with flags. We then made a table of the Bread Barge on which we placed some 18 Emty Bottles & one full one. After the Performances had commenced the third mate kicked over our table &

so spoilt our fun. We told him it was liquer & made him Shell out for damages. We took up a Tarpolin muster & I was deputised to go ashore & procure refreshments. I took a Sam Pan & away i started. I went to Compradore Toms who treated me kindly. I bought some–Pineapples, mangoes, & other fruite & then started off to see the Procession. Some 50 Sailors Headed by an American Flag & Band consisting of 2 Chinese Gong, Accordian, Drum & Flute Playing Yankee Doodle. They had just come from the Consuls residence. he had given them each a bottle of Brandy & they was now drunk & making a great noise. Hundreds of Chinese was following them Quite pleased at the antics of the sailors. But at night they all fetched up in the Calaboose for tearing down the British flag, Rioting &c. I then started for the ship. I got in the Boat & i think these poor Coolies Earned their money. I tore out their Curtains & placed them on Bamboo poles & went all over the Harbour Shouting & Yelling. Finally I went on board. ...

The impression Stanley and the other sailors made upon the Chinese can easily be imagined. Sailors never have had golden reputations, but in 1853 their conduct in China was so deplorable that the United States commissioner in Shanghai wrote to Washington pleading with the government to allot funds for a jail. At least 150 men of all nations were ashore each day, he claimed, and drunk, brawling and riotous, they defied "all Law, because they have tried the jail and find that they cannot be confined in it." The jail at that time belonged to the British, to whom the United States paid rent until 1860, when a prison for Americans alone was eventually built. (An amusing sidelight occurred in 1858, when the American Consul, W. L. G. Smith, had to discharge all Americans then confined in the British jail because he lacked the money with which to pay the rent!)[17]

The flag incident, which put the sailors in the "Calaboose," was not an isolated affair but a frequent expression of growing rivalry among Western nations for both trade and prestige. In Canton, a similar incident began when the French minister, M. de Bourboulon, raised his country's flag on property the foreign colony insisted belonged to the community in general. Because the rigging on the flagstaff had been cut several times, M. de Bourboulon stationed armed guards to watch over the flag, and one night they seized two Englishmen who they believed meant to damage it. The Englishmen were then imprisoned on a French man-of-war, and al-

Oil painting of Hong Kong Harbor, *ca.* 1855. (54.591) 54.591



though they were soon released, the furious English consul insisted that the circumstances of the arrest be examined and an official apology be forthcoming.[18] The French had clearly violated the international agreement stipulating that a culprit be delivered to his own consul for trial. Ironically, this point of extraterritoriality was one that all foreigners argued over and over again with the Chinese.

Any episode demonstrating antagonism among the Western powers delighted Peking and led the Chinese to believe that some day they might eject all the barbarians by playing one against the other.[19] They had, to begin with, many examples of the suspicion and dislike with which Americans and Englishmen regarded one another. On the very day that the sailors were carousing in Hong Kong, United States Commissioner Marshall in Shanghai was trying to persuade China to open the Yangtse River to steam so that she 'could elevate her condition to the end that Russia and Great Britain shall not partition her noble domain.' Meanwhile Sir George Bonham was writing home '. . . he [Marshall] already wants to have a squabble with me but I will not afford him the opportunity if I can possibly avoid it.'[20]

6th. This morning we got ready to make Sail as early as 4 Oclock but did not get under way before 11 Oclock & with a fair wind away we went finely. We passed up the river some 75 or 80 miles to Whampoa. We saw some fine sights &c on the way up. We reached Lintin at 6 pm. We passed through the Bogue forts. They command the passage. How the English ever got up through i cant see But Chinamen are not European Soldiers. 2000 men could keep the whole world at bay Easily. We reached Bamboo Town at 1 Oclock & anchored untill 4 when we hoisted anchor & went up the American Reach or anchoring ground. Many Pagodoes, Temples, Towns, Rice Fields & farms are in full view forming Quite an Important scene. We have been a long time without sleep so i will turn in.

Stanley must have been tired indeed to have recorded in his journal such an impassive account of the *Roman*'s approach to Canton; from other contemporary descriptions, it was an exciting experience. Whampoa, the destination, lay on the Pearl River ten miles downstream from the city proper; and, as main anchorage for foreign shipping, it was here that ships transferred their cargoes to smaller vessels and received outgoing cargo for the return voyage home. The anchorage also held the vast workshops of the Hong Kong Dock Company with its extensive facilities for building and repairs. From dawn to dusk during the "season" (October to March), its docks were hidden by a wall of masts, and the babble from a score of tongues competed with the din of hammering and scraping.[21]

"Bamboo Town," scarcely worth mentioning, was a repulsive assortment of decayed dwellings built on piles; however, the Bogue forts, situated on either side of Bocca Tigris at the estuary of the Pearl River, were of strategic importance. From their position on rising palisades, they commanded the approach to Canton. They were completely destroyed in 1856, but the damage Stanley refers to here happened earlier during the Opium War, when a class of Chinese known as *Han-chien* ("Chinese traitors") acted for the enemy by giving them maps, charts, and other vital information, and by serving as pilots and working on the warships. It is also held that they fought beside the British troops as they stormed the Bogue forts. Some reports claim they formed half of the British force; whatever the number, their share in China's defeat caused philosopher Fang Tung-Shu to write that at the Bogue it was not in their armaments that British strength lay but in the *Han-chien*.[22]

14th. [July] Hurrah for a spree. The old man Says I must get all my work done by next Wednesday as an Old Chinaman named Tingua will Be down from Canton to visit the ship. But he blows so I dont put much dependence in what he says. He thinks he will have the ship Painted before the mandarin comes. ...

As well as being the name of Captain Hep-

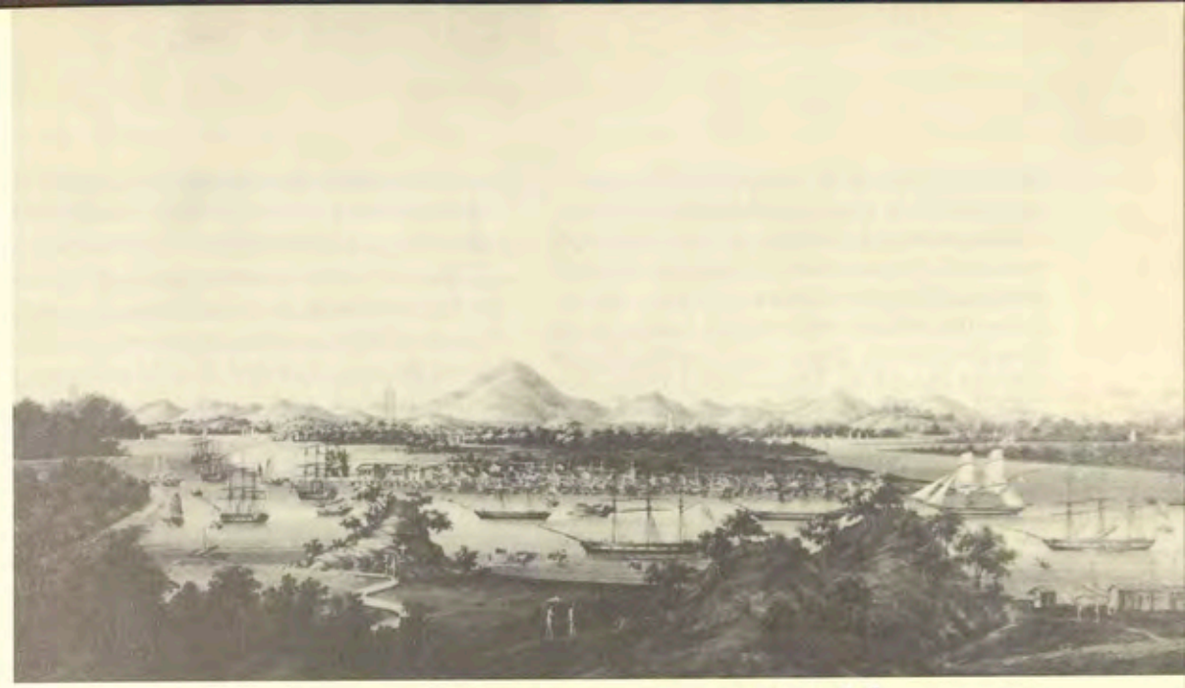
burn's guest, Tingua was also the name of one of the finest clipper ships afloat, constructed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire in 1852. On her maiden voyage to California, the *Tingua* had made a record run to the equator, leaving New York in a roaring northwester on 24 November 1852 and coming within 153 miles of the equator in thirteen days.[23] To have had a splendid American ship named after him indicates that Tingua was highly esteemed and of great importance.

Tingua's connection with America dated back to the time before the Opium War, when business in China was conducted through Hong merchants within the "Canton system." Prohibited by law from dealing directly with a Chinese who had goods for sale, each company had its own officially-appointed Hong merchant, who acted as a middleman in buying and selling of goods and in any transaction with the government. Above this monopoly loomed the *Hoppo*, a usually corrupt official from Peking, and the Viceroy, who served as the local governor-general. To be a Hong merchant required an enormous amount of diplomacy, for he had to meet the demands (not always justified) of China on one hand while placating the ever complaining Westerners on the other. In addition, the *Hoppo* often pressed him for extra, illicit fees that meant raising the selling price of tea and silk. Foreigners, helpless to do otherwise, conformed to this custom, accepting it as a necessary evil in a class with "presents" and other forms of bribery, although it irritated them.

