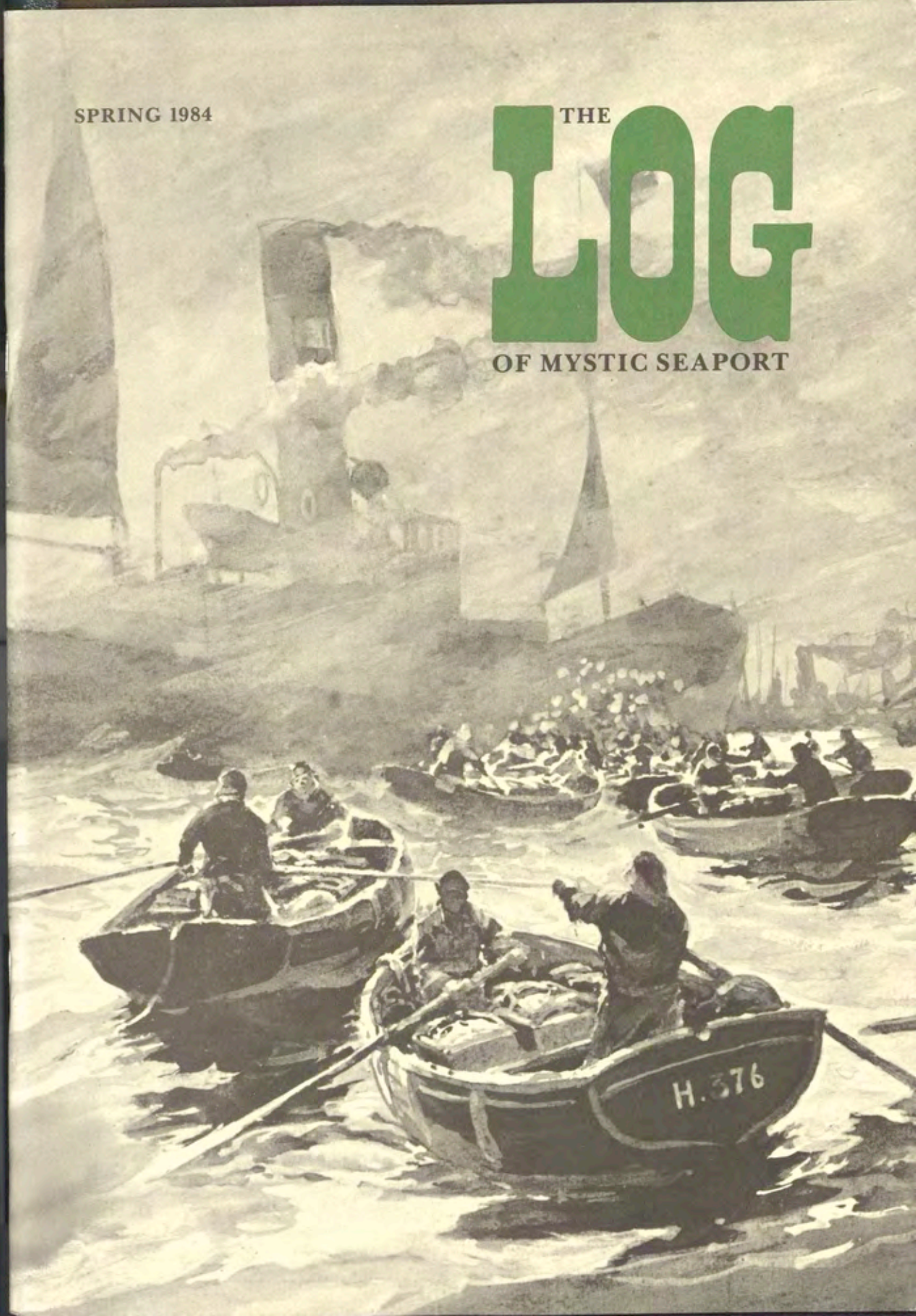
SPRING 1984

THE LOG
OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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The Log of Mystic Seaport (ISSN 0024-5828) is published quarterly by Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut 06355. Subscriptions are by membership only, beginning at $25.00. Contributions of previously unpublished articles and pictures are welcome. Editorial guidelines are available from the Publications Department. © 1984 Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc. *The Log of Mystic Seaport* is abstracted in *America: History and Life* and *Historical Abstracts.* It is also available in microform from University Microfilms International, Department F. A., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

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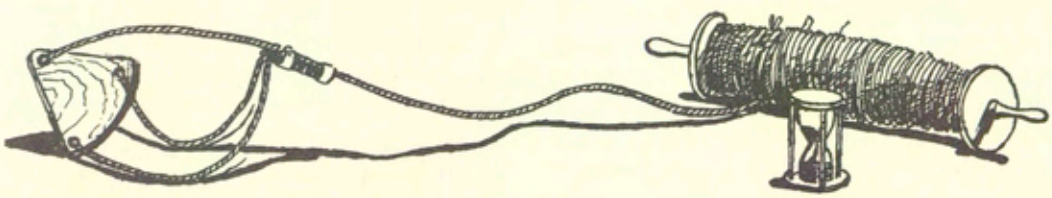
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SIGHTINGS



Fifteen years ago the sequence of two events, a departure and an arrival, had a lasting effect on both Mystic Seaport and the future of the *Charles W. Morgan*. As a consequence of those events, we now take for granted a shipyard to maintain our museum vessels. Immediate evidence of those travels is the return of a restored *Charles W. Morgan* to her accustomed berth, even as this *Log* is published.

In the late sixties the Seaport faced the difficult task of plotting a course for the future of the Museum and its ships. For years there had been insufficient resources for the proper preservation of our fleet. Could we go on as we had with stop-gap efforts, or should we take more positive action?

The first significant event of that spring led us directly to change. Seaport Director Waldo Johnston departed for Europe on a research expedition to survey the ways other great ships were being preserved. There were various approaches. Some ships were afloat; some were in graving docks, still exposed to the weather; and still others were in huge buildings. Waldo observed the results, spoke to the authorities, and gathered a great deal of information. He then sat down with the Trustees, Associate Director Don Robinson, Curator Edmund Lynch, and Associate Curator John Leavitt to devise a long-term strategy for Mystic. The need for skilled leadership in our ship preservation effort was clearly evident. A person with experience, practicality, integrity, and vision was needed to carry forward the project. It was, therefore, no coincidence that an important arrival took place that spring.

In April, Maynard Bray arrived to assume responsibility for our vessels. He brought with him a variety of skills, imagination, and an enthusiasm that would overcome all obstacles. It was Maynard who supervised the *Morgan*'s removal from a sand berth in 1973, and the first stage of her restoration. His contribution to the Seaport as a staff member, and in recent years as a Trustee, has been incalculable.

But the story of the *Morgan*'s survival includes more than these few individuals. Efforts to preserve the *Charles W. Morgan* can be traced back 143 years to the shipwrights of New Bedford who put her together so solidly. There were also the owners who maintained her through eighty years of active whaling, and the captains and crews who sailed her safely through many perils. Harry Neyland saved her from being scrapped in the 1920s. Colonel Green and Whaling Enshrined stabilized her during the late '20s and the '30s. The men and women of Mystic Seaport, Trustees, staff, volunteers, and members alike, have been doing their part since 1941. And today, the people and businesses of the Mystic area are contributing to establish a *Charles W. Morgan* preservation endowment for the future.

It is this story of the human effort surrounding the *Morgan* that has transformed a large inanimate artifact into a historical treasure of international acclaim. In generations ahead others will no doubt respond to the needs of this ship out of respect for her past. They will join the rest of us who cherish this symbol of an era to become a part of the *Morgan* history.

J. Revell Carr

Above: "Eight Bells," 1886, pencil sketch by Milton J. Burns.

Late News too Late

Communicating Civil War to the Whalemen

ROBERT LLOYD WEBB

The Editorial Board of The Log of Mystic Seaport *is pleased to present its third annual prize article. This year sixteen excellent essays covering a wide variety of topics were received. Final selection was made by a committee comprising four members of the Editorial Board and four Fellows of the G. W. Blunt White Library. The Fellows of the Library sponsor the $500 award. Articles were judged on the basis of scholarship, use of primary sources, and readability.*

The winner, Robert Lloyd Webb, is Research Associate at the Kendall Whaling Museum in Sharon, Massachusetts. He is a historian, folklorist, and authority on folk music. His "'Old Moke' Afloat: the Minstrel Origins of the Banjo at Sea" appeared in the Winter 1984 issue of The Log.

If the April 1861 shelling of Fort Sumter, at the entrance to Charleston, South Carolina, awakened the whalemen of New Bedford to the Civil War, it did so only on the slow burn, and not with any incendiary sense of violated national unity. Even Abraham Lincoln was slow in acknowledging the legitimacy of the rebellion, negotiating and deliberating for four more months before finally declaring the citizens of the South to be in a state of insurrection.[1]

The *Whalemen's Shipping List and Merchant Transcript*, advisory bulletin to the American whaling industry, gave no account of Fort Sumter in the issue published immediately following the incident. The only war-related item of interest to Yankee mariners was that the Congress of the Confederate States of America had enacted a five-cents-per-ton duty on all ships and vessels entering their seaports after 1 May, and that an exemption had been made to allow such vessels as were "trading regularly" to be surcharged but once every three months.[2]

Included, however, was a curious piece, lacking a headline of any kind, which gave prices current for naval stores of a type never found aboard whaleships: Dahlgren iron guns, eight-inch "Columbiads," and seacoast howitzers of eight and ten bore.

With the hindsight of more than a century, it seems clear that the difficulties of transmitting war news played a very great part in the destruction of the whaling fleet, though it might be argued that improved communications would have led to additional losses, since the whereabouts of ships could be more easily determined. Delivery of mail and news among ships at sea was a haphazard and often disappointing pastime, which compounded the hazards of war by increasing speculation, fueling rumor, and providing misinformation. Many whaleship masters were obliged to make, or to defer, decisions which affected the safety of their crews and cargoes during three- and four-year voyages around the world.

The remoteness of those oceans affected Yankee and Rebel alike, and the final depredations of the war, by the Confederate commerce cruiser *Shenandoah* among the western Arctic whaling fleet, must have been avoided entirely, had news of peace reached those icy waters even as late as six



In the fall of 1864, Pacific whalers filled the anchorage at San Francisco. It was noted that they had begun to call at San Francisco in unprecedented numbers to take advantage of telegraphic communication with the East Coast. (*Harper's Weekly*, 24 December 1864)

weeks after the fact. The U. S. Post Office, only 14 years old in 1861, was completely ineffectual in reaching men at sea. The customary method of sending a letter to someone aboard an American whaling ship was to deliver copies into the hands of shipmasters outward bound for the same general vicinity. Then, if the two appropriate ships met at sea, the letter might be conveyed during a "gam"–a visit between the officers, and sometimes the men, of the two vessels. It was not uncommon for men, gone to sea for three years or more, to receive but one letter for every four, or six, or ten sent; cases are known where a sailor received matter-of-fact accounts of family grief over a deceased infant son or his beloved wife, though never having heard of the onset of illness, or the immediacy of the death.

> I asked a lady the other day, how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port [Nantucket] or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence...[3]

The value of a letter from the shore transcended logic, of course; most every whaling journal emphasizes the overwhelming importance of a letter from home. "I would give 5 times the worth of a letter," one homesick seaman wrote, aboard the ship *Gratitude* of New Bedford in 1842, "to get one from home this day..."[4]

Newspapers and periodicals passed from ship to ship were often weeks, sometimes months behind. The crew of the whaling ship *Eliza Adams* of New Bedford, arriving in Honolulu on 23 April 1865, heard not of the death of Lincoln on the 15th instant, but only of the fall of Richmond, Virginia, on

the 2nd and 3rd of April. Reprovisioning and sailing away promptly for the western Arctic bowhead whaling grounds, the crew heard nothing more of the war and, in company with the whaleships *George Howland* and *Isabella*, fired five guns "for the taking of Richmond" on 25 May,[5] weeks after the end of the conflict.

Of course, the North Pacific and western Arctic Oceans were the most distant resorts of American whalemen. In the North Pacific, the only places frequented by whaleships where late news might be obtained were at the Sandwich Islands, or at San Francisco. Arctic-bound whalemen touched at neither place during the course of six or seven months, and remained unaware of developments at home.

In the Atlantic Ocean, the news, though slow, passed among the whaling fleet with a bit more currency. Ports in the Azores, and farther south at the Cape Verdes and at St. Helena, were stopovers where news could be heard, sometimes from foreign sailors with different points of view. In such places, Yankee whalemen sometimes encountered others, particularly English, who were openly enthusiastic about the Southern cause, and willing to throw their support to the emergent republic. Needless to say, these same Yankees took considerable displeasure in such misplaced zeal, particularly when proffered at the supper table.

At St. Helena, one evening in 1863, Captain Charles H. Robbins of the whaleship *Thomas Pope* attended a supper in company with an English shipmaster and another whaling captain, Reuben Kelley, of the bark *Symrna* of New Bedford, lately burned at that port by the crew.

"The English [captain] came in late," Robbins wrote, "was very talkative especially about the war in the United States. Was very anxious to know or learn how the southern confederacy was succeeding [and] after many inquiries said well we, meaning England, will have to go over there and help them."[6]

There was seated at the table a small man Capt. K[elley] whose ship had been burned having been set on fire by one of the crew, Capt. K. not liking the remarks of the English Capt stood up pushed up his coat sleeves and said to the english [sic] capt he need not wait to get to England to go over to America to help but just step outside the door and they would settle it at once – the Englishman beged [sic] to be excused made all the apologies and tried to excuse himself by saying he did not know there were any Americans presant [sic]. I dont think his dinner set very well . . .[7]

Farther north, the Azorean ports were the likely places to get late news, since sperm whaling in that region was well liked, being close to home in a comfortable climate, and near to friendly ports where fresh supplies might be had. In mid-1861, with the war barely heated up and commerce raiding not much underway, whaleships in the vicinity of Fayal, Porto Praya, and other Azorean way-stations took advantage of each opportunity to learn of the progress of the war, while continuing whaling. They spoke other whaleships and merchantmen alike, in hopes of hearing the latest word. Mrs. Ruth Bradford, en route from New York to Hong Kong in the merchantman *Julia S. Tyler*, recounted such a meeting, which took place just before meridian on 1 November 1861.

