WINTER 1989

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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FRONT COVER: *Figurehead of the schooner (later brig)* Eunice H. Adams, *which made thirteen whaling voyages, 1865–94. (M.S.M. 56.745) The background is a page from Mary Brewster's journal aboard the bark* Tiger, *1846.*

BACK COVER: *"Winter Scenes along the Sea-board," a winter arrival at New York drawn by Alfred R. Waud, was published in* Harper's Weekly, *1 January 1870.*

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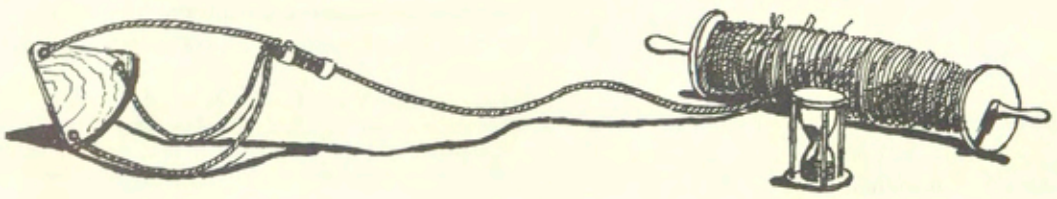
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SIGHTINGS



In a recent editorial in *WoodenBoat* magazine, Acting Editor Peter Spectre drew attention to the fact that American colleges and universities have done little to encourage the study and understanding of our maritime history. He was responding to an initiative of the Council of American Maritime Museums, which is currently headed by Stuart Frank, a former Mystic Seaport Research Associate and present Director of the Kendall Whaling Museum. The initiative and the editorial are appropriate, as we all see a lack of opportunity for the serious study of maritime history in this country. Yet, the Trustees and members of Mystic Seaport can take some satisfaction in the fact that their Museum has the most active program of maritime scholarship and education of any institution in the country.

In this issue of *The Log*, we are pleased to report the recognition of Dorothy Brewington's lifetime of work through her designation as Maritime Historian of the Year. Indeed, she is one of the pioneering generation that brought accurate scholarship and broad enthusiasm to the field half a century ago and established many of the standards we now observe. In her years on the Seaport staff, she published two significant books and shared her knowledge of marine art with many staff members.

In the area of formal educational programs, the Seaport can be very proud of the positive influence that has been made by the Munson Institute through its summer graduate-level courses in maritime studies. During more than three decades, the Munson Institute and the colleges that offer course credit for it have provided excellent academic training in maritime history and literature. Its graduates include college students, secondary-school teachers, and museum professionals.

The current Director of the Munson Institute, Benjamin Labaree, is widely recognized as one of today's leading maritime scholars and educators. Ben had the courage to leave his position as a history professor at Williams College and come to Mystic full-time twelve years ago to found our undergraduate program in maritime studies, and Williams College had the courage to co-sponsor this program. In its first decade, the Williams-Mystic Program has made more than 400 individuals aware of their maritime heritage and marine science. We are pleased that a number of these alumni have gone on to specialize in marine law or marine science, and we are most encouraged that a few were captivated by the study of maritime history and are working to become the future's maritime historians.

In many other areas of its work, Mystic Seaport continues to foster and support maritime scholarship. Our publication program—including *The Log* itself—offers scholars and serious amateurs a forum for disseminating their work even as it helps make such information more accessible to readers. Our Library, with its exceptional collections of maritime books and manuscripts, serves students and scholars constantly. Our photographic, film, and video archives provide material for study and publication, while our collections of objects are frequently used for research. Our annual symposia in maritime and yachting history bring together the professional and amateur scholars in these fields. And Seaport staff members themselves have researched and written numerous books and articles.

The need for more programs in maritime history and more opportunities for scholars to develop in this discipline is very real. Nevertheless, the members of Mystic Seaport can be proud of the contributions that the Seaport, with its cooperating colleges and universities, has made and will continue to make to provide the maritime historians of the future.

J. Revell Carr

Those Female Journals

JOAN DRUETT

Off Cape Horn in 1849, and headed for the California goldfields, a packet encountered the whaleship *Obed Mitchell*. The two vessels hauled aback so that the captains could visit with each other in the kind of mid-ocean socializing that the whalemen called a "gam." The packet's Captain Randall went on board the whaleship, and the circumstance he found in its cabin amazed him so much that he wrote a letter to the New Bedford *Whalemen's Shipping List*, which it printed 24 July 1849.

"Two *live ladies*!" he exclaimed. One of the females was a Mrs. Bodfish, and the other was named Miss Barnard. "*The Ladies were very interesting*," he declared. Miss Barnard, "a racy and interesting writer," kept a journal and was persuaded to read portions of it aloud. Captain Randall, both admiring and amazed, talked about it for years, no doubt. Mrs. Bodfish and Miss Barnard, whoever they were, have passed into history, but other journals written by women like them have survived in quantity, making various, wonderful, and revealing reading. (A comprehensive list of women's journals and letters follows this narrative.)

Four general categories of diary have been identified among nineteenth-century women's journals. These types are: (a) travel diary, (b) public journal, (c) journal of conscience, and (d) daily record. The first two were written to be read by others, and the content and tone were influenced by the expectations of the eventual recipients, displaying an awareness on the part of the writer that she was writing for an audience. The journal of conscience was a phenomenon of the Victorian era: well-raised girls were encouraged to keep a spiritual diary as a check on their inner emotions. The daily record was a personal record, not meant to be read by others, and because of this was often both more candid and less entertaining than the public journal. Like the journals of women who traveled overland to the West, the journals kept by women aboard whaleships fit these types.[1]

"I have thought best to keep some account of this time as it passes and should I live to return my friends can see what I have been doing, where we have been, and perhaps by reading *this* form some correct ideas as regards my feelings whilst absent," wrote Mary Brewster on 4 November 1845. It was the first day of her voyage on her husband's whaleship *Tiger*. "It will also pass away many moments pleasantly and at some future period be a source of pleasure to my Husband and self to review these pages," she added. Today her journals, kept at Mystic Seaport Museum, pass away many pleasant and fascinating hours for anyone who reads her crisp and candid prose.

Many other whaling wives kept journals for the very same reasons: to keep an interesting record, to pass away the time, and to have something the folks at home might like to read later. Some journals were a kind of diary, written intermittently or daily, while others were kept as a sort of journal-letter and were packaged and sent off home or to some intimate friend. For instance, Susan McKenzie, of the bark *Hercules* (1869) and the ship *Europa* (1870), was very friendly with another whaling wife, Clara Whelden. Clara's journal-letters, kept on the bark *John Howland* from 1864 onwards, were dedicated to Susan. Elizabeth Marble, of the bark *Kathleen* (1857) and the bark *Awashonks* (1860), wrote her journal-letters to send home to her mother. When opportunity offered to get a letter away on a homeward-bound ship, she ripped out the completed pages, folded and addressed

Joan Druett, of Hamilton, New Zealand, a teacher turned professional writer, has particular interests in the South Pacific and women who went whaling. *Abigail*, her novel about a whaling wife, has recently been published.



Mary Brewster (1822–1878) made two voyages in the Stonington whaleship *Tiger*, 1845–49. Daguerreotype by J. Gurney, ca. 1854. (M.S.M. 48.1146)

them, and sent them off. Now held by the Kendall Whaling Museum, they are almost entire, collated, and with the pages still bearing the fold marks. It is easy to picture her mother reading and re-reading them, carefully putting them into the right order. And little wonder, for every line of her writing speaks of a warm and affectionate woman, an indulgent mother and most loving wife.

Intending to pack it up when the ship got home and send it off to a friend in Hilo, Hawaii, Adra Ashley wrote her journal in pencil in the blank parts of an old account book on the ship *Reindeer*, from 1856 onwards. Because of this, it is full of tantalizing scraps of gossip and enigmatic references to other wives. "You will probably never have such a crowd of *whaling sisters* there again as were there the last summer," she wrote on 29 February 1860. "Mrs. Whalon will remain with you a long time. I am glad she was so fortunate as to find someone to proffer her an abiding place in her extremity. I hope no one thought, *It's a pity she couldn't be at home . . .*" For some reason or other Adra never posted the book, and along with the unanswered questions it poses, it rests now at the Baker Library, Harvard.

Harriet Allen was another who wrote her diary for a friend. When she voyaged on the bark *Merlin* in 1868, she and a shorebound friend, Satira Connors, exchanged their journals. Consequently, Harriet's journal is unusually candid. Only she could have supplied such amusing details about the ship's steward. "I believe he really enjoys cleaning and scolding," she wrote on 12 May 1869, "as much as any 'small' woman that ever lived. He has an eye for the beautiful, too," she added. "He covers the lanterns with tissue paper, arranges plants and creeping vines very tastily, and in fact studies effect in everything he does." Harriet loved her whaling life; her one ambition was to be at sea forever. "If D [her husband David] and I could have a ship *of our own* and go when and *where* we *pleased*!"

She was not the only wife to love the sea. Others wrote journals that emanated contentment, even when storms and quarrels disrupted the routine. Betsy Tower, who went on most, if not all, of her husband's voyages, often penned scraps of poetry at the bottoms of the pages. "A life on the Ocean wave is wild and free," one couplet ran, "A life on the Ocean is the one for me." When Mary Brewster was on the ship *Tiger* and spoke the ship *Moctezuma* on 18 December 1847, she was delighted to pay a call on this serene woman. "Mrs Tower was on board," Mary wrote in a tone of excitement. "Accordingly I was not long in preparing myself for the opportunity offered for a change of scene so went on board and passed the evening till nearly 12 o'clock. I was happy to meet with a female acquaintance and was pleased with Mrs Tower . . . [she] said a number of ladies were out this season with their husbands. I am glad they are following the late fashion."

Other women loathed the sea. Their diaries, even when they tried to make the best of it, are depressing accounts of discomfort, loneliness, seasickness, and a deep grinding misery of pining for home. The Nantucket wife, Eliza Brock, was one of these; she hated every moment of her whaling voyage. Still, she produced a detailed,

intelligent, and poetic description of her life aboard her husband's ship *Lexington* from 1853 on. "Last night I dreamed of being home with my dear children," she wrote on New Year's Day, 1855, "but alas when I woke found it all a dream—

> "'Tis sad to dream, on Ocean's Bed
> Rocked by the waves to sleep
> That loving eyes upon us smile
> Then wake the heart to weep."

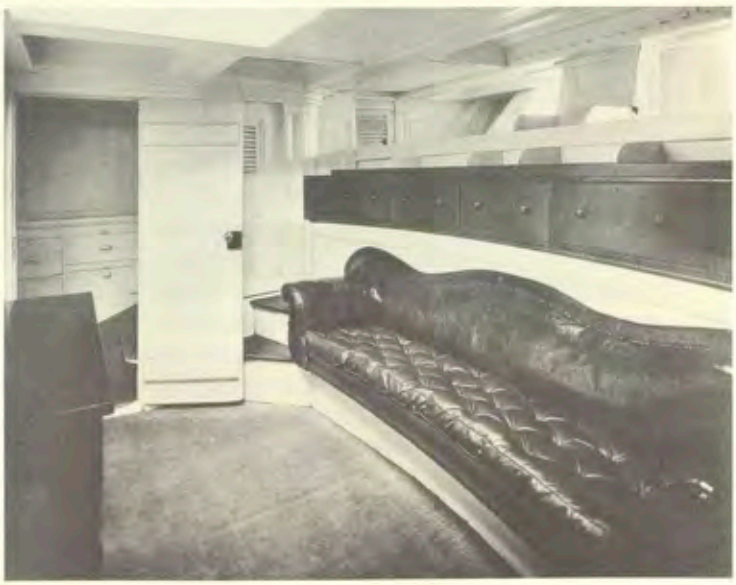
For the wives who disliked the sea, the years spent on a whaling ship were like a prison sentence, with the trapped feeling, the discomfort, grime, and shocking food that the thought of prison inspires. ". . . it is a long lonesome day to pass upon the Stormy deep, all I can do is to read write and sing a hymn now and then, and in thinking of my far distant home and friends," Eliza wrote once, and added, "23.51 S lon 22.02 W." The date was 31 July 1853, and it is notable that the day was a Sunday. Sunday, for the women who missed home, was the saddest day of the week.

"The Sabbath day at sea is one of the lonesome days of the week," wrote the mate of the *Euphrates* in 1861. Then he added, "and the other lonesome ones are Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday and Saturday," but those women would not have agreed with him. Sunday, the Sabbath, was the day they missed home the most.

Then, women took a great deal of comfort and pleasure from their religion. Sunday was a day of rest, when for once the endless cooking and scrubbing did not hold them in thrall. It was a day of making calls, of dressing up and meeting friends, of listening to good advice and sonorous music; and it was a day they missed very much. They missed the prayers and sermons, and many of them filled that gap by writing down their own prayers and sermons in the kind of journal that some historians call a journal of conscience.

Lydia Beebe's journal, kept on her husband's bark *Brewster* from 1863 on, is a perfect example of this. Several other wives, such as Lucy Ann Crapo on the bark *Louisa* (1866), opened their journals with a prayer and were obviously religious, but Lydia went even further than that. With other opportunities she would have been a missionary. Instead, there she was with time on her hands on a whaling vessel, so she tried her very best to reform those most unlikely subjects—seamen at sea—and she wrote endlessly and earnestly about her few successes and many failures.

On 14 February 1864, a Sunday, she wrote: ". . . this morning I had quite a talk with Mr. Keith on the subject of religion he thinks it is about impossible for a man to live his religion at sea but I cannot agree with him for nothing is impossible with God . . . This after noon I talked a while with Mr. Weeks about swearing. It



The whaling wife's private world afloat: the after cabin. The *Charles W. Morgan*'s cabin was typical, with a sofa and plenty of drawers and cabinets, and light provided by the stern windows or ports and the overhead skylight. The open door on the starboard side leads to the stateroom and head for the captain and his wife. Photo by Whaling Enshrined, Inc., 1925. (M.S.M. 51.4414)

makes me feel bad to hear the men taking the name of God in vain," she added. "I want my husband and all these men to love and fear God," she wrote the following Sabbath, and then, predictably, she became most upset the Sunday after that when whales were raised and the ship lowered boats. "It does not seem right to me to catch whales Sunday but John does not think as I do," she wrote in a plaintive tone.