It is difficult to imagine what life must have been like between nations that knew so little about the other's culture, but countless anecdotes concerning the Hong merchants give us an inkling. One night at a dinner party Tingua opened the conversation with his charming dinner partner, Harriet Low of the prestigious American family, by asking her how old she was. The question shocked Miss Low, but Tingua had no qualms in telling her that he was sixty-two. ". . . you would never think him more than thirty-five," she wrote in her journal, "I thought I was paying him a great compliment when I told him so but I hear I could have said nothing more displeasing, as they like to be considered old." Tingua then told her about his five wives. The first, he explained, had been chosen for him by his parents and was much too ugly, but the others were his own choice and consequently pleasing to him.[24]

Oil painting of Boca Tigris, *ca.* 1850. (63.520) 63.520





Gouache painting of Whampoa, *ca.* 1850. (54.587) 54.587

Each day brought a new dilemma to the Hong merchants; and, to their credit, they were masters at reconciling pressures from the West with commands from the East. One day an Englishman's wife living in Macao, Mrs. Baynes, decided to break the rule against foreign women entering China and went to visit her husband in his factory in Canton. Her adventure was successful, but the Viceroy eventually heard about it. Sending for Mowqua, the Hong merchant whose responsibility it was, he demanded an explanation. The English lady's husband was sick, Mowqua told him, and she had only come to take care of him. Shortly after, however, another English lady arrived to see her husband, and the Viceroy, now outraged, again demanded an explanation. This time Mowqua made up a story about the lady being a cousin of Mr. Baynes, ". . . and he so sick he wanchy too much to see her.' But that was enough for Mowqua; when Harriet Low appeared, he insisted she return to Macao immediately. 'I no talky sick anymore,' he said. 'Now I know not what talky.'[25]

August 1st 1853. Bob [the sailmaker] & i are going up the river. He is dressing himself now. We are two whitish looking Gents. White Pants, White shirts, White Hats, White Canvass shoes, all white but Neck Kerchiefs & Physogs, both of the latter being of one colour nearly. Come Bob Fide Fide. So i will stop & hurry him up. Here we are all right again. We left the ship at 8 Oclock &

*The paintings of Chinese ports in this article, along with many others from the Mystic Seaport collection, will be featured in *Ports of Call*, the upcoming exhibition of harbor scenes and port views opening 5 May at the R. J. Schaefer Gallery.

after a pleasant sail we reached Canton about 11 Oclock landing at the Gardens where the factories are situated. On the way up it was really handsome. We passed some Flower Boats while going up. They look Beautiful. About half way up are the ruins of two forts built by the Fanqui men (foreigners). The forts are called French folly and Dutch folly. They told the Chinese they wanted to build Hospitals & after getting them up to their present Position they sent up the Cannons Packed in Hogsheads. But one of them was accidentally stove & the poor Coolies could not understand how such medicine could cure a sick man. They soon smelt a rat. They told the French & Dutch they would rather not have such medicines as Iron given them & concluded to make the Fanquis wild. The Forts are now occupied by the poor classes as dwellings. It was no Yankee trick, that! The city itself was nothing. ...

"The city itself was nothing" to Stanley, but to those stationed there it was a seething cauldron of fury. Contrary to treaty agreements, foreigners were still deprived of free access to the city; there was no guarantee of safety for life or property; and, worst of all, complaints to Cantonese authorities either went unanswered or were met with evasion and excuses. The Chinese government at this time had neither a state department nor a foreign office as we know them, but there were definite officials assigned to take care of barbarian affairs,[26] and this they did—in line with Peking's negative policy.

The most important official in Canton was Commissioner Yeh Ming-Ch'en, an intelligent man who was about to become Viceroy, but one who was misguided in foreign affairs, as most nineteenth-century Chinese were. To Westerners—equally misguided, hungry for trade, and angry—he was the epitome of arrogance and obstinacy. Unquestionably, Yeh was intent upon repudiating the 1842-44 treaties and preventing unfavorable revisions to those treaties that were about to be initiated. He hoped to conquer China's enemies by setting one against the other (especially against England) and by building a military force with which to complete the victory.

The burning "City Question" was settled following an incident concerning the *Arrow*, a Chinese-owned vessel registered under the British ensign in Hong Kong. In 1856, Chinese officials, accusing the *Arrow* of harboring pirates, boarded the ship, lowered the British flag, and imprisoned her crew. The English consul, Harry Parkes, immediately demanded redress, and when it was refused, the British navy fought its way up to Canton. The Chinese held out, however, until two years later when troops who had been occupied in India with the Sepoy Mutiny were free to attack the city. Yeh Ming-ch'en was captured while attempting to escape—some say by scampering indecorously over a garden wall[27]—and spent the rest of his life as a prisoner in Calcutta, where he relieved his boredom by reading the *London Times* and studying parliamentary debates.[28]

2end. [August] Hurrah & away we go. This morning the Ship was hove short & at 10 Oclock some sailors from the TINGUA came on board & up anchor loosed the topsails & as they swung about our Ship is bound away to New York Bay. It sent the Blood tingling through my veins faster than usual. It was laughable though to see our creditors coming on Board for the Dollars. I refused to settle untill after Breakfast as it would not look Business like. Thence, However when all was ready i called them up & asked them what they wanted. *Money was their cry*! First came a Shoemaker, then a tailor, & Barber, Bum Boatman, Washwoman, Sam Pan Men, Fruitmen, Some Beggers beside. After all was settled they gave us our Camshaws of Ginger, Oranges, Chow Chow. Our friend Jimmy Goodtom promised to bring us off some things to day. He was alongside but for some reason we could not prevail upon to come on board so we will have to satisfy ourselves with what we have got. After all was Paid the Ship started for Bleinham Reach where we anchored & shall Remain untill to morrow when we Expect to start for Old Oceans Dominions. I & Bob are prepared for sea so let it come & God give us a pleasant & Properous passage home. We have 2 Passengers going home with us, one Capt Harding, an Old East

India Opium Smuggler, the other is a Chinese Boy named T. Yak, sent by the American Consul to be educated in America. ...

China's past and future met simultaneously on the homeward voyage of the *Roman* with Captain Harding, who looked back to the East India Company days, and young T. Yak, who perhaps dreamed of ultimately building a new China. It would be interesting to trace T. Yak's career, but Stanley's phonetic spelling draws a curtain over the boy's identity. Perhaps he was like Yung Wing and his two companions, who in 1847 were the first Chinese sent to the United States to be educated. Yung returned to China in 1854 after graduating from Yale, and sixteen years later accomplished his dream of establishing a system whereby other Chinese boys could be given a Western education. The fulfillment of his ambition led him to a reflection which is just as appropriate today when peace, harmony, and justice among nations is as distant as East was from the West in the days of the *Roman*. Yung Wing wrote, ". . . sometimes our imagination foreshadows what lies uppermost in our minds and brings possibilities within the sphere of realities.... there are other day dreams yet to be realized; whether or not they will ever come to pass the future will determine."[29]

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What happened to the happy-go-lucky young ship's carpenter? According to his obituary in the *New York Times*, 3 June 1909, he became a prosaic businessman in Brooklyn and never sailed the seas again.

And what of the *Roman*? Unfortunately, she did not have "a pleasant and Prosperous passage home" from China that fall of 1853. On 25 November (116 days out from Canton) Stanley reported a "terrible sea," which increased in violence. Battered by the gale, the ship began to leak, and on the 29th he wrote, "The leak gains on us, God help us now. ...never saw such Heavy seas as we have had for the past two days." Everyone manned the pumps and the swelling cargo of tea was thrown overboard; yet conditions on the ship steadily worsened. The entry dated 1 December was written on board the *R. B. Forbes* (bound for New York out of Calcutta). She had come to their rescue, taking the men aboard when it was obvious that the weary *Roman* could stay afloat no longer. Ironically, she was almost home–just six hundred miles off the coast of South Carolina.

NOTES

[1]Carl C. Cutler, *Greyhounds of the Sea: The Story of the American Clipper Ship* (New York, 1930), p. 197.

[2]By the year 1804-05 Americans were bringing 269,759 pelts to China. Charles Gutzlaff, *A Sketch of Chinese History* (New York, 1834), II, appendix IV.

[3]Elma Loines, *The China Trade Post-Bag* (Manchester, Maine, 1935), p. 1.

[4]Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Maritime History of Massachusetts* (Boston, 1961), p. 277.

[5]S. Wells Williams, *The Middle Kingdom* (New York and London, 1848), II, p. 518.

[6]Loines, p. 72.

[7]*Ibid.*, p. 54.

[8]Earl Swisher, *China's Management of the American Barbarians* (New Haven, 1951), p. 191.

[9]*Ibid.*, pp. 41-43.

[10]*Ibid.*, p. 174.

[11]*Ibid.*

[12]John King Fairbanks, *Trade and Diplomacy on the China Coast* (Cambridge, 1953), pp. 397-98.

[13]Alexander Mitchie, *The Englishman in China* (Edinburgh and London, 1800), p. 275.

[14]Fairbanks, pp. 215-17.

[15]W. Fred Mayers, N. B. Dennys, and Charles King, *The Treaty Ports of China and Japan* (London and Hong Kong, 1867), p. 67.

[16]Swisher, pp. 200-202.

[17]No-Jung Park, *Retreat of the West* (Boston, 1937), pp. 63-66.

[18]Stanley Lane-Poole, *The Life of Sir Harry Parkes* (London, 1894), I, 180-183.

[19]Swisher, p. 191.

[20]Fairbanks, p. 415.

[21]Mayers, p. 126.

[22]Arthur Waley, *The Opium War Through Chinese Eyes* (New York, 1958), pp. 222-23.

[23]Cutler, p. 234.

[24]Loines. pp. 122-23.

[25]*Ibid.*, pp. 132-33.

[26]Swisher, p. 37.

[27]Lane-Poole, p. 273.

[28]Swisher, p. 37.

[29]Wing Yung, *My Life in China and America* (New York, 1909), pp. 23-24.

The Changing Nature of Maritime Insurrection

WM. JEFFREY BOLSTER

Until the early years of this century, insurrection at sea, from the tiniest complaint to the far-reaching displacement of authorized command, was unequivocally considered mutiny. Far too often, journalistic sensationalism has overshadowed the essence of these disturbances making it necessary to sample different types of insurrections at sea in order to understand their causes and examine their implications to the existing society. A trend thus emerges– the changing nature of maritime insurrection reflects the changing of life at sea.

Why would the failure to obey an officer's command on a ship in 1920 be any less serious than a similar action in 1820? Why did society's perception of maritime disobedience change so totally? In 1820 failure to obey would have been considered the first step toward insurrection, seizure of the vessel, and piracy. Further, it would have been a blow at the established social order of the day, which was maintained by investing social control in the hands of a specific class.

It would seem that the key element in society's changing perception of disobedience at sea has been the slow relaxation of the rigid class structure which characterized much of Western civilization until the latter nineteenth century. By the early twentieth century, the long-standing distinction between forward (for commoners) and aft (for gentlemen), especially on British ships, gradually gave way and emerged as part of the larger struggle between labor and management: a struggle essentially for equality before the law.

Traditional mutiny arose in reaction to horrible working and living conditions, coupled with the effects of strong personalities on board ship. Investigation and documentation of these two causes, as well as the changing role of class, presents an interesting picture of the changing nature of maritime insurrection.

Briefly defined, mutiny is "open revolt against constituted authority," the act of "refusing submission to discipline or obedience to the lawful command of a superior."[1] For the most part, mutiny was characterized by its "limited objective, (that of) throwing off an immediate and specific yoke without any program to follow,"[2] Most insurrections of course failed for just this reason.

The vast majority of nineteenth-century mutinies do not conform to the popularly held notion of wild-eyed, cutlass-swinging desperadoes terrorizing their officers and seizing their ship, although it seems as if this is the picture which contemporary society nurtured. Most mutinies in fact involved nothing more threatening than a discontented lot of men fed up with endless work, little sleep, and barely edible provisions who mustered aft in a body and simply refused to work. Occasionally commotion ensued, but the majority of accounts reveal more bluster than blows. Pathetically, the same remedy proved effective time after time. With the might of firearms and the law behind them, the afterguard either flogged or

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confined the ringleaders, or starved the entire crew into submission. Usually, within a day or two things returned to normal. The general public heard very little of these numerous disturbances. Indeed, they were so common that they frequently received scant notice even in logbook entries.