A whaling vessel, the *Midas*, lay off from us at a distance of two or three miles, and this morning about ten o'clock sent off a boat containing the Captain, Mate and five men. They came up in the most beautiful little boat I ever saw. Our men let down the steps and in a few minutes they were all on board. Great excitement prevailed. . . . We gave them some papers which they were very glad to get.[8]

This meeting at sea is corroborated in the logbook of the *Midas* of New Bedford under date of 2 November (the mate apparently not having returned from the *Tyler* until after mid-day, when the next log day had already begun). "Light Airs at S.S.E. by the wind to S.W.," he wrote. "Got some papers from a merchantman, Porter, master. 51

days from New York."[9] Another surviving journal, kept aboard the *Midas* by William H. Davis, identifies the merchantman as the "ship Julia S. _____ of N York for Hong Kong."[10]

For the crew of the *Midas*, as for others on long whaling voyages, these random meetings were moments of real excitement, for aboard the other ship might be letters from home, or at least some news more current than could be got from present company. Such meetings were regularly conducted near the Azores, even though the two vessels might be barely out from port. The *Midas* had last received news on 15-16 October, while lying off and on at Porto Praya, but the visit aboard the *Julia S. Tyler* is the first meeting noted after that date.

The *Midas*'s crew continued to hunt, speaking the whaleship *Benjamin Tucker*– soon to fall victim to the C.S.S. *Alabama*– and, on 17 December, the whaling bark *Ocean Rover* of Mattapoisett, James M. Clark, master.[11] The *Ocean Rover* had sailed from Massachusetts on 26 May 1859; when civil rebellion broke out two years later, Clark and his men were busily engaged at sperm whaling in the Indian Ocean, ignorant of the upheaval that divided the United States. The logbook of their ill-fated voyage, now in the collection of the Kendall Whaling Museum, gives no indication that they received any war news at all. But signs imply that the men gradually became aware of their danger, and more concerned about their safety, after the autumn of 1861.

The first news to reach them may have come at Mauritius on 2 October, when the mail steamer arrived there. The *Ocean Rover* was laid up for repairs and, though the logbook makes reference to the steamer's arrival, the men even then may have known nothing of the conflict. The bark sails away later in the month, seeming unconcerned, and rounds the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic on 3 December.[12]

Beginning 15 December, Clark repeatedly boards passing vessels, to obtain the most recent news. On that date, in 37-36 S., 11-35 (it is not noted whether longitude is east or west of Greenwich), he sends a boat alongside of an English troop ship to ask for "late papers."[13] After speaking the *Midas* on

In a scene repeated all too frequently, the Confederate commerce raider *Sumter* surprises and captures the New Bedford whaler *Eben Dodge*, 8 December 1861. Watercolor attributed to W. F. Mitchell. (Courtesy of Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Massachusetts)



17 December, he must wait a bit. In February 1862 he tries again. "[14 February 1862] Sent a Boat on Board of a dutch [sic] Bark for Newes Papers."[14] By this time the *Ocean Rover* has arrived off the River La Plate on the South American coast. On 25 February, the logbook begins to note the presence of "strange sails"–perhaps as a consequence of news about commerce raiding. Captain Clark again boards passing ships, on 6 April, and again on 9 April. After crossing the equator on 29 April, the bark comes up near Flores in the Azores and, on 10 June, a boat is finally sent ashore for recruits.

At Flores, Clark undoubtedly heard of the capture of the whaleship *Eben Dodge* by the commerce raider *Sumter* the preceding December. But Clark could not have learned that the captain of the *Sumter*, Raphael Semmes, was on his way to the Azores to assume command of the new cruiser under construction–disguised as a merchantman–in Laird's yard at Birkenhead. Once christened as C.S.S. *Alabama*, Semmes would set out on a long and successful voyage "to destroy the commerce of the North,"[15] and among his many whaling victims would be Clark's command, the *Ocean Rover*.

On 6 September, with "the loom of the land"[16] of Flores Island in sight, the mate opened the logbook and entered his typically laconic remarks, which concluded: "Saw..7..Sails at a distance. at sunset the Island S.S.E. distance 25 miles."[17]

That was his last entry. Later that afternoon the *Alabama* came up–perhaps the cruiser had been among those seven distant sails–with American colors flying, and thus played upon Captain Clark the same trick that had facilitated the capture of the whaleship *Ocmulgee* on 2 September, by the ship's master and crew thinking the vessel a Union gunboat, sent to protect the whaling grounds.

"The master," Semmes wrote later, "though anxious to see his wife, and dandle on his knee the babies that were no longer babies, with true Yankee thrift thought he would just take in the Azores on his way home . . . to fill up his empty casks. The consequence was . . . a little disappointment."[18]

The whalemen were first taken prisoner,

The *Alabama*'s first capture was the Edgartown whaler *Ocmulgee*, taken in the shadow of Pico on 5 September 1862. Because they congregated in distinct areas, Semmes considered it "the most obvious thing in the world," that whalers "should attract the attention of the Confederate cruisers, and be struck at." (Raphael Semmes, *Service Afloat*, Baltimore, 1887)



but after dark were given back their own whaleboats and permitted to make Flores as best they might. The evening was fine, and Semmes knew full well the measure of Yankee whalemen. He considered it safe to put them off in their own boats, in which they had spent long, harrowing hours fast to gallied whales. Flores was close by; one could smell the soil, and see the peak of its mountain cone, arabesque in the moonlight. There was no doubt the men preferred a swift moonlit row toward a safe shore to life as prisoners-of-war aboard a crowded fighting ship, or else put upon some paroled merchantman en route to, who knows where?

Semmes never forgot the scene, and later majestically described it:

> That night landing of this whaler's crew was a beautiful spectacle. I stood on the horse-block, watching it, my mind busy with many thoughts. The moon was shining brightly though there were some passing clouds sailing lazily in the upper air, that fleckered the sea. Flores, which was sending off to us, even at this distance, her perfumes of shrub and flower, lay sleeping in the moonlight, with a few fleecy, white clouds wound around the mountain-top, like a turban..... The boats moving swiftly and mysteriously toward the shore, might have been mistaken, when they had gotten a little distance from us, for Venetian gondolas, with their peaked bows and sterns, especially when we heard coming over the sea, a song, sung by a powerful and musical voice, and chorussed by all the boats. Those merry fellows were thus making light of misfortune, and proving that the sailor, after all, is the true philosopher.[19]

The ready availability of rumor, and the paucity of news from a cautious government, affected not only these men at sea, but also the owners and agents who desperately tried to keep their masters informed. Sometimes their advice was concocted of the largest admixture of speculation and hope, with little factual content. Such was the case when Captain Philip Howland of the whaleship *Mary and Susan* received notice from the shipowners, Thomas Knowles and Company, that "the Privateers are about all used up & the rebellion about played out we have had a succession of Union victories... & the Rebbels [sic] are now in their last struggles... looks fair for Ending the struggle in a few months."[20] Misadvised was Captain Howland, and wrongly encouraged, for the letter is dated not 1865, but only 7 May 1862! The *Alabama* is yet unnamed at Laird's, the *Shenandoah* not yet conceived, and a half hundred whaleships destined never to return from sea are busily lowering boats for sperm, right, and bowhead whales. The war would go on another three years.

By 1863, the company's advisories to Captain Howland had assumed a more stable tone. The potential for a Union victory seemed great, but there had been setbacks, and many casualties. The commerce raiders were active among the whaling fleet, and had not yet been captured. Howland was entreated to bring home his own oil, but the firm admitted that insurance rates were rising, and it might do well to ship some home in a neutral-flag vessel.

> the rate of Insurance now in the offices for the War risque [sic] is 3 pct in the Atlantic 2 in the Pacific & Indian therefore if nothing occurs to alter the Rates 3 pct will cover the Risque on oil from Capture for 12 mos before arriving home Say 4½ cts per Gall on Sp[erm]... which is better than to pay 7 to 8 cts to Ship it in a Foreign Vessell [sic] Still there May be more Privateers got out in the Atlantic also in the Pacific which might [make it] advisable to Ship a part of your oil in a foreign Vessell Either to the U States or Europe...[21]

Even among naval officers engaged in prosecuting the war at sea, there was no shortage of misunderstanding. The unsuccessful deployment of two "stone fleets"–flotillas of aging, stone-ballasted whaleships and merchantmen to be sunk in the entrances of Confederate harbors–seems to have been, at least in part, a result of poor communication between northern planners and the men on blockade.

The economic barricade of southern

ports was President Lincoln's major weapon of attrition during 1861; it was begun on 19 April, and extended to a general blockade eight days later. But Confederate gunboats and supply vessels regularly and handily slipped past the blockade squadrons, which were deficient in number, and other means of securing important harbors were considered. In a 16 July report to Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, the Blockade Strategy Board suggested that the best way of halting Rebel commerce was by "putting down material obstructions... old vessels laden with ballast..." at strategic points.[22] Thus was the "stone fleet" idea born, and agents were sent to New London, New Bedford, and as far north as Maine to purchase suitable older sailers.

The fleet was readied at New Bedford, amid great formalities of secrecy; everyone knew its purpose, but none could talk about it. Lincoln's government had imposed a gag order on the press; the collection and loading of stones into the old hulls was seen as the most covert of deeds. When the fleet sailed, on 20 November 1861, the town decided finally that it was time enough. The signal gun was fired; the garrison at Fort Taber volleyed a 34-gun salute – one for each ship in the squadron – and the fleet replied. Once abeam Dumpling Light, the keeper there fired yet another signal gun, and a final shot was given from the deck of the revenue cutter *Varina* when the pilot schooners turned back toward the shore.[23]

The secret orders to the fleet, given to masters before departure, directed the fleet to proceed to Savannah, Georgia, there to be scuttled. But the blockade ships en route were not provided with similar information; over and over again, Union gunboats challenged the old ships, in one instance firing across the transom of the whaleship *Maria Theresa* and boarding to examine papers and cargo.[24]

On arrival at Savannah, the stone fleet crews discovered the area already secured by the Union army and navy. No one knew what to do with the large group of ships which had arrived too late. The crews waited while their captains met with naval officers to decide how to proceed. In one such meeting, Captain J. M. Willis of the whaleship *Rebecca Sims* was given an opportunity to write a letter home. He hastily took advantage of that rare chance.



Confederate Captain Raphael Semmes (1809-1870) poses on the deck of the *Alabama* at Cape Town, August 1863. A veteran U.S. Navy officer and a lawyer before joining the Confederacy, Semmes put to sea in the South's first commerce raider, the *Sumter*, in June 1861. He took command of the *Alabama* at the Azores in the summer of 1862, and preyed upon Union shipping until the *Alabama* was sunk by the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, France, 19 June 1864. In three years, Semmes captured eighty-two merchant and whaling vessels worth more than six million dollars. (*Illustrated London News*, 10 October 1863)

> ...at seven o'clock [a.m.] I reported to the captain of the frigate "Savannah."... He wanted to know who we were, and I told him, and that we

had stone. He sent word to Commodore Dupont, and at the same time gave me an opportunity to write home, which I did, but neglected to state where I was, and when the letter got home it was still thought that our objective point was a secret.[25]

Before long most of the ships were ordered northward to the Union command center at Port Royal, and there waited on Commodore S. F. Dupont, flag officer in charge of the operation, aboard the gunboat *Wabash*. Dupont was uncertain about what he could do with the fleet; "the 'stone fleet' are all at Savannah," he had written, "and I hardly know what to do with them – for... that city is more effectively closed than a bottle with wire over the cork... I am sending to [Captain James L.] Lardner to know if he can plant them on the Charleston bar..."[26]

Dupont repeated his uncertainty to the whaling masters. Captain Willis was told by Dupont that "he had nothing to do in sending out this fleet, hardly knowed what to do with us."[27] Meanwhile, a second contingent of stone-ballasted ships had arrived, and crews on these ships were beseiged with requests for late news from those who had earlier arrived. But when James A. Stubbs, from the *Maria Theresa*, went aboard the ship *America*, newly arrived from New Bedford, "too [sic] Get late news from" he "Got none of Importance."[28]

At home, the *New Bedford Mercury* had finally run the story, in the 25 November issue. The fleet's departure was announced with a great editorial disclaimer, and much wit:

> We have not of course been blind to what has been transpiring immediately under our eyes for the past month. But, requested by the agents of the Government to make no allusion in our columns to the facts, that the Navy Department was engaged in the purchase of vessels, and fitting them for an expedition to the South, we have maintained until now perfect reticence on the subject. And we allude to the expedition at present, not because the New York papers, in disregard of the wishes of the Department, have published the details, but because we are permitted to do so.[29]

The *Mercury* writer took great pleasure in speculating on that subject which the New Bedford residents already knew of full well; the purpose of the great bungholes punctured through the sides of their old whaleships, and the large quantities of stone, salvaged from dilapidated walls around the countryside, which had been loaded in their holds. "Whether the five thousand tons of stone are to be used to increase the base of the Rip Raps," they wrote, "or whether the ancient catapult is to be brought into use, and the stones are to be projected, or whether they are taken south for the arming of the slaves, or whether they are to be sunk at the entrance of Charleston or Savannah, we are not informed."