Many of the women obviously listened to sermons and prayers with the utmost attention, for some of the diaries have the same solemn rhythms. After a bout of seasickness in September 1853 on her husband's Nantucket ship *Phoenix*, Betsy Morey wrote, in her characteristically indented style:

> I kept my Bed three Days and had My food Brout to me in that time I had Great Manny Serious Reflections both on the past and the future
>
> And often thought while I could hear the Winds Roaring and the water Dashing in its fury over our frail Bark that it was then Oh then that I could see and Realise Gods Mighty Power on the Deep Blue Sea. I often thought how the Poet Expresit God moves in A Misterious way his wonders to Perform he plants his footsteps on the Sea He rides upon the Storm

"Lost one boat and Stove another," she added, and the entry, surely, has all the resonance of any Nantucket Sabbath meeting.

Other women kept logs that were much more official than this. Despite the fact that it was probably viewed by most owners with disfavor, some of the wives kept the official logbooks.

The logbook of a whaler, like the log of any merchantman, was supposed to be a precise and formal affair. The first officer was the man who usually landed this tedious job, and he was instructed (according to the Whalemen's Shipping Paper, more casually called the Articles, which every man signed when shipping on board) to confine his comments to the four basics: weather, wind, sails, and whales, plus sundry other items such as "instances of drunkenness," accidents and illnesses, death, desertion and mutiny, along with "any instance of the introduction of any woman or women into the ship for licentious purposes." The sea-log day started at noon and ended at noon, rather than at midnight, and was divided into "First Part," noon to eight in the evening; "Middle Part," eight at night to four in the morning; and "Latter Part," four until noon that day. The weather and events were noted down under these headings, along with all the miscellaneous items previously noted.

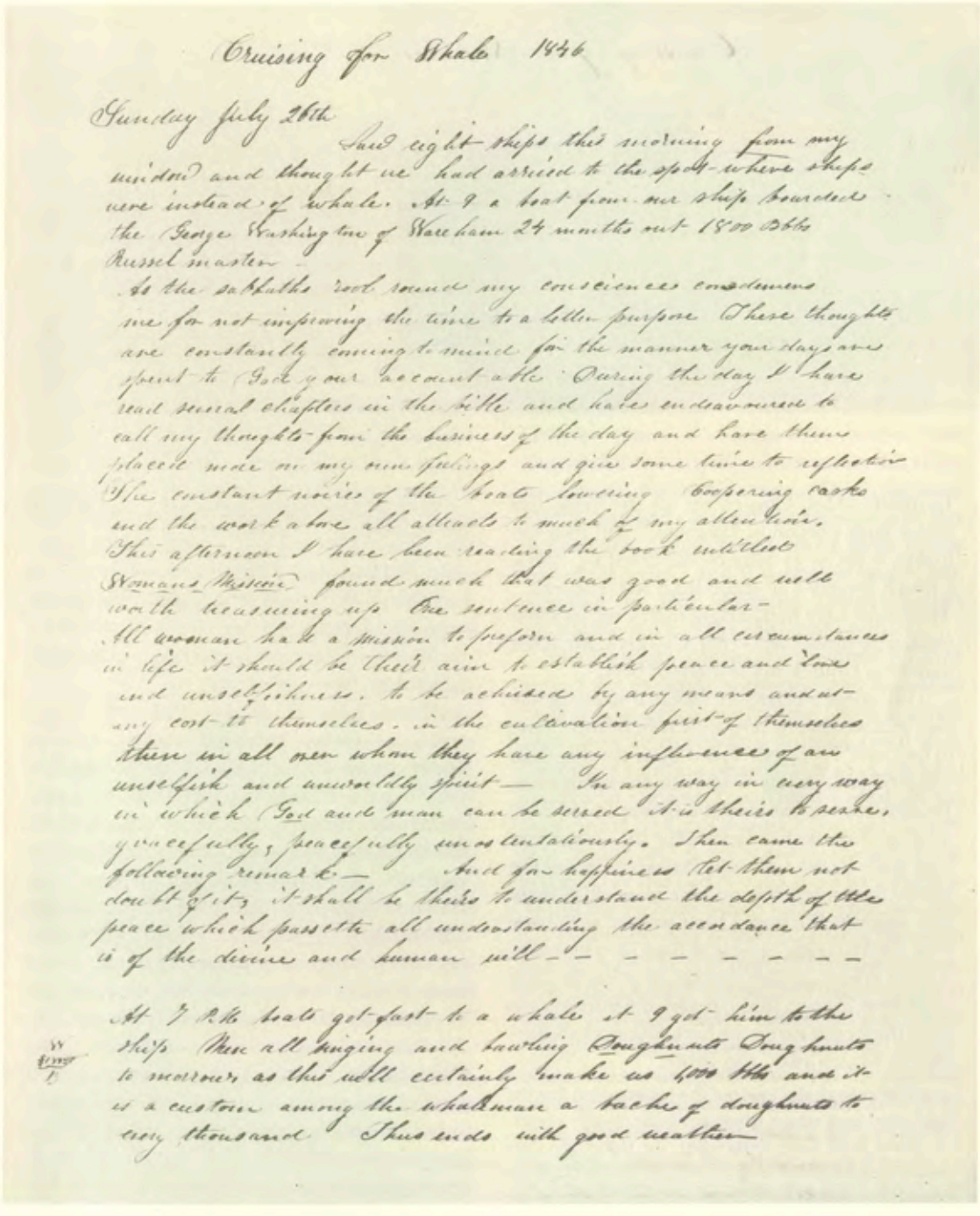
If the first officer did not keep the log, perhaps because he could not read or write, then the captain usually did it—or handed it over to his wife. An imponderable number of helpful women wrote such stirring items as, "Thursday Feb 2d [1860] First part light winds and cloudy from NE course SSE saw Porpoises and caught one. Middle part wind S. Latter part strong winds W steering W the winds to the S saw Finbacks.

Lat. 53.41 S
Long 62.37 W,"

which Almira Almy penned in exquisite copperplate script on board the bark *Roscoe*. Her formal style never changed from the day of sailing (8 November 1859) until the day after this entry, when her husband William and their son George were drowned, killed by a whale along with six of the *Roscoe*'s crew.

There is no entry for February third in the *Roscoe* logbook: the top half of the page is left eloquently blank. Then, next day, Almira set to work again. "First part light winds and clear from W employed in cutting at 2PM finished," she wrote, without a hint of the distress she must have been feeling.

Other women kept ship's logbook in the same formal style. If it were not for the fact that Sarah-Jane Slocum and Maria Clark and Marion Smith wrote their names in their books, the reader would unlikely suspect that the books had not been kept by men. The likelihood that some people thought female log-keeping fairly reprehensible is evidenced by the fact that some of the women made a practice of noting their own activities in the third person. Charlotte "Lottie" Church, whose log kept on the bark *Andrew Hicks* is also at Mystic, wrote in this style (and with her own wry and engaging humor), noting such things as: "Thursday May 19, 1908—Caught one flying fish and one



Cruising for Whale 1846

Sunday July 26th Saw eight ships this morning from my window and thought we had arrived to the spot where ships were instead of whale. At 9 a boat from our ships boarded the George Washington of Wareham 24 months out 1800 Bbls Russel master —

As the sabbaths rock sounds my conscience condemns me for not improving the time to a better purpose These thoughts are constantly coming to mind for the manner your days are spent to God your account able During the day I have read several chapters in the Bible and have endeavoured to call my thoughts from the business of the day and have them placed more on my own feelings and give some time to reflection The constant noise of the boats Cooping Coopering casks and the work above all attracts to much to my attention. This afternoon I have been reading the book entitled Woman's Mission found much that was good and well worth treasuring up One sentence in particular — All woman have a mission to perform and in all circumstances in life it should be their aim to establish peace and love and unselfishness. to be achieved by any means and at any cost to themselves. in the cultivation first of themselves then in all over whom they have any influence of an unselfish and unworldly spirit — In any way in every way in which God and man can be served As is theirs to speak, gracefully, peacefully unostentatiously. Then came the following remark — And for happiness Let them not doubt for it, it shall be theirs to understand the depth of the peace which passeth all understanding the accordance that is of the divine and human will — — — — — — —

At 7 P.M. boats got fast to a whale at 9 got him to the ships Men all singing and bawling Doughnuts Doughnuts to morrow, as this will certainly make us 1,000 bbls and it is a custom among the whalemen a bache of doughnuts to every thousand Thus ends with good weather

On the Northwest whaling grounds, Sunday, 26 July 1846, Mary Brewster's musings upon the Sabbath and woman's duty were intruded upon by the practicalities of whaling. (M.S.M. Log 38)



Charlotte "Lottie" Church and her husband aboard the *Charles W. Morgan*, ca. 1911. The Churches went whaling together aboard the barks *Andrew Hicks*, 1905–08, and *Charles W. Morgan*, 1909–13, and the schooner *A.M. Nicholson*, 1914–15. The daughter of a San Francisco Bay pilot, Lottie Church signed on as assistant navigator and kept the logbook. (Seaport photo archives)

Dauphin—Mrs. Church ate all the flying fish and a large portion of Dauphin," and then following it up on 31 May by commenting, "Mrs. Church weighs 2 lb more than Mr. Gibbons." They must have been a right merry set: on Wednesday 24 June "Capt—Mr. Gibons & Mr. Enos and Mrs. Church made a keg of beer."

This raises a question: What if many of the logs that we assume now were kept by men were, in fact, not? For instance, the log of the ship *Milo* 1863–68 ends in July 1868 with no explanation. Jerusha Hawes, the wife of Captain Jon Hawes, died in August that year, after an illness that may have lasted a month. Perhaps she was the official logkeeper, but no note was left to show that this was the case. Other women may have kept the ship's log as well as their own journals. Almira Almy's earlier journal, kept on the bark *Cape Horn Pigeon* (1854), is very different in tone from the formal log on the bark *Roscoe*. On Saturday 10 March 1855, she wrote:

> at 3 PM saw whales lowered the boats and at five the starboard boat struck came alongside, nearly sunset, the waist boat came to the ship, the sail of the starboard boat when last seen was under Norborough (an island in the Galapagos), came on dark, no sign of the boat, set a light in th rigging, now watching for the boat with anxiety, at half past seven arrived, had been fast, got upset, whale went off with two irons and the lines. They righted the boat, bailed her out, but one man was gone, James Timberlick of Virginia, aged 21 years. he could not swim and soon went down to rise no more.

The agitated and worried tone of this is so apparent that it seems very possible that Almira may have kept two journals on the bark *Roscoe*: the log, which survives, and a personal account, which apparently does not.

Almira Almy, if her beautiful script is any evidence, was an educated woman, perhaps better educated than her husband, for the men who went a-whaling usually began at a very young age. However, lack of an education did not prevent women—and men—from keeping logbooks and unofficial journals as well. Nineteenth-century Americans were amazingly literate; they were perhaps the most prolific writers of any common populace in the history of man. The fact that many of them could not spell or punctuate did not deter them in the slightest. All they needed was pen or pencil, paper, and time; and on a whaling voyage that last commodity was almost boundless. On a merchant vessel everyone was going someplace and getting there as fast as they could. When they got there the voyage was over, and the entries in the logbook were accordingly businesslike and brief. Not so on a whaler. Like the aircraft that search today for lost ships, flying slowly back and forth, a whaling vessel searched a whaling ground, to and fro in an endless search pattern, quartering

the sea in the hunt for whales. When there were no whales life, often became mindlessly boring, and writing was a very good way to fill the lagging time.

"I might as well be spoiling paper and wasting ink as doing nothing." wrote Dan Lincoln, the steward on the ship *Coral* of New Bedford in 1847. Almost everyone, it seems, shared this sentiment. Men and women filled logbooks, account books, notebooks and the empty spaces in the books from previous voyages; so the little shipboard events came to be recorded. "The Capt employed in shaving the dog," wrote Dan on 26 October, and, on 8 November "The Capt employed in fitting up his boat for Smuggling." Then on 19 November, "The Capt got up the ships muskets and tried to shoot a Bird but to no purpose, the second mate shot one and the Capt shot a dead fish." The next day, "The watch employed in loafing what could find nothing better to do," Dan recorded. When the vessel arrived in Valparaiso, Dan decided he was tired of watching the eccentric captain and shipped on the *Guinareans* instead.

The desire to write was so compelling that men and women struggled to set pen to paper even in the most adverse conditions. "It is as much as I can do to sit up to the Melodeon to write," wrote Harriet Bliven in 1865. "And," she added, "I guess whoever sees this will not doubt my word"; yet her script then was neater than on many an office memo today. Her journal, which is held by the Peabody Museum of Salem, is a combination of several kinds of logbooks. The front dozen pages were cut out, no doubt sent home as a letter. However, the journal was also the official logbook:

"Position Lat 45:10 Long 17:17

"This day fresh breezes from SW at 3 AM made sail Ship under double-reefed Topsails and Mainsail cruising Saw blackfish I washed today for the first time since we came through the Straits, had a four weeks wash and this is the first day that I have sit up all day in the time," she penned on 11 December 1865. Then, when she and her little boy Free left the bark *Nautilus* in Oahu, her husband George took over the book for the rest of the voyage, but his entries were even more informal. "Offered a bounty for rats," he wrote on 27 April 1867, "one lb of Tobaco for every 4 rats. They have got about 20 traps set now." Then he kept a record of rats taken: 78 caught over the next thirteen days.

"My husband Has presented me this Book for the purpos of writeing A Journald but I feel intirley incompertent to the task," wrote Betsy Morey on the ship *Phoenix* on 2 September 1853, but despite her "incompertence," she managed to produce a journal of engaging appeal. Elizabeth Marble wrote to her mother that "I do not want you to let eney one see that or this out of the family for I have not writen it for exerbition," but the whaling world would be a drearier place if Elizabeth's mother had destroyed those letters. "I have writen this siting on a box," Elizabeth wrote. "Down between John's chest and George D's stateroom dore this is the onely place that I could keep steady enough to write," and it is easy to picture her, crouched in that unsteady corner, braced against the pitch of the ship as she wrote.