These insurrections had limited objectives by their very nature. They released pent-up furies for the moment and were, for men before the mast, about the only available form for expressing acute indignation at injustice. An apt illustration is found in the striking of Master-At-Arms Claggert by Billy Budd, Herman Melville's tongue-tied sailor.[3] Common seamen throughout the history of merchant shipping were just as tongue-tied by their situation as was Billy Budd by his stutter. By the very nature of the master's absolute authority, seamen had no recourse whatsoever in the face of capricious or irrational orders except stoic acceptance, or mutiny, until the close of the nineteenth century.

Richard Henry Dana, part of a crew suffering at the hands of an unstable and tyrannical captain, endured in part because of the futility of action. Dana wrote:

> . . . what is there for sailors to do. If they resist it is mutiny; and if they succeed and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again their punishment must come, and if they do not yield what are they to do for the rest of their lives? . . . Bad as it was, they saw it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for.[4]

By the nineteenth century, mutiny leading to piracy was virtually extinct. Modern technology, especially the steam engine, dealt would-be pirates their final blow. However, it is worthy of note, that a respected naval officer, Alexander Slidell MacKenzie, feared that type of action as late as 1842.[5] The lively imprint which earlier pirates had made on the civilized world remained viable throughout the nineteenth century, and seaman's insurrections were thus forever tainted. The clouded distinction between a blow against civilization and a justifiable labor action long hindered necessary reforms.

The transition, then, from violent and piratical mutinies like that aboard the Nantucket whaleship *Globe* in 1824[6]–when a deranged harpooner named Comstock, and a few henchmen, murdered all of the officers in their bunks–to relatively nonviolent work-stoppages like that aboard the New Bedford whaling schooner *Pedro Varela* in 1910[7]–when the crew sabotaged the voyage by pitching overboard most of the whaling implements–can be charted over the course of a century, roughly from 1820 to 1920. In 1820 commercial shipping remained essentially a medieval mercantile enterprise, composed of privately owned and operated trading vessels constrained by a minimum of government regulation. At sea, masters possessed complete authority and could legally flog or otherwise restrain their men as they saw fit. By 1920 merchant shipping was technologically and economically complex and intensive, and heavily regulated in all respects, including prescribed working conditions and legally established relationships between officers and men.

During the early years of this transitional period (1820-1920) severe repression of mutineers still existed, stemming in large part from the associations of mutiny with piracy, and from the fact that the upper classes regarded common sailors as barely human. As the period progressed, relative tolerance for minor disturbances slowly grew. Masters turned from flogging, ironing, or starving their men into submission, to grudgingly providing somewhat better supplies and working conditions. Also growing in use was the expedient of allowing troublesome men to desert at the first opportunity, as in the case of the whaling bark *Rodman*, which allowed two of five mutineers to go ashore on a Philippine island in 1862.[8]

The deplorable working conditions prevalent in the age of sail have often been recounted: the poor and often unhealthy

food, unsanitary quarters, long exposure to wet and cold, and the dangerous work necessary in heavy weather both on deck and aloft. All of these factors played a fundamental role in maritime insurrections. Boredom, and the artificial social situation found aboard ship exacerbated the emotional stress endured during these physical hardships. Whaling and the long-distance bulk-carrying trades in the latter age of sail managed to lengthen the agony. The increased length of voyages, with a corresponding decrease in good food and water, and an increase in incidence of physical stress, exhausted the men and strained the ships.

In the logbook of the Stonington, Connecticut whaler *George*, a ship plying the offshore Pacific grounds in 1839 and 1840, is recorded a steady series of complaints and work-stoppages due to bad food. The captain himself writes on 1 May 1839:

> This day the people complained of not having meat enough–eating five bbls. per month–and also said something about their bread being wormy. Opened another cask of bread and found it the samem.[9]

The log of the Boston ship *Chilo*, kept by her master during a voyage to Singapore, reveals what bad weather could do to a ship and her men. From the very first day, 30 July 1859, the log mentions "pumps regularly attended." From then on there is nothing of note except that tedious entry "pumps regularly attended," until 24 October 1859 "commences with a violent gale." After describing extensive damage inflicted on the rigging, the day's entry in the log concludes with "Cargo shifted giving ship a strong list to starboard. Pumps regularly attended."[10]

By 21 November, about four months out, the ship required 450 strokes per hour, with the leak "steadily increasing."[11] The crew was literally pumped into exhaustion.

In both the *George* and the *Chilo*, dissatisfaction erupted into insurrection. Captain Brewster of the *George* wrote on 7 August 1839:

> At 8 a.m. Mr. White went forward to turn up the watch when they all refused to do duty, without they had more to eat–I then sent Mr. Morgan to ask them *All* if they meant not to come on deck to do duty when they all said that they should not–. . .[12]

This insurrection on the *George*, however, ended not in flogging or confining some of the crew in irons; instead, "for the interest of the voyage"[13] the captain increased their rations. It should be noted, nevertheless, that the overall incidence of corporal punishment was very high on this ship. Also, one man was sent ashore to prison for refusing his duty,[14] and one officer was "broken" and sent forward for neglecting his duty.[15]

Things took an uglier turn on the Boston ship *Chilo*. After pumping their way across the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and getting within sight of land near Singapore, the crew refused to do their duty, and threatened the first officer with a belaying pin. The second officer, when asked by the master for assistance, refused, and was immediately declared to be in a state of mutiny with the others. The ship, with the crew working in "an insubordinate manner, and making use of much mutinous language,"[16] eventually made Singapore where the consul came aboard and jailed the ringleaders. Most of the crew soon deserted, and while the ship was still in Singapore, a skeleton crew was still pumping every hour, over three months later.[17] She was obviously unfit for service, and could not get a cargo.

The Seamen's Act of 1915 radically improved conditions on American ships. Safety standards prevented vessels like the *Chilo* from going to sea; and other sections regulated the crew's hours, provisions, water, living accommodations, sanitary facilities, and medical liability in case of accident.[18]

Fully as important as legislative changes were the late nineteenth-century technolog-

ical changes that truly revolutionized life at sea. Steam vessels brought shorter voyages and shorter voyages meant more fresh food. Technology also provided canned food, and water from metal tanks instead of wooden casks. The advent of the triple-expansion steam engine in the 1880s ultimately eased all seamen's burdens; steamers' "black gangs" shoveled less coal per horsepower than before, and deckhands increasingly turned from the giant man-killing square-riggers to a life on steamers which was easy by comparison. Even the diehards who remained with sail benefited from the steam donkey engines that took over much of the heavy hauling formerly done by hand, especially on large coastal schooners. Though remnants of a past age still persisted in the remaining foreign-flag square-riggers, they were anachronisms, and not illustrative of the situation as a whole. English and American ships, at least, were now for the most part safe and decent places of employment. Half of the traditional reasons for insurrection had disappeared.

What of that other issue, the less tangible one of personality clashes? One authority has written that "very little mutiny is impersonal, in the large scale sense that revolution is . . . mutiny is spurred by direct human contacts."[19] Many cases of mutiny illustrate the paramount role of personality, on both sides of the issue. A tyrant like Bligh, or the captain of HMS *Hermione*, who routinely flogged the last two men to return to deck from working aloft, could goad to mutiny a crew which might not have been overtly discontent;[20] or a psychopath like Samuel Comstock could lure men with tales of paradise to do his bidding and murder their officers.[21] Likewise, an iron officer like Captain Samuel Samuels of the packet *Dreadnought* could quell a mutiny by the sheer force of his presence.[22] Donkin, in Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* is a superb literary manifestation of personality playing a key role in maritime insurrection.

Fundamental to any assessment of the role of personality aboard ship is a constant awareness of the extreme artificiality of the social situation. Herman Melville suggested in *White Jacket* that ships are microcosms.[23] In a sense they are. And perhaps the most apt comparison would be to a feudal fiefdom, dominated by a supreme lord, administered by his councilors, and worked by his serfs. This poses no great exaggeration. The master of a vessel was the supreme being on board; his officers served at his pleasure, and his men virtually existed at his whim. Though mid-nineteenth-century reforms outlawed flogging and other extreme brutality, these age-old traditions were difficult to displace, and frequently the long arm of the law was not quite long enough for many nineteenth-century seamen.

Reflecting the difference in rank between master, mates, and crew, a rigid tradition-bound system of shipboard behavior evolved. Certain sections of the ship were scrupulously reserved for certain ranks; the officers stayed aft, and the crew stayed forward, except when specific duties required otherwise. Often these tiny kingdoms were just over 100 feet long, and only 25 feet wide, and were occupied by static societies for months on end. The psychological strains inherent in such rigid confinement are obvious.

Autocracy is a perilous state; inviting intense loneliness, drunkenness, despotism, even madness. Without legal proscription, nothing could restrain a captain so affected from encouraging brutality in his mates and turning his ship into a living hell. Accounts of such brutal occurrences were published in the National Seamen's Union's "Red Record" between 1888 and 1895.[24]

Contemporary journals provide abundant evidence of what a master, restrained by no one but God, could inflict on his crew. Captain Frank Thompson of the brig *Pilgrim*, flogging two of his men off the California coast in 1835, worked himself

into a frenzy as he beat them, screaming:

> If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for."

When the helpless man called on Jesus Christ, Thompson continued:

> Don't call on Jesus Christ. He can't help you. Call on Frank Thompson. He's the man. He can help you.[25]

Captain Luther Little of the New Bedford whaler *Israel*, in 1841, beat one of his boatsteerers "who refused to strike another whale" for some reason, and laid him up for three days. The boatsteerer was Little's son.[26] Further reading of Second Mate Pierce's journal aboard the *Israel* reveals other aberrations in Little's behavior. Like Thompson on the *Pilgrim*, Captain Little broke some of his officers and sent them forward. Like Thompson he flogged his men.[27] Unlike Thompson, however, Captain Little experienced a full-fledged mutiny. Seamen Peter Tyler, who had been repeatedly flogged, articulated the crew's feeling about the captain: "neither your old age nor gray hairs will save you now–you are not master now." The timely arrival of a French frigate reinstated Captain Little's authority.[28] Of interest here is the fact that Little's officers openly criticized his whaling ability and claimed that the master's ineptitude caused much of their bad luck.[29] Thus, the man with ultimate authority on the *Israel* was not only capricious, but also incompetent.

Aberrant behavior leading to insurrection was manifested by crews as well as by officers. The English bark *Leicester Castle*, bound from San Francisco to Brisbane in 1902, had been manned as usual by a crimp, a person who, legitimately or by entrapment, assembled crews for voyages. Oddly enough this crimp had a conscience: he warned the master that one of the men he had enlisted was a bit strange, and carried a revolver. The captain secured the pistol, and thought nothing more of it. Except for three men, the crew seemed reasonably content, which was not unusual. Several weeks out, those three burst into the cabin, gunned down the master and the second mate, killing the latter, and then abandoned ship to certain death in the Pacific Ocean on a raft made of scrap lumber.[30]

Up to this point the influence of conditions and some of the influences of personality on maritime insurrections have been surveyed. There is an obvious correlation between the incidence of mutiny and the existence of poor working conditions and authority untamed by law. As physical conditions improved and quarterdeck authority was tempered, mutinies decreased.

