

An Anthology of Whalemen's Reading

This anthology gathers material on what whalemen read, presented in alphabetical order by author, without regard to the national origin of the ship or author.

Aldrich, Herbert L. *Arctic Alaska and Siberia, Or, Eight Months with the Arctic Whalemen.* Chicago: Rand McNally, 1889.

p. 75: Each native is said to keep a diary of his hunting trips by carving the important events on a piece of ivory, showing his camps, shooting deer, walruses, seals or bears, or catching and driving fish. A few of the supposed diaries were offered for sale.

p. 79, for native communities as well as whalemen: The physician is also in demand. By the aid of medical books a ship-master often proves a good nurse and physicians.

Allen, Everett S. *Children of the Light: The Rise and Fall of New Bedford Whaling and the Death of the Arctic Fleet.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1973.

A somewhat elegiac tale of the decline of whaling and New Bedford, contrasted with descriptions of the life of the Inuit, before and after the coming of the whalers to the Beaufort Sea area. Main focus at the end is on the disastrous season at Pt. Barrow of the whaling fleet which abandoned over 25 ships, but managed to rescue over 1200 whalemen.

p. 89: When a library was donated to New Bedford by the Friends Society in 1813, a committee of members went over the list of books and discarded many, such as several foremost English poets and Shakespeare's works, as unfit for young people to read. This opposition to certain aspects of culture and the arts, implemented by the influential Quaker leadership, was dominant in the New Bedford area for many years.

p. 114, discusses acquisitions in 1871 for the New Bedford library from the Sylvia Howland fund, and promotion of a book on the evils of Romanism as it is—"It shows its insidious workings which strongly tend to bring this country under full Romish control." Such attitudes could easily have influenced what reading would be available aboard Quaker whalers.

p. 164-65: In almost every way, the whaling masters repudiated the landsman's concept (especially that of the journalist and novelist of their times) of what they were. They were scornful of what these people had to say about them and their scorn included Herman Melville, whom they knew less as a writer than as a ship-jumper. They did not understand at all what he had written in *Moby Dick*, or why; they had a vague notion that he was a homosexual, and they believed he had purposely drawn an unbecoming, perhaps even indecent caricature of what they were and did.

p. 181: Above the wooden belfry of the Seamen's Bethel at Honolulu flew the flag of salvation for the lonely sailor far from home, to whom the Reverend John Diell and his wife distributed Bibles and spelling tracts, the latter because many men of the Yankee fleet were illiterate. Below the belfry, in the crooked streets of the *haole* district (four hotels and nine grogshops), the word was "There is no God this side of Cape Horn."

Barnard, Charles H., Captain. *Marooned: Being a Narrative of the Sufferings and Adventures of Captain Charles H. Barnard, Embracing an Account of the Seizure of his Vessel at the Falkland Islands, &c., 1812-1816.* Edited with an introduction by Bertha S. Dodge. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 1986 [first published 1979].

No doubt a most harrowing tale, marred only by the seeming innocence and trusting self-presentation of Barnard and his providential beliefs. The work includes excerpts from the log of Barzillai Pease (originals in Syracuse University Library), a co-partner in Barnard's endeavor. Barnard's ship, *Nanina*, was taken over by mutineers, he himself was abandoned by other shipmates, rescued by the *Isabella*

which in turn was shipwrecked, abandoned again, and other perils, his ship eventually declared war bounty by the British during war of 1812. p. 104: When the four men who had abandoned Barnard returned in his boat, one of them said: “we wish to land, but are fearful that we have so offended you, that you do not want us to rejoin you. We have put hog ashore for you on the point, with some old newspapers that I picked up at the wreck, as I had often heard you wish that you had some books or papers to read.”

p. 118: From among some pieces of old newspapers that had been found at the wreck, the following prayer was taken:... This beautiful prayer, so applicable to our situation, had such an effect on my companions in misfortune, that their conduct...was entirely changed for the better.

p. 141: I likewise, at intervals, taught Sam, who was perfectly illiterate, so far that he was able to read our scraps of newspapers. This was a source of great gratification to him, and some amusement to me. I have heard him, when he did not suspect that I was within hearing, hold dialogues with himself on the subject of his acquirements. Fancying himself at home, he would begin with ‘Mother, have you got a newspaper?’ ‘No; what do you want with a newspaper?’ ‘I want to read it’ ‘Poh! You can’t read.’ ‘Can’t I? send to the Bell and borrow one; I would read it.’ I would then come in, and ask him, ‘well, Sam, what did the old woman say? He would laugh, and reply she would be frightened, and say ‘Sam, who learned you to read? I would say, ‘that American captain I was so long with.’ I had also taught Louder the principles of navigation.

p. 144: November 25th, the wind blowing strong against us, we obtained some elephant pup skins, which we intended to manufacture into parchment, and make a log book. We had previously tried this, and found that it answered perfectly well.