> The fact, that at light water mark in each vessel a hole has been bored, into which a lead pipe has been inserted, the ends carefully nailed down on either side of the vessel, a plug driven in from outside and another from within, and both secured by a rod passing through them and fastened within by a nut and screw, favors the sinking hypothesis; and the additional fact that, at the last moment, an old sea captain suggested putting two 2-inch augurs on board each ship, makes it *violently* probable that these sixteen whalers are to be put to the inglorious use of stopping rat-holes.[30]

When New Bedford marine artist Benjamin Russell sketched the lines of the vessels in the second flotilla he added, under the names of the ships, the caption "The Rat-Hole Squadron."

In 1865 when the war came to a end, word spread quickly by the newly enlarged telegraph system, and by newspaper. A few of these made their way to the Atlantic, where whalemen soon learned the happy news.

> [8 June 1865] At 8 AM landed at Fayal got letters from home and Newspapers wich [sic] anounsed [sic] the death of President Lincoln, and also the



The famous "stone fleet" was sketched by New Bedford artist Benjamin Russell as it departed on its ill-conceived "secret" mission. While Russell's lithograph of the fleet is well known, this pencil-and-wash sketch, now in private hands, has rarely been exhibited. (On loan to Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Massachusetts)

death of the Southern Confederacy the former was assasinated by being Shot; and the latter by srangulation [sic] from the hug of the Northern bear, so that one has to weep and rejoice at the same time:...the news in regard to affairs at home is more encouraging than it has been before [.] the United States are alive yet, and where there is life there is hope.[31]

But yet it was not over. The whaleships *Isabella, George Howland,* and *Eliza Adams* sailed peacefully toward the western Arctic in April and May, thankful that Richmond had been captured, and no doubt confident that the war was truly "about played out." But Captain James Waddell was also steering northward, in the C.S.S. *Shenandoah;* his news sources were no better than those of the whalemen, and in late June, when he began to capture and burn the fleet in the Bering Strait, he was unaware – as were his victims – that the cause for which he gloriously fought had already been lost. Soon, the *Isabella* would fall victim to Waddell's faded flag, and the war, though over, would be fought still by the torching of Yankee whaleships.

Even local news travelled slowly in the desolate Bering Sea. By the time most of the crews learned of the cruiser's presence, the *Shenandoah* had already reached the edge of pack ice and turned back, Waddell considering it too risky to venture farther north for uncertain results. A neutral Hawaiian-flag whaleship, the *Kohola,* had been passed over by the Confederate steamer, and had brought the news to the fleet. The urgent message put everyone on tenterhooks:

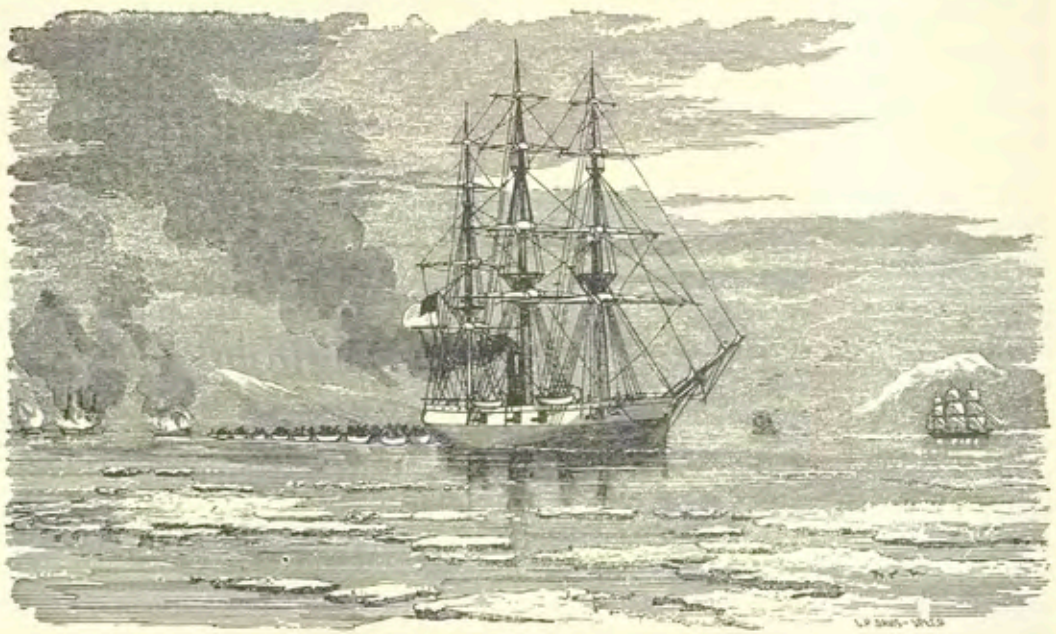
at 1 AM fog lit up at 1:30 AM Saw the Bark John Howland with his colors up, run down and Spoke him Capt Fraisure [sic] reports a Rebel Privateer in the Straits having burnt about forty Ships, hoisted all of our Colors to git the ships down to inform them of it Spoke the Coral Capt Crandall came on boarde to git the newse [sic] Ships all got Colors set a great exsightment among ous [sic] all.[32]

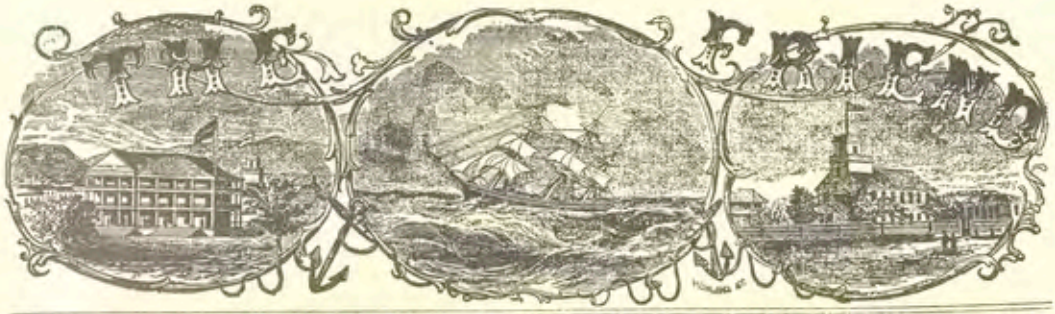
The *Eliza Adams*'s crew "started for Kotzbue [sic] Sound as fast as we could go to try & get clear of the pirate."[33] But Captain Hudson Winslow in the *Isabella* was neither so prudent, nor lucky, perhaps, as his friends. At 7 P.M. on 26 June he had been caught six miles from the west shore of Bering Strait, and there overhauled by the *Shenandoah*. His men were transferred to the cruiser, where they signed a parole document, and then removed to the *General Pike*, another whaleship which had been ransomed as a dormitory for captured crews. The Confederates took charge of the *Isabella* and, about 2 A.M., took the whaleship alongside and "plundered her of Provisions Sails and eveything they wanted and about 11 o'clock A.M. they set her on fire."[34]

Waddell destroyed or ransomed two dozen whaling vessels after cessation of hostilities, before turning southward and encountering, much later, an English vessel, the *Barracouta*, which relayed unimpeachable news of what had only been an ugly rumor; that "It had been three months since hostilities ceased, leaving us without a flag or a country... preying upon the commerce of a Government that... claimed our allegiance... by wager of battle."[35]

In this day of satellite technology and high-speed communication, it is almost impossible to convey an impression of war fought at such a slow pace. The major governments of the world now track ship movements anywhere on the seven seas, within moments, and war is much removed from the human arena into the anonymous electronic one; cheapened, enlarged, and much less civil. The efficiency of worldwide communications – telemetry, television, telephone – suggests that the style of personal but ill-informed naval war such as was fought by Semmes, Dupont, and Waddell will not likely be fought again.

Towing twelve whaleboats full of surprised Yankee whalemen, the *Shenandoah* wreaks havoc among the whaling fleet in the Bering Strait, 26 June 1865. Captain Waddell of the *Shenandoah* did not learn of the Confederacy's demise until 2 August. (Cornelius E. Hunt, *The Shenandoah*, New York, 1867)





New Series, Vol. 14, No. 5. HONOLULU, MAY 1, 1865. {Old Series, Vol. 22.

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THE FRIEND.

MAY 1, 1865.

SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY
And More Good News!

On the morning of the 27th of April, the *Archer*, Captain Cressy, arrived, bringing the glorious news of the surrender of Lee's army to General Grant on the 8th of April. The terms were those proposed by General Grant. For details of the long series of Union victories, we must refer our readers to the columns of the newspapers published here and elsewhere, but we cannot refrain from making an allusion to the great and momentous events which are now transpiring in America. The grand collapse has come somewhat earlier than we expected, although we were confident what the end would be. It has never been our object to publish long extracts from the American papers, giving the details of sieges, battles, surrenders, victories or defeats, but when we have written (or spoken) it has never been in favor of what we honestly regarded the most unprovoked and wicked rebellion which ever existed. The idea that it might succeed by any combination of circumstances has always filled our mind with the most gloomy forebodings. But thanks be unto God it has not succeeded.

It is gratifying to see that Americans in Honolulu, in every possible way, are disposed to express their most hearty rejoicings. The public meeting on Tuesday, April 25th, at the residence of Mr McBride, and then again in Fort street on Thursday, the 27th, were a perfect success. Speeches, addresses and music were admirable. Nothing could have been more highly appropriate.

Sumter was fired upon April 12th, 1861, and Lee surrenders his army to General Grant the 9th of April, 1865, hence the *Slaveholders' Rebellion* lasted just four years, wanting three days.

☞ We are glad to present our readers with a few paragraphs from two of our correspondents, the Rev. D. Trumbull residing in Valparaiso, and the Rev. S. R. Brown, of Yokohama, Japan. A perusal of these extracts will convince any candid reader, that such men are good, efficient and truly apostolic laborers in the Lord's vineyard. If such men are not building up the Church of Christ, in the 19th century, we do not know where to look for them! Such men are, in the highest and noblest sense, the true successors of the Apostles whom our Lord sent forth, saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Both of these gentlemen enjoy an enviable reputation for linguistical and scholarly attainments. Were they to return to their native land, the highest social position would be their lot. Mr. Trumbull represents the old Trumbull family of Connecticut, from which "Governors are made," and Mr. Brown is the son of the good woman in Munson, Mass., who penned that oft-sung and beautiful Christian lyric,

"I love to steal, awhile, away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer," &c. &c

☞ It is gratifying to witness the seamen of the *Clio* availing themselves of the privileges of the Sailor's Home, when they are ashore on liberty. This is as it should be. In former years the commanders and crews of English vessels of war have shown a willingness to contribute to the funds of the Institution. We now remember to have received donations from H. B. M.'s ships *Trincomalee* in 1855, *Vixen* in 1858, and *Alert* in 1861.

TALES OF A VENERABLE SAVAGE:
—OR—
Contributions to the Ancient History of Hawaii.

[Continued.]

Translated mostly from the French of Jules Remy,

BY PRESIDENT ALEXANDER, OF OAHU COLLEGE.

Various Documents on the Province of Kau.

The inhabitants of Kau are designated in the group by the name of "Na mamo a ke kipi,"—"the descendants of the rebellion." The province of Kau has always been considered a fatal land to Chiefs. At the present time, one can distinguish the inhabitant of Kau among the other natives. He is energetic, hasty in speech, and is always ready to strike a blow when an occasion presents itself. He is proud, and he adores his liberty. Several Hawaiian Chiefs have been killed by the people of Kau, among others Kahaokalani, Koihala, &c.

Story of Kohaokalani.

He was, according to the tradition, the greatest Chief of the island, and reigned as king at Hilea. It was he who built the heiau situated on the great plateau of Makanau. Here are yet to be seen the sea-worn pebbles which Kohaokalani caused to be brought upon the heights, about two leagues from the shore. The pebbles were intended for the pavement of the inner temple.

The people, crushed by the enormous difficulty of transport, weary of the yoke of the royal power, and excited by disloyal priests, began to let their discontent and discouragement show itself. A conspiracy was soon made by these two classes, leagued against the Chief. They take advantage of a religious ceremony in order to rid themselves of the despot. The temple was finished, and the only question was how to carry a god to it. This divinity was nothing but an ohia tree, of enormous size, which they felled in the forests above Ninole. On the appointed day, the Chief, the Priests and the people set themselves to the task of drawing the god to his residence. In order to reach the height of Makanau, there was a very steep path to climb. They had to carry up the god on the side towards Ninole, which was best adapted to the execution of their plan. Arriving at

It took eighteen days for news of Lee's surrender to reach Honolulu via San Francisco, as evidenced by this issue of The Seamen's Friend Society newspaper, *The Friend*.

NOTES

[1]Lincoln declared the insurrection on 16 August, simultaneously prohibiting further commercial intercourse with southern states.

[2]*Whalemen's Shipping List and Merchant Transcript*, 16 April 1861.

[3]Captain George W. Gardner, quoted in E.C. Williams, *Life in the South Seas: History of the Whale Fisheries; Habits of the Whale; Perils of the Chase and Method of Capture* (New York: Polhemus & De Vries, 1860), p. 8.

[4]Journal of the ship *Gratitude* of New Bedford, 29 April 1842, volume 433, Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Massachusetts. Hereafter Kendall Whaling Museum is cited KWM.

[5]Journal of the ship *Eliza Adams* of New Bedford, 25 May 1865, volume 74, KWM.

[6]Charles H. Robbins, undated manuscript letter, Robbins Papers, pp. 2-3, KWM.

[7]*Ibid.*, p. 3.

[8]Ruth Bradford, *"Maskee!": The Journal and Letters of Ruth Bradford, 1861-1872* (Hartford: The Prospect Press, 1938), p. 24.

[9]Log of the bark *Midas* of New Bedford, 2 November 1861, volume 232, KWM.

[10]William H. Davis, Journal of the bark *Midas* of New Bedford, 1 November 1861, volume 146, KWM.

[11]Log of bark *Midas*, 17 December 1861.