Concomitant to legislative tempering of the master's authority was a more subtle social change. As the nineteenth century progressed, lines of class distinction blurred, and authority was seen less and less as a reflection of class. Although the American sailor was not technically a free man, or his master's equal before the law, until 1915, he was definitely much closer to it in 1900 than he had been in 1820.

Class distinctions which traditionally created a chasm between those forward and those aft were perpetuated in the naval services until quite recently. In the merchant service, however, many capable men were able to overcome this barrier and rise to command by coming "in through the hawse hole," and this became the accepted route to command in the late nineteenth-century American sailing merchant marine. The success of these masters manifested the changing role, and decreasing importance, of class distinctions.

Evidence from the early nineteenth century substantiates this early class consciousness at sea. On the brig *Pilgrim*, it was clear that no matter how bad conditions were, Dana and Stimson, gentlemen's sons, would not aid or abet a mutiny.[31] They had too much to lose at home, and they were imbued with the views of their class which reacted to mutiny as a disorderly and de-

spicable action, no matter the provocation. Dana, later to be a champion of sailors rights, stood by and watched injustice, for to intervene would have been completely out of character with his upbringing.

Had Sam and John, the flogged men, seized the ship and returned to Boston with a substantiated account of the captain's brutality and his blasphemy, they probably still would have been condemned by public opinion because their actions were those of upstarts displacing their betters. The social fabric of the day was not ready to accept that strain.

The reactions of the midshipmen on HMS *Bounty* to Christian's mutiny parallel those of Dana and Stimson to the letter. Social norms and class consciousness controlled their actions in the face of injustice.[32] Though Dana, a shipmate of the flogged men, was supposedly in the same situation according to the ship's hierarchy, he wrote: "I had no apprehension that the captain would try to lay a hand on me. . ."[33] His position as a gentleman's son, having "connections" with the ship's owners, spared him that anxiety.

Herman Melville's *Redburn* ("The Sailor Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gentleman in the Merchant Service") likened sailors to the wheels of a coach, fated forever to turn in the mud while supporting the riders in hammercloth sumptousness.[34]

> Consider, that, with the majority of them, the very fact of their being sailors, argues a certain recklessness and sensualism of character, ignorance, and depravity;... consider that by their very vocation they are shunned by the better classes of people ...consider all this, and the reflecting mind must very soon perceive that the case of sailors, as a class, is not a very promising one.[35]

Consequently, waterfront communities made a conscious effort to confine them to "sailortowns," dingy parcels of urban real estate composed of grogshops, boardinghouses, and brothels, which soaked poor Jack for his every nickel, and every shred of self-respect. Victim of an endless cycle, the sailor came ashore, was fleeced by sailortown's "land-sharks," and soon found himself outward-bound again, for which privilege he paid with several months advance wages. Broke, with no education, and because control of seafaring labor was securely in the hands of crimps and boardinghouse masters, the sailor had few alternatives.

The middle years of the nineteenth century brought the first efforts at reform. But "it was a time of public callousness towards poverty, brutality, and exploitation, especially when these factors occurred in connection with persons, such as sailors, who were often irresponsible, unprincipled, and licentious."[36] Waterfront Bethel Churches, temperance societies, and lending libraries for seamen did little but scratch the surface. Melville sarcastically revealed to the public the hollowness of their efforts.

> What in your heart do you think of that fellow staggering along the dock? Will you throw open your parlors to him; invite him to dinner? or give him a season ticket to your pew in church?—No. You will do no such thing; but at a distance you will perhaps subscribe a dollar or two for the building of a hospital, to accommodate sailors already broken down, or for the distribution of excellent books among tars who cannot read.[37]

Surprisingly enough neither Melville nor Dana advocated energetic reforms. Writing in the 1840s, both seemed to feel, as Melville wrote of the sailor, "Time must prove his friend in the end."[38] Well meaning, but bred with a strong sense of class, such reformers ultimately did little to improve the status of common seamen.

It was to this question of status that Andrew Furuseth and his militant International Seamen's Union directed their energies in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They felt that until the seamen's legal status was equal to that of the master, no chance existed for improving his economic or working conditions.[39] A series

of Acts in Congress, culminating with passage of the Seamen's Act in 1915, conferred upon the sailor rights given to black slaves in the United States fifty years before.[40] For the first time, all sailors on American ships could legally leave a ship in any port of lading or unlading, with at least a portion of their wages, free from fear of imprisonment for deserting their vessel.[41] The sailor was finally an employee, not a serf.

Ironically, legislative change, especially in the narrow field of seamen's rights, occurred sooner in the English reform movement, preceding that of the United States by several decades. In 1873, Samuel Plimsoll drew attention to the plight of British seamen in his book, *Our Seamen*. Three years later, Parliament passed the Merchant Shipping Act to combat horrible safety conditions then prevalent in the British merchant marine. About this time, British courts began to hand down verdicts which would have been unthinkable just a few years earlier. Notable was the 1876 decision concerning Captain Barnes, of the *Locksley Hall*, and seaman Allen. The latter had assaulted the master, who then put him in irons. When they got ashore and the case came up before the magistrate, Allen was sentenced to two days in jail for assault, while Captain Barnes was sentenced to twenty-one days in jail for interning him.[42] Though a freak case, it illustrates the trend toward equality before the law of men of different classes.

This social leveling, as it pertained to seamen, created as well as alleviated problems, especially during the tumultuous transitional period coinciding with the end of the age of sail. Reforms enacted to protect seamen from abuse worked also to emasculate the authority of masters, and shrewd young sailors soon capitalized on this. Foulke, in "Life in the Dying World of Sail, 1870-1910," pointed out that masters could no longer be sure of operating their ships because of their lack of supreme authority over their crews, which increasingly consisted of crimped waterfront dregs.[43]

The cruise of the whaler *Charles W. Morgan* in 1904 reveals how "sea-lawyers," or foremast hands who had a bit of knowledge about their "rights," could undermine a voyage. The mate learned of a plan by seaman Charles King to begin a program of disobedience to orders in an effort to goad the officers into using force, so that they could be taken to court when the ship reached shore. King and his cronies were not struck, but they were put in irons until they repented, an avenue still open to a master with a recalcitrant crew.[44]

By far the best illustration of such behavior is depicted in Joseph Conrad's character, seaman Donkin in *The Nigger of the "Narcissus."* Donkin steps aboard, and salutes his new shipmates: "I can look after my rights. I will show 'em."[45] An incompetent sailor and a malingerer, Donkin nonetheless swayed the crew by preying on their egos and susceptibilities.

Donkin's agitations, favored by circumstances, finally combine to create a mutiny, or rather a work-stoppage, during which the instigator hurls an iron belaying pin at Captain Allistoun. The master faces him down and reveals him as a coward. Most telling though is Allistoun's appraisal of the situation, and his comparison between real mutineers and the pusilanimous sailors like Donkin, fostered by the Age of Reform:

> "Queer lot," he went on in a low voice. "I suppose it's all right now. Can never tell tho,' nowadays... Years ago; I was a young master then—one China voyage I had a mutiny; real mutiny, Baker. Different men tho.' I knew what they wanted: they wanted to broach the cargo and get at the liquor. Very simple... We knocked them about for two days, and when they had enough—gentle as lambs. Good crew. And a smart trip I made."[46]

Conrad recognized the changing nature of maritime insurrection as a reflection of the transformation of life at sea. Though he wistfully looked to the past, when seamen were "men enough to scorn in their hearts the sentimental voices that bewailed the

hardness of their fate,"[47] we can surmise that few sailors or masters agreed with him, especially once the difficult transition had been made from traditional to modern sea-life.

NOTES

[1]Oxford English Dictionary, quoted by Edmund Fuller, "The Nature of Mutiny," in *Mutiny*, ed. Edmund Fuller (New York, 1953), p. ix.

[2]Fuller, p. ix.

[3]Herman Melville, *Billy Budd* (Chicago, 1962).

[4]Richard Henry Dana, *Two Years Before the Mast* (Boston, 1923), p. 124.

[5]Commander Alexander Slidell MacKenzie's Official Report to the Secretary of the Navy, 19 December 1842, in *The Somers Mutiny Affair*, ed. Harrison Hayford (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1959), p. 51.

[6]Edouard Stackpole, *The Story of Yankee Whaling* (New York, 1960), pp. 132-34.

[7]Walter Hammond, *Mutiny on the Pedro Varela* (Mystic, Conn., 1956).

[8]Log of the Bark *Rodman*, 21 April 1862. Manuscript MR 95, G. W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Conn.

[9]Log of the Bark *George*. Manuscript Log 86, G. W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Conn.

[10]Log of the Ship *Chilo*, 24 October 1859. Manuscript Log 586, G. W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Conn.

[11]*Ibid.*, 21 November 1859.

[12]Log of the Bark *George*.

[13]*Ibid.*, 15 September 1850.

[14]*Ibid.*, 19 January 1851.

[15]*Ibid.*, 28 April 1851.

[16]Log of the Ship *Chilo*, 3 December 1859.

[17]*Ibid.*, 12 March 1859.

[18]Elmo Paul Hohman, *History of American Merchant Seamen* (Hamden, Conn., 1956), pp. 32-33.

[19]Fuller, p. xii.

[20]J. G. Bullocke, "The Mutiny on Board the *Hermione*," in Fuller, pp. 108-17.

[21]Stackpole, pp. 132-43.

[22]Captain Samuel Samuels, "A Crew of the Bloody Forties," in Fuller, pp. 221-33.

[23]Herman Melville, *White Jacket* (Chicago, 1970).

[24]Bud Folke, "Life in the Dying World of Sail, 1870-1910," *Journal of British Studies* 3, no. 1 (November 1963): 123.

[25]Dana, p. 125.

[26]Log of the Ship *Israel*, 16 December 1841. Manuscript Log 90, G. W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Conn.

[27]*Ibid.*, 14 March and 10 July 1842.

[28]*Ibid.*, 31 August 1842.

[29]*Ibid.*, 13 November 1842.

[30]J. G. Lockhart, *The "Mary Celeste" and Other Strange Tales of the Sea* (London, 1952), pp. 102-107.

[31]Dana, p. 123-28.

[32]Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, *Mutiny on the Bounty* (Boston, 1932).

[33]Dana, pp. 127-28.

[34]Herman Melville, *Redburn* (Garden City, N.Y., 1957), p. 133.

[35]*Ibid.*, pp. 131-32.

[36]Hohman, p. 22.

[37]Melville, p. 133.

[38]*Ibid.*, p. 134.

[39]Hohman, p. 26.

[40]Gaddis Smith, "Black Seamen and the Federal Courts, 1789-1860," (Yale University), p. 18.

[41]Hohman, p. 30.

[42]Folke, p. 123.

[43]*Ibid.*

[44]John F. Leavitt, *The Charles W. Morgan* (Mystic, Conn., 1973), pp. 61-62.

[45]Joseph Conrad, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (Baltimore, 1971), pp. 19-20.