Barron, William. *Old Whaling Days*. Hull, UK: William Andrews & Co., 1895.

p. 59: Conclusion—Advice to Apprentices. NOW if any youth, who is intending going to sea, should read this rough sketch of the life of an

apprentice, I would advise him to be very careful how he enters upon his duties. He should be civil to everybody and dutiful to his officers, doing his best to gain their good-will by performing what he is told, cheerfully. When he is set to do anything, do it quickly with a good grace. Nobody gains ill-will so soon as a sulky, grumbling boy. I will vouchsafe to say at the end of a long voyage a civil boy will be respected. Do not listen to the yarns of some men. When they wish you to stay, leave at once, and begin some trifling job, also improve your mind with reading, and your spare time in learning navigation. When the men see you are superior in education to them, they will treat you with respect. If a poor fellow cannot write, proffer to write his letters for him. It will cost nothing, and he will send a letter to his friends, otherwise he would neglect doing so, and I can assure you that he will befriend you in some way or other. Help those who are not so well educated as yourself, and do not taunt them because they are not so, although there are not so many now as formerly who cannot write.

p. 84: However, we who were brought up to Arctic life at the period of which I am writing, gain experience as we grow older not to act foolhardily. At the same time I think youths ought not to be checked in showing their pluck in times of danger.

Beale, Thomas. *The Natural History of the Sperm Whale..., to which is Added, a Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage.* London: John van Voorst, 1839.

Part I is a scientific and fairly analytic description of the sperm whale, from physiology to diet to reproductive systems. Part II on the voyage begins in October 1830, observing no land between England and Cape Horn, where the Fuegians despite the gloomy terrain and wretched conditions “seem to possess a considerable share of that inestimable blessing—happiness” (p. 200). It is both charming and frightening in its description of certain adventures, and very good at describing the extremes of ennui and excitement.

p. 130-33, a curious example of a reading experience which I find compelling though off the usual path of this compilation:

CHAPTER X.

AMBERGRIS,

ALTHOUGH ambergris, even during the sixteenth century, appeared to be much valued as a mercantile commodity by the English, it is curious that we knew nothing of its source, and very little of the use which was made of it in other countries.

In the year 1672, we find the Hon. Robert Boyle claiming the honour of having discovered its source from a manuscript which was found on board a Dutch East Indiaman which had fallen into our hands by the chance of war. This precious document stated, that “ambergreese is not the scum or excrement of the whale, but issues out of the root of a tree, which tree, howsoever it stands on the land, alwaies shoots forth its roots towards the sea, seeking the warmth of it, thereby to deliver the fattest gum that comes out of it, which tree otherwise by its copious fatness might be burnt and destroyed: wherever that fat gum is shot into the sea, it is so tough that it is not easily broken from the root, unless its own weight and the working of the warm sea doth it, and so it floats on the sea; there was found by a souldier $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of a pound, and by the chief two pieces, weighing five pounds. If you plant the trees where the stream sets to the shore, then the stream will cast it up to great advantage! March 1st, 1672, in Batavia.”— *Phil. Trans.*, vol. viii. p. 6113.

But notwithstanding the above statement, Dr. Thomas Brown, in his work published a few years afterwards (1686), in his description of a sperm whale which was thrown on the coast of Norfolk, states that “in vain it was to rake for ambergriese in the paunch of this leviathan, as Greenland discoverers, and attests of experience dictate, that they sometimes swallow great lumps thereof in the sea—insufferable fetor denying that inquiry; and yet if, as Paracelsus encourageth, ordure makes the best musk, and from the most feted substances may be drawn the most odoriferous essences, all that had not Vespasian's nose might boldly swear here was a substance for such extractions;” which proves

that the Dr. still suspected that the ambergris was found in the sperm whale, although it was found by this animal floating in the sea, and swallowed by it in “great lumps!”