The logbooks and journals written by men often have the same whimsical and appealing quality. The captains who kept logs sometimes used them to record their worries about their families. There is a wonderful note of parental concern in Captain Dan Tinker's entry on the bark *John P. West*, 21 October 1862, that his little boy "Jonny had A verey seveir Atack of *Croup* last night he has had A bad Cough for some two Weeks But he quite Smart toDay"; but one cannot help wondering what the owner of the vessel thought when he read over that official logbook. And what loving amusement was expressed when Captain Elisha Fisher of the *Trident* (1859), in the logbook now held at Mystic, wrote, after a moderate gale, that his wife had been afraid. "She really thought the ship to be going down with all on board," he indulgently recorded. Captain Neil of the *Tahmaroo* (1852), in yet another Mystic log, displayed the same benevolent affection when he noted that his wife Mary-Ann was "geting Pumpkin Seeds for Georgi in the Galley."[2]

The captain's family also provided material for the journals kept by mates and seamen.

When Susan Norton went to sea on the ship *Splendid* with her husband Shubael in 1858 she was seasick for the first few weeks, and the log-keeper noted this with obvious concern. "The Maddam getting along well emproving slowly," he wrote at length. Similarly, the mate of the ship *Bartholomew Gosnold* in 1876 displayed an interest in Mrs. Robinson when he noted, "the Capt and his Lady unwell, having caught A bad cold."

Sometimes the log was kept in rotation by whichever officer was on watch at the time. The log of the ship *Lydia* 1860–64 was kept like this, with constant changes of handwriting, and it is interesting in that it subtly conveys the officers' different attitudes to the presence of the captain's wife, Mrs. Babcock. One man, in a beautiful courtly hand, wrote of "The Captain and his Lady," while another simply wrote, "Capt & Wife." Another seemed to be trying to pretend that she was merely part of the ship's provisions. On 19 July 1861, after Mrs. Babcock had been paying a call on Mrs. Robbins of the *Thomas Pope*, he wrote, "Brisk breezes from the SE at four PM gammed with the Barque Thomas Pope Captain went on board got from her the Captains wife Mrs Babcock two daughters a quarter of Beef and some yams."

There was no affection there, it seems. Yet, in March of that year, while busily cutting in, all sail had suddenly been made, and the ship had set off for Mauritius in an enigmatic hurry, boiling oil all the time and under most imprudent canvas. Then, in the entry for the twenty-fifth all was explained. "Pleasant weather lying at anchor employed in getting water at seven Mrs Babcock presented us with a nice little Daughter," wrote whoever was on watch. "Dr Johnson suprentdant," he added with what seems like relief.

The social pressures on an overcrowded vessel being what they were, it was often inevitable that the comments should be unkind. Abram Briggs, the fourth mate on the ship *Eliza Adams* (1872), produced a carping diary that was perhaps a classic. The archivist at the New Bedford Whaling Museum called it an "abstract, highly personal account . . . [he] had a low opinion of the Capt, his wife and family. He also criticised just about everyone on board," but young Abram reserved his most stinging comments for the captain's wife. He called her "the Cow" and her boys "calves." On 30 April 1875, off Akaroa, New Zealand, he wrote, "Today the Cow & youngest Calf have taken their departure on shore to stay (for good I hope) a while & we go out & beat & bang about for a month or two . . . til she calf again. The other one is only 20 months old, that is what I call keeping the pot boiling," he added cattily.

"The Captains lady sits on deck sewing every pleasant day," wrote seaman John T. Perkins in the journal he kept on the ship *Tiger*. His impression of Mary Brewster was more charitable, but still not exactly flattering. "There is nothing remarkable in her appearance," he decided on Friday 12 December. "She never speaks to any of the other officer when on deck but her husband."

Private journals were a wonderful means of letting off steam, but it is perhaps not surprising that some captains with guilty consciences preferred it if their crews did not send letters home. Marshall Keith, the third mate of the bark *Brewster* in 1863, when Lydia Beebe was on board, wrote on 8 January 1864 that Captain Beebe "at 3.30 PM sent A boat on board an English bark with letters for the Capt & Wife & officers Not allowing the crew to send letters home. My only wish is, May God put a curse on him."

Similarly, captains and wives used their journals to make such personal comments. "O dear," wrote Captain Fisher of the *Trident* in 1863 concerning the mate. "I am in hopes to git home soon. My mate is a disagreeable thing I long to git clear of him, no more manners than a ——." "Old Straddlebug still on the straw," wrote Elizabeth Stetson of another officer on the bark *E. Corning* (1860). She had a habit of referring to all the officers by nicknames, all unkind. "Hateful old Chubbup," she wrote about one. "I wish he was out of the ship, Old Blatter." Once when one of the mates sat in the cabin when she wanted the cabin to herself she "read 175 verses in the Bible" aloud, "to read off

Bramagum from the cabin." Her journal, a remarkable one because of her crisp and intolerant way of writing, is held by the Kendall Whaling Museum; it is cramped and hard to decipher, but is nevertheless fascinating for its insight into an unlucky and unhappy voyage. "Independent as a bedbug," she called one of the mates, "and ten times as disagreeable."

Men often decorated their logs and journals with stamps and drawn pictures, and some of these are very artistic indeed. The artistic ones carried boxes of watercolors for their efforts, and then as the voyage progressed they began to run out of certain colors. The blue was used up first, there being so much sea and sky, so they turned to green and then to pale versions of other, less appropriate colors, and then, finally, the pictures were executed in shades of brown: they had run out of paint so they used tobacco juice. Few women did this. Betsy Morey attempted scrawls to show scenes as she saw them, which are so bad that they are almost meaningless. Jerusha Hawes, who kept a partial journal on the ship *Emma C. Jones* in 1858, drew land profiles with more than usual proficiency. Susan Veeder, who kept a lively journal of the ship *Nauticon* (1848–53), left every second page blank. Most of these are decorated with sprightly watercolor drawings, but it is doubtful that Susan herself was the artist.

Children kept diaries too, which provide a unique glimpse of life on a whaler. Eleven-year-old Asenath Taber kept a diary on ship *Alice Frazier* in 1854. "Father is not very well," she wrote on 3 December, "and lays down on the sofa and goes to sleep. Mother is reading and Emily is out on deck and I am writing. Mr Smith is plagueing Emily about Harvey coming to see her off to sea." Then, on 2 January 1855, they made the Friendly Islands, and to Asenath's horror the native pilot was nude. "And he maid me shamed. So Father gave him some pants and Mr Edwards a shirt. I gave him a pipe and Mr Smith some tobacco. And then," she added with eloquent relief, "he was allright." Then, once safely on shore, she got the local king and queen to sign her autograph album.

Women also described these wonderful places and disconcerting people. At California in 1846, Mary Brewster described a custom that amazed and intrigued her. The people used tobacco but did not smoke it in pipes. "The tobacco is cut up very fine and put into small strips of white paper which when folded make a neat cigar," she reported. It was very common for the whaling wives to become completely muddled by the change of seasons as latitudes were crossed, and totally bemused by the dateline. "This is A Beautiful Day," wrote Elizabeth Morey on 13 November 1853 in the Indian Ocean. "It hardly seems like Autumn," she mused. When Elizabeth Waldron was on the ship *Bowditch* in 1853, the missionary of Rotumah arrived on board to do some trading. "I guess he forgot it was Sunday," she noted.

Elizabeth, whose partial journal is on microfilm in the New Bedford Free Public Library, had a most distinctively colorful way of writing. When it was rough she wrote "it has been rock-a-bye-baby all day," and changeable days were "domino days." That missionary who thought Sunday was Saturday had been on the island for six years, and, said Elizabeth, "he looks now as if the Sexton had a heavy mortgage on him."

Sallie Smith "started life on the Ocean" on 6 July 1875, and kept an equally engaging journal on each of her voyages. Like many others, she wrote to stave off boredom. "The same thing over & over," she penned 5 November 1882. "It is very monotoneous." Far too often there was nothing but the weather to describe: "Thursday Nov. 23rd, Blowing. Friday Nov. 24th, Still blowing. Saturday Nov. 25th, The Same Gentle Breezes."

For coolness in odd situations, however, one must look to Mary Brewster again. In the Arctic, in 1849, the cook fell down the stairs in a panic shouting, "The bloody Indians are coming!" "I asked husband what he should do said he should not allow them to come on board. . .a few spades was got down," she recorded, "—four old muskets loaded neither of them though would go off or not more than one—They came alongside and when motioned to leave . . . they went—and we went to bed." Next day they proved perfectly harmless, "and they were certainly amazed



Sarah G. "Sallie" Smith accompanied her husband on voyages in the New Bedford whalers *Ohio*, 1875–78, and *John P. West*, 1882–86. Ambrotype, ca. 1865. (M.S.M. 41.294)

when they saw me," she added.

In January of that same year the ship *Tiger* called at the islands of Samoa. Mary went on shore with her husband to meet the missionary and collect some deserters. "When coming down to the boat we met some 200 of natives all marching in their war implements singing and acting out the numerous parts of their battles," she wrote. It must have been more than a little awesome, as Mary had noted a little earlier that the natives "have been engaged in grievous wars amongst themselves." One would think that the sight of massed natives in war paint would send a tremor in any whaling woman's breast, but not Mary. "They kept excellent time and made a manly appearance," she merely wrote.

Charlotte Dehart, who travelled with her husband on the ship *Roman* in 1857, wrote once, "Our principal business is eating." She might have been truer and more to the point if she'd written instead, "Our principal business is reading and writing." Journal writing marked the whaling women's lives with a variety and flavor that no shipboard food could provide, and the writings of those women, timid or brave, religious or carping, uneducated or refined, happy or sad, give an unrivalled picture of life at sea. While men might write about whales and whale-killing, drunkenness and mutiny, the women wrote about the mundane things, the daily struggle to make a home in that most unhome-like place, a whaling ship. Because of this, if for no other reason, the writings of the women who went a-whaling merit time, and enjoyment, and study. They have their own special worth.

NOTES

[1] See John Mack Faragher, *Women and Men on the Overland Trail* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), and Sandra L. Myres, *Westering Women and the Frontier Experience, 1800–1915* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982).

[2] The logbooks, presumably kept by men, used in this article are:

Bartholomew Gosnold, 1876–80, Robinson, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, PMB 247.

Brewster, 1863–65, Beebe, Providence Public Library, PMB 577.

Coral, in *Tacitus, John, Josephine, Coral*, 1844–49, Kendall Whaling Museum, PMB 834.

Eliza Adams, 1872–75, Hamblin, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, PMB 911.

Euphrates, 1857–61, Heath, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, PMB 266.

John P. West, 1862–63, Tinker, Mariners' Museum, PMB 775.

Lydia, 1860–64, Babcock, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, PMB 281.

Milo, 1863–68, Hawes, Kendall Whaling Museum, PMB 814.

Tahmaroo, 1852, Neil, Mystic Seaport Museum, log 635.

Trident, 1859–64, Fisher, Mystic Seaport Museum, log 634.

Splendid, 1858–62, Norton, New Bedford Free Public Library.

Tiger, 1845, *John T. Perkins' Journal at Sea* (Mystic: Marine Historical Association, 1934).

Journals and Letters of the Women Who Went Whaling

Name	Vessel, Date of Departure	Source
Allen, Harriet	*Merlin* 1868	KWM, PMB 847
Allen, Helen	*Merlin* 1871	KWM, PMB 847
Almy, Almira	*Cape Horn Pigeon* 1854	PPL, PMB 580
Almy, Almira	*Roscoe* 1859	ODHS, PMB 247
Ashley, Adra	*Reindeer* 1856	Baker, PMB 730
Baker, Eleanor	*Gazelle* 1857	ODHS loan log, Dietrich American Foundation
Beckerman, Rachel	*Live Oak* 1869	KWM, PMB 834
Beebe, Lydia	*Brewster* 1863	NWM, PMB 395
Beebe, Lydia	*Xantho* 1867	NWM, PMB 395
Bliven, Harriet	*Nautilus* 1865	PMB log 656
Brewster, Mary	*Tiger* 1845	MSM log 38
Brewster, Mary	*Tiger* 1848	MSM log 38
Brock, Eliza	*Lexington* 1853	NWM, PMB 378
Church, Charlotte	*Andrew Hicks* 1905	IMA
Church, Charlotte	*Andrew Hicks* 1907	KWM
Church, Charlotte	*Andrew Hicks* 1908	MSM log 156
Church, Charlotte	*Charles W. Morgan* 1909	MSM log 156
Church, Charlotte	*A.M. Nicholson* 1914	ODHS
Clark, Maria	*Nimrod* 1863	MSM log 62
Clark, Maria	*Orlando* 1867	MSM log 62
Cole, Sarah	*Vigilant* 1860	PMS, PMB 222
Colson, Mary	*George & Susan* 1877	Huntingdon
Crapo, Lucy-Ann	*Louisa* 1866	ODHS, PMB 911
Crapo, Lucy-Ann	*Linda Stewart* 1877	ODHS MSS coll 56 box 54 series M subseries 4.
Deblois, Henrietta	*Merlin* 1856	NHS
Dehart, Charlotte	*Roman* 1857	ODHS loan log, Kinga Spelman-Low.
Ellis, Cynthia	*Ohio* 1877	KWM
Gibbs, Almira	*Nantucket* 1855	NWM, PMB 227
Hawes, Jerusha	*Emma C. Jones* 1858	NBFPL
Heppingstone, Adaline	*Fleetwing* 1882	ODHS, PMB 914
Lawrence, Mary	*Addison* 1856	PPL, PMB 572
McInnes, Emma	*Josephine* 1891	KWM
McKenzie, Susan	*Hercules* 1869	ODHS MSS coll 56
McKenzie, Susan	*Europa* 1870	series M subseries 4
Marble, Elizabeth	*Kathleen* 1857	KWM
Marble, Elizabeth	*Awashonks* 1860	KWM
Morey, Elizabeth	*Phoenix* 1853	NWM, PMB 385
Nye, Eliza (Dana)	*Sylph* 1847	ODHS, PMB 287
Pierce, Harriet	*Emerald* 1857	KWM
Porter, Sophie	*Jesse H. Freeman* 1894	ODHS
Potter, Addie	*Emma C. Jones* 1875	ODHS, PMB 956
Ricketson, Annie	*A.R. Tucker* 1871	KWM, PMB 802
Ricketson, Annie	*Pedro Varela* 1881	KWM, PMB 287
Ricketson, Annie	*Pedro Varela* 1885	KWM, PMB 816, 887
Sherman, Marianna	*Nimrod* 1848	PPL, PMB 884
Slocum, Sarah-Jane	*Mary & Martha* 1851	MSM log 99
Smith, Lucy	*Nautilus* 1869	PPL, PMB 883
Smith, Marion	*California* 1898	ODHS, PMB 252
Smith, Sallie	*Ohio* 1875	MSM log 399
Smith, Sallie	*John P. West* 1882	MSM log 78
Stetson, Elizabeth	*E. Corning* 1860	KWM
Stickney, Mary	*Cicero* 1880	PPL, PMB 794
Swain, Harriet	*Catawba* 1852	NWM, PMB 374
Taber, Asenath	*Alice Frazier* 1854	MM, PMB 775
Taber, Sarah	*Copia* 1848	MM, PMB 776
Taber, Sarah	*Alice Frazier* 1851	MM, PMB 776
Thomas, Emma	*Merlin* 1872	ODHS MSS coll 56 box 79 Series T subseries 12
Tower, Betsy-Ann	*Moctezuma* 1847	ODHS, PMB 302, 692
Turner, Carrie	*Napoleon* 1878	IMA
Underwood, Eliza	*Kingsdown (UK)* 1830	Dixson
Veeder, Susan	*Nauticon* 1848	IMA
Waldron, Elizabeth	*Bowditch* 1853	NBFPL
Weeks, Fanny	*Thrasher* 1894	KWM
West, Gertrude	*Horatio* 1898	KWM, PMB 810, 833
Whelden, Clara	*John Howland* 1864	ODHS MSS 56 Box 84 Ser W Subser 12, PMB 274
Williams, Eliza	*Florida* 1858	Williams, Harold, ed., *One Whaling Family* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1964)
Wyer, Charlotte	*Young Hero* 1853	NWM, PMB 387