[46]*Ibid.*, p. 116.

[47]*Ibid.*, pp. 31-32.

Elisha Taylor Baker, Marine Painter: A Continuing Search

WILLIAM AVERY BAKER

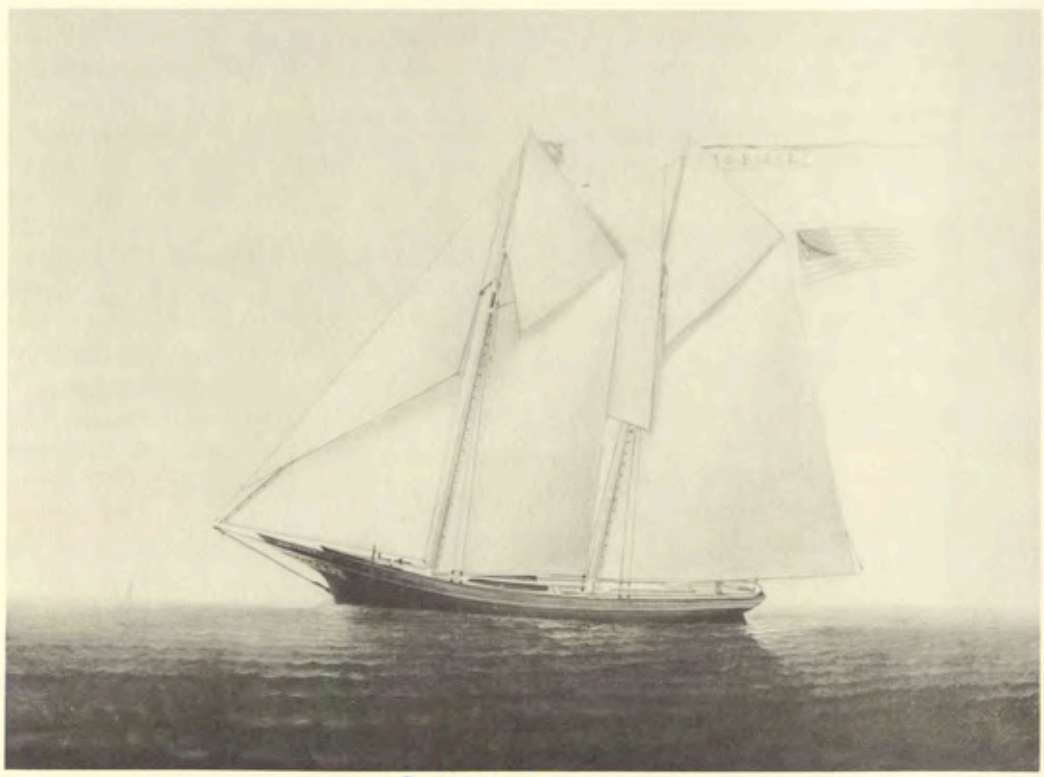
During the summer of 1978, William Peterson, a specialist in local history on the staff of Mystic Seaport Museum, found the following item in the 8 December 1939 issue of the *Stonington Mirror-Journal*, from a letter dated 30 November 1939 by William Douglas Berry in Laconia, New Hampshire:

> After the schooner [*Mary E. Hoxie*] was launched and rigged, ready for sea [in 1868] there were three large oil paintings made of the boat, worked on by Elisha Baker, a celebrated marine artist of New York City. Of these paintings, the Berry family had one, another one is or was in Noank, the third is unaccounted for.

This is the first printed reference to the artist Elisha Taylor Baker that has come to light in a search for information which began in 1970. One of the three portraits of the *Mary E. Hoxie* has been in the Seaport's collection since November 1939.

William Avery Baker is a well-known naval architect and authority on early ship design. He is curator of the Francis Russell Hart Nautical Museum at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a frequent lecturer for the Munson Institute.

Noank Fishing Schooner *Mary E. Hoxie,* oil on canvas, 24¼" x 32¼," unsigned. *Mary E. Hoxie* was launched in May, 1868 at Noank, Connecticut. Mystic Seaport Museum. (39.588)



39.588

Elisha Taylor Baker was born in New York City on 17 February 1827, the first child of Elisha Avery and Laura (Taylor) Baker. Elisha Avery Baker (originally of Groton, Connecticut) is believed to have been a fish merchant associated with the Fulton Fish Market. In 1832 he moved his family to Colchester, Connecticut, where he established a retail fish business. In 1848 he was part owner of the seventy-seven-ton smack schooner *Elisha A. Baker*, built in that year by Jason Beckwith at New London. [Her inboard profile and sail plan were published as Figure 10 in Henry Hall's *Report on the Ship-Building Industry of the United States* (1880 Census).]

Little is known about Elisha Taylor Baker's life. Apparently, he spent some time at sea. On 10 March 1851, he married Adelaide Brigg in Hebron, Connecticut. They had no children.

The range of Baker's subjects–from full-rigged ships through coasting schooners and yachts to steamboats–shows that he traveled around New England, and may have visited the British Isles in the late 1880s. One of his paintings depicts the Astor steam yacht *Nourmahal* of 1884 off Cowes. Obviously he was working in New York when the *Mary E. Hoxie* was built at Noank in 1868. A business card reads:

Elisha T. Baker
Marine Painter
315 Pearl & 104 South Sts., N.Y.

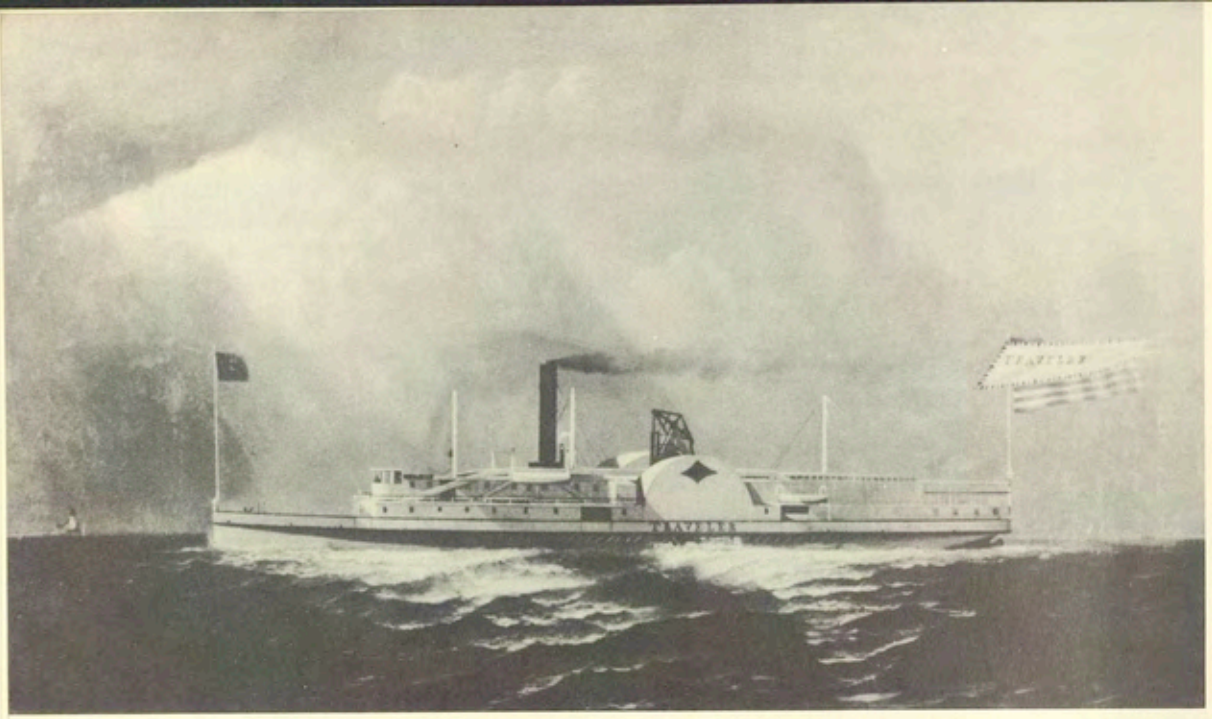
His only known surviving sketch book shows that he was also there about 1880, for it contains a sketch of one of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge before the cables were in place. Construction of this bridge was started in 1872 and it was opened for traffic in 1883. Other sketches indicate that Baker may have painted landscapes as well as marine subjects.

Baker seems to have had two careers in marine painting, the obvious one being that

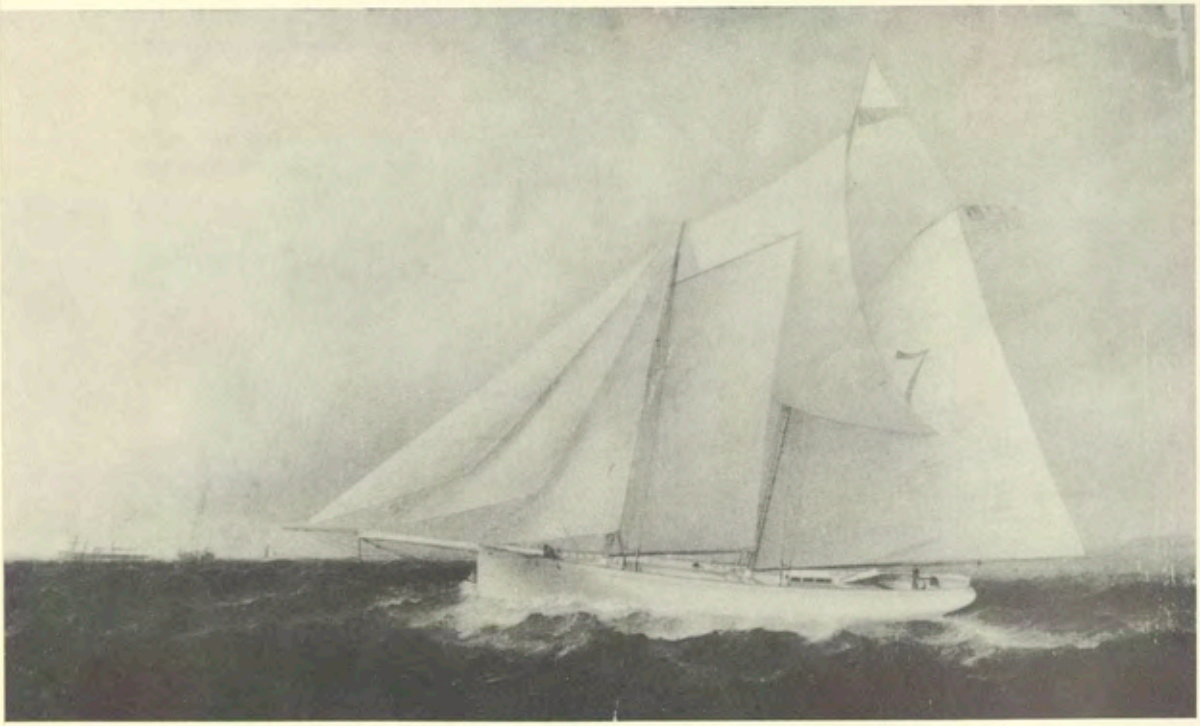
Ship *Coldstream*, oil on canvas, 22" x 40", unsigned. *Coldstream* was launched in August, 1866 by Geo. Greenman & Co., Mystic, Connecticut. Mystic Seaport Museum. (53.2552)



53.2552



Long Island Sound Steamer *Traveler,* oil on canvas, 22″ x 40,″ signed E. T. B., lower left. *Traveler* was launched in 1845 at New York, New York. Courtesy: The Mariners Museum of Newport News, Virginia. (QO 511) QO 511



New Jersey Pilot Schooner *Centennial,* oil on canvas, 21¾″ x 35 3/16,″ signed with Baker monogram, lower left. *Centennial* was launched in May, 1876 at East Boston, Massachusetts. Courtesy: The Mariners Museum of Newport News, Virginia. (QO 203) QO 203

of a formal ship portraitist. On the other hand he has been described as a luminist, for he experimented widely with marine subjects at sunset, by moonlight, or in the fog. The views of the steamboat *Elm City*, the two cutters at sunset, and the cutter with spinnaker set represent this side of his work.