But it was reserved for Dr. Boylston, of Boston, to enlighten mankind on this important subject, and he therefore claims the discovery of its source in the following manner: “The most learned part of mankind are still at a loss about many things even in medical use, and particularly were so, in what is called ambergris, until our whale fishermen of Nantucket, in New England, some three or four years past made the discovery. [There follows two pages of detail about ambergris and a letter from an American Fellow of the Royal Society, Hon. Paul Dudley on various uses of the substance]: Further on in the same letter he states, “I meddle not here with the precious ambergris found in this whale, because I design to close the whole with that discovery.” And here is his conclusion: “But truth,” says he, “is the daughter of time; it is now at length found out, that *occultum naturae* is an animal production, and bred in the body of the spermaceti whale. I doubt not,” he continues, “but in process of time some further particulars may be procured with respect to ambergris, and I shall be proud to transmit them; in the mean time I hope the Society will accept of this first essay, and allow my poor country the honour of discovering, or at least ascertaining, the origin and nature of ambergris.”—*Phil. Trans.* vol. xxxiii.

In a paper which was read before the Royal Society by Dr. Schwediawer, in 1783, respecting the medical properties of ambergris, he remarks, that “if we wish to see any medicinal effects from this substance, we must certainly not expect them from two or three grains, but give rather as many scruples of it for a dose; though even then I should not expect much from it, as I have taken of pure unadulterated ambergris in powder thirty grains at once, without observing the least sensible effect from it. A sailor, however, who had the curiosity to try the effects of some recent ambergris upon himself, took half an ounce of it melted upon the fire, and found it a good purgative, which proves that it is not quite inert.” *Phil. Trans.* vol. lxxiii. p. 226.

p. 235, on their first view of the magnificent islands: If I could feel so great an excitement in beholding the exceedingly beautiful scenery of

this place, what must the discoverers have felt when they first found these islands? Lying in the midst of the vast North Pacific Ocean, after having cruised in search of land week after week, month after month, at length almost despairing, all on board dull and melancholy—nothing new, nothing seen to disturb the monotony on board—all at once rises to their astonished and delighted sight a chain of romantic and magnificent islands, with a new people, having a new language to any yet known, new manners and customs for their observation; no one can describe the feelings which they must have enjoyed on that great occasion.

p. 317, after another threat of total shipwreck: We sincerely thanked the Disposer of all things for again preserving us from so horrible a calamity; as in the event of our shipwreck in this part of the world we should have been surrounded by savages whose sordid souls know naught of kindness to the stranger.

Thus Beale effortlessly swings from extreme excitement to *ennui*, with nary a word about how sailors tried to amuse themselves with mere books.

Beane, Joshua Fillebrown. *From Forecastle to Cabin: The Story of a Cruise in Many Seas, Taken from a Journal Kept Each Day....* New York: The Editor Publishing Co., 1905.

Beane's voyage in the 'Java' 1864-67, in which he travelled to Hawaii, the Canton, Gilbert, and Marshall Islands, Australia, the Indian Ocean, in search of whales. Beane did successfully rise from a humble seaman to captain of a whaler.

p. 4: My father's objection to the perusal of "yellow covered" literature was, at times, very emphatic. So much so in fact that even to the present day I have the most vivid remembrance of the artistic manner in which he handled the subject. His wordless remarks were punctuated with exclamation points which I furnished in perfect rhythm with the descending rod, cut by myself for the occasion. These chastisements were nearly always the outcome of my neglecting certain chores, of which there were many, for the more agreeable occupation of finishing an exciting chapter of the "Pirate of the Gulf" or some kindred tale, and

the scene of the reckoning was behind the northeast corner of the great bar, whose broadside must still echo my vehement promises of better attention to business. That these little happenings had a very wholesome effect in my case there is no doubt, but never under any circumstances did I relinquish my intention or desire to read books of adventure and at all times openly expressed my determination to go to sea—with the consent of my parents, if they would give it—but to go in any case.

p. 18, when newly aboard ship: Not wishing to exhibit any weakness in the presence of people, who were wont to make game of such troubles, the desire was controlled with an effort and I managed to climb over the ship's side, although with considerable difficulty.

The smell of tar and something worse, which I was told was “bilge water,” did not by any means decrease the feeling of squeamishness that possessed me, and I soon discovered a surprising unsteadiness in my legs entirely beyond my control.

“Hello, shipmate. What are ye, a pint or two off yer course?”

It was a tall, honest-eyed chap who spoke and I concluded that he was a sailor, for he puffed vigorously at a short, black pipe, the tales I had read seeming to connect the two in my, just then, befogged brain.

“If you mean by that,” “I answered, “to ask if I'm sick, I am certainly a point or two off the what do you call it?”