[12]Log of the bark *Ocean Rover* of Mattapoisett, 3 December 1861, volume 410, KWM.

[13]*Ibid.*, 15 December 1861.

[14]*Ibid.*, 14 February 1862.

[15]Quoted line from a contemporary song and sea chantey, "Roll, *Alabama*, Roll," or "The *Alabama*." "To the Western Ocean she set forth (Roll, *Alabama*, roll)/ To destroy the commerce of the north (Oh, roll, *Alabama*, roll)."

[16]Log of the *Ocean Rover*, 6 September 1861.

[17]*Ibid.*, 7 September 1861.

[18]Raphael Semmes, *Service Afloat: Or the Remarkable Career of the Confederate Cruisers Sumter and Alabama During the War Between the States* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1887), p. 431.

[19]*Ibid.*, p. 433.

[20]Thos. Knowles & Co. to Captain P. Howland, New Bedford, 7 May 1862, Howland Papers, KWM.

[21]*Ibid.*, 20 March 1863.

[22]U. S. Navy Department, Naval History Branch, *Civil War Naval Chronology, 1861-65*, (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1963): 1:19.

[23]Zephaniah Pease, *History of New Bedford*, 3 vols. (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1918): 1:53.

[24]Journal of the ship *Maria Theresa*, stone fleet passage, cf. 29 November, 1 December 1861, volume 169, G. W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut.

[25]J. M. Willis, quoted in Pease, 1:55.

[26]*Naval Chronology*, 1:39.

[27]Journal of the ship *Rebecca Sims*, stone fleet passage, 12 December 1861, volume 173, KWM.

[28]Journal of ship *Maria Theresa*, 16 December 1861.

[29]"The Stone Fleet," *New Bedford Mercury*, 25 November 1861, p. 2.

[30]*Ibid.*

[31]Journal of the bark *Benjamin Franklin* of New Bedford, 8 June 1865, volume 256, KWM.

[32]Log of the ship *Congress* of New Bedford, 2 July 1865, volume 55, KWM.

[33]Journal of ship *Eliza Adams*, 5 July 1865.

[34]"Statement of Capt Hudson Winslow relating to his capture by the Steamer Shenandoah," *Isabella* Papers, KWM.

[35]Cornelius E. Hunt, *The Shenandoah; Or the Last Confederate Cruiser* (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., 1867), pp. 218-19.

Milton J. Burns, Marine Artist

PETER HASTINGS FALK

> Oh, the wind is nor'nor'e',
> Oh, the wind is piping free.
> We'll keep the cup.
> and fill it up,
> With Shamrock on our lee!

It was with this spirited verse on 22 October 1899 that marine artist Milton J. Burns began his dynamic sketches of the America's Cup race. This deciding race had set off in a half-gale. America's defender, *Columbia,* started a minute later than Britain's *Shamrock* and yet finished over five minutes ahead to retain the America's Cup.

Burns, one of the best known illustrators of this famous international yacht race, was sailing aboard a spectator ship. By this time in his career Burns was probably more comfortable than any artist could have been making drawings in an environment of howling winds and high seas. In addition to being a roving artist for Harper's, Scribner's, and other leading publishers, he was one of few American artists who truly lived the life of a sailor.

Born of Scottish descent in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, on 9 January 1853, Milton Burns might have appeared destined for a more sedate life, perhaps a political career. His father, Ross Burns, was a businessman and lieutenant governor of Ohio, while his mother, Mary Claflin Burns, was sister to Victoria Claflin Woodhull, later the first woman to run for the U.S.presidency.

Peter Hastings Falk is an art research historian concentrating on forgotten American artists whose work warrants rediscovery. He completed his undergraduate training in art at Brown University and his graduate work at The Rhode Island School of Design. He lives in Madison, Connecticut, with his wife and two daughters.

Having grown up in the middle of Ohio, Burns first learned of the sea in the same way that Richard Henry Dana and many other nineteenth-century youths did. During his boyhood he developed a severe eye ailment and was advised by his doctor to go to the sea, where the vast oceanic expanses and salt air would help rehabilitate his eyes. Accordingly, the determined sixteen-year-old made his way to the East Coast to secure a berth at sea.

On 3 July 1869 he was aboard the 325-ton Canadian whaling steamer *Panther* as she departed St. John's, Newfoundland, bound for the Arctic. It was to the boy's good fortune that the *Panther* had been chartered by the painter of the Arctic, William Bradford, who was determined to make this the most important of his arctic expeditions. The voyage covered over 1,000 miles of Greenland's coast as the *Panther* "penetrated beyond the last outpost of civilization on the globe, in the midst of the dreaded icepack of Mellville Bay."[1] It was under the guidance and encouragement of Bradford and the scientist-explorer Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, also on board, that Burns's career as an artist was determined. No doubt the awesome scale and beautifully varied atmospheric effects of the Arctic, and the great enthusiasm of the entire crew under the influence of the artists aboard, must have been infectious.

After the arctic trip Burns came to New York, where he took courses at the National Academy of Design, which offered free art instruction.[2] However, most of Burns's formal training was under the popular John George Brown. In his history of American painting, *Art in America,* S. G. W.

Benjamin praised two young artists, M. J. Burns and Gilbert Gaul, as J. G. Brown's most promising pupils. Brown was known for his generosity and enthusiasm toward his students. His outlook on art, much like that of Winslow Homer, stressed that one should go directly to nature for inspiration. He proposed that

> art should express contemporaneous truth, which will be of interest to posterity. I want people a hundred years from now to know how the children that I paint looked.... I desired to paint some Grand Ménan fishermen, and I went to Grand Ménan and painted them from the life–their fish, their clothes, their boats.... I did not copy them as they stood before me as models. I put J. G. Brown into them. And a good reporter in like manner would have put himself into them.[3]

Burns adhered to Brown's philosophy and, continuing his love affair with the sea, reportedly served in several sailing ships while continuing his art education.

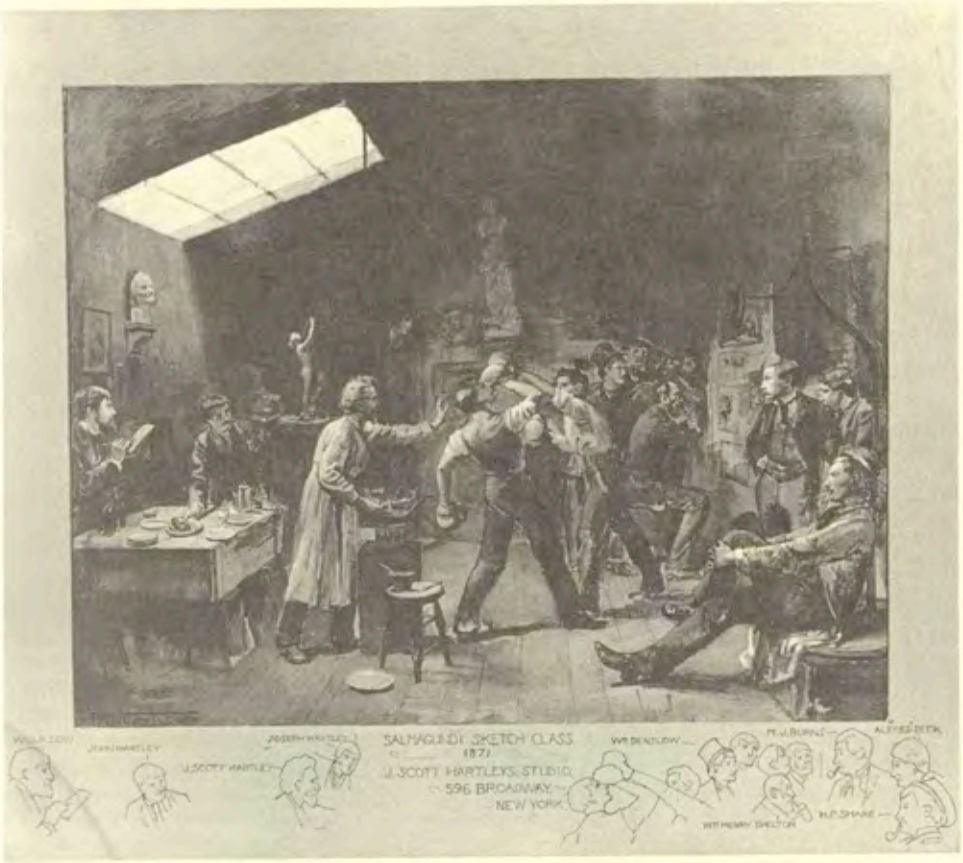
Milton J. Burns, about age nineteen.
Photograph by Napoleon Sarony, ca. 1872.



In 1871 Burns and a group of his friends, described by one critic as "a knot of rather the most irregular young fellows,"[4] because of their bohemian lifestyle, founded the Salmagundi Sketch Club. Among the original founder-members were Will H. Low, Fred Church, Jonathan Scott Hartley, and George W. Maynard. The next year they were joined by Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, J. Francis Murphy, George Inness, Jr., Napoleon Sarony, and W. A. Rogers. The group met weekly at Hartley's sculpture studio to critique drawings of a subject matter they had chosen the previous week. "And then they began boxing matches which rattled the plaster casts on the wall and raised the dust from the floor, while the sculptor (Hartley) made coffee and fried sausages in a topcoat batter."[5] This hearty group was active for a year, until some of its members set sail for European art centers.

In the early 1870s Burns became acquainted with Winslow Homer, seventeen years his senior. These were Homer's gregarious New York years. Both Burns and Homer had studios in the old University Building on Washington Square (Homer moved in 1872 to the Tenth Street Studios, also the abode of J. G. Brown). According to Burns's sons, it was around this time that Homer introduced Burns to his future father-in-law, Alfred R. Waud.[6] Waud was lauded by Harper's as being the most important and prolific illustrator of the Civil War era. Homer had known him since the war's Yorktown campaign, when they were assigned to the same reportorial task. In 1871 both Homer and Waud were producing illustrations for *Every Saturday*, the short-lived competitor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Burns's early years with the Salmagundians and as a free-lance illustrator coincided with Homer's last peak years, 1870-75, as an illustrator for *Harper's Weekly*. While Burns may have accompanied Homer on sketching trips, the relationship was only as friends and fellow artists, there being no student-teacher connection. But



Will H. Low recreated one of the Salmagundi Sketch Club classes of 1871 in this 1879 illustration. Burns, a great boxing enthusiast, looks on at far right, standing with pipe, while J. Scott Hartley cooks dinner. Low has depicted himself at far left sketching the action. (Courtesy of Salmagundi Club, New York)

in Burns's drawings of the 1870s and 1880s similarities with Homer in style, technique, and subject matter can be seen. During these years Burns favored the Maine coast, returning often to Grand Manan, Mount Desert, and Monhegan Island where he was one of the earliest "members" of the summer art colony. His evocative illustrations of this region were given wide exposure in W. H. Bishop's "Fish and Men in the Maine Islands," published in *Harper's Monthly* in 1880, and separately in 1885.

Burns's continuing experiences at sea did not mold him for an art career parallel to those of his peers who, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, flocked to the art academies of Paris, Munich, and Düsseldorf. Rather, he was a bohemian of the times, a Salmagundian, a part of what was being called the "New Movement." However, like many of the other Salmagundians, Burns did receive some formal art training, if brief, in Europe. The time was probably right, for America was suffering from a major economic depression, "The Crash of 1873," and illustration jobs for the young artists were difficult to secure. Burns reportedly commanded a vessel on a passage to France, and upon his arrival sold his interest in the ship to pay for art courses at one of the academies in Paris. Returning to New York, Burns joined the Art Students' League, which had seceded from the National Academy in 1875 after a dispute.[7]







These pencil sketches (*left, center*), ca. 1875, reflect the influence of J. G. Brown, and strongly resemble Winslow Homer's famous 1870s studies of children at Houghton Farm. The similarity of Burns's work to Homer's has presented opportunities for signature forgers. With the assistance of Homer biographer Lloyd Goodrich, the author has identified more than ten Burns paintings and drawings that bear forged Homer signatures. One stylistic clue is that Burns's pencil outlines of figures are less staccato than Homer's. (Private Collection, Providence, Rhode Island). Sketch of a farm boy (*right*). Pencil on paper, 7½ x 4½ in.

By 1876 America was coming out of its economic depression and experiencing a powerful new energy in science, industry, and the arts. When many of the artists returned from Europe they found themselves amidst one of the most important transitional periods in American painting. This was America's centennial year. Thousands of artists, engravers, printers, and publishers from around the world exchanged ideas at Philadelphia's great International Exhibition. "There was a national pride that demanded that everything from a rolling-mill to an etching should be the best in the world, and the corresponding individual pride that was unwilling to be inferior in any of the forms of culture."[8]

In addition to America's new spirit for the arts, Burns and the Salmagundians most directly benefited from two major publishing successes. In 1872-74, William Cullen Bryant issued his two-volume *Picturesque America,* illustrated by Harry Fenn and other prominent artists, which was the first illustrated publication produced on a large scale to enjoy enormous financial success. "If Fenn had made a dead failure of that book instead of a success . . . some of the distinguished illustrators . . . would probably have been measuring tape at Macy's. They certainly would not have gone into illustrative art."[9]

This paved the way for a second boost – the unprecedented growth in circulation of the great illustrated newspapers and magazines: *Harper's Weekly, Leslie's Illustrated, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's,* and *The Century.* Burns soon found himself amidst a group of talented and enthusiastic artists encouraged by far-sighted publishers and

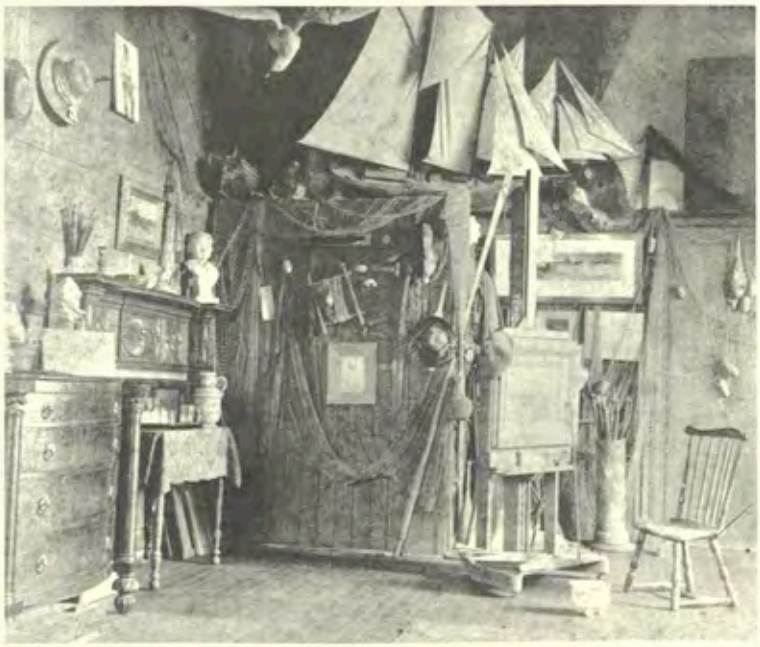
art editors. E. A. Abbey and C. S. Reinhart were now Harper's leading artists. They and Charles Parsons, Harper's highly influential art editor, were the core of a dedicated group who carried on a sincere and honest approach to illustration and painting like that of Winslow Homer.