Elisha Taylor Baker died in Orange, Connecticut, on 21 August 1890 and was buried in Colchester on 30 August.

To date a total of 24 of his paintings have been recorded, although the present locations of several are not known. In addition, 11 more paintings have enough characteristics of his work to warrant attribution to him. Unsigned portraits of his parents may be his work but they are not included in the above totals. His known paintings are signed in various ways:

E. T. Baker E. Taylor Baker 

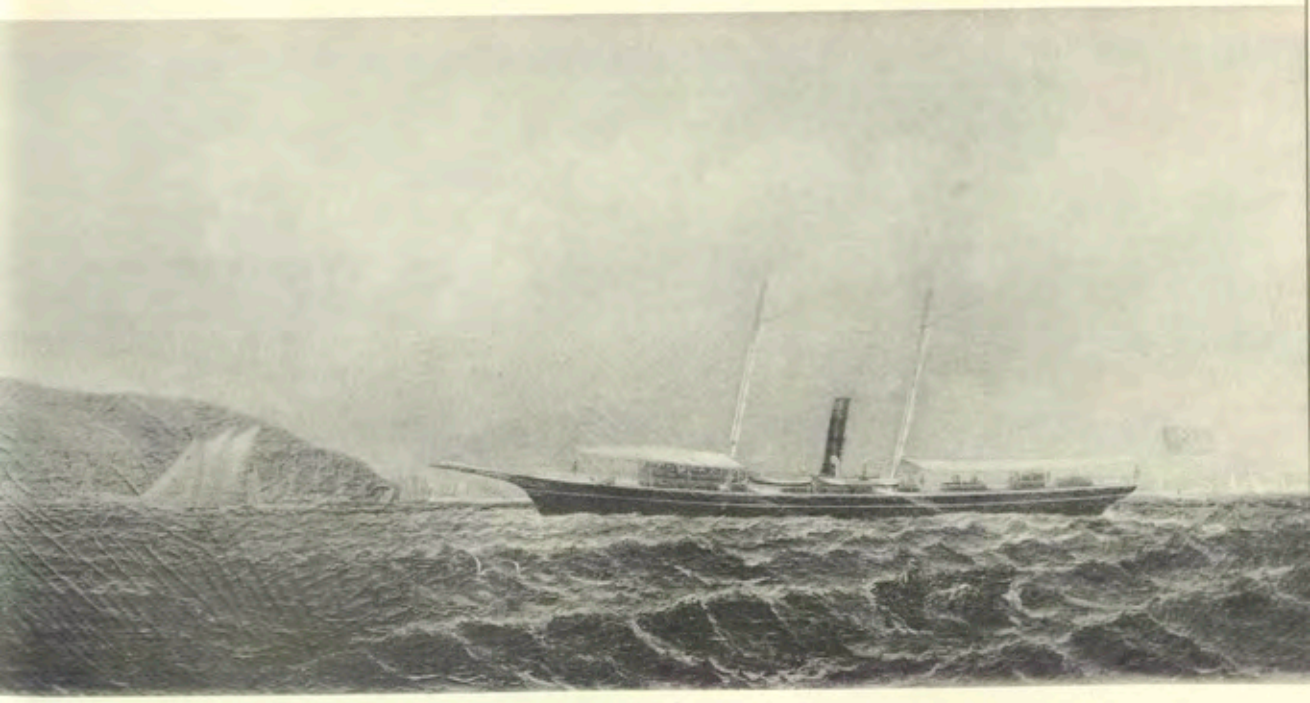
and several are known to have only the monogram initials.

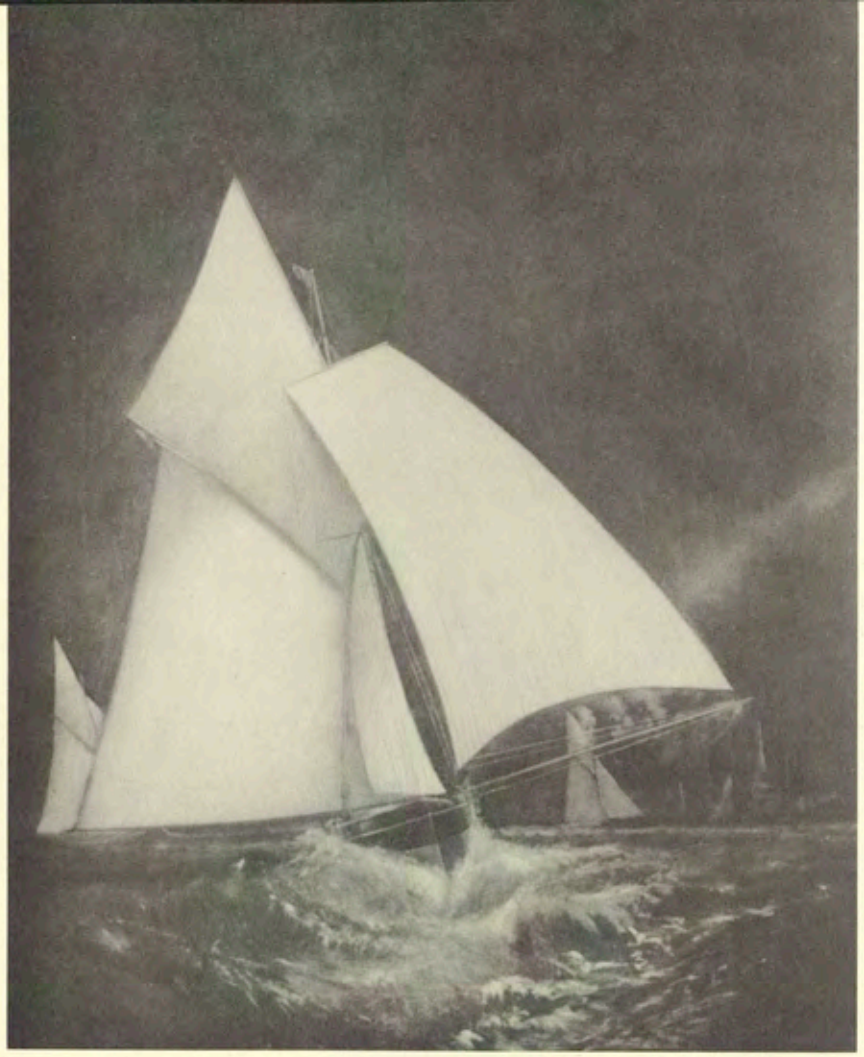
Readers of the *Log* knowing of paintings by Elisha Taylor Baker are invited to contact the writer at P.O. Box 122, Hingham, Mass. 02043, or through the Seaport.



Two cutters off high land at sunset, oil on canvas, 19" x 16," signed with Baker monogram, lower left. Private collection.

Unidentified steam yacht, *ca.* 1885. Oil on canvas, 26¼" x 53½," signed with Baker monogram. Courtesy: John M. McLean.

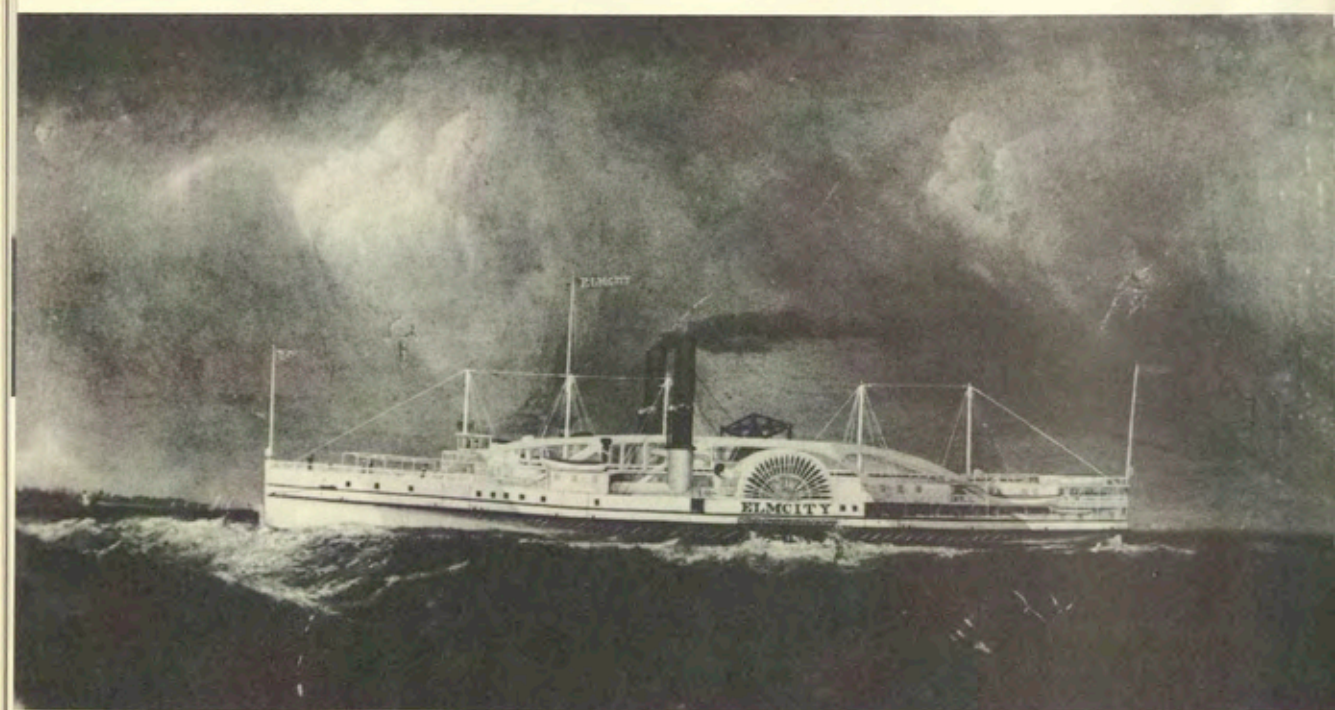




Early cutter with spinnaker, *ca.* 1870, oil on canvas, 26″ x 21½″, signed E. Taylor Baker, lower left. Private collection.