Key:
prepared by the author, with reference to Stuart C. Sherman, *Whaling Logbooks and Journals, 1613–1927: An Inventory of Manuscript Records in Public Collections*, Judith M. Downey and Virginia M. Adams, eds., (New York: Garland, 1986).
Source abbreviations are:
Baker—Baker Library, School of Business Administration, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts;
Dixson—Dixson Library, Mitchell Library, New South Wales, Australia;
Huntington—Huntington Library, San Marino, California;
IMA—International Marine Archives, New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Massachusetts;
KWM—Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Massachusetts;
MM—Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia;
MSM—Mystic Seaport Museum;
NBFPL—New Bedford Free Public Library, New Bedford, Massachusetts;
NHS—Newport Historical Society, Newport, Rhode Island;
NWM—Nantucket Whaling Museum, Nantucket, Massachusetts;
ODHS—New Bedford Whaling Museum, Old Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Massachusetts;
PMB—Pacific Manuscripts Bureau microfilming project;
PMS—Peabody Museum, Salem, Massachusetts;
PPL—Nicholson Collection, Providence Public Library, Providence, Rhode Island.

Typecase and Ditty Bag: Printers Gone A-Whaling

EDWARD J. LEFKOWICZ

Some years ago, when I was a recent recruit to the antiquarian book business, I came across a little narrative of voyages by one Charles L. Newhall, entitled *The Adventures of Jack; or, A Life on the Wave*. It was printed in Southbridge, Massachusetts—a few miles south of Worcester—in 1859, and it struck me as curious that the author had printed it himself. In reading it, I learned that Newhall in fact had been a printer before he went to sea, and that, after his fourth whaling voyage, he returned to his former trade.

I sold the book, not long after having acquired it, and put it out of my mind. Sometime later, I came across another narrative of a whaling voyage, this one also written by a printer. The anonymous author of *A Voyage from the United States to South America, Performed during the Years 1821, 1822, & 1823, . . . and of an Eighteen Months Cruise in a Nantucket Whaleship . . .* , was of an earlier period, and had also seen fit not only to chronicle his adventures, but to set them in type, and to print them as well.[1]

Two printers gone a-whaling seemed to me to be a striking coincidence. At about this time I started compiling notes for a bibliography of separately published American whaling narratives. I took notes on those I came across in the course of my business, and soon found another, by a pseudonymous "Roving Printer."[2] Quite a while later, I found yet another, this time in the library of the New Bedford Whaling Museum, written—and apparently printed—by a French-Canadian printer, and published in a Quebec newspaper office in 1862.[3]

If two whaling printers were a striking coincidence, then four were altogether too many. Nantucket's Coffins and Swains, and New Bedford's Giffords and Jenneys, were certainly destined to be whaling masters. Dartmouth farm boys gazing out over the salt marshes at haying time, New York farm hands tired of milking, and Azorean fishermen fed up with handlining for cod were clearly amenable to seeing the world from the deck of a whaleship, or from the thwart of a Beetle whaleboat. After all, the posters announcing "Landsmen Wanted!" were to be seen in New York, New England, and even the Great Lakes ports. But printers? Didn't they have work enough printing the posters? Weren't they sharp enough to see through the guile of the shipping agents?

Few people who do anything, or go anywhere, write about their experiences. This is as true now as it was in whaling days, or in earlier times. In the nineteenth century, this was true in part because a substantial part of the general population—and the seagoing population as well—was illiterate.[4] It seems that there were four people in a good trade, a trade requiring skill, knowledge, and some intelligence, who were willing to give it up in order to go hunting the oceans of the world for whales. More than that, they made the time, under difficult circumstances, to keep journals, or at least notes; and to take the effort to see their words through to publication. In fact, it seems as though three of these had set the type or pulled the presses themselves.

What had induced these men, at least temporarily, to give up the typecase and take up the oar and harpoon? Were they eager to get rich quick, or just to see the world? Were they spurred to write about life in the forecastle because they had been caught up in the age of moral reform, or were they just writing out of habit, or, perhaps to try to make some money?

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The anonymous author of *A Voyage from the United States to South America* was the first to be considered, and the first question to be answered was, "Who was he?" The copyright of this eighty-page pamphlet was given to one Washington Chase, and in about the 1870s Joseph Sabin, that indefatigable bookseller and compiler of *A Dictionary of Books Relating to America* attributed the authorship to Chase, apparently on the evidence of the copyright notice. The Library of Congress deposit copy of the third edition (called on its title page the "Fifth Edition," and with altered title) has the manuscript note on the title "By T.H. Bennett."

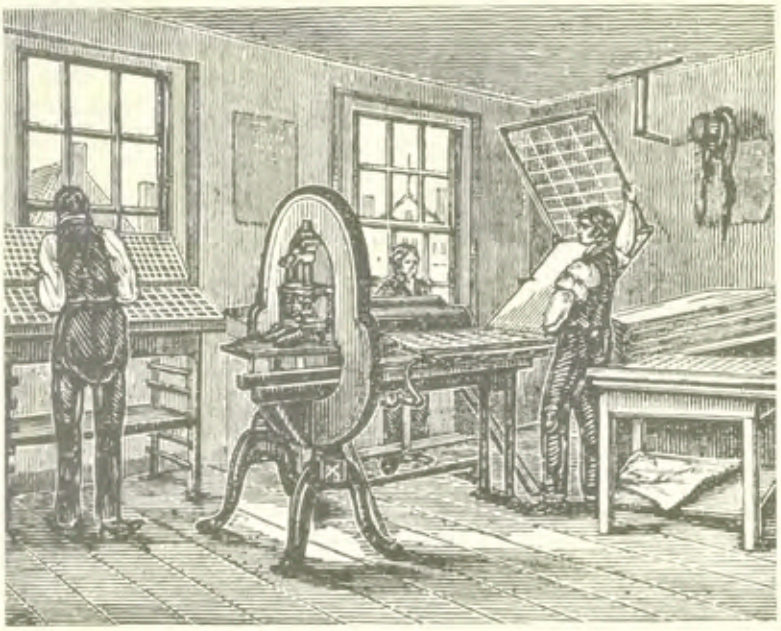
Neither of these attributions was convincing. To begin with, the author revealed in the text that his name was Henry. This seems to leave out Washington Chase. It is also clear that he was traveling with his brother, having sailed in 1820 from the Philadelphia area in company with "two block-tin workers, a Danish farmer, and a German currier," for Rio de Janeiro for an unspecified reason.[5]

After three months in Rio, the two shipped aboard the U.S. frigate *Constellation*, and that fact provides the clue to the author's identity. The late Charles F. Batchelder, a Boston collector of whaling books, who had an unflagging interest in the minutiae of his books, took it upon himself to track down the author of this pamphlet. He learned that a Henry and a William Bradley joined the *Constellation* at Rio, and left some two months later at Valparaiso.[6] Almost certainly, these were our men!

Henry's notes on Rio are largely unflattering—Brazil was in political foment at the time, and independence was finally declared in September 1822—and, while his brother, a millwright, was able to get a job, our printer could not:

> There was but one Printing-Office in the city, and in it, 5 presses were at work. They printed a semi-weekly quarto newspaper, in *English* type, and were also engaged in printing "Malthus's Political Economy," &c. at the time of my visit. Neither composers nor pressmen appeared to be so good, or so expeditious workmen as those of the United States. They were principally from Oporto and Lisbon. Their types were from the foundries of New-York and London. A small type foundry was attached to the Printing-Office. A junta, (a body of five men) presided over this establishment; they met every Saturday ... and it was utterly impossible to get any thing printed, till it had undergone their inspection, and received their signature—no, not even a card, an advertisement, a death, or a marriage![7]

Bradley applied to the junta for a job, but they turned him down, as he put it, "in consequence, as the interpreter informed me, of my coming from the U. States!"[8] Henry then went to work as a carpenter, working with his brother to build what he said was then the only paper mill in Brazil. After another brief stint as a carpenter, this time building a sawmill, Henry and William shipped to Valparaiso.



What the whaling printers left behind. At left a compositor stands at his upper and lower cases, filling his composing stick with a line of type. At his "acorn" style press, the pressman raises the frisket from the tympan to insert another sheet of paper before cranking it under the head of the press and pulling an impression. (Edward Hazen, *The Panorama of Professions and Trades*, Philadelphia, 1836)

We can see from his description of Rio, and his attempts at employment there, that he was eager to remain a printer, that he cared for the craft of printing, and that he had a deep concern for the freedom of the press. South America, as we shall see, was not kind to him.

In Valparaiso, Henry went to see the chief clerk of the American Consul, who informed him that "there was but one Printing-Office in Chili, which was at St. Jago, . . . that among the Spanish prisoners taken at the battle of Maipu, there were four or five printers, whom the government compelled to work for them for almost nothing; that there were four small newspapers printed weekly at this office; and that this, with a little government work, was all that was then done in the country!"[9]

Henry added, "the time is fast approaching when the *freedom* of the press will extend this useful art to the remotest districts, and printing will continue to increase as the public mind becomes enlightened."[10] Bradley had landed on the West Coast of South America as Peru and its province of Chile were extricating themselves from the rule of the Spanish viceroy, so his comments on the freedom of the press have a more than theoretical urgency. He did manage to get a job as a carpenter, at which trade he now had substantial experience, but was eager to return home if he couldn't get work as a printer. He met Obadiah Coffin, master of the Nantucket whaleship *Improvement*, who told Henry he expected to be home in six months. Henry, like many before and after him, thought this sounded just fine, and signed on as a whaler.

The *Improvement* stopped in Concepción, Coquimbo, Arica, and Santos. Bradley always tried to get ashore, and always tried to get to the print shops, to determine the state of affairs.

As in Chili, previous to the revolution, so in Peru, printing was at a very low ebb. And the reason is obvious—the press tended to instruct and enlighten; and as Ferdinand wished those people over whom he reigned to be kept in the grossest ignorance, (as he expressed when he declared "That knowledge was not FIT for colonies!") he exerted all his power to prevent the extension of this beautiful art, and during the whole time that his councils governed in Peru, there was only one small weekly newspaper printed at Lima for the whole of this extensive country, and even this was under the censorship of a Junta. Ferdinand's bigotted and tyrannic rule here would have been abolished long before it was, had that best of all liberties—*the liberty of the press*, been permitted in Peru. It has been asserted, that the printed proclamations which Lord Cochrane caused to be distributed throughout Lower Peru, contributed more to the cause of Peruvian emancipation, than the Chilian armies. There is but one Printing-Office yet established in Low Peru, which is at Lima.[11]

Bradley's concern throughout most of the narrative was with the political affairs of Chile and Peru, and with the attendant problems with the press. It was not his only concern, however, and he included a separately titled account "Of Whaling" on pages 74 through 80 of his narrative. This account is quite lively, and quite accurate. He mentioned that it was originally prepared for the *Nantucket Inquirer*, and we can assume that Nantucketers were critical readers. This section was also apparently plagarized in its entirety in 1835, when it appeared below the name of H. J. Pickering, in a pamphlet entitled *Concise, yet perfect detail of the Sperm Whale Fishery*, which was sold with Cornelius B. Hulsart's aquatint engraving "Capturing a Sperm Whale."