In 1877 the "New Movement" appeared in full force. The National Academy published its first illustrated exhibition catalog, which was a great success. The exhibition was held by the Salmagundi Sketch Club, revived in 1877 as a more formal group than before. The Salmagundi Club was also known as the Black and White Society for its exhibitions at the National Academy of oils en grisaille, gouaches, drawings, and etchings, all in black and white. With the new interest in popular magazine illustration there came a new enthusiasm for the future of American art, and the annual Black and White exhibitions received considerable national recognition.

By 1879 Burns apparently hosted the Salmagundi Club. "The Salmagundi convenes at nine of Friday night at the studio of a young marine painter in Astor Place. The appurtenances are somewhat dingy, and there is a mellow atmosphere of smoke in the room.... The marine painter has lately



"Grand Manan," 1877. Pencil and chalk on paper, 10 x 17¼ in., signed and dated lower right.



"His room is full of trophies of the sea," *Scribner's Monthly* said of Burns's studio at Astor Place in New York. Note the props, including schooner models and a seagull hanging from the ceiling. Photograph ca. 1880s.



Lifeboat in the surf, ca. 1880, shows the launch of a U.S. Life-Saving Service surfboat, and suggests that Burns was part of what art historians refer to as the "New York Etching Club" period. Etching, 15½ x 33⅞ in.

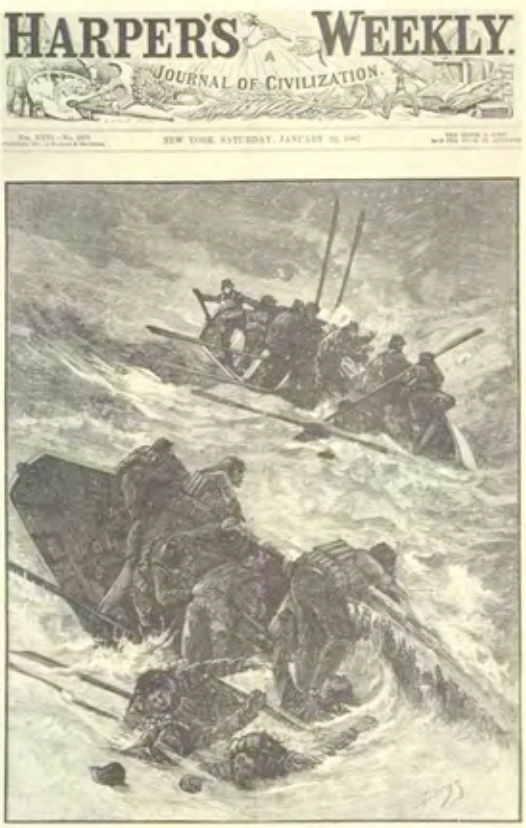
been daring shipwreck on the coast of Labrador, and his room is full of trophies of the sea."[10]

In the late 1870s Burns began to work for the illustrated magazines. Much of his illustration work portrays the perils of the sea. In 1879 he produced an extensive series depicting the activities of the U. S. Life-Saving Service, which was used to illustrate J. H. Merryman's "The United States Life-Saving Service" in *Scribner's* for January 1880. *Harper's Weekly* also published a series of Burns's coastal rescue scenes in 1881.

For the sake of truth in his artistic effort, Burns got closer to his subject and took more risks than most artists. In 1881 author-artist S. G. W. Benjamin[11] teamed with Burns to describe a cruise in a pilot boat, in winter. Particularly daring, pilot-boat crews would cruise far off shore in bad weather searching for vessels to guide safely into port. Benjamin later recalled:

> Mr. Burns was to accompany me to furnish the illustrations. This was right, both because he had suggested the paper inviting me to accompany him, and because he was much stronger than I in drawing figure subjects, and he had made a specialty of marine genre in which he has few superiors.[12]

"The Wreck of the *Elizabeth* – Loss of the Rescuing Crew," on the cover of *Harper's Weekly*, 22 January 1887. Wood engraving, 11⅛ x 9 in.





"Amateur cooking" was used to illustrate "The Cruise of the *Alice May*," in *The Century*, July 1884. Burns, who often included himself in his illustrations, is pictured here standing in the left background. In all of his below-deck views one has a sense of the ocean outside as the men lean to the vessel's heel.

Benjamin and Burns were invited aboard the New York pilot schooner *Caprice*. Setting off in March on the cold grey Atlantic, their cruise proved to be more dangerous than they could have guessed. The rivalry and risk-taking between pilot crews was notorious, and at one point the *Caprice* was nearly 500 miles out in the Atlantic caught in a full gale. Hove to with seas sweeping the deck, Benjamin and Burns adopted the sailor's perspective. As Benjamin recalled, "any moment a terrific catastrophe was likely to overwhelm us, but it is not in the nature of the sailor, after he has taken every precaution, to borrow trouble about possibilities," so they played cards and swapped yarns.[13] After nearly two weeks of such harsh conditions they arrived safely back in New York to prepare their account.

The editors of *The Century*, impressed by Burns's vigorous illustrations and the popularity of "A Cruise in a Pilot-Boat" when it appeared in December 1881, decided to commission the pair to undertake a much longer cruise into foreign waters. According to Benjamin, in the late spring of 1882,

> they (the editors of *The Century*) suggested to us a still more important enterprise, one of the most important, in fact, ever undertaken by an American magazine up to that time. They now proposed that we should charter a schooner and explore the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.[14]

Traveling to Prince Edward Island they at last chartered the fifty-nine-foot coasting schooner *Alice May* and departed for their circumnavigation of the Gulf, visiting numerous out-of-the-way places in New Brunswick, the Gaspé Peninsula, Magdalen Islands, Newfoundland, St. Pierre, and Cape Breton Island. Their trip resulted in a magnificent six-part series for the magazine in 1884, which was later published as a book.[15]

A possible influence of Burns's illustration on Winslow Homer can be found in Homer's "Lost on the Grand Banks," painted in 1885-86. The painting depicts two fishermen lost in the fog in their dory. The man in the bow appears to have just sighted a ship and, rising to his feet, leans anxiously toward it. While Homer had gone to the Grand Banks with the fishing fleet in 1884, it is probable that in *this* composition he was influenced by a true account his friend Burns had experienced. In 1879, when he was twenty-six, Burns had been part of a search crew on the Grand Banks that rescued two fishermen who had been lost in their dory for two weeks.

Burns's painting of the scene shows the two fishermen in their dory, and the man in the bow has risen, calling to the rescue ship to make sure they have been sighted. This picture, published in *Harper's Weekly* in

1879, was titled "Lost in the Fog on the Banks of Newfoundland." In 1881 Burns exhibited a monotype titled "Lost in the Fog" at the Black and White exhibition at the National Academy. Homer painted his "Lost on the Grand Banks" six or seven years after Burns had experienced such an incident and illustrated it.

Beginning in the early 1880s, Burns increased the scope and duration of his travels. In 1881 he made his first trip to England's North Sea coast. While roving about with the fishing fleets, he generally stayed near Lowestoft. Incidentally, Winslow Homer also visited the area for the first time that year. The rugged life of the North Sea fisherfolk had a lasting influence upon both Burns and Homer.

In 1883, while exhibiting at the London Fisheries Exhibition, Burns and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema became friends. Alma-Tadema later suggested that Burns prepare a marine genre subject for exhibition at the Royal Academy. Entitled "Anxious Hearts," the painting depicts a group of Scottish women on a stormy day looking out to sea, anxiously awaiting the return of their fishermen. Unfortunately, Alma-Tadema died before he could see the completed painting he had inspired.

Like many artists of the period, Burns struggled with two separate careers: illustrator, and painter. While his notoriety and income came largely from his illustration work, he was a serious artist in oils. His pictures were always realistic and often heroic but, like Homer, he was not interested in portraying a romanticism that exuded an agreeable Victorian sentimentality. Rather, as one critic put it, his paintings had "all the smack and braciness of the true salt feeling."[16]

While prolific, Burns was not financially secure as a formal artist. Considering the extent of his travels and the volume of magazine illustration he produced, his formal exhibition record is impressive. He exhibited nine times at the National Academy from 1875 to 1898, and regularly at the Brooklyn Art Association from 1876 to 1879. But his formal art brought little income, despite his efforts. At the National Academy exhibition of 1882, for example, the price of $1,500 that he placed on an oil, "Throwing the Seine," was unrealized. This was a high price for most painters of the time, even Winslow Homer. Burns's usual prices ranged between $150 and $500 for these exhibition pieces.[17]

The problem for Burns and many of his

"Lost in the fog on the Banks of Newfoundland," *Harper's Weekly*, 22 November 1879. This illustration may have inspired Winslow Homer's master painting based upon the same subject. Wood engraving, 8½ x 13⅝ in. (76.182)





"Waiting for the fish to school," ca. 1885, depicts a mackerel seine boat and crew.
Oil on canvas, 24½ x 39 in. (75.291)

fellow artists was that the American public, while eager to learn about artists' lives and to see their work, had not yet translated that interest into collecting.

> They wanted instructions, lectures, articles in the magazines, illustrations, but there their desires stopped. They did not want American paintings. Those who had much money to spend bought foreign work, those who had little contented themselves with photographs of it; and the American painters were encouraged to write about their art or teach it, or even to exhibit it, but rarely to sell it.[18]

According to writers of the period, even the most famous painters like J. G. Brown, whose paintings of street urchins sold out almost upon completion, found one of his favorite subjects – marine genre – unsaleable. Even beyond his generally unsaleable subject matter, Burns's chronic oceanic wanderlust so pervaded his life that he was apparently unable to establish himself on terra firma as a successful painter. And, like the proverbial sailor, he seems to have spent heedlessly when he had money, with little thought of economy.

In 1884, as an attempt to raise immediate cash, he and fellow marine painter Alfred T. Bricher held a joint exhibition at Doll & Richards Gallery in Boston. All of the paintings were later auctioned off.

Despite his financial problems, Burns's reputation as a marine illustrator kept him sailing for publishers from Newfoundland's Grand Banks to Great Britain's Dogger Banks; from Hudson Bay down to the Caribbean and South America; and to the arctic tundras from Alaska to Norway. Early in 1889, for example, he was with an expedition in Alaska, while that summer found him on assignment tarpon fishing in Florida. Soon after, he was with a cable-laying expedition in the Canary Islands and the North Atlantic; then was off to the Grand Canyon. This pattern of constant travel would continue throughout his life, making his signature familiar in many periodicals.



Burns (back to camera) playing poker with Frederic Remington (right) and two unidentified artists, New York, ca. 1880s. (Courtesy of Peggy and Harold Samuels)

Historian Frank Weitenkampf remembered Burns living near Washington Square around 1896. "Burns ate frequently at the beer place of Horn Brothers, also a favorite spot of A. Saint-Gaudens."[19] Another place frequented by artists, particularly illustrators like Frederic Remington, was the old Astor Library.

In 1896 Burns moved to Boston, where he became friends with the marine painter W. F. Halsall and the ship portraitist Fred Pansing. Pansing and Burns formed a partnership in the lithography business, but the venture was short-lived. Burns continued as a free-lance illustrator, but with the advent of the photomechanical process of halftone reproduction, the golden era of wood-engraved illustrations was coming to an end.[20] Before long, photography would make the roles of the great America's Cup illustrators like Burns, Fred Cozzens, and J. O. Davidson, obsolete.

Burns continued to exhibit at the Salmagundi Club, although he was no longer an active leader, probably because the club had grown out of its free-wheeling early years. Despite Henry Ward Ranger's insistence on maintaining its former bohemian character, the Salmagundi Club was by 1890 an established and respected part of New York's art society. Burns, almost an anachronism, also continued his boxing interests from the early Salmagundi days. At the time, professional boxers would often challenge anyone in the audience to last a certain number of rounds with them. While in New Orleans in the 1890s, Burns reportedly accepted the challenge from world champion Bob Fitzsimmons. He lasted the rounds and won the $50 bet.