Long Island Sound Steamer *Elm City,* oil on canvas, 20″ x 40″, signed E. T. Baker, lower left. *Elm City* was launched in 1855 by Sneeden at New York, New York. Courtesy: The Mariners Museum of Newport News, Virginia. (QO 516)

QO 516



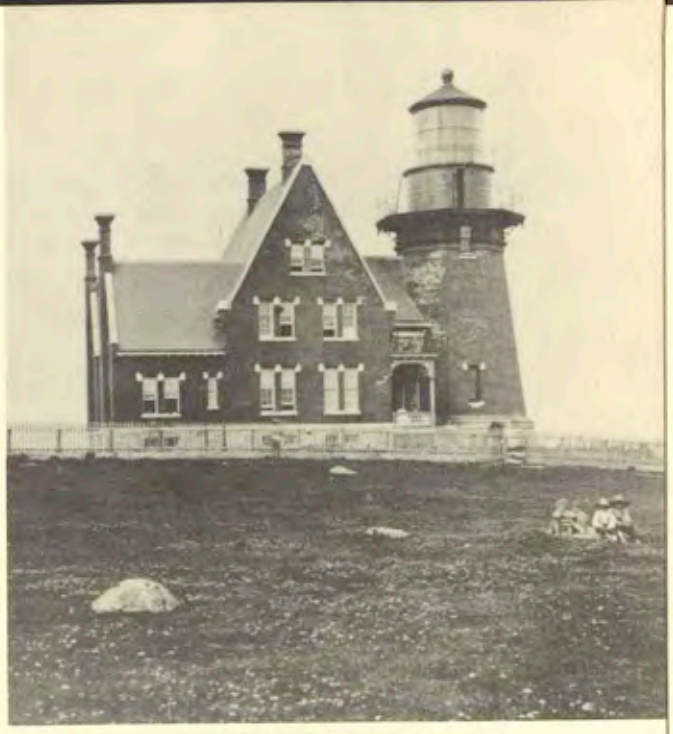
78.163

Block Island Southeast Light

Among New England's primary lighthouses is Southeast Light, precariously perched some 140 feet above the Atlantic on Mohegan Bluffs, Block Island.

Constructed for the U.S. Lighthouse Service by L. H. Tynan in 1874, the sixty-seven foot octagonal red brick tower and adjoining two-family Gothic style dwelling were completed in 1875. The tower's structural iron skeleton was prefabricated on the mainland and assembled at the site. The station's first order lens, originally lighted by lard oil, boasted a range of over twenty miles.

An important feature of Southeast Light was a seventeen-foot-long steam-powered fog trumpet. A nearby pond was walled-in to insure a sufficient water supply to operate the fog trumpet even in time of drought. Installed prior to construction of the light tower, the fog trumpet could be heard ten miles at sea.



Joshua A. Williams took this closeup of Southeast Light and the keeper's house in the late 1870s. (78.163)

The following views, taken from stereographs in the Seaport's collection, show Southeast Light as it appeared early in its career.

Selection and research by Richard Malley of the Curatorial Department

Southeast Light, looking west. In the foreground are the fog signal boiler house and the mouth of the fog trumpet. (62.98)

62.98



Southeast Light's vantage point atop Mohegan Bluffs. (78.236.6)

78.236.6



BOOK REVIEWS

The Republic's Private Navy: The American Privateering Business as Practiced by Baltimore During the War of 1812. By Jerome R. Garitee (Middletown, Ct.: Wesleyan University Press, 1977. pp xx + 250. Appendices. bibliography, index. Hardcover. $17.50.)

[This review, from the *Maryland Historical Magazine*, Fall 1978, is reprinted courtesy of the Maryland Historical Society, *The Republic's Private Navy*, by Jerome R. Garitee, is the eighth volume in the American Maritime Library series published by the Wesleyan University Press for Mystic Seaport Museum.]

Once in a while a truly significant work happens along that combines fine scholarship with rare literary grace, and that proves delightful to read and reread. *The Republic's Private Navy* is just such a volume. Clearly a labor of love, Professor Garitee has written a model monograph that combines the fascinating story of the exploits of Baltimore's privateersmen during America's Second War of Independence with–and for the first time–the background information about the investors and shipbuilders who made privateering possible. Garitee's study clearly transcends the previous work on the subject by Howard I. Chapelle, George Coggeshall, Charles Wye Kendall, James G. Lydon, and Francis R. Stark.

By the same token, this is a study of the spirit that was Baltimore; a spirit of incredible enterprise and an uncannily correct instinct for the main chance. That spirit underpinned the rise of the town from a tiny village in the mid-eighteenth-century to the third largest American city by the War of 1812; and the merchants, sailors, and shipbuilders who built the town constituted the nucleus of Baltimore's privateering effort during the war. Garitee indentifies each one of them–a group totalling 200–in a series of appendices where he divides them into active, moderate, and marginal investors, depending upon the frequency of their investment in privateering expeditions. Of the active elite–those investing in four or more enterprises–Garitee says: "The fifty active investors dominated every aspect of urban life in early nineteenth-century Baltimore. Their names were associated with every social, political, entrepreneurial, charitable, and military organization and function" (p. 239). And he demonstrates this assertion.

Another valuable contribution that Garitee makes is to have captured the community effort behind Baltimore's privateering enterprises. This is the finest discussion in print of the structure and function of privateering. Garitee provides us with information about the construction, the equipping, the financing, the staffing, and even the sailing of Baltimore's privateers. No comparable study exists that elaborates the infrastructure of privateering so exhaustively or relates it to its local and historical context so thoroughly. Vessel design, and entrepreneurial and nautical expertise, and in-port preparation are treated in the best traditions of social history. To a certain extent, this is possible because Baltimore was, far-and-away, the leading American port for outfitting privateers during the War of 1812, thus providing Garitee with much material to draw upon; nevertheless, he deserves credit for mining these sources (in addition to 31 pp. of appendices and 10 pp. of bibliography, his citations to references number a stupendous 1,173) both exhaustively and imaginatively.

In addition to its value as a study of local history, Garitee captures the institution of privateering at its zenith; for never again did privately armed vessels play so prominent a role in a major war. Various reasons account for the atrophy of this institution following the War of 1812–and Garitee discusses all of them–so that we have here a study of privateering at the peak of its historical sophistication. And this, too, adds to the completeness of the study. Most readers of this *Magazine* should appreciate the wealth of detail and finely told story of privateering in Baltimore.

Gary L. Browne
MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Artful Roux: Painters of Marseille. By Philip Chadwick Foster Smith. (Peabody Museum of Salem, 1978. ix + 73 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. N. P. paper.)

This catalog was issued in connection with an exhibition of the paintings of the Roux family at the Peabody Museum of Salem. Not since 1925, when the Marine Research Society of Salem published Alfred Johnson's *Ships and Shipping*, a

translation of Louis Brès's delightful account of the Roux family, accompanied by 118 halftones of their work, has such a complete work been produced on the Roux family. It is an excellent reference to a famous family of marine painters.

It tells the fascinating story of three generations of a very talented family, beginning with a hydrographer who dabbled in marine art as a sideline. Of the sons and grandchildren, five in number, only François Joseph Frederic, who studied under Claude Vernet in Paris, had any formal training in art. All others were taught by their father or brothers.

How many of these artists went to sea is not known, but all were exposed to continual talk of ship construction, sail handling, vessel qualities, weather conditions, and other technicalities of the sea. The hydrographer's shop was in the Old Port of Marseille, which meant they also learned of nautical instruments, charts, and signals from customers or seafaring men. Obviously, they had solid backgrounds for their nautical depictions.

The catalog includes a genealogical chart of the family and biographical comments on the development of each artist. With each illustration there is a history of the vessel or scene as far as could be learned. This attention to detail makes the catalog a much more useful reference work than *Ships and Shipping*.

In the foreword, Smith tells the unusual story of the discovery and arrival of the invaluable Roux sketchbooks to join the Roux paintings at the Peabody Museum. He comments that the hunt goes on.

The catalog is well made; the paper is of good stock; and the illustrations–12 in color, the rest black and white–are fine reproductions. All in all, this is a book which collectors, and those interested in marine paintings, will use for many years.

Dorothy E. R. Brewington

Business in Great Waters. By John Dyson. (London: Angus and Robertson, 1977. 336 pp. Illustrations, map, 10 appendices, bibliography, index. $25.00.)

John Dyson presents us with an excellent history of nineteenth-century British fishermen in this book. While the development of the fisheries in the nineteenth century–strictly, 1815 to 1914–is his area of focus, Dyson traces the antecedents back to the beginning of fishery legislation at the time of the Magna Carta, and carries through to the recent "cod wars" with Iceland. Also, before he can concentrate on the fishermen, he must explain the varieties of fish available to the fishermen, and the methods used to preserve them. With this background, he carries the reader on a tour of the characteristic fisheries of the British coast. He includes the drift net herring fishery; the North Sea cod fishery, from handline to long-line to beam trawl, to otter trawl, and from sail to steam power; the Scottish herring fishery; shellfishing on the Thames; fishing in the English Channel; the mackerel fishery in the west of England; and the current trawl fishery which is carried on far from Britain, near the coasts of Norway and Iceland.

Dyson's major interest is the fishermen themselves. He has done a very thorough job of researching; unfortunately the lack of footnotes makes it difficult to track down his sources, but then, to fully document the wealth of detail he provides would substantially increase the size of the book. He is very much drawn to the life-style which characterized fishermen apart from any other occupational or regional group. Yet the fishermen had regional characteristics also, and for each fishery and each region Dyson presents a description of life. These descriptions range from an outline of the daily and seasonal activities, or of a typical home, for the minor, inshore fisheries, to descriptions of life on board the vessels, the background and effects of technological changes, the economic network in which the fisheries existed, and the ancillary industries involved in the major fisheries. Dyson very skillfully ties these diverse considerations together so that the book never loses its humanity and never becomes simply a turgid recounting of inventions or economic patterns. What he writes is social history at its best.

Dyson seems particularly fascinated with the paradox he sees in the fishermen, past and present; that is, a seemingly unconscious recklessness combined with an immovable conservatism. Especially in the work of the North Sea smacksmen, constantly beam trawling on the Dogger Bank, does he find this paradox. These smacksmen, whom he might argue to be, man-for-man and vessel-for-vessel, superior to the contemporary dory fishermen of North America, seem particularly intriguing to Dyson, despite the harsh treatment they gave to their

young apprentices. He seems especially heartened by the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, found early in 1884, which, on the fishermen's own terms, brought them so much improvement in conditions and outlook. Dyson also finds the Scottish "fisher-lassies" to be quite captivating. These women–wives and daughters of the tightly-bound Scottish fishing families–worked tirelessly ashore as their menfolk toiled at sea.