The *Improvement*, with Bradley aboard, reached Nantucket in the spring of 1823, at which point Bradley published his account of whaling in the *Inquirer*. He moved to Newburyport later that year, where he wrote and printed his *Voyage* at the *Newburyport Herald* press. The preface is dated September, and in spite of the author's expressed concerns with the "beautiful art" of printing, and his attention to the quality of printing, his narrative is a slovenly piece of work: the ink thick and coagulated, the type used from two different, well-used (or,

Opposite: Henry Bradley's account, "Of Whaling," was included at the end of his *A Voyage from the United States to South America*, which he printed himself. It contained an example of the exhortations of a mate urging his whaleboat crew in pursuit of the leviathan. (G. W. Blunt White Library)

keg with water, puts some bread under the stern sheets, and sees that a bucket is in the boat. We will imagine that the whales are now *sounding*, and that the captain, having run down with the ship as near as he thinks advisable, has ordered the main-topsail to be backed. All hands are now straining their optics to discover the whales when they first blow. They are at length seen a short distance from the ship. "*Stand by the boats, there*," cries the captain, and each man, knowing his station, is found at his respective boat, eager for the chase. "*Lower away*"—the boats are precipitated into the water, and the crews are at their oars in a twinkling. After pushing from the ship, it takes some 2 or 3 minutes for the harpooner to adjust his craft, he then seats him on his thwart, and takes his oar. Now the officer who *heads* the boat, speaks, "Line your oars, boys and pull ahead—(a lapse of two or three minutes)—pull ahead, I tell you, why don't ye—Oh, how they lay, heads and points, look at 'em—pull ahead, I tell ye—long and strong, head boat, I say—(an interval of about 60 seconds)—every man do his best—lay back, I tell ye, (*fiercely*)—why *don't* ye spring—don't let that boat pass ye (*despondingly*)—spring, I tell ye (*authoritatively*) there, there they be, round and round with 'em, for God's sake pull ahead (*entreatingly*)—(lapse of a few seconds)—every thing—every thing I've got in my chest I'll give ye, do spring boys, let's go on first. Now then, back to the thwarts, give her the touch; I feel ye (*encouragingly*)—five seas off, but five seas off, spring!—3-oar side best; pull all, *pull* every soul of you (*boisterously*)—I'll give you all my tobacco, every thing I've got—look at her, O, what a hump, and slow as night—*don't* you look round (*passionately*)—I tell you she don't blow, she only whiffs it out—at the *end* of your thwarts, pull, and we'll be on this rising—she's an 80-barrel whale; there she mills; by jingo she's heading to leeward; a large fellow separate from the school (*shoal*)—why the *harry* don't you pull—now do boys, *do* your best, won't you (*soothingly*)—I tell you we are *jam on* to her! One minute more! Half a minute!—O, boys, if you want to see your sweethearts, if you want to see Nantucket (*with emotion*), pull ahead—spring, b——t ye, that whale will shorten our voyage six months—I tell you we gain her fast—now's the time—mills still—heading to leeward—slap on to her in a moment—harpooner stand by—all my tobacco—all my clothes—every thing that I possess—*pull*—O, what a whale (*softly*)—I've hove my soul out—harpooner——harpooner——harpooner * * * *—one minute more lay back; spring half a minute more; all my tobacco, a double share of grog—we are in her *wake*—(*whispers*) make no noise with your oars———*STAND UP HARPOONER*—pull the rest—GIVE IT HER SOLID!

* * * * * * * Stern, stern I tell ye (*loudly*)—stern all, stern like the devil—stern, and get clear of the whale—harpooner come aft—wet the line there, you 2nd oarsman, we are fast—there she's up, there she spouts, now haul me on—stern, stern I tell ye—lay to leeward of the whale—that's a good one (*straightens his lance*)—lay the head of the boat off—I've bon'd my lance d——n her—give me a chance, won't ye; do haul me on, will ye—there's the FLAG, *She spout's Blood*—stern, I tell ye, lie—give us a set upon her—thick as tar, there she *clotters*—stern, she's going in her *flurry*—stern all—there, she's fin up; pass the spade forward, let's haul up to her, get harness on, and tow her alongside."

rather, ill-used) fonts. He printed a second edition in the month following, in which he corrected a few errors, and noted that the first printing was of only 500 copies. In October, then, Henry was still at the *Herald*.

A year later, in September 1824, he surfaced in Boston, where he published yet another edition, identical to the second but for a new title and an excised leaf. (It appears to have been made up from actual sheets of the second edition, for the imposition, paper, and quality of work are identical.) This one is titled *Chili and Peru in 1824. Fifth Edition*. This edition was an obvious commercial attempt, for the edition was in fact the third, not the fifth; and since Bradley returned from his whaling voyage in 1823, it clearly had nothing to do with Chile and Peru in 1824. Bradley then drifted back into obscurity, and apparently published nothing else.

The next whaling printer was the French-Canadian named Louis Peltier. Peltier was born at Montreal in 1811, and in the summer of 1834, when the first world-wide cholera epidemic ran rampant in Montreal, he left that city to publish an English newspaper in Laprairie, the *Laprairie Courier*. The venture did not fare well, and in June of 1835, he decided to go to Boston. He arrived there to find that city also gripped by the cholera epidemic, and the print shops consequently closed. In the fits of a Gallic depression, which he troubled to describe at length, Louis was persuaded to go on a whaling voyage. He sailed aboard the *Clay* of Lynn, Massachusetts, on 10 June 1835, and was the only French-Canadian aboard. After a few days at sea, an Irishman told him he would curse the day he decided to go whaling, and Louis soon began to feel ill at ease.

His description of whaling is colorful, to say the least. He likened the breath of the recently struck whale to the metallic sound of steam escaping from the exhaust of a steam engine, and said it was as loud as the simultaneous roarings of a thousand lions![12] The whaling life, however, did not agree with Louis and, when the *Clay* put in at the Cape of Good Hope in February 1836, he jumped ship, vowing never to return.

He wandered about the hills outside of town, where he was questioned by a native, who seemed to sense that Louis may have been a deserter. He answered that he was a printer, but could teach penmanship and French, and immediately got employment as a tutor in penmanship to the man's daughter, a Mlle. Vanvreenan. After the first lesson, he was sent to the kitchen, where he was asked to help the slave wash dishes. He protested, as one might expect; but fearful that he would be turned in as a deserter, he did the dishes. Over the next few days he also performed several other chores, including house painting. Tiring of that life, he deserted the Vanvreenans, went into town, and applied for a job as a compositor at the *South African*.

No job was to be had, but the kindly publisher of that newspaper gave Louis some free advertising space, and he soon had a job teaching French. He seems to have been rather successful at this, for he stayed with it for six months and then landed a brief job as a compositor. Wanderlust struck again, for he next went into the interior, staying with a French family at Paarl for a while and then moving on to Franshoek and Stellenbosch. He missed his family, however, and with aid from friends was able to obtain passage to New Bedford as a part-paying, part-working passenger.

Louis Peltier arrived in New Bedford without money and without friends, but was able to find work for a time at the *New Bedford Mercury*. The publisher, a man named Palmer, bought Peltier a suit of clothes in advance of his first pay. When payday arrived, Louis noticed that the advance of the clothes had not been deducted. Palmer generously answered that the only repayment he wanted was for Louis to do the same in the future should he be in a position to do so. Louis moved on after a time, first going to New York in search of work, and, failing to find any, moving towards his Canadian home by way of Albany and Troy. In Troy he found a job as a shop clerk, and found as well one of his brothers! Moving again, he ran into another brother in Burlington, Vermont.

Louis was on his way to his mother's house on 1 January 1838 when he was arrested and

imprisoned on suspicion of being a rebel. The Canadian Rebellion of 1837 had quieted down by the end of that year, in Lower Canada, at least; but the authorities were still looking for rebels, and particularly for malcontent exiles: Louis must have looked the part. The second part of the uprising started in February 1838 with a band of the very exiles of which Louis must have seemed to be a member. Martial law was declared, and over 700 prisoners were taken, of which 12 were executed, 58 were transported to New South Wales, two were banished, and 27 were freed on bond. A few were imprisoned more than a year before being released.[13] Louis was released after two months in prison, and must have counted himself very lucky indeed, considering the situation.

I have been unable to find any more about Peltier, except that, in 1862, his *Voyage de Louis Peltier par terre et par mer*, in the form of a sixty-four-page pamphlet, crudely printed, and bound in blue paper wrappers, was printed at the offices of *La Réforme*, a Quebec newspaper in the rue D'Aiguillon, which was owned by L.M. Darveau. Louis may have set the type and printed it himself, for it does not have the air of the kind of commercial printing job that most publishers would undertake. Like Henry Bradley, Louis Peltier does not seem to have written anything else. There were apparently no other editions printed, and Peltier dropped out of sight.

In 1861, the large New York publishing firm of Harper & Brothers published a book called *Life and Adventures in the South Pacific. By a Roving Printer.* Booksellers, bibliographers, and historians being what they are, a real author was searched for.[14] Who was this "Roving Printer"? A look at the Preface sheds a bit of light on the problem:

Bradley's whaling account was issued separately under the name of H. J. Pickering to accompany Cornelius Hulsart's aquatint, inscribed "Capturing a Sperm Whale / To Messrs. N.&W.W. Billings Merchants of New London this Print is respectfully inscribed by Cornelius B. Hulsart / who lost an arm on board their Ship Superior while engaged in the Whale Fishery in the Pacific Ocean," which was sold at the office of the Seaman's Friend Society. Painted by William Page from a sketch by Hulsart; engraved, printed, and colored by J. Hill, 1835. (M.S.M. 75.7)



The present volume lays no claim to literary merit. Two young men, led to engage in the whale-fisheries, and spending five years in the employment, have compiled a plain, unvarnished narrative of this period. The work is placed before the public as an account of localities few have visited, and the details of an employment of which little is generally known. The chief effort in the way of style has been to give vivid descriptions and make the reader the companion of the traveller.[15]

I was looking for two authors, then, not one. The voyage described was of the New Bedford whaler *Emily Morgan*, and the shipping papers for the voyage, which the authors reported beginning 23 October 1849, are now in the Melville Whaling Room at the New Bedford Free Public Library. They revealed several pairs of men who appeared to have signed on together. Jackson H. Chase and George W. Heaton, both from upstate New York, were two of these. Both not only signed the Whaleman's Shipping Paper on 20 September 1849, but also had received their respective Seaman's Protection Papers at the same time, on 31 August of the same year. Both returned together on the *Emily Morgan*, each receiving $230 for their 4½-years' work. This last fact seemed to indicate that I had my men, for there were a number of desertions on this voyage, and the fact that they not only joined together, but also returned together, clinched the argument in my mind.

Our authors were well read—they referred to other accounts of whaling, and to accounts of voyages in general—and observant, and offer good insight into their fellow crewmembers.

Most of the mechanical trades we find represented among our crew, as well as the professions, and the "art preservative of all arts [i.e., printing]." One or two, from their appearance and conversation, would lead a person to suppose they had never before been beyond the boundaries of a cow pasture. Some have been driven to sea to repair their broken health; a few have run away from home to escape the fancied tyrannies of parents; and still others from an inclination to follow the sea and a love of adventure; and all have come to a good school, in one sense of the word.[16]

They also offered insight into the particular difficulty of writing at sea. After meeting up with the whaler *Ontario*, which was bound home in December of 1849, they wrote:

Papers, pens, and ink were now in great demand, all eager to send letters home. And now a great many of those who attempted writing for the first time found out the great difficulty, we might say folly, of attempting to write legibly at sea. We had by this time, from having practiced it daily in keeping a journal, acquired the knack, though at first our efforts in that line were really astounding, to us at all events. Even now it is hard deciphering the marks we first 'entered in our log,' they having a closer resemblance to the tracks of an old turkey which had stepped in a pool of ink and walked over the paper than any thing else we can liken them to.[17]

When the *Emily Morgan* stopped at Talcahuano, several of the crew tried to desert for California and the gold rush; and between Chile and Juan Fernandez, a boatsteerer and five hands deserted in one of the ship's boats. After a search, they remained unfound, and their belongings were auctioned off among the crew.

The authors not only gave descriptions of the islands visited, but also used the occasion to describe the natives of the islands, the growing population of beachcombers they encountered throughout the Pacific, and many other figures who played a role in Pacific—and whaling—history. A stop at Sydenham's Island (Nonouti, in the Gilberts) prompted them to tell the story of the mutiny aboard the *Triton*; a stop in Hawaii led them to the *Triton*'s Captain Spenser, who told them his version of the story. At a later stop at Lahaina, on Maui, they met Captain M'Culloch, who was third mate of the *Sharon* during the notorious mutiny aboard that vessel, and they recounted his tale.

I was hoping to find something more precise about Heaton and Chase, but, throughout their narrative, while revealing a great deal about fellow crewmembers and others they met, they told little about themselves. The only allusion to printing—it was whaling printers I was interested in, after all—apart from the "Roving Printer" of the title, was the offhand reference in the Preface. The *Emily Morgan*, with both Heaton and Chase aboard, returned to New Bedford in April 1854 with 1,892 barrels of



Whalers trading at Pleasant Island (Nauru) in the Pacific, one of the islands the *Emily Morgan* called at during her 1849–54 voyage with "roving printers" Heaton and Chase aboard. (*Life and Adventures in the South Pacific*, New York, 1861)

sperm oil.[18] The authors disappeared from view, and their narrative was published by Harper & Brothers seven years after their return. Were they in fact printers? While I am not certain, I cannot think of another reason for them to have chosen the pseudonym they used.

The last of my printers to set sail was in fact the first I had encountered, Charles Lyman Newhall. We know a good deal more about Newhall than about the other whaling printers, as he was more successful than the others at printing and publishing, having printed not only an account of his whaling voyages, but also a genealogy of his family.[19]

Newhall was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1834—the same year that Louis Peltier shipped aboard the *Clay*—and in 1848 he went to Springfield to learn the printing trade. He got homesick in three weeks, and returned home. Later that year, apparently over his homesickness, he enlisted in a whaleship, the *Leonidas* of Fairhaven, on a voyage to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Disliking the treatment he received at the hands of Captain Gifford, he returned to the U.S. in 1851 aboard the U.S. sloop-of-war *Plymouth*.

He tried printing again, this time in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, in a printing office started by Merriam in the 1820s. He stayed through the following winter, printing, as he said, large volumes, but left in 1852 to go to sea once more, this time as cook aboard the schooner *Eglantine* on a commercial voyage from Boston to Haiti. He was there for two or three weeks while the schooner unloaded and, in that time, visited a print shop, where he "found a [composing] stick and a rule and set a stick full [of type] for them."[20] The proprietor offered Newhall a job, but, citing his present commitment, he turned it down. On his return, he went home, but in October he was "attacked by the sea-fever and again started for New Bedford."[21] There he

found a berth as steward on the *Copia*, whose captain was C.M. Newell, later to become an author of whaling fiction.