According to Burns's youngest son, another saga he used to tell his boys revolved around the great white polar bear hide that hung on his studio wall. In the



"The International Yacht Races—The start at the *Scotland* Light-Ship, Monday Sept. 7," depicts the spectator fleet viewing the race between *Puritan* and *Genesta*. *Harper's Weekly*, 19 September 1885. Wood engraving, 9⅜ x 13¾ in. (77.42)

1890s Burns had become friends with Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the medical missionary who established the first hospital ship for the fisherfolk of the Labrador region.[21] On one arctic expedition, Burns, Grenfell, and another man became lost in a blizzard and were separated from their party by the massive shifting ice flows. Frostbitten and starving, the men discussed the possibility that their imminent deaths might only be prevented by resorting to cannibalism. Burns proposed a plan to his two friends. He had a rifle with two bullets. Since he was the best marksman, he would search for a polar bear, but use only one shot. If he failed, and was not killed by the bear, he would use the remaining bullet on himself, to the benefit of the other two men. Burns did find a polar bear, waited until it was closing upon him, then fired at nearly point-blank range. The polar bear's warm blood revived the men, who were later saved by Eskimos. The polar bear's hide thereafter hung in Burns's studio as both a trophy and a grim reminder of the nearly tragic expedition.

Burns's temperament does not seem to have been adaptable to conventional domestic life. Although he married and fathered three sons, his home life was not particularly happy. It was not improved by his taste for Scotch whisky; his uncertain income; his wanderlust, combined with illustration assignments in distant lands; his unconventional, rather spontaneous lifestyle; or his affinity for the companionship of sailors and fisherfolk. As he grew older he became more and more an individualist.

In 1910 Burns chartered a 120-ton schooner for a sketching cruise with the fishing fleets on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The *London Graphic* subsequently published the illustrations, and its art critic noted:



"Off St. John's," an unusual "triptych" showing a steam whaler working among the ice floes. Gouache on illustration board, 13 x 23 in., signed lower left.

> At sea, during many a year, he passed through the hardships that await all who venture on the fishing grounds of Europe and America. He has spent years with the fishing fleets of his own countrymen, with the Laplanders, with the Eskimos, and latterly has been engaged with the Gamecock Fleet on the Dogger Bank. He is

known everywhere by the fisherfolk, has their confidence and their friendly interest. He has their respect too, for he can stand a gale and month's wetting with the hardiest of them, and while keeping his eyes open for subjects and 'effects', can lend a hand if it is asked of him. He pays his way—it isn't much, and the fare is hard—and makes his notes with great completeness and profuseness for the composition of his pictures on dry land.[22]

Commissions from other British publishers followed. Armed with his latest success in England, Burns visited his notorious expatriate aunts, Victoria Claflin Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, then Lady Cook, hoping that these wealthy relations would provide the financial assistance he needed to set up a studio in London. While his aunts proved uncooperative, Burns remained for a long period, painting and illustrating in his favorite areas along Britain's North Sea coast, from Lowestoft all the way up to Wick, Scotland. From the fishing ports he shipped out with the fishing fleets for weeks at a time, bound for the dangerous Goodwin Sands or the frigid waters of Iceland.

If anything was responsible for Burns's work not assuming the passive role of reportorial narrative, it must have been the rugged quality and fast pace of a sailor's life. However, his frequent voyages were draining his health, and he often lost twenty pounds or more on a trip. His many letters from 1910 recount the frequently rough seas, heavy fog, and cold driving rain. By 1914 the rugged sea life had sapped his strength and he was forced to return to the climate of Southern California to recover. In June, he held an exhibition in Los Angeles at the Kanst Art Galleries. Of the sixty-year-old Burns, one writer reported:

No wonder, after many years of such strenuous and healthy experiences, that he looks today as much like a sailor as he does an artist. He has the sailor's ruddy, weatherbeaten skin, his bluff and hearty good nature, and even something of his rolling walk.[23]

That summer *Harper's* asked Burns to accompany writer J. J. Underwood to illustrate a series of articles on Alaska. Burns had already been to Alaska in 1889 when gold was discovered in Nome, when the territory was the wild, lawless Alaska of Jack London's novels. By 1914 Alaska had settled down from a larger gold rush, that of the Klondike strike of 1896. Now, travelling far into Cook's inlet, Burns recorded scenes of Eskimo life, the growing salmon industry, and the famous dog teams of the sourdoughs. The editors of *Harper's*, while pleased with the efforts of Burns and Underwood, were outraged by the enormous expenses the pair had charged. *Harper's* refused to pay and Burns again found himself heavily in debt.

Burns's fiery Scottish temper never helped his financial situation. His youngest son, now in his eighties, recalled:

I remember Dad leaving for New York one day with a painting under his arm to sell. At the end of the day he returned without the painting, which I presumed he had sold. On the contrary, he told me he had smashed it over the editor's head because he was offered only $25!... He was always in need of money. He even sold his gold medal that Queen Victoria had awarded him in 1883 for one of his paintings in the Artists of the World exhibition, just so he could eat.[24]

With the outbreak of World War I, Burns was commissioned by Admiral William S. Sims for "on the spot" documentation of the Navy's offensive operations against the German submarine fleet. Other artists such as Henry Reuterdahl, produced wonderful portraits of the U. S. Navy during World War I, but these pictured the Navy in local waters, not in action.

After the war Burns continued his transatlantic cruises as a free-lance illustrator, mainly producing covers for magazines like *Sea Stories* and *The Literary Digest*. He finally did manage to inherit enough money from his wealthy English relations to buy his own boat again. For the rest of his life his only "permanent address" was his boat, the



"Wake up Jack, a sail!," ca. 1910, is a scene of New England fishermen lost in their dory.
Lost dory fishermen was one of Burns's favorite themes.
Gouache on illustration board, 18½ x 28½ in., signed lower left.



"On Dogger Bank–North Sea–1910." Burns noted on the back:

"Lenten Gatherers–on the Dogger Bank–North Sea

The increased demand for fish during Lent meant extra activity on the part of the North Sea fishermen, those hardy sons of toil among whom Dr. Grenfell worked before he went to Labrador, and whom he has described as the bravest, sincerest and most simple-hearted men he ever met. After the first haul they pay their visit to the carrier, which take [sic] the fish to London." Gouache on illustration board, 12½ x 18 in., signed and dated lower left.



"The terror of the sea," ca. 1896, depicts the British steamer *Queensmore* rescuing the crew of the schooner *Alma Cummings*. Gouache on illustration board, 16¼ x 26⅜ in., signed lower left.

Zanana, and later the *Sarah*, which he docked at Edgewater, New Jersey, and Yonkers, New York, respectively. He also spent a good part of his summers as an active participant in Monhegan's art colony.

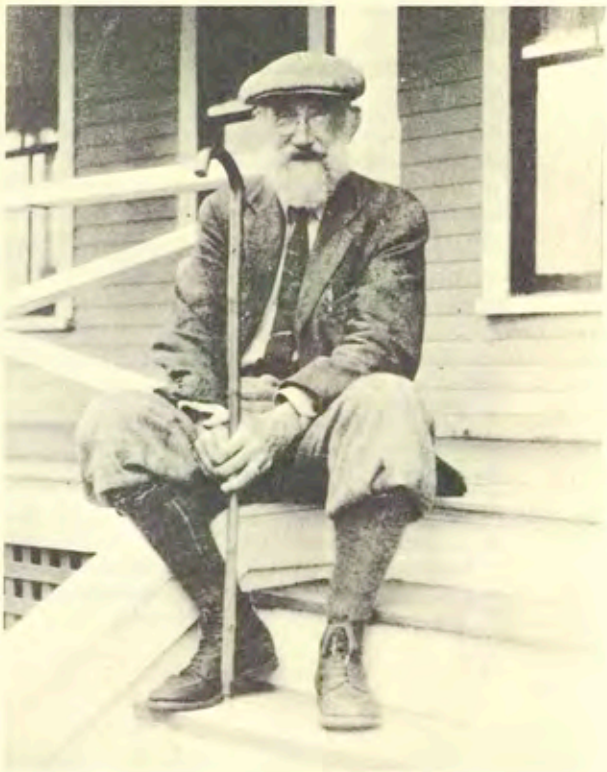
In 1932, while in France, Burns fell ill and returned to his boat on the Hudson River. He died the following winter on 27 December 1933, under the care of Gilbert Gaul's widow.

It was with William Bradford that Burns got his inspiration to be a roving artist; and it was J. G. Brown and perhaps Winslow Homer who acted as catalysts of a special vision; but it was the Ocean, in all her moods, that proved to be the greatest impetus in his life. One critic aptly recalled his marine subjects. "He painted them vividly and strongly, for he shared the perils of the life and mixed his oils with more than a dash of sea salt."[25]



Burns at the helm of his yawl *Zanana* on the Hudson river, ca. 1925.

Burns at his studio on Monhegan Island, Maine, August 1928.



NOTES

[1]The result of Bradford's voyage was his much-acclaimed folio-size volume *The Arctic Regions*, published at London in 1873, and illustrated with original photographs; "Isaac I. Hayes, Arctic Explorer," *The New York Times*, 18 December 1881, p. 1.

[2]William C. Brownell, "The Art-Schools of New York," *Scribner's Monthly* 16 (October 1878): 761-70.

[3]George W. Sheldon, *American Painters* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1879), p. 141.

[4]William H. Bishop, "Young Artists' Life in New York," *Scribner's Monthly* 19 (January 1880): 367.

[5]William H. Shelton, *The History of the Salmagundi Club* (New York: C. Francis Press, 1926), p. 2. This heterogeneous mix of artists took its name from a French salad of mixed ingredients.

[6]Details regarding Burns's relation with Homer and Bradford, as well as many other anecdotes, are from personal interviews with Burns's sons, Malcolm F. J. Burns (d. 1975) and Donald M. Burns (still living in 1983). The latter was interviewed by the author; the former by Prof. Clark S. Marlor, Adelphi University, 1972.

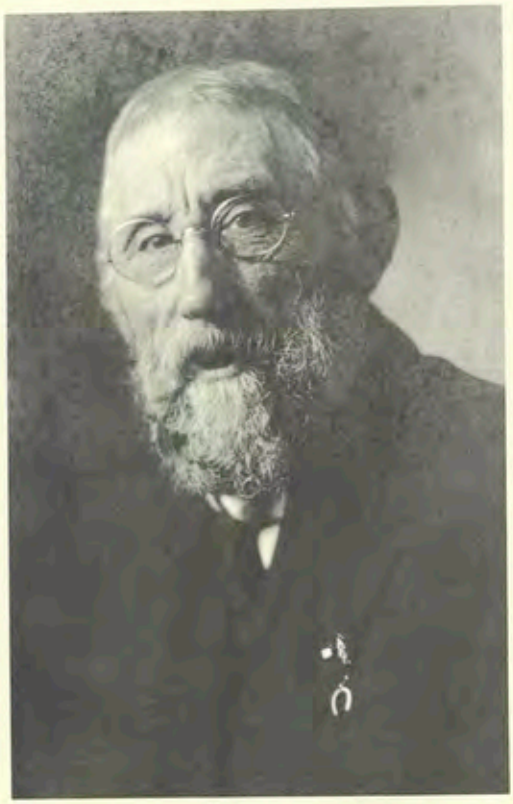
[7]Brownell, pp. 775-79.

[8]Samuel Isham, *The History of American Painting*, rev. ed. (New York: Macmillan, 1927), p. 374.

[9]F. Hopkinson Smith, *American Illustrators* (New York, Scribner's, 1892), p. 61.

[10]Bishop, pp. 367-68.

[11]Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin (1837-1914) began his career as a writer with Harper's in 1863. He authored more illustrated articles for *Harper's Monthly* than any other writer for the next twenty years. In



Milton J. Burns in his late seventies. Photographic portrait by Oliver Lippincott, New York, ca. 1930.

1883, shortly after his last major expedition with Burns, he was appointed the first U. S. Ambassador to Persia. He later returned to art, becoming the editor of *The Magazine of Art*. Benjamin took over Homer's studio when Homer moved to Prout's Neck.

[12]S. G. W. Benjamin, *The Life and Adventures of a Free Lance* (Burlington, Vermont: Free Press Co., 1914), p. 337.

[13]S. G. W. Benjamin, "A Cruise in a Pilot-Boat," *The Century* 23 (December 1881): 183.

[14]Benjamin, *Life and Adventures*, p. 346.

[15]S. G. W. Benjamin, "The Cruise of the *Alice May*," *The Century* 27, 28 (February-July 1884); reprint, New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1885.

[16]*American Art News*, 14 March 1914, p. 3.

[17]Maria Naylor, ed., *The National Academy of Design Exhibition Record, 1861-1900*, 2 vols. (New York: Kennedy Galleries, 1973), 1: 125-26.

[18]Isham, p. 375.

[19]Frank Weitenkampf, *Manhattan Kaleidoscope* (New York: Scribner's & Sons, 1927), p. 50.

[20]Although halftone photomechanical reproduction first appeared in 1880, newspapers and magazines did not use it regularly until almost 1900.

[21]In 1892, Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell (1865-1940) pioneered a medical service that treated over 900 patients in just the first few months. His devotion to the welfare of the fishermen finally won him the hospital ship *Strathcona* in 1899, and later, knighthood. His autobiographies are *A Labrador Doctor* (1920) and *Forty Years for Labrador* (1932).

[22]M. H. Spielmann, "The Man Who Immortalized the Newfoundland Fisherman," *London Graphic*, 17 September 1910; later in *The Literary Digest*.

[23]Anthony Anderson, "Art and Artists," *Los Angeles Sun*, 14 May 1914.

[24]Interview with Burns's sons, see note 6.

[25]*American Art News*, 14 March 1914, p. 3.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Kenneth G. Roberts and Philip Shackleton. *The Canoe: A History of the Craft from Panama to the Arctic.* Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Company, 1983. 288 pp., 286 illustrations, 34 in color. $50.00.

Informative, entertaining and highly readable, this beautiful book delights and intrigues us page after page with its abundance of fine illustrations in color and black and white, ranging from superb reproductions of paintings by artists like Frances Ann Hopkins, Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, Virgil Williams, Paul Kane, and George Caleb Bingham, to curious sketches by early travelers and explorers, and of course many photographs.