The illustrations in the book are excellent. The silhouettes of various fishing vessel types are very clear. The diagrams of fishing gear and methods are quite helpful, as are the maps. The sketches from the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen publication *Toilers of the Deep* are particularly attractive and well-chosen. The photographs are also most enlightening. Unfortunately some of them are cast loose from the text, such as the view of Hallsand, a Devon fishing village swept away by the sea, which is found in the preceding chapter, ten pages before its mention in the text. Most of the statistical tables are useful, but a few seem to intrude needlessly into the text (especially page 182). The index is weak. Why is there no entry for "long-lining" when there is one for "trawling;" and no entry for "well-smacks" when there are entries for "fifies," "stowboat," and "Zulu (fishing boat)"? Fundamentally, why are there no entries for the different species of fish? Since the book is quite expensive, at $25.00, all of its parts should equal the text in quality.

Despite these few weaknesses this work should be included in the reading list of anyone concerned with the history or the future of the fisheries and fishermen. The development of a number of techniques eventually used world-wide, such as long-lining and trawling, can be found here (most of them copied from the Dutch). The effects of over-fishing are also blatently stated. As an example for other descriptive studies of occupational groups, even of New England fishermen or North Atlantic fishermen, this work should be considered.

Andrew W. German

On Almost Any Wind. By Susan Schlee (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1978. Illustrations. $15.00.)

This is a must book for sailors and students of oceanography. Susan Schlee has done her homework well and thanks to the officers and crew of *Atlantis* (including my old shipmate Capt. Adrian Lane, onetime master of *Atlantis I*) congratulations are in order to her.

She portrays the early days, when *Atlantis* was the only vessel operating for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, and follows through the years when *Atlantis* operated with *Albatross, Caryn, Vema, Crawford,* and *Bear.* The long cruises and stress under severe weather conditions at times certainly tested the most able sailors and oceanographers. *Atlantis* produced many a "Hawse Pipe Harry" for later Woods Hole Oceanographic vessels.

This is a most thorough, interesting, well written book. It is profusely illustrated with good seagoing pictures and charts of the operational cruises. You shuld latch onto the opportunity to read this excellent decumentary of *Atlantis* and her pioneering in American oceanographic research.

Edward B. Watson, Jr.
Former Master of R/V *Caryn*

BOOK ANNOTATIONS

The Survival of the Bark Canoe. By John McPhee. (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1976. Second printing. 111 pp. $7.95)

Beautifully written by a word craftsman. Not only takes you into the Maine woods and lakes but also into man's own nature. Too bad the title dosen't hint at all the human survivals in this gem of a book. Additional twenty-nine pages contain a mini-biography of Edwin Tappan Adney and a selection of his sketches and models on building bark-canoes; most published for the first time.

Naval and Maritime Medicine during the American Revolution. By Maurice Bear Gordon, M.D. (Ventnor, N.J.: Ventnor Publishers, 1978. 134 pp., illustrations, appendix, notes, index. $17.50)

In the preface the author enumerates some frequently asked questions about naval and maritime medicine during both the colonial period and the American Revolution. The book then goes on to answer these questions in a pleasingly laconic and well-documented manner. A welcome secondary source for the practice of medicine upon the sea during America's eighteenth century.

Ocean Race, A Sea Venture. By Peter Burchard. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1978. 127 pp., illustrations, biographical note, glossary. $6.95)

Peter Burchard's newest book, while written for a juvenile audience, invites the adult reader on board the 45-foot sloop, *Blixtar,* during the 1976 biennial Newport to Bermuda Race. From the fogs at the Rhode Island start to the early dawn finale in the British crown colony, the book is a flowing tesselation of people and events in the memorable ocean race.

Victorian Myths of the Sea. By Cynthia Fansler Behrman. (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1977. 188 pp. Preface, conclusion, bibliography notes. $12.00)

Dr. Behrman, a professor of history at Wittenberg University, draws on popular culture sources to reveal attitudes of the Victorian English toward the sea. Myths, poetry, history, and psychology are examined and enlarged upon to give credibility to this nation's possessiveness about the sea.

Wood in America 1776-1976. By W. G. Youngquist and H. O. Fleischer. (Madison, Wisconsin: Forest Products Research Society, 1977. 192 pp. Illustrations, foreword, notes, references. $9.95)

The two authors, life-long careerists in forest products research, have written a book spanning the uses of wood in America from colonial times to the present–and beyond. Historical research coupled with professional and personal insights present an interesting overview on one of our most versatile natural resources.

The Seaweed Handbook–An illustrated Guide to Seaweeds from North Carolina to the Arctic. By Thomas F. Lee, Ph.D. Illustrated by Wendy Webster. (Boston: The Mariners Press, 1977. 217 pp. Introduction, keys, bibliography, species index. $16.50)

A handbook that takes the reader into the rich, diverse, and beautiful world of plant life beneath coastal waters. Divided into two sections, the first deals with the what, why, and where of seaweeds, and the second offers a study of seventy-eight individual species. A good guide for students, divers, and amateur naturalists.

Fair Winds and Far Places. By Zane B. Mann. (Minneapolis: Dillon Press, 1978. 268 pp. Color illustrations, index. $12.95)

A love affair with a boat and a new way of life. Zane B. Mann, successful in the Minneapolis business world, at forty-nine changes his, and his wife's, life style. This book is a personable account of their three-year adventure on board *Serenity.* If, perhaps, you are thinking of doing something similar, don't miss this one.

American Views. By Gloria-Gilda Deak. Introduction by James Thomas Flexner. (New York: The Viking Press and The New York Public Library, 1976. 134 pp. Color illustrations, preface, references, index. $20.00)

Historical images in a fine selection of drawings and color prints. These views of a growing America, from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries, represent the work of many well-known artists and engravers, and introduce the reader to The New York Public Library's vast collection of Americana prints. The concise history accompanying each scene is interestingly done.

A Guide to Newport Rhode Island. By Tom Gannon. (Chester, Conn.: The Pequot Press, 1978. 142 pp. Illustrations, maps. $4.95)

If you come into Newport by wheel or wind, this guide is what you are looking for. Contains no advertising: thus, author Tom Gannon gives you his personal views on where to stay, eat, tour, shop, and make merry. Historic and practical information neatly arranged for the visitor.

East to the Azores. By Richard Henderson. (Camden, Me.: International Marine Publishing Company, 1978. 182 pp. Illustrations. $10.95)

When the Henderson family sailed from Chesapeake Bay to Fayal aboard their thirty-eight-foot sloop in 1975, they kept a very detailed record of their preparations and of the passage itself. Richard Henderson's account will be entertaining for the armchair yachtsman and of great help to those planning their own offshore passages. He considers boat choice, gear requirements, food choice and storage, navigation, sail handling, and the routine on board. He presents it all in an informal style which makes the book a pleasure to read.

One Man and His Sea. By Gordon S. Smith. (New York, N.Y.: Hastings House, Publishers, 1978. 64 pp. Illustrations. $6.95)

Gordon Smith presents a lyrical appreciation of a day in the life of a Chatham, Massachusetts lobsterman. What he finds in that day is, for him, the essence of a man working in harmonic rela-

tion with his environment. By his work he does not merely make a living, his work is his life: a thought to ponder over your next lobster dinner.

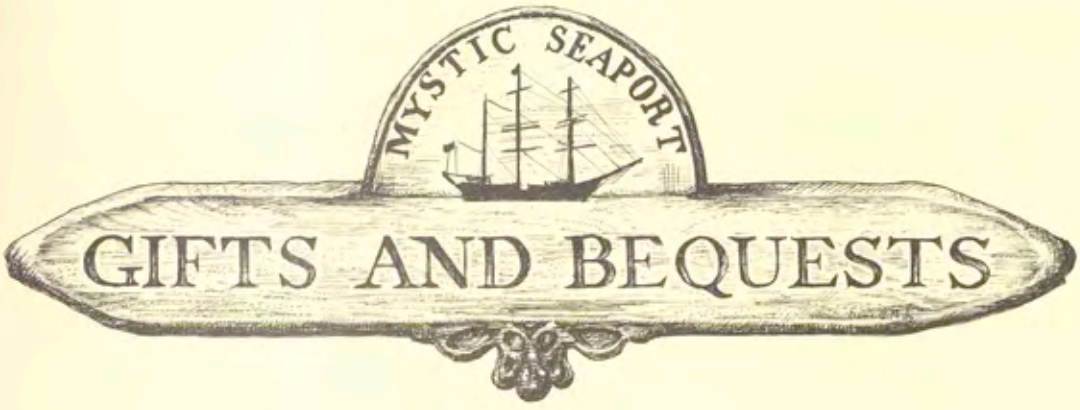
The Bluejacket's Manual: United States Navy, 1902. Prepared by Lieut. Ridley McLean, USN. (U.S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md.: 1902. Reprint, 1978. 304 pp. Illustrations. $14.95)

The *Bluejacket's Manual* was compiled for petty officers and apprentice seamen when the modern navy was just taking shape. This first edition is now a historic document of seamanship, gunnery, signaling, and naval regulations. It has been reproduced very nicely.



ACQUISITION

This 100 gallon oil tank recently purchased by the Seaport is believed to have been used in a cider mill in Deep River, Connecticut between 1870 and 1890. Under the hemispherical lid there is a mount for a pump to dispense the fuel, which was probably kerosene. In the last half of the nineteenth century, when kerosene began to replace whale oil as the primary fuel for light, tanks like this one were used in small factories for storage and in general stores for dispensing oil for sale. The tank is stenciled on the front "100 GALLON / OIL TANK / STANDARD / OIL / COMPANY," and is a fine example of nineteenth-century advertising art as well as an appropriate addition to the display in the General Store which will reopen in the spring. Dim: h.o.a. 50½", diam. 30⅝" [79.2]



GIFTS AND BEQUESTS

The physical development of the museum–the buildings, ships and wharves, the exhibits, books and manuscripts–give eloquent testimony to the generosity of members and friends of Mystic Seaport. There is a continuing need for gifts and bequests which will help assure its future strength and development through endowment.

Members of the Seaport who have not already done so are urged to perpetuate their interest in the work of the museum through a bequest. Some members will want to make a specific bequest while others may want to designate Mystic Seaport as a residuary or contingent beneficiary of all or a portion of their estate.

Mystic Seaport Museum is a publicly supported nonprofit institution and contributions are deductible within legal limits for Federal income tax purposes. Inquiries regarding gifts and bequests are encouraged and may be directed to the Director of Development.

SUGGESTED FORMS FOR BEQUESTS

General

I give and bequeath to Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., a corporation existing under and by virtue of a charter granted by the State of Connecticut, and located in Mystic (Town of Stonington) in said State, $ . . . . . , to be used (or the net income to be used) at the discretion of the Trustees of said Corporation.

Residuary

All the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate I devise and bequeath to Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., a corporation existing under and by virtue of a charter granted by the State of Connecticut, and located in Mystic (Town of Stonington) in said State, said estate to be used (or the net income to be used) at the discretion of the Trustees of said Corporation.



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