The *Copia* rounded Cape Horn for the Pacific, and Newhall recorded observations ranging from native church services in Hilo, to trade with the Eskimos of Kamchatka, and the rescue of the crew of the whaleship *Citizen*, wrecked the previous fall. In Hong Kong, Newhall encountered Commodore Perry's fleet on its way to Japan. He then joined the whaleship *Bowditch* of Warren, Rhode Island, as a foremast hand, but left the ship at Lahaina. While in Hawaii he dined with Kamehameha III, shortly before that king's death. His only insight into the Hawaiian royal family was that "his house was as low as the others."[22]

In January 1855 Newhall shipped aboard the whaleship *Dover* of New London, for home. In the Marquesas, he found himself a reluctant participant at a cannibal feast. After the roast was cooked, the coals were raked aside, and the roast was removed.

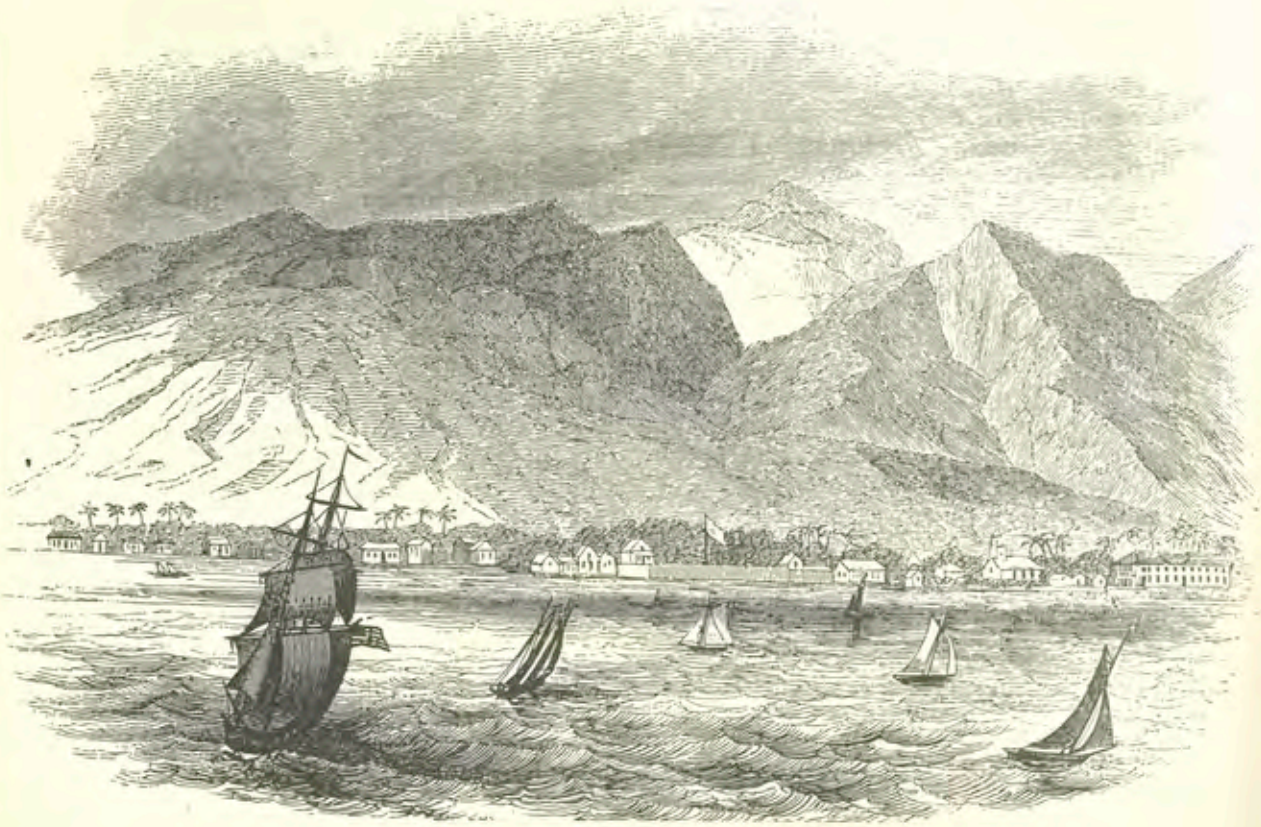
They soon commenced devouring him, and offered some to us, but we refused at first. They took it as an insult, and probably would have devoured us too, had we not taken some. So to satisfy them we took a mouthful of their favorite dinner, which they had so kindly offered us. I thought as Young did, when he said,

"Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—that is, *to dine*."[23]

Captain Havens of the *Dover* ordered the crew to clean all the whalebone in the hold, which Newhall refused to do. He was jailed by orders of the American Consul at Rio, but was released after the *Dover* cleared for home. He shipped aboard a Belgian bark for Antwerp, bounced around Europe for a while, and returned home in April 1857, resolving to go to sea no more. As he admonished his youthful readers, "I would say, that you know not what a sailor has to endure, if you did, you would remain at home; you know not the tender mother's love, if you did, you would regard her grief."[24]

Newhall's further adventures were not all in

Lahaina, crossroads of the Pacific for the American whaling fleet. Heaton and Chase, as well as Charles Newhall, had adventures here. (*Life and Adventures in the South Pacific*, New York, 1861)



the printing trade. He first worked for the *Southbridge Press*, at which office he continued to do job work—including the printing of his *Adventures of Jack*—after the paper was sold. He tried his hand at publishing a small weekly, the *Saturday Morning News*, but that folded. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy in April 1861, ignoring his own advice about going to sea, and reenlisted after his discharge in 1864.

While serving aboard the *San Jacinto* off the Florida Keys, the ship's officers got drunk on New Year's Eve, and the vessel was wrecked on 1 January 1865. Newhall was transferred to Key West and worked there for a time as a printer. He was transferred, with his printing equipment, to the Pensacola Navy Yard. Formally discharged in June 1867, he stayed on at Pensacola, printing for the yard as it required work, and then moving to the city of Pensacola, where he worked at the *Pensacola Commercial*, "a tri-weekly paper printed on an old hand press."[25]

Never one to sit still for long, Newhall moved to Tallahassee and the *Sentinel*, a large weekly. He met Florida Governor Reed, and was employed by the Reed camp to publish a Republican newspaper at Tampa. This failed, there being only about fifty voters at Tampa at the time; so Newhall headed north, first substituting at a few papers in Savannah, then working for a time at the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C., until 1873. He returned to Southbridge, where he started a monthly advertising sheet; then, in partnership, he started a weekly, the *Enterprise*. The next period of his career reflects a series of business ups and downs, and more travels, working as he could find it, until he founded, with two others, the *Southbridge Herald* in the late 1870s. In 1899 he printed and published *The Record of My Ancestry*, which contains the information on his life as a wandering printer after the publication of the *Adventures of Jack*.

What of these printers gone a-whaling? Were they any different than the farmers, tradesmen, and adventurers who gave up life ashore, if even for a while, to go whaling? In some sense they were. They bothered to write about their experiences, and most of their fellow-travelers did not. Three of them seem to have set their own type, and printed and published their own accounts, and one cannot imagine that any of them gained any substantial income from their efforts. Heaton and Chase—the "Roving Printer" whose account was published by Harpers—may have been an exception to this last surmise, but without knowing the size or commercial success of the edition, it is hard to say. There was, in any event, only one edition of the *Life and Adventures*.

Did their writings have any effect? Henry Bradley's *Voyage*, although it went through three editions, could not have been very widely distributed. All three editions are quite rare, and one expects that his insights on the political problems in South America and on the freedom of the press went largely unnoticed. His account of whaling has received some attention—it must have, to have been plagiarized in connection with Hulsart's print—but, one expects, not much. Although Peltier and Newhall both had something to say about conditions on the ships in which they sailed, Peltier's comes across as little more than whining, and Newhall's so particular, and so little known, as to escape most attention. None of these men were active reformers, and certainly none had the public impact of Francis Allyn Olmsted for his *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage* (1841) or J. Ross Browne and his scathing *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* (1846).

Still, four decades of American whaling history is fleshed out a little more thoroughly through the work of these whaling printers. A little more is known about why men chose a dirty, lonely, and alternately exciting and boring occupation such as whaling, and about why men chose to ignore their mothers', and their own, advice.

NOTES

[1] [Henry Bradley], attributed author. *A Voyage from the United States to South America, Performed During the Years 1821, 1822, & 1823, Embracing a Description of the City of Rio Janeiro, in Brazil; of Every Port of Importance in Chili; of Several in Lower Peru; and of an Eighteen Months Cruise in a Nantucket Whaleship. The Whole Interspersed with a Variety of Original Anecdotes* (Newburyport: Printed at the *Herald* Press, 1823).

[2] Roving Printer, pseud. *Life and Adventures in the South Pacific* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1861).

[3] Louis Peltier. *Voyage de Louis Peltier par terre et par mer; . . .* (Quebec: Au bureau de *La Réforme*, 1862).

[4] "Substantial" is vague, but estimates of illiteracy rates among nineteenth-century American seamen range around 10 to 20 percent, with a higher rate among foreign-born crewmen aboard American ships. See Harry R. Skallerup, *Books Afloat & Ashore: A History of Books, Libraries, and Reading among Seamen during the Age of Sail* (Hamden, Connecticut: Archon Books, 1974), pp. 204–05.

[5] [Bradley], *Voyage*, p. 5.

[6] Correspondence between Charles F. Batchelder and Elbert L. Huber of the War Records Branch, National Archives, 1956. Unpublished, and now at the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

[7] [Bradley], *Voyage*, p. 14.

[8] Ibid.

[9] Ibid., p. 36.

[10] Ibid.

[11] Ibid., pp. 64–65.

[12] "Son souffle imitant le bruit métallique que la vapeur fait en s' échappant d'un tuyau, faisait jaillir à une quinzaine de pieds dans les air l'eau qu'elle avait avalé, it sa voix, aussi forte que le rugissement de mille lions ensemble se faissait entendre à chaque instant." Peltier, *Voyage*, pp. 15–16.

[13] Noah Story, *Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1967), pp. 689–99.

[14] Sabin attributed authorship to one Jones, first name unknown: Joseph Sabin, *A Dictionary of Books Relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time*, 29 vols., (New York: Joseph Sabin [et al.], 1868–1936), 36440, citing the Library of Congress copy. Bookseller Wright Howes, compiler of an extensive bibliography of books relating to the United States, attributed authorship to G. D. Jones: Wright Howes, *U.S.iana (1650–1950). A Selective Bibliography in Which Are Described 11,620 Uncommon and Significant Books Relating to the Continental Portion of the United States*, rev. ed. (New York: R. R. Bowker, 1962), J.213. The National Union Catalog refers "John D. Jones" to "Jones" first name unknown. The American Antiquarian Society hedges its bets, the "Roving Printer" author card referring to "John Beauchamp Jones," the nineteenth-century American novelist, but not including this title in the catalog listings under the novelist's works.

[15] Roving Printer, *Life and Adventures*, p. iii.

[16] Ibid., p. 36.

[17] Ibid., p. 42.

[18] Alexander Starbuck, *History of the American Whale Fishery, From its Inception to the Year 1876* (1878; reprint, New York: Argosy-Antiquarian Ltd., 1964), pp. 460–61.

[19] Charles L. Newhall, *The Adventures of Jack; or, a Life on the Wave* (Southbridge, Mass.: Printed by the Author, 1859); Charles L. Newhall, *The Record of my Ancestry* (Southbridge, Massachusetts: Herald Power Print, 1899); *Addenda & corrigenda*, (N.p., n.d.).

[20] Newhall, *Record*, p. 24.

[21] Ibid., p. 25.

[22] Newhall, *Adventures*, p. 77.

[23] Ibid., p. 78.

[24] Ibid., p. 4.

[25] Newhall, *Record*, p. 42.

BOOK REVIEWS

Robert Lloyd Webb. *On the Northwest: Commercial Whaling in the Pacific Northwest, 1790–1967*. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1988. 449 pp., illustrations, appendix, notes, bibliography, index. $25.00.

Shrouded in fog and cluttered with ice, the northwest coast of America seems an unlikely place to describe as fertile, yet it is an apt description. For thousands of years the waters along this coast have provided a luxuriant pasture for grazing sperm, humpback, gray, and bowhead whales. The first to hunt these creatures were Native Americans. Venturing out in canoes, either carved from large cedars or framed and covered with sealskins, these people sought their prey with primitive weapons fashioned from wood, stone, and shell. Plumbing sources in archaeology and anthropology, Webb provides an astute yet cautious view of these early coastal dwellers. These are not prelapsarian societies, but rather people who lived by and struggled with the sea. For them whaling was both survival and ritual.

Thanks to its remoteness from the mainstream of western expansion, the Northwest Coast escaped the white invasion until late in the eighteenth century. Explorers, Captain James Cook among them, arrived first. They were followed by fur traders whose insatiable demands on sea otters and seals quickly depleted those fragile resources. Whalers were next.

Nantucketers like to boast that they were the first to take whales along the coast. In 1835, according to island lore, the *Ganges*, Captain Barzillai Folger, took whales in the Northwest. The claim is shaky, but it does nevertheless provide a date from which whaling activity can be reckoned. Within a short time whalers, which had scoured the southern waters of the Pacific basin, were pushing farther north. The hunting was good. Like silent regiments of locusts, whalers, most of them American, stole into the Northwest, and with a rapaciousness that has characterized so much of man's relationship with the creatures over whom he has dominion, they systematically pursued and destroyed the very resource upon which they depended for their livelihood.

This, the antebellum period, was the heyday for American whalers. But it was not to last, for with the Civil War, the discovery of oil, and the changing national priorities, Americans turned away from whaling. Yet even as American participation in the hunt declined, others came forward to fill the void.

Those who now took up the hunt did so with new killing methods. In the age of sail, pursuit of the whale had been limited by the power of the wind and the muscles in the backs of the men pulling in the whaleboat, while the killing range of the weapons depended on the throw of the harpooner. Fast whales, or those lucky enough to swim to windward, often escaped. New techniques, however, made killing more efficient. Steam-powered killer boats could overtake any whale, and harpoon guns could toss an exploding harpoon over a considerable distance. Once dead, the whale, instead of being processed at sea, was towed to shore and rendered at a shoreside facility. Canadian firms with Norwegian expertise, American capital, and Japanese workers came to dominate northwest whaling.

The result was predictable. Technology in the service of greed soon threatened the very existence of the whale. Declining stocks meant rising costs. Markets were evaporating as cheap substitutes were found for the products of the whale. Unable to afford new equipment, whalers made do with the old until their vessels literally sank at the dock. In the midst of their economic woes, whalers found themselves besieged by an outraged public demanding an end to the slaughter. It was all too much. Whaling on the Northwest Coast was over.

Butchery is not romantic. Webb makes no attempt to infuse the business of whaling with the silly nostalgia that so often characterizes histories of the enterprise. What he has done instead is to mine a wealth of information (exhaustive understates his efforts), sift it, and then refine it into a splendid narrative, one that is informed, scholarly, and written with a grace and style that is likely to appeal to a wide audience. Perhaps one small blemish might be noted. In locating events, Webb makes frequent and proper use of longitude and latitude; however, nowhere in the book does he provide a map on which these lines are drawn. In an age and society not known for its proficiency in geography, it would have been wise to provide all the help necessary to understand the geography of the Northwest. The wise reader will keep an atlas handy, but that is a small price to pay for the pleasure of reading one of the most important books ever written about whaling.

William M. Fowler, Jr.
Managing Editor
The New England Quarterly

Roald Kverndal. *Seamen's Missions: Their Origin and Early Growth—A Contribution to the History of the Church Maritime*. Pasadena, California: William Carey Library, 1986. 910 pp., illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index. $29.95.

Over the years, there has been a great deal written about the harsh life of the sailor, both ashore and afloat. Little, however, has been written about those who sought to help the sailor. With this work by Roald Kverndal, that situation has to a great extent been remedied. *Seamen's Missions: Their Origin and Early Growth* chronicles the development of seamen's benevolence between 1779 and 1864. These were the years of the Anglo-American hegemony, before other nationalities sought to address the seamen's cause.

Rather than developing a thesis, the author approached the topic "phenomenologically," describing the spread of the Church Maritime as it occurred through time. Thus, we find Britain's Naval and Military Bible Society of 1779 to have been the first organization that specifically sought out the seafarer. As the society's name implies, its purpose was to distribute Bibles to the seamen. This first step in developing a maritime ministry was repeated any number of times with other organizations. First the Word was distributed in an attempt to reach the sailors; sermonizing would follow.

It was not until the time of the War of 1812 that a true blossoming of the maritime ministry occurred. The first organization in the world to attempt to distribute literature, educate, and actually preach to sailors was Boston's Society for the Religious and Moral Improvement of Seamen. Within the following decade, Britons and Americans formed ten different independent organizations to aid seamen. Their efforts were felt in ports as far flung as Calcutta, Cronstadt, Whampoa, and Sydney. The blue and white Bethel flag was distributed and flown over many vessels, as largely lay and evangelistic preachers sought to spread Christian beliefs and attitudes among the naval and merchant fleets. As one might expect, the Baptists and Methodists were on the cutting edge of this effort; the more established churches were somewhat slow in becoming involved in the movement.

Any number of heroic figures grace the pages of this text. The reader meets Rev. Samuel Damon of Honolulu, the whalemen's preacher. Edward "Father" Taylor of Boston, the world famous exhorter, is also described. His church and Seamen's Home still stand on North Square. The key figure in this story, however, is the Baptist preacher from Penzance, who moved up to London and spearheaded Britain's ministry. George Charles Smith, the pugnacious and troubled progenitor of modern seamen's missions, had served under Nelson and knew firsthand the realities of the fighting top. Smith worked tirelessly to advance the seaman's cause. His *Sailor's Magazine* was emulated by the American Seamen's Friend Society, Father Damon, and others, who also published morally uplifting periodicals specifically written for sailors.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the Church Maritime is that it is not simply an entity from the past, but is a living and breathing movement today. This book, which describes the origins of the movement, does so for two reasons. According to the author, one reason is to record the unrecorded. Another equally as important reason is to help establish an identity for the present day seamen's mission. This identity is needed, explains Kverndal, because the movement is in a state of flux. With the rapid changes in maritime technology and the general secularization of society, those who are reaching out to the seafarer must find new ways to be meaningful. In order to do so they must also understand their past. As one who served in the maritime trades in many capacities, and as one who came to his own ministry because of the efforts of a seamen's mission, Dr. Kverndal feels a personal commitment and indebtedness to today's mission. His relation to, and concern for, the Church Maritime is evident as he uses the final four chapters to relate current issues in the maritime mission to its heritage.

It is unlikely that someone without Dr. Kverndal's personal interest in the spiritual mission to sailors would have persevered to produce such a mammoth, comprehensive work. Nevertheless, the critical weakness of the book comes from Dr. Kverndal's personal connection with the topic. This is an optimistic work, one in which the triumphs of the sailor preachers are emphasized, and one that only touches on the many frustrations of a calling whose audience was largely disinterested, if not belligerent. Moreover, Kverndal does not thoroughly pursue the sociological causes of the movement or the reactions to it. Although he touches on the tenor of the times and the sensibilities of the nineteenth-century mind, he is a Christian chronicler who accepts divine intervention as a principal agent for change. There is no intent to debate that position in these paragraphs, but professional historians would seek out additional information when detailing the advance of any movement, whether it be religious, political, economic, or social.

The aforesaid notwithstanding, we have in this book a study that is monumental in scope, depth, and

scholarship. Kverndal's work will stand as the definitive piece on the worldwide origins of seamen's benevolence and maritime witness. Thoroughly documented, and well written, it should sit on the shelf of any library, institutional or private, which purports to deal thoroughly with our maritime heritage.

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Joe Upton. *Amaretto.* Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing, 1986. 164 pp., illustrations. $22.95.

If you want to know what it was like to fish for herring in Maine's Penobscot Bay in the 1970s, this is the book. Joe Upton, fresh from an intense Alaskan fishing career, bought an old sardine carrier—*Amaretto*—in the dead of winter, nursed her until spring, and then joined the local fishing fleet. After a rough initiation period, he was accepted by the seine fishermen and followed them through their nighttime stalking of herring schools among the islands. When they netted their quarry he would slide in and take aboard a silver load to sell as bait to lobster fishermen.

It was an ever-changing, timeless routine, which in the retelling highlights the relations between the fisherfolk of Maine, the unfathomable mysteries of the herring's seasonal presence, and the harsh, unforgiving beauty of working on the water. Upton is a masterful artist of crisp word pictures and character sketches, and his book gets you close to the heart of this way of life.

James C. Bradford, ed. *Captains of the Old Steam Navy: Makers of the American Naval Tradition, 1840–1880.* Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1986. 376 pp., 47 illustrations, bibliography, index. $24.95.

This second volume on American naval history as represented by select naval officers covers the mid-nineteenth century, with the Civil War as the pivot point. The combat service of such notable naval warriors as Andrew Hull Foote, Samuel F. Du Pont, David Glasgow Farragut, David Dixon Porter, and Confederate raider Raphael Semmes is well represented in the essays here, but another side to naval service is presented as well. Several of these officers performed their greatest service as leaders and guardians while America expanded its seagoing reach. Charles Wilkes commanded the U.S. Exploring Expedition of 1838–42; Matthew Calbraith Perry established diplomatic relations with Japan in 1853–54; Matthew Fontaine Maury contributed greatly to commercial navigation through his hydrographic work as superintendent of the Depot of Charts and Instruments; and Robert W. Shufeldt opened relations with Korea in 1882–83. In addition, there are essays on John A. Dahlgren and his innovations in naval ordnance; Franklin Buchanan, first superintendent of the U.S. Naval Academy, who served in the Confederate Navy as well; John Rodgers, whose sea career lasted almost fifty years; and Benjamin Franklin Isherwood, who pushed the Navy toward a reliance on steam power from the 1850s through the end of the "old" Navy in the 1870s. The result is a literate volume that will be of interest to both naval and general maritime scholars and enthusiasts.

Timothy J. Runyan, ed. *Ships, Seafaring and Society: Essays in Maritime History.* Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1987. 366 pp., illustrations, notes, index. $22.50; paperback $13.50.

The North American Society for Oceanic History, an organization of scholars and enthusiasts incorporated in 1974 to provide a forum for the discussion and dissemination of serious work in naval and commercial maritime history, holds its annual meeting each spring. This book is a collection of twenty papers presented at NASOH meetings during the past decade. These essays cover the spectrum from boat and ship design and construction to political and naval aspects, and on to social history. All of them are interesting, and a few add real depth to the literature of maritime studies. Of particular interest to me were Virginia Steele Wood's "Live Oaking for Ships' Timber," Lawrence C. Allin's "The Lime Coast: A Maritime Nexus of Community," Linda M. Maloney's "Doxies at Dockside: Prostitution and American Maritime Society, 1800–1900," and Gaddis Smith's "Black Seamen and the Federal Courts, 1789–1860," but there is something for everyone here.

Alan B. Albright, ed. *Underwater Archaeology Proceedings from the Society for Historical Archaeology Conference.* Savannah: Society for Historical Archaeology, 1987. 152 pp., illustrations. Paperback $12.50.

This collection of forty-seven presentations illustrates the diversity and technical complexity of underwater archaeology, from public relations and site protection efforts to survey and artifact conservation concerns. Two well-known wrecks—the U.S.S. *Monitor* and the pirate ship *Wydah*—receive significant attention, but projects as small as boat and dugout canoe recovery are included. The sum is a broad picture of underwater archaeology today.

Francis Ross Holland, Jr. *America's Lighthouses: An Illustrated History.* New York: Dover Publications, 1988. 240 pp., illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Paperback $10.95.

Originally published in 1972, this is the most useful and convenient general history of American lighthouse history, design, and management. The author, who is a historian with the National Park Service, was a pioneer in the study of lighthouses, which is now so popular. After a discussion of lighthouse administration and lighthouse types, he covers the lights of all four American coasts, plus Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, offering brief histories of select lights. The book includes excellent illustrations.

Alistair Deayton. *Steamships of Europe: An Illustrated Guide to Veteran Passenger Vessels.* London: Conway Maritime Press, 1988. 192 pp., illustrations, appendix, index.

Nearly one hundred steam-powered vessels still operate on the seas, rivers, and lakes of Europe, and this is the first comprehensive guide to these surviving veterans. A couple of hundred more, which have been either converted to diesel power or retired but not scrapped, are included. For steam enthusiasts, or those planning a trip to Europe, this is a useful volume.

Richard P. DeKerbrech and David L. Williams. *Cunard White Star Liners of the 1930s.* London: Conway Maritime Press, 1988. 127 pp., illustrations, appendices, select bibliography, index.

During the Great Depression, Britain's two premier transatlantic steamship lines merged to produce the largest and most prestigious company in the North Atlantic passenger trade. The precursors of this amalgamation, and the spectacular results, are presented here in outline form in what is otherwise a montage of photos of magnificent steamships, including the *Aquitania, Mauretania, Berengaria, Olympic, Majestic,* and *Queen Mary.* Although the photo reproduction is of uneven quality and few interior shots of these opulent steamers are included, this is still a convenient source on the great North Atlantic liners of the day.

The Wherry Oarsman

Stephen R. Braund. *The Skin Boats of Saint Lawrence Island, Alaska.* Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1989. 144 pp., illustrations, bibliography. $19.95.

This study was conceived some sixteen years ago during a brief conversation between the author and John Bockstoce over a weak cup of tea in a drafty shed on Saint Lawrence Island in the remote reaches of the Bering Sea. Stephen Braund took nearly a decade to complete the work, in the course of which he and his wife measured and recorded the dimensions, characteristics, and construction of thirty of these walrus-hide boats at Gambell on Saint Lawrence Island, which is north of the Yukon delta and less than forty miles from the Siberian peninsula.

After coming to Saint Lawrence Island as an archeologist in 1973, Braund was infected by Bockstoce's enthusiasm for these unique walrus-hide craft, which are quite different in important respects from other, traditional umiaks. The previous year Bockstoce had set out from Nome, Alaska, in one of these boats powered by an outboard motor to make a summer-long voyage that followed the northern coast of Alaska for 2,500 miles. The sterling performance of his unusual craft with only its quarter-inch thickness of walrus hide between its occupants and the turbulent northern seas had amazed him, and what the author himself saw of these marvelous boats soon captivated his interest as well.

On first inspection the round-bottom, walrus-skin boat is not so impressive. What is seen is a light internal lattice framework of thin wooden strips to which is laced an outer skin covering. Yet, this apparently frail and flimsy craft, averaging twenty-five feet in length with a six-foot beam, is capable of carrying three tons of walrus meat safely in rough seas. Its outstanding seakeeping ability is due in large part to its flexible structure, which does not fight the force of the waves, but evades their thrust, moving with them and swimming through the sea, as it were, much like a living creature. The author, who has traveled in one non-stop for as long as twenty-eight hours at a stretch, found this constant motion comfortable and even relaxing.

Unloaded, these skin boats weigh only one-fifth as much as comparable wooden boats, making it easy for only four or five men to pull one up the steep incline of the beach at Gambell. This light weight can be particularly important in hunting walrus and seals, when it is frequently necessary to drag the boat over wide expanses of broken ice. In that case, the round-bottom boat's outer keel strip shod with walrus ivory acts as a sled runner, while the up-curving deadrise of the hull lifts the bottom clear of the frozen surface, preventing drag. This is just one instance in which the recently developed round-hull boat is superior to the flat-bottom model traditional to the Arctic Eskimos.

Some authorities believe that the skin boat originated several thousand years ago, at least. Since then, skin boats have taken many forms in various parts of the world. Apparently both the form and construction of the traditional flat-bottom Eskimo umiak had long been stabilized when the whaling ships arrived in force at Saint Lawrence Island in the 1860s or thereabouts to open the rich but unexploited whale fishery in the upper reaches of the Bering Strait.

The whaling fleet brought with it wooden boats entirely different from anything previously known to the Eskimos, yet they were not backward in recognizing the advantages of these new boats and in making use of them. While the wooden boats were heavy to handle as well as difficult for the Eskimos to repair, they sailed better than the flat-bottomed umiaks, and they handled better in the open sea. And although the Eskimos had neither the tools nor the materials with which to build new wooden whaleboats, they had no trouble trading baleen and furs for secondhand boats when the whaling fleet left for the winter. According to the author, by 1932 at the latest—and probably much earlier—the wooden whaleboat had replaced the flat-bottomed skin boat for Eskimo whaling at Saint Lawrence Island.

But it was not long before commercial whaling in the Bering Strait was played out, the whaling fleet was no longer coming, and the supply of secondhand wooden whaleboats had dried up. It was either go back to the aboriginal flat-bottom umiaks or devise an improved skin boat to replace the wooden whaleboats the Eskimos had become accustomed to, since the Bering Strait Eskimos had neither the equipment and materials nor the boatbuilding experience required to produce new wooden whaleboats.

The round-bottom, walrus-hide umiak, built with curved bent ribs, seems first to have appeared on King Island, located on the 65th parallel more than one hundred miles north of Saint Lawrence Island. It has been claimed that this model developed independently of any wooden whaleboat influence and subsequently migrated to Saint Lawrence and Little Diomede Islands. The absence of wooden whaleboat influence on Saint Lawrence Island round-bottom umiaks seems most unlikely. Older Saint Lawrence Island natives recognize a direct whaleboat connection, and the sectional shape of their walrus-hide boats duplicates the sectional shape of the wooden whaleboats almost exactly.

This rounded sectional shape, which is the principal distinguishing characteristic of the round-bottom umiaks, as well as the key to their superiority over the aboriginal flat-bottom boats, was not possible until strips of strong, flexible hardwood became available for bent, curved ribs. In prior times, wood for framing the aboriginal boats was limited to softwood species unsuited for bending, which was thrown up on the beaches as driftwood when the ice went out in the spring. Now, imported strips of oak and hickory bending stock in suitable lengths and sizes can be purchased at the community store, along with nails, bolts for attaching the outer false keel, and marine paint that, when applied to the walrus-hide covering, effectively retards the absorption of moisture. Native builders even have power saws now, and outboard motors mounted in motor wells have been in use since the 1920s.

Two walrus hides about half an inch thick, when split into two equal thicknesses, provide enough area to cover one of these round-bottom umiaks. The hide from the female walrus is selected for this, as hides from the males are too thick and are likely to be scarred and punctured from fighting. The quarter-inch-thick covering is pieced together with watertight seams sewn with whale sinew. This highly skilled and equally tedious work is done by the women.

A brief final word about this attractive hardbound book itself: the makeup is superior; the paper good; the print easy; the text most readable; and the argument engaging. It is copiously illustrated with diagrams and high-quality photographs that cover every aspect of the use and construction of these boats set against the background of the remote island culture of which they are an inseparable part.

One minor complaint: for some inexplicable reason, that indispensable research tool, an index, is missing. And as a last word, we would be remiss if we did not mention that Mystic Seaport Museum has in its small-craft collection a fine example of a round-bottom, walrus-hide umiak, a gift of John Bockstoce who traversed thousands of miles of the Arctic Ocean in it.

John Gardner
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ACQUISITION

Another Mystic-built vessel has come home. The boat is *Barracuda*, built as *Zan-Tee* at the Holmes Motor Company of West Mystic in 1911. Established in 1900 at the old Maxson, Fish & Company yard as the Holmes Shipbuilding Company, the firm launched the five-masted schooner *Jennie R. Dubois* in 1902. After reorganization in 1904, the company began building gasoline-powered yachts, as well as motorized self-bailing surfboats for the U.S. Life-Saving Service.

In 1911 a celebrity contracted for a yacht incorporating features of the company's double-ended surfboats. N. Booth Tarkington was well on his way to becoming one of America's most popular novelists and playwrights of the era. Success had brought him east from Indiana, and he had become enamored of the sea and Kennebunkport, Maine.

His new boat, to be named *Zan-Tee* (the nickname of his wife Suzanah), would allow him to cruise Maine's waters in safety. She was thirty-four feet long and double-ended, with a large self-bailing cockpit amidships. Forward, a trunk cabin provided accommodations. The aft trunk cabin contained the Holmes gasoline engine and could be used as a pilothouse in heavy weather. The mast at the after end of the forward house could be used for a steadying sail, or for rudimentary motor-sailing.

Even before she was launched, the boat caught the eye of a Springfield dentist, "Doc" Swazey. Tarkington would not sell her, but Swazey was persistent. Finally, in 1920, Swazey met Tarkington in Kennebunkport shortly after Tarkington had lost a boat race. Tarkington agreed to sell *Zan-Tee* if Swazey could build him a boat to beat his rival. Swazey did, indeed, deliver a faster boat, and it and $1,000 got him *Zan-Tee* in 1922. Tarkington stipulated that Swazey rename the boat, so she then became *Barracuda*.

From her new home port of Falmouth, Cape Cod, *Barracuda* cruised extensively along the coast for Swazey. When her Holmes motor wore out, Swazey replaced it with a Kermath V-8.

Reportedly, when Franklin D. Roosevelt campaigned for the presidency in 1932 Swazey vowed that, if Roosevelt won, he would not launch *Barracuda* until F.D.R. had left office. Roosevelt outlasted Swazey, who died during the decade, and *Barracuda* remained in her boathouse for over fifty-five years and three successive ownerships.

In June 1988 her last owners, Mr. and Mrs. James DiCostanzo of Acton, Massachusetts, donated the seventy-seven-year-old boat to the Seaport. She has now returned to Mystic, where she will stand as an example of local boatbuilding and of early motor-sailer design. [88.82]

Barracuda, ex-*Zan-Tee*, 1988. (Photo by Claire White-Peterson)



1988 Maritime Scholar of the Year Award

Dorothy E.R. Brewington, a maritime historian for more than half a century, has received the Nathaniel Bowditch Maritime Scholar of the Year Award for her life-long contributions to the marine field.

The award is sponsored by the American Merchant Marine Museum, which is located on the campus of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, Long Island, New York. Mrs. Brewington was given her award in a special ceremony at the Seaport's G.W. Blunt White Library, which was hosted by the Fellows of the Library on 30 September.

In making the award, Frank O. Braynard, the A.M.M.M. Curator, called Mrs. Brewington "a remarkable woman who has dedicated her life to advancing our knowledge of America's maritime history and art." In the 1930s, Mrs. Brewington worked with her husband, Marion V. Brewington, on a publication about Chesapeake Bay canoes for the Mariners' Museum of Newport News, Virginia, as well as on an exhibit, "The Sea," for the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Following Marion Brewington's naval service during World War II, the couple moved to Maryland's eastern shore, where they worked on publications for the Cornell Maritime Press.

The Brewingtons moved to the Peabody Museum of Salem in 1956 and collaborated on their major work, *Marine Paintings and Drawings in the Peabody Museum*. In 1965 they moved on to the Kendall Whaling Museum, where they produced catalogs of both the paintings and the prints in that collection.

In 1974, soon after the Brewingtons had joined the staff of Mystic Seaport Museum, Marion died, but Dorothy carried on. In 1982 she published *Marine Paintings and Drawings in Mystic Seaport Museum*. She also served on the Editorial Board of *The Log* for many years.

For forty years the Brewingtons had traveled throughout Europe, the Far East, and the United States, gathering information on the world's marine painters of the last four centuries. Mrs. Brewington continued this work, compiling their research into her *Dictionary of Marine Artists*, published jointly by Mystic Seaport Museum and the Peabody Museum in 1982. Although she is now officially retired from her position at the Seaport, Mrs. Brewington remains a consultant to the Museum.



Dorothy E. R. Brewington.
(Photo by Mary Anne Stets)

The A.M.M.M.'s Maritime Scholar of the Year Award is named after Nathaniel Bowditch, who developed a system of navigation in 1802 that is still in use today. A brilliant mathematician and one of the great American intellectuals of his day, Bowditch served as president of the American Society of Arts and Sciences. The award, created in 1984, has been given to maritime historian C. Bradford Mitchell (1984), naval architect Cedric Ridgely-Nevitt (1985), marine artist and author Frank O. Braynard (1986), and maritime museum curator Karl Kortum (1987).

HISTORIC SHIPS AFLOAT

The *Priscilla*

The pearly white meats of the fabled Blue Point oysters, slurped right from the shell in so many New York oyster bars a century ago, represented the sweat and livelihood of a hoard of anonymous oystermen working the waters of Long Island's Great South Bay. Though now less well known than their Chesapeake Bay compatriots, these men operated a rugged fleet of "New York sloops" on the oyster beds until the 1920s.

Typical of the beamy, low-freeboard, shallow-draft, centerboard New York sloops of the medium-size class is the thirty-nine-foot *Priscilla*. Launched in April 1888 by Elisha Saxton of Patchogue, who was among the most respected and prolific builders on the "South Side," the *Priscilla* was built for George Rhinehart, who held oyster grounds in Jamaica Bay. She might carry seed oysters down from Connecticut in spring, and after the summer spawning season would be used for tonging or dredging up mature oysters for market.

The sloops dredged in the six-to-ten-foot waters of the bays with hand-hauled iron-frame dredges a little over two feet wide, which held about three-quarters of a bushel. A captain and two crewmen normally operated five dredges as their sloop "drifted" across the oyster grounds, its direction and speed controlled by the jib, slacked mainsail, and centerboard. On deck the oysters were culled in readiness for the "buy boats" that would come to purchase them and carry them to market.

After twelve years of this service, the *Priscilla* was sold to Clinton F. Hopkins of Mianus, Connecticut. Hopkins used her to dredge on the grounds he had obtained from the state Shellfish Commission and on the natural beds where powered vessels were prohibited from oystering. Hopkins also enjoyed the recreational side of oystering and entered his sloop in the region's annual oystermen's races, winning at least once. By 1927 Hopkins had retired and was living aboard the *Priscilla* at Cos Cob. He raised the cabin trunk above the normal height to give himself standing headroom below.

For the next twenty years, a succession of Bridgeport, Connecticut, oystermen owned the aging sloop. In 1947, "Bezak" Svertesky purchased her to work on the remnants of the once great Bridgeport-Stratford natural bed. He rerigged the sloop with a triangular Chesapeake skipjack mainsail in place of her gaff-rigged main. He also installed Chesapeake "hand winders"—hand-operated winches—to replace the old hand-over-hand method of hoisting the oyster dredges from the bottom.

When the Bridgeport-Stratford bed died about 1963, oystering under sail in Connecticut ended. The *Priscilla* became a yacht, owned first by Dr. Carl Beam and later by John Woodside, who sailed her to Maine and as far south as the Bahamas. Woodside rerigged her as a schooner in the early 1970s. In 1976 he donated her to the Suffolk Marine Museum at West Sayville, Long Island, on Great South Bay.

Now, back in her home waters a hundred years after her launch, the *Priscilla* is one of a few survivors of the hundreds of New York sloops that worked the oyster grounds and inshore waters of the New York region for more than a century. Although she occasionally sails Great South Bay as an educational outreach of the museum, the *Priscilla* is normally on display next to the 1908 William Rudolph Oyster House at the Suffolk Marine Museum in West Sayville.

Priscilla under full sail at the 1985 Old Timers Regatta. Photo by R. Milligan. (Courtesy Suffolk Marine Museum)





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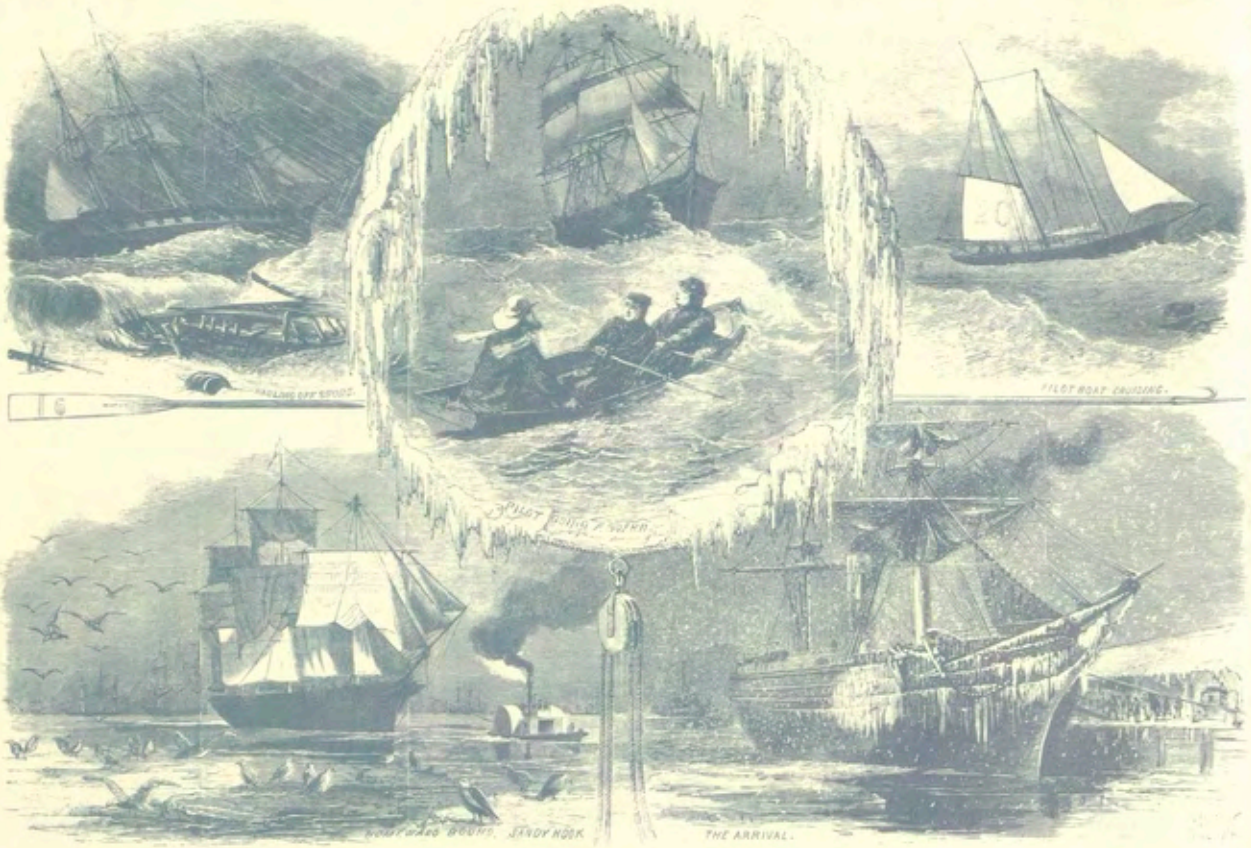
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