Characterized by the authors as "a compressed history of the North American canoe," this ambitious work ranges over the entire spread of aboriginal North American watercraft from Panama to beyond the Arctic Circle and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "Canoe" is used in its most inclusive sense to cover all aboriginal watercraft, rafts, dugouts, bark canoes, skin-covered craft of the Arctic, bull boats of the western plains, and even the unique planked craft of the California Chumash, the only pre-Columbian American planked boat. This may give momentary pause to readers accustomed to thinking of the Indian canoe as a birch bark craft. Actually, dugouts were far more widely built and used than bark canoes.

In covering such a vast subject–just how vast one may not grasp at first–selection and compression is unavoidable, yet the authors have managed to include much revealing detail, going beyond the boats themselves to accounts of how they were used and of the peoples who used them. Offered as a history of the canoe, this book turns out to be cultural history on a broad scale. It could hardly be otherwise with water-borne transportation as central as it was to the life activities of aboriginal Americans. In this vast continent, for a great part heavily forested with much broken and mountainous terrain interspersed with innumerable lakes, streams, and rivers, and in addition without roads, wheeled vehicles, or draught animals to move them, transportation for travel, trade, hunting, and war required a miltiplicity of canoes.

The authors, themselves Canadians and lifelong canoeists, are at their best in their treatment of bark canoes, primarily and principally the birch canoe whose range, corresponding to that of the paper birch, included all of Canada from the Maritimes to Alaska, except the Arctic North, together with Maine and the northern rim of the United States. Excellent photographs provide representative step-by-step coverage of canoe building by the Ojibwas of the Upper Great Lakes region, and what an involved, labor intensive process canoe building is shown to have been, and one in which the tribal group participated, including women, children and the aged. Perhaps this is why the white settlers, as time went on, built few if any birch canoes. Aside from a growing scarcity of materials, it must have proved easier and quicker, and hence cheaper, for them to build planked substitutes by old-world methods, and with old-world tools.

The French, notably Samuel de Champlain, early recognized the merits of the Indian birch, and adopted it as their principal means of wilderness travel. Jesuit missionaries, fur traders, voyageurs, and explorers, including the indomitable Alexander MacKenzie, all come to life in the authors' narrative, covering incredible distances in their frail bark vessels, and enduring perils and privations almost beyond belief. And so it continued down almost to modern times. As the authors tell us, "until the railway was built the bark canoe remained the most certain and most rapid means of travel from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast.... Anyone, in fact, who travelled west in Canada from Lake Superior did so in a canoe, surveyors, geologists, soldiers, government agents of every kind, artists, clergymen, adventurers, and in time, tourists,–all found that for passage to the west they must rely on a boat made from bark...."

Of all the endless variety of boats originated by primitive man before the acquisition of iron tools the Eskimo kayak stands on an even footing with the Indian birch. For ingenious contrivance and functional perfection these two are un-

rivaled, as becomes so apparent in the section of skin boats. One authority on North American skin boats, who gives this book high marks, observes that the skin boat section is "nice, but a bit thin." It is understandable that a specialist might wish a fuller treatment for his specialty, but the vastness of the book's overall coverage imposes strict limits.

I have to own to much the same feeling about the scant coverage accorded dugouts once found on the southern coast of New England and Long Island. Yet to do the book justice, its coverage of dugouts throughout North America is by far the best and most extensive treatment of this neglected subject yet to appear in print. Readers may be surprised to learn that in the Caribbean, Central America, and Mexico log dugouts both large and small are still widely built and used that go back to the time of Columbus, and before that to the Aztecs and the Mayas of the Yucatan Peninsula. To name a few: gommiers hollowed from large gum tree logs by the Caribs of Dominica and sold to Martinique fishermen who also race them; mahogany pitpans up to forty feet long in Honduras; dugout dories in Belize; piraguas in Panama; Cuna cayucas–the list goes on and on with descriptive text and abundant illustrations.

The Atlantic coast from Florida to the Chesapeake is adequately treated. Northward to Massachusetts is not. We find no mention of dugouts as the first whaleboat on Long Island and Cape Cod, of Connecticut dugouts during the Pequot War that carried as many as thirty to forty Indian warriors, of that large sailing modification of the log dugout called the pettyauger that figured so largely in Colonial times for transportation and commerce in the waters adjacent to Manhattan and Long Island.

The spectacular sea-going dugouts of the Pacific Northwest are in a class by themselves for form, finish, and lavish decoration. No other native American craft can match them in perfection of workmanship. The craftsmen who built them were truly artists. Haida, Kwakiutl, Nootka, and Tlinget are all represented in magnificent paintings by Belmore Brown, Bill Holm, Paul Kane, and T. Mower Martin. The effect is little short of breath-taking.

The Indians of the Pacific Northwest were especially favored by material abundance, a mild climate, gigantic cedars unexcelled for dugouts, and even a few tools of Japanese iron that had filtered in by obscure trade routes across Siberia. But whence came the inspiration that motivated these artist-craftsmen? The authors' ample and informed text adequately balances the wealth of illustrations.

The final section on The Modern Canoe is weakest and least satisfying despite its inclusion of much revealing new material on Peterborough canoe builders. By and large, too much attention throughout is given to canoeing as a competitive sport to the neglect of tripping and leisurely recreation on the water, as if racing is what canoeing is mainly about.

Modern canoeing, so to speak, dates from about the middle of the last century, after which the working canoe was increasingly taken over for sport and recreation. The final quarter of the century saw the rise of the planked sailing canoe and its demise at the end as a decadent racing machine, more of a miniature yacht than a canoe. For me, the coverage of this period, while factually accurate, is too extended, routine, not to say slightly tedious. Others, to whom this material is new, may not find it so.

About 1900 there came the spectacular turn of the canvas canoe, which the authors to a large extent miss. Overnight, as it were, many thousands of canvas canoes were afloat in the northeastern United States. Some of them were raced it is true, but the most by far found use for tripping, socializing, and idle relaxation. On the Charles River at Boston in 1904 a reliable source estimated 5,000 canvas canoes within four miles of the city, and thousands more on the upper reaches of the river. At Bangor and Oldtown, Maine, the center of the canvas canoe industry, E. M. White & Co. was building superior canvas canoes, as well as the Oldtown Canoe Co. mentioned by the authors. A few miles away at Veazie, Maine, was the large canvas canoe factory operated by B. N. Morris, Inc. Morris had started building a superior canvas canoe as early as 1882. At Canton, New York, J. Henry Rushton, famed builder of planked canoes, in desperate financial straits brought in Melvin F. Roundy from Bangor, Maine, to build his Indian Girl, the canvas canoe that saved Rushton from bankruptcy. None of this is in the book.

Why the popularity of the canvas canoe declined and interest in canoeing in general likewise declined until quite recently is neither

explained nor considered. Assembly line production of canoes following World War II using aluminum and fiberglass is mentioned. The exciting revival on an expanding scale of recreational canoeing within the last ten years is not. In the authors' final judgment we heartily concur: building materials are bound to change, as they have in the past, but the superb aboriginal form of the open canoe and the kayak will endure.

John Gardner
M.S.M.

David R. MacGregor. *Schooners in Four Centuries.* Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1982. 144 pp., illustrations, plans, bibliography, index. $15.95.

It is probably no accident of history that little was written about the ubiquitous schooner until that form of sailing craft had passed from existence as a means of transporting commercial goods. The schooner was a means of communication, supply, and transportation between many small ports and metropolitan areas. In its larger phase it was a means of cheap transport of bulk cargoes and there was little of romance to attract the writer of sea history or fanciful fiction. To be sure, there were uses for fast schooners, mostly of small size, that did attract the attention of authors who felt the reading public demanded the spectacular. Yet, there is hardly a port on the seas that did not know the schooner.

David MacGregor, in *Schooners in Four Centuries,* touches on many phases of schooner construction and usage in many seas, over four centuries of schooner development. The rig had certain advantages that naval units found useful–small, fast craft that could sail among fleets of cumbersome men-o-war and carry dispatches between ships virtually becalmed or far to windward of the fleet. The fact that schooners can work to weather and are able craft on beam reaches had much to do with their development as privateers, pirates, slavers, fishermen, and pilot vessels. The schooner could have a simple rig and small crew for coastwise trade; it could be sharp-lined and carry a wardrobe of light sails to avoid capture by naval or customs authorities; it had uses in both honest and contraband trades.

The schooner had so many purposes that even a definite description of the rig is nearly impossible. The two-masted schooner can be said to be a vessel in which the foremast is no longer than the main. In the early days, most schooners had fore-and-aft sails on fore and mainmasts, but local use or varying needs dictated a range of rig that seems to defy positive identification. There were various compositions of square-sails, spritsails, Bermudian sails, and (possibly) lateen or junk sails that could be put on a schooner's masts and still have a vessel defined as "schooner."

In a volume that is all too short to be classed as a definitive work, Mr. MacGregor has skimmed the surface of schooner construction, schooner uses, and schooner history. In 144 pages of text, with numerous photographs, paintings, and drawings, the book barely touches the surface of schooner history and development. It would take a series of volumes to really portray schooner history in all its phases and the trades in which this versatile form of sailing vessel engaged. Since 1960, quite a few books have been published that cover a wide range of schooner history. Some fine works have been produced in England, the United States, Canada, and New Zealand, as well as in the Baltic countries.

Schooners in Four Centuries is a primer, without in-depth study of the type. The text describes many construction and rigging features that one versed in schooners wishes were illustrated. This book prompts questions that need answers from other sources. Some of these questions are answered in published works and others open fields for new research. But, it is a fine introduction to a phase of maritime history, and one that old schoonermen can enjoy.

Mr. MacGregor seems to have done his research with care. I can take exception to his spelling of mizzen as "mizen" and his reference to the fourth mast on an American schooner as the "jigger." On American east-coast schooners the after mast was always "spanker" no matter how many there were after the third mast.

It is always a pleasure to read maritime works published in England, because editors in that country seem interested in weeding out poorly-researched materials written by well-intentioned, but unknowledgeable, authors. In the tradition of British authors, Mr. MacGregor has produced an interesting and worthwhile book.

Francis E. Bowker
M.S.M.

David R. MacGregor. *The Tea Clippers: Their History and Development, 1833-1875*. London: Conway Maritime Press; Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1983. 256 pp., illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index. $24.95

Clipper ship enthusiasts will be pleased to learn that David MacGregor's *The Tea Clippers*, first published in 1952, has been revised, expanded, and reissued. Mr. MacGregor's careful scholarship is evident throughout. Each chapter is organized around a period of the tea trade under sail or a characteristic type of tea clipper. The text explains the theme of the chapter and concludes with brief "biographies" of representative vessels.

This edition will be of particular interest to American readers because it includes a new chapter entitled "American Trade to London and Ships of 1847-1856," which allows MacGregor to compare some of the famous American clippers to their British counterparts. Discussions of such technological advances as Cunningham's patent roller-reefing topsails and the composite clipper, planked with wood on iron frames, add dimension to the work. The entire book is extremely well illustrated with lines and rigging plans, as well as period portraits and photographs of the clippers.

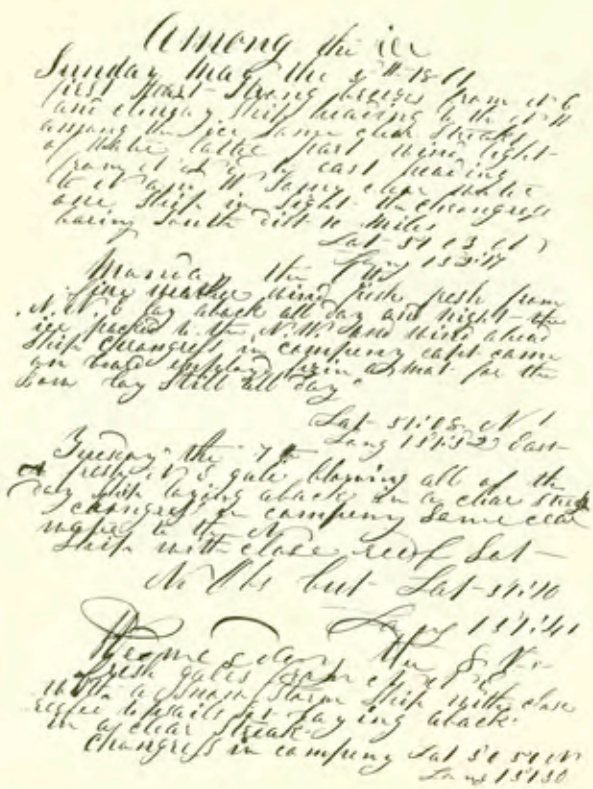
The Wherry Oarsman

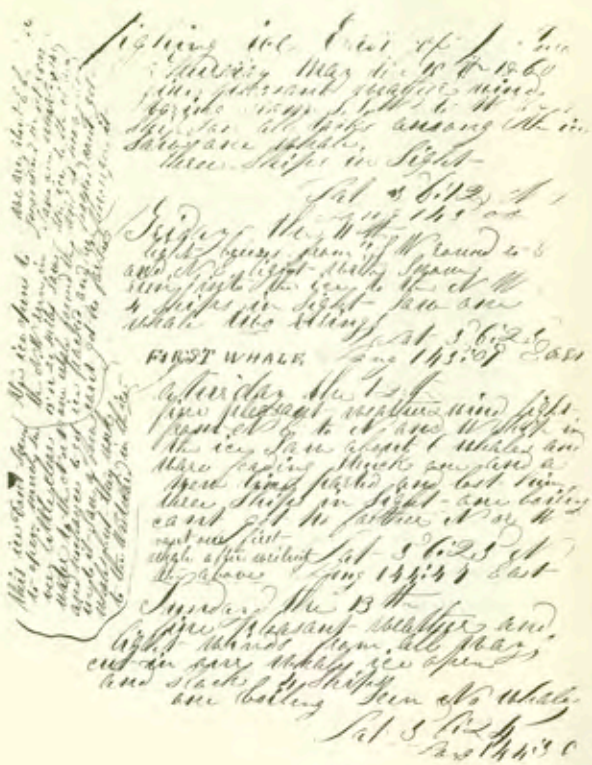
ACQUISITION

The G. W. Blunt White Library has recently received an important addition to our collection of logbooks and journals from Mr. Allen Willard. This gift of three whaling journals records voyages by the whaleships *Bengal* of New London and *Onward* of New Bedford.