He laughed good naturedly and said, “I beg yer parding shipmate, I thought ye'd come aboard like a good many others, two or three sheets in the wind, but I see 'twas me whats off the course, so bear a hand an' I'll gi' ye a lift, an' we'll git that dunnage o' yourn inter th' fo'c's'l, pick ye out a berth an' lash that 'er donkey so's ye c'n go ter house-keepin' reg'lar like.”

p. 58-59: Nor was there any monotony to me in the swelling sails tugging at the masts in the stiff breeze, or idly flapping against them in the calm, or in the rise and fall of the ship's hull as she lifts on the swell of the ocean, bowing her head to meet the next. The “cat's paw” that ruffles the surface of the sea, the glassy water in absence of any wind, the fitful breeze, the strong gale, the howling storm, and the ship outriding all in safety, one condition of things following another in such

rapid succession leaves no opportunity for monotony on board an American whaleship.

p. 114-15: In any case the crew is eager for a “gam,” and a call to man the boat is quickly responded to in all weathers. The captain of one ship goes on board the other, then the mate of that ship returns with a boat’s crew of his own and the “gammoning,” or visiting, sometimes lasts well into the small hours of the morning.

During a “gam,” sleep is out of the question. News from other ships of the fleet is rehearsed, books are exchanged, yarns are swapped, experiences related, and the hours slip rapidly by.

At such times the ship that has a fiddler or a good singer on board is very popular with the crews of vessels not so fortunate... . Tales, well told, are eagerly listened to, and truth and fiction are retailed for the benefit of the visiting crews.

p. 334, a burial at sea off Ascension Island: When all who wished had taken a last look at the thin, upturned face, exposed to view through the open seam, I closed it with palm and needle. It fell to me to read the burial service, to which the ship’s company listened with uncovered heads.

“Dust to dust” the order, “Let it go.” The gangway board was tilted toward the sea—a slide, a plunge of the body and it was borne by the weight of the sand, down, down, down into the blue waters, yet true to the tradition which every sailor knows—It turned its face toward us, and bowed before it disappeared.

Bennett, Frederick Debell. *Narrative of a Whaling Voyage Round the Globe, from the Year 1833 to 1836.* Two volumes. London: Richard Bentley, 1840.

Volume I:

p. 34, islanders on Pitcairn Island: In conducting the most trivial affairs they are guided by the Scriptures, which they have read diligently, and from which they quote with a freedom and frequency that rather impair the effect.

p. 38: The few books they possess have been obtained from sailors visiting their shores, and are chiefly of a religious tenor. Some volumes, also, which were removed from the *Bounty* are still preserved in the house formerly occupied by the patriarch John Adams.

p. 47-48, on the *Bounty* survivors: The fate of this small band of colonists (which consisted of fifteen men and twelve women) was retributive and melancholy in the extreme. All of their number met with violent deaths, excepting Adams, Young, and some of the Tahitian females. Fletcher Christian and John Mills were shot on the same day, by the Tahitians; the grave of the former was pointed out to me: it is situated a short distance up a mountain, and in the vicinity of a pond. Isaac Martin, . . . Williams, and William Brown, shared a similar fate. Several of the Tahitian men fell also in these conflicts; and the survivors, when in a fair way to exterminate their British rivals, were themselves slaughtered, "at one fell swoop," by their own wives and countrywomen. Matthew Quintal, whose temper was uniformly tyrannical and quarrelsome, was shot by his comrades, who, it is charitable to believe, were compelled to resort to that measure in self-defence. William M'Coy became delirious (partly, it was thought, through remorse for the part he had taken in the destruction of Quintal,) and drowned himself in the sea, with a stone tied round his neck. Brown, Martin, and Williams died without issue. Mills had an only son, who was killed by a fall from a cliff, and one daughter, who is married into the family of the Youngs: the other mutineers have perpetuated their names through a numerous Anglo-Tahitian progeny.

* Footnote: The present race of people speak of the bark of their fathers with much interest. They showed us many of her relicks, and from among them we obtained a blank log-book, of antiquated appearance. On the interior of its cover was a card, engraved with fanciful devices, a coat of arms, with the motto "Pro Deo patria et amicis," and a scroll, bearing the name of Fran. Hayward, which would declare the owner of the book to have been one of the midshipmen of the *Bounty* who accompanied Lieutenant Bligh in the launch.

p. 70: The principal improvements the natives have made are in religious observances, and in the acquirement of the rudiments of education: the

greater number can read the Scriptures in the Tahitian tongue; many can write a legible hand, and some few possess a good knowledge of arithmetic.

p. 207: on literacy on Oahu where almost everyone can read, and the English School contains a library and periodical publications: The upper part of the building is that applied to the service of the church, and is furnished in a neat and appropriate manner; while several apartments beneath, provided with a library and periodical publications, are open to the public as reading rooms.

p. 225-26 The Sandwich Islanders are on the whole better educated than the Tahitians. Their missionaries are active in encouraging amongst them a taste for general knowledge, and in affording them the means of gratifying it. While we remained at Oahu, a weekly periodical in the native language was regularly issued from the Missionary Press; it is entitled “Ka Kumu Hawaii,” or “The Hawaiian Teacher,” and consists of a single sheet, containing subjects for moral and general instruction, local intelligence, and traditional songs of the islands; and is embellished with wood-cuts, illustrative of public buildings in Europe, foreign animals, and other objects calculated to excite curiosity in the native mind. The Missionaries had made considerable progress in the compilation of a complete Hawaiian dictionary; while school-books and religious publications, also printed in the native tongue, were so numerous and well-diffused as to be seen in almost every peasant's hut. Volume II, concludes the voyage from Polynesia to the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, and to London. It also contains the Zoology and Botany appendices.

p. 195: The log-book, or journal, of a South-Seaman has some peculiarities which distinguish it from the same document of a merchant-ship; these are chiefly a more copious detail of the natural objects noticed in the sea or air from day to day, and notes of the principal events occurring in the pursuit of whales. Should Sperm Whales have been seen, but not secured to the ship, the entry of the day's work is preceded by the figure of a whale's head. Should whales have been captured, the same space is occupied by the representation of as many erect flukes as there were whales obtained. When a dead whale is

accidentally found floating on the water, and is taken to the ship, the distinguishing mark in the journal is the same as the last, with the exception that the flukes are reversed.

Bible. Biblical References to Ice and Snow. Translations from Revised Standard Version (New York: Nelson, 1952).

ICE

Job 6: 16: My brethren are treacherous as a torrent-bed, as freshets that pass away, [16] which are dark with ice, and where the snow hides itself.

Job 38: 29: From whose womb did the ice come forth, and who has given birth to the hoarfrost of heaven? [30] The waters become hard like stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

Psalms 147: 16-18: He gives snow like wool; he scatters hoarfrost like ashes. [17] He casts forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cod? [18] He sends forth his word, and melts them; he makes his wind blow, and the waters flow.

SNOW

Exodus 4: 6: Again, the Lord said to him, 'Put your hand into your bosom.' And he put his hand into his bosom; and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous, as white as snow.

Numbers 12: 10: Miriam was leprous, as white as snow.

II Sam 23:20: And Benai'ah the son of Jehoi'ada was a valiant man of Kabzeel.... He also went down and slew a lion in a pit on a day when snow had fallen. (cf. next entry)

I Chronicles 11: 22: And Benai'ah the son of Jehoi'ada was a valiant man.... He also went down and slew a lion in a pit on a day when snow had fallen.

II Kings 5: 27, re Na'aman: So he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow.

Job 6: 16: supra

Job 9: 30-31: If I wash myself with snow, and cleanse my hands with lye, [31] yet thou wilt plunge me into a pit, and my clothes will abhor me.

Job 24: 19: Drought and heat snatch away the snow waters; so does Sheol those who have sinned.

Job 37: 6: For to the snow he says, 'Fall on the earth'; and to the shower and the rain, 'Be strong.'

Job 38: 22: Have you entered the storehouses of the snow, or have you seen the storehouses of the hail, [23] which I have reserved for the time of trouble, for the day of battle and war?

Job 38: 29: supra

Psalms 51: 17: ??? wash me and I will be whiter than snow. Wrong citation here.

Psalms 68:14: When the Almighty scattered kings there snow fell on Zalmon.

Psalms 147:16: supra

Proverbs 25: 13: Like the cold of snow in the time of harvest is a faithful messenger to those who send him, he refreshes the spirit of his masters.

Proverbs 26: 1: Like snow in summer or rain in harvest, so honor is not fitting for a fool.

Proverbs 31: 21: She is not afraid of snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in scarlet.

Isaiah 1: 18: Come now, let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall become like wool.

Isaiah 55: 10: For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not hither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

Jeremiah 18:14: Does the snow of Lebanon leave the crags of Sirion? Do the mountain waters run dry, the cold flowing streams?

Lamentations 4: 7: Her princes were purer than snow, whiter than milk; their bodies were more ruddy than coral, the beauty of their form was like sapphire.

Daniel 7: 9: As I looked, thrones were placed and one that was ancient of days took his seat; his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames, its wheels were burning fire.

Matthew 21: 3??: his raiment white as snow??

Mark 9: 3: ...and his garments became glistening, intensely white [exceeding white as snow in KJV], as no fuller on earth could bleach them.

Revelations 1: 14: ...his hair and his head were white as white wool, white as snow; his eyes were like a flame of fire.

See also FROST and HOARFROST.

Bill, Erastus. *Citizen: An American Boy's Early Manhood Aboard a Sag Harbor Whale-Ship Chasing Delirium and Death around the World, 1843-1849, Being the Story of Erastus Bill who Lived to Tell It.* Anchorage, AK: O. W. Frost, 1978.

p. 49-50, aboard a whaler name *Citizen*, Bill arrives in Oahu: When the ship first comes into port, some papers circulate on board inviting us to call upon the missionary and seaman's chaplain, the Rev. S. C. Damon.

I feel under obligation to see him because my mother had requested that I take advantage of such opportunities.

Persuading one of my shipmates to go with me, we find his residence and have a pleasant visit. The missionary presents us with some tracts, periodicals, and a hymnal.

I ask, 'Is there anything to pay?'

'Not especially,' replies the missionary. 'But if you feel like giving anything, it will be very acceptable.'

These words touch a tender spot.

I give him a silver dollar, just about all the money I have.

Later I write these words on the flyleaf of the hymnal: 'Presented by S. C. Damon to E. D. Bill at the Sandwich Islands, 1844.'

When the Captain questions me about my visit, I show him the hymnal with the inscription in it.

Angrily he takes the book from me and writes in it, 'For which I paid him One Dollar. D. F. Lansing.'

He then swears and declares, 'Those men are supplied with all these books free, and they are to be given away without any intimation that there is an obligation to pay!'

Blum, Hester. *The View from the Masthead: Maritime Imagination and Antebellum American Sea Narratives.* Chapel Hill NC: University Press of North Carolina, 2008.

As much literary history as exploration narratives, this fascinating study examines both several classics of American fiction and the reading habits of sailors. Blum has gathered a great deal of information about the working-class forecastle men and their interest in reading. For transcripts of their reading reactions, their dealing with ennui, and the production of literature for their use see entries in these anthologies for Cheever, Colnett, Dana, Delano, Little, Mercier, Porter, and several other whalemens.

p. 34: While there is a historical record of the contents of certain official naval libraries and of the portable loan libraries provided by charities, few catalogs of the contents of merchant or whaling ship libraries have survived. One rare example can be found in the logbook of the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*, in which a mate recorded the contents of the ship's library. His list heavily features travel narratives, conduct books, and novels (particularly those of Cooper, Bulwer [Lytton], and Marryat, although *Pamela* and *Humphrey Clinker* also make the list).... It is important to reiterate that these unofficial seamen's libraries, while containing some religious tracts and instructional manuals, were primarily composed of travel narratives, histories of voyages, and other adventurous fare, which more appealed to the tastes of most sailors.

p. 35: In time, most ships provisioned themselves with libraries prior to their voyages, and mariners continued to participate in the selection of the texts. In *Life in a Man-of-War*, the distribution of the library is attended with great interest. Some "three or four hundred volumes" comprise the library, which includes the works of Scott, Marryat, Cooper, Irving, and Bulwer. When the jolly tars came forward with avidity and subscribed their mites towards repaying the purchase money, and felt pleased to think that they had now in their possession a stock of intellectual food to beguile the heavy tediousness of the cruise, or to refresh their thirst for mental acquirements" [p. 108].

p. 113: Strikingly, maritime experience is routinely figured in sea writing as a form of reading or book knowledge, which requires—and produces—a special capacity for vision.... William Leggett’s *Naval Stories*, for example, features a young midshipman “full of blood and blue veins” who has an “inexperienced eye”; to this novice—who thinks he “see[s] all there is to be seen”—a visible calm means a “dull and lazy night.” Only the “practiced and keen eye” of a weathered old seaman, Vangs, who unlike the well-placed midshipman is a command seaman, can discern a coming gale. He presents his experiential knowledge of the future to the young officer as a text: “I read [the storm] in a book I have studied through many a long cruise.” What he reads in the sea’s book, is not just the “dirty” weather illegible to his younger shipmate but his own imminent death at the hands of that very storm..., reading is presented as a metaphor for sailor experience.

Brewster, Mary. “*‘She Was a Sister Sailor’: The Whaling Journals of Mary Brewster, 1845-1851.* Edited by Joan Druett. Mystic, CT: Mystic Seaport Museum, 1992.

This is apparently the first known journal of a whaleman’s wife written aboard ship. She obviously does a great deal of reading aboard ship but gives little detail of what she read or thought about it. Much of her journeys were not in the Arctic.

p. 36, Feb. 4 1846: Were it not for seasickness I should be very comfortable. I get up with it and night finds me with the same symptoms so it unfits me for work and but little of the time I feel like reading.

p. 40, Fri 20th: I am to sick to read think or do anything save roll from one side to the other.

p. 44, March 6: This evening we resumed our old employment that of reading.... Similar references can be found on p. 46, 50, 54, 55, 83, 95, 247, 255, 261, 265, 280 290, etc.

p. 47, footnote, Betsy Morey in 1853: I am much Pleased to see them [seamen] pay so much respect to the Sabath they all wash themselves clean and Change there Clothes and then I can see them with there Books A reading and this seems very pleasant to me.

p. 95: ...when being seasick I went to bed, took a book and attempted to loose my feelings in reading but that would not do... So I employed the time in vomiting and watching the time by the clock.

p. 97, an account of a dead young sailor who'd been sent to sea with books from his mother. The books "had not been read." Frank "intended to wait till a *year out* and then commence studying...."

p. 101, July 5: My thoughts and mind are taken up with the incidents of the day. I have read some in the *Bible* but not with the applying heart....

p. 246, June 26, 1846: This evening Mrs Whittlesey has read us a romantic story which our friend pronounced very good, who would think a woman of 50 would feel interested in love stories, when she pretends she prefers a single state of blessedness and occupies the same from choice—

p. 291, Oct 9, 1847: As for employment I seek none, not having the disposition to be at work, so spend a great part in reading and some in writing. So passes the day.

p. 326—account of whaler caught in ice in 1775 with dead still in place.

p. 342, Sunday Aug 25, 1848: I try to amuse myself by reading but some of the Sabbaths are very long. [Footnote notes later 1875 comment by Sallie Smith: "Sundays are about all alike [at] Sea reading and eating are the order of the day."]

p. 380, on an encounter with the Franklin search vessel *Plover*.

Browne, J. Ross. *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To Which is Appended a Brief History of the Whale Fishery, its Past and Present Condition.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1846. [See Pamela Miller below for a lengthy quote from p. 110-11.]

The cruise lasted from 1842 to 1845.

p. 43-4, about the Portuguese sailors in the forecandle: I asked Enos, the most intelligent of them, if he had ever read a book called the Bible.

"No," said he, "I don't sabe how to read."

"Did you ever hear of it?"

“I don’t know.”

”Do the people on the Western Islands pay any regard to Sunday?”

“Oh yes. When Sunday come, dey go to chapel. In de morning dey pray, in the evening dey dance and play cards; dey have fandango. Old *padrè* say dat bad; we say, here ten cent. Den *padrè* laugh and say no more ‘bout it.”

p. 110-11—see Pamela Miller below.

p. 151, at Porto Praya: ... during our subsequent cruise I procured a book entitled “Naval Battles,” in which there was an animated description of it [the battle at Porto Praya]; and of course it rendered the description extremely vivid to have visited the spot, and become familiar with the scene of the engagement.

p. 158-61, a long riff by two drunks based on *Julius Caesar*.

p. 202-03: We often speculated upon the cause of the old man’s [Captain] single blessedness at his time of life. It was generally admitted that he was ‘granny’ enough without a wife, but his stinginess was evidently the true cause. I found in a copy of Bowditch’s Navigation, which I borrowed from him, a kiss-verse carefully preserved between the leaves, which explained his sentiments upon matrimony, to the great amusement of us all:

Single I am, and so resolved to be,

For Hymen’s bands shall never fetter me.

p. 216, enroute Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar: The weather was generally rough, and I had few opportunities of writing or reading. I commenced the study of navigation, however, soon after we entered the Indian Ocean. Mr. P—, the second mate, who had all along been a very kind friend to me, lent me a copy of Bowditch’s Navigator, and allowed me to use his instruments. Aided by a little instruction from him, I soon mastered the elementary branches of navigation, a science with which every sea-farer ought to make himself acquainted, whether before the mast or aft. My watches below were divided between this study and patching my clothes, which had suffered considerable wear and tear in the late gales.

p. 478, Browne’s description of a good Captain: There was one trait in Captain P—’s character for which I warmly esteemed him: his devotion

to his wife and children. Not content with descanting upon their merits, he spent an hour every forenoon reading a package of letters written by his wife to entertain him during the voyage; and every night he regularly wrote her an account of the proceedings of the day, signed and directed as if for the mail. This arrangement, dictated by affection, brought the devoted couple in mutual communion. While thus separated, the wife had all the letters of all the preceding voyage to read, and the husband all those interesting little details of domestic life which had transpired during his previous absence, to make up for the deprivation of being separated from those he loved.

p. 511-brewster,33, Appendix which is Browne's summary of the history of whaling with reference to his extensive reading at LC of books he read after this voyage.

Brown, Martha Smith Brewer. *She Went a-Whaling: The Journal of Martha Smith Brewer Brown.* Orient, NY: Oysterponds Historical Society, 1993.

An example of a whaling captain's wife going to sea with him. Whaling wives were usually known for their New England piety amidst the rough-hewn crews of 19th-century whaling ships. This is the diary of one of them, Martha Brown, who sailed from Orient, New York, aboard the *Lucy Ann* on August 31, 1847, on an eastward voyage round the world that eventually passed Cape Horn.

p. 35-6 [Sunday, Oct. 31, 1847]: Through the interposition of divine providence, we are spared to behold the light of another day, and, though we cannot today enjoy the privileges of the Sanctuary, God grant that its sacred hours may not be misimproved in the closet. Nothing can debar us from coming to God in secret, and have we not the promise that he will ever hear the cry of faith and penitence, and in his own good time and manner send gracious answer of peace. Evening. I have read the first 4 chapters of Matthew with the explanations and notes in the Cottage Bible, and anticipate going through them regularly. Read 4 chapters ever Sabath aloud for our entertainment and instruction, with a fervent prayer that God will bless them to our spiritual and everlasting good. Edward

has read two cantos in Mr. Robinson's Poems, which we find very interesting. It is my desire that Jesus may be our spiritual teacher—that although deprived of the stated means of grace, which I have hitherto enjoyed, we may not be left to grope our way along in darkness, but be ripening for heaven as we are advancing towards the grave.

p. 39: I have been reading the memoirs of Mrs. Winslow, missionary to India, to day. And when I think what she done and suffered for the good of souls, and still felt to be so unworthy of the name of a Christian, and to come so far short of her duty. What can I think of myself, sitting with my hands folded and apparently thinking—that I am to be carried to heaven on flowery beds of ease? ... We have need of a mishinary on board. We number 31 in all, and not one, I believe makes any pretensions to religion. And as near as we can ascertain, not but one in the forecastle that can read, out of 16. I feel that I desire to do something, but know not how to begin.

p. 52 [Sunday, Feb 13, 1848] when she wanted "to hear dispensed the words of truth and life": And if we were like many or most of our crew, would not read a word for ourselves. Methinks our condition would be a deplorable one. What better are they than the poor heathen, especially hear at sea? They have appeared very well so far on the Sabath, they make but little noise. But what they do in the fore castle I can not say. The Capt. has not had to reprimand them once, I believe. I have proposed reading to them. Some of them say they would like to hear good reading. I desire to put it off[f] no longer than next Sabath if it is pleasant.... The mate tries not to believe in anything, but still he has a heart, and I trust one that is susceptible of right and wrong, and a Wife that is a professor of religion....

p. 57: April 2 Sunday Eve...I have been reading Mores Practicle Piety and Cause and Cure of Infidelity the past week. Have been much interested in them—Nelsons, in particular. If I could remember what I read I think I might become much wiser. It is my wish to become wise unto salvation I wish all cavilers [detractors] of the Bible could be persuaded to read that book and follow his direction for a happy result.

In late April Martha debarked in Honolulu to await a baby while her husband went with his ship for some months.

p. 65: I have just finished reading the *Mother at Home*. I think it is an excellent book and would prove a safe guide for every mother who would follow its precepts.

Her child, William Henry, was born in Honolulu in August 1848. After much anxiety Brown's disabled ship returned to Honolulu from Kamchatka and the Okhotsk sea in November.

Browne, J. Ross. *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To which is Appended a Brief History of the Whale Fishery, its Past and Present Condition.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1846.

p. 43-4: about the Portuguese sailors in the forecabin:

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p. 511-33: Appendix is Browne's summary of the history of whaling with reference to his extensive reading at LC of books he read after this voyage.

Bullen, Frank Thomas. *The Cruise of the Cachalot.* [Foreword by Curtis Dahl] New York: Dodd, Mead, 1947).

This fictional description of the whaling life, written in the later 19th-century, should rank with Melville but devoid of Melville's allegorical meanings. It is arguably a work of fiction by a fairly prolific novelist, though that is not certain. Although Cachalot was a maritime pseudonym, the work seems to be an accurate account