The three volumes were kept by William H. Allen, born at Lebanon, Connecticut, 9 October 1826. His first journal describes a voyage by the ship *Bengal*, September 1850 to April 1853, on an Arctic whaling cruise. William D. Phillips was master and young Allen was third mate. The volume is well written and contains many details about the Arctic fishery that Allen would later find so extraordinarily profitable.

The second volume is an account of Allen's whaling voyage in the ship *Onward* to the North Pacific Ocean, March 1859 to July 1862. The *Onward* had sailed from New Bedford the previous October, and Allen took command at the Sandwich Islands in March. Although this volume is more a log than a journal, Allen's excitement over the course of the increasingly successful cruise (grossing nearly $200,000 for the owners) is revealed in his bold and flamboyant





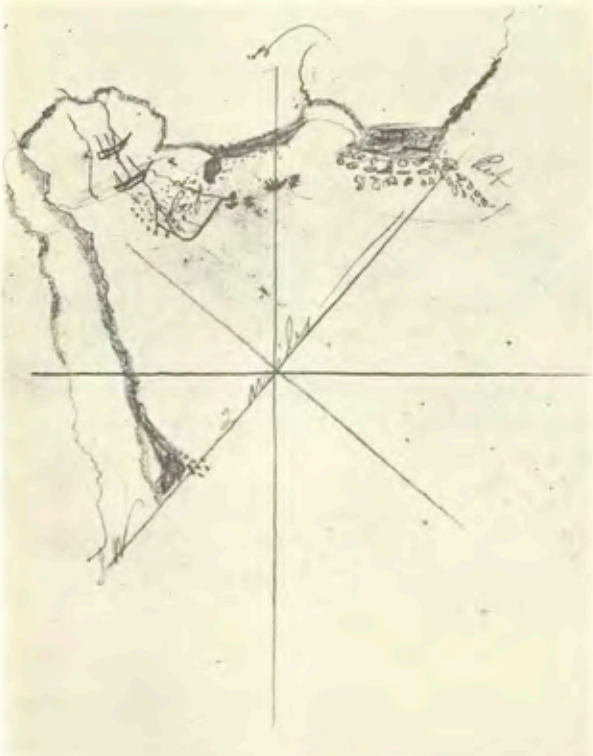
calligraphy. Included is a pencil map of the *Onward*'s anchorage under Rocky Point, East Siberia, during a storm in the Okhotsk Sea.

The last volume is Allen's account of his second voyage in the *Onward*, June 1863 to November 1866. This historic cruise produced 180 barrels of sperm oil, 5,650 barrels of whale oil, and 62,100 pounds of baleen. It represents one of the most profitable whaling voyages of the nineteenth century, with Captain Allen's share alone being nearly $40,000. In fact the *Whalemen's Shipping List* announced shortly after the *Onward*'s arrival in New Bedford, 16 April 1867, that this was "a great voyage," and continued:

> The Onward was commanded by Capt. William H. Allen, of New London, and this is the second voyage he has been in the same ship, the first of which procured about the same quantity of oil. Capt. Allen has been remarkably successful in whaling, always making big voyages, and probably no man understands the Ochotsk whaling better than him—having been more than twenty years engaged in whaling in that Sea.

Settling in Groton, Connecticut, after this voyage, Captain Allen engaged in politics and banking. He died 23 February 1907.

These volumes together present a good view of the whaling career of a successful local shipmaster, as witnessed through his own hand, during a very productive sixteen-year period. It also details conditions in the growing Arctic whale fishery of the mid-nineteenth century. [MC83.98-100]



LETTERS

Congratulations on your fine article in *The Log* [Fall 1983] about the *Benjamin F. Packard*. The Dyal and Lipfert papers were first-rate as well and the magazine continues to set a high standard.

However, the *Packard* was not "the last of the Down Easters" as you claim. I have a copy of a letter to Ben Fuller from Captain Harold Huycke dated 28 November 1981, written after a visit to Mystic when Biff Bowker introduced him to Fuller. Huycke noticed a caption in the *Packard* exhibit claiming she was the last Down Easter, and in his letter pointed out that the bark *Emily F. Whitney* lasted until December 1940, when she was destroyed by fire off Sausalito, California. The ship *St. Paul*, still fully rigged, was towed from Lake Union, Seattle, to Comax, British Columbia, where she was beached for use as a breakwater, in February 1942.

Other books about life in those ships are: *By Way of Cape Horn* by Paul Eve Stevenson (*Cyrus Wakefield*, 1897), *A Landlubber's Log* by Morton MacMichael (ship *Pactolus*, 1879), and *Around the Horn to Honolulu on the Bark "Amy Turner"* by L. Vernon Briggs (1880). And there was a fine article in [the July 1942 issue] of the *American Neptune* by Joanna Colcord, "Domestic Life on American Sailing Ships."

I've been told by Bill Quincy that the wheel in the *Packard* exhibit is not from that ship, but from a steamer, and the photo of the *real* wheel in your article tends to prove it. It is typical of Down Easter wheels, decorated with brass stars and sea horses.

Andrew J. Nesdall
Waban, Massachusetts

HISTORIC SHIPS AFLOAT

The *Theresa E. Connor* and *Cape North*

During the twentieth century, fishing methods have undergone radical change. At the beginning of the century in the Western Atlantic the offshore fishing fleets were characterized by sail-powered schooners like the Seaport's *L. A. Dunton*, each carrying a large crew of fishermen and acting as mother ship to a flock of small dories in which the fishermen set their hooks and lines. As the century progressed, schooners were motorized, and the European method of dragging a net across the bottom to sweep up fish superseded the use of hook and line.

This century has also seen the rise of a modern Canadian offshore fishing fleet. The port of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, came into its own after Captain Ben Anderson began offshore dory trawling there in 1873. The Nova Scotia offshore fisheries flourished after 1910.

Two vessels at the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic in Lunenburg represent these important transitions. The *Theresa E. Connor*, a schooner built at Lunenburg by Smith & Rhuland in 1938, is typical of the generation of schooners following that represented by the *L. A. Dunton*. In reality, the 139-foot *Connor* was a motor vessel with auxiliary sail and such conveniences as a wheelhouse to shelter the helmsman. But her twenty-five or more fishermen still toiled for months at a time, setting and hauling their lines, baiting their hooks, and cleaning the catch. The catch was largely codfish, which was split and packed in salt in the hold.

Remarkably, the *Connor* never lost a man, despite the many hazards of dory fishing. She was finally retired in 1963 when her captain could not find enough men willing to fish in dories. Ten years after the last dory schooner retired in New England the transition was completed in the Maritimes.

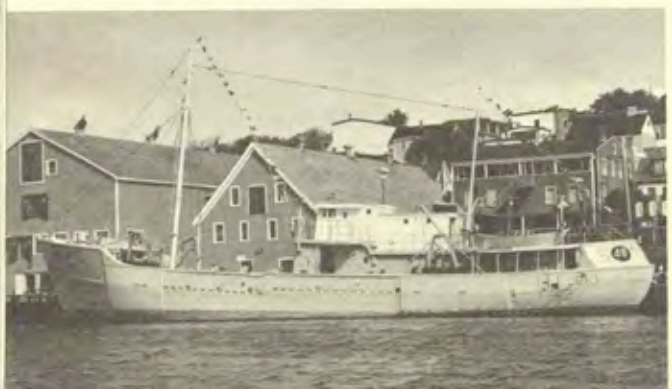
The otter trawler *Cape North* typifies the vessels that replaced the *Theresa E. Connor* and her sister schooners. The otter trawl, a huge conical net bag that is held open by the swimming action of rectangular otter boards or "doors" attached to the towing cables near the mouth, is the principal equipment for catching bottom fish today. The trawl net dominated the British fisheries by the 1860s, but it was not successfully introduced in the Western Atlantic until after 1900. The New England fleet largely changed over by 1930, but few otter trawlers were owned in Nova Scotia before World War II. Built by Claire Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., at Meteghan, Nova Scotia, in 1945, the *Cape North* was Lunenburg's first successful fresh fish "dragger." By the 1950s her type outnumbered the schooners. Dragging round the clock in virtually any weather, these trawlers returned home every week or two to land their catch. The fresh fish they brought home on ice found markets in the United States and the Canadian interior. After twenty-five years of this grueling work the *Cape North* was retired and joined the museum fleet.

The Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic was established in 1967 as a Centennial of Confederation project by the town of Lunenburg. It is open from mid-May to mid-October.

Theresa E. Connor



Cape North (Photos by W. Eisnor, Knickle's Studio, Lunenburg, N.S.)



Prize Article Contest

The Editorial Board of *The Log of Mystic Seaport* is pleased to announce its fourth annual prize article contest.

Purpose To encourage the study of American maritime subjects, and to promote the publication of original research in the field.

Criteria Accurate scholarship demonstrating original research and, when appropriate, the use of primary source material. Articles can take the form of biography or studies on economic, political, social, literary, artistic, or musical aspects of the American maritime traditions. However, strictly naval topics and works of fiction are excluded.

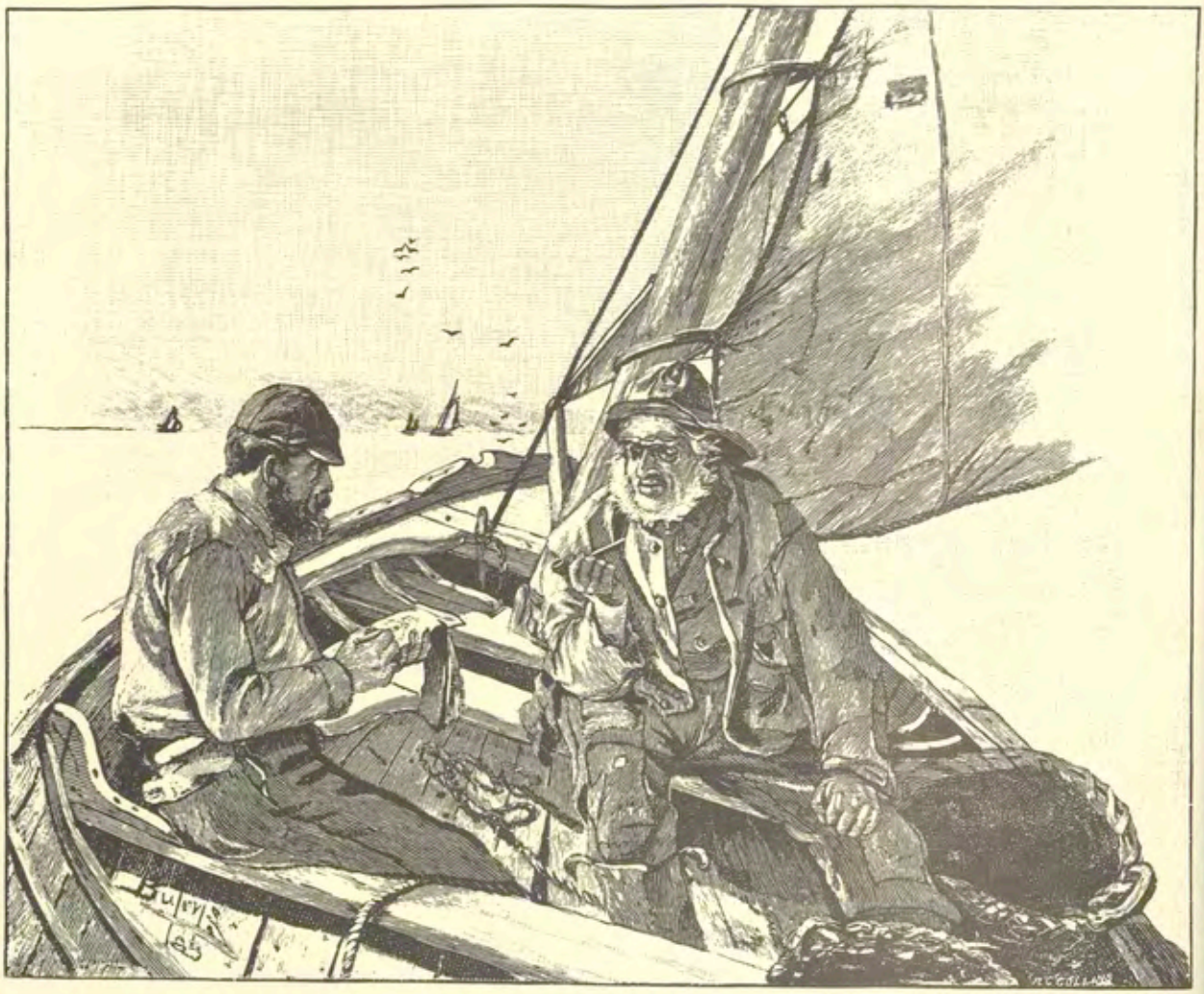
Eligibility Ineligible are Trustees of Mystic Seaport Museum and members of the Editorial Board of *The Log of Mystic Seaport.*

Manuscripts No more than 6,000 words in length (excluding footnotes and bibliography). Entries must not have been previously published. Editorial Guidelines and Contest Entry Forms are available from: The Editor, *The Log of Mystic Seaport,* Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

Deadline Manuscripts must be submitted prior to 1 December 1984.

Award Five hundred dollars and publication in *The Log of Mystic Seaport.*





THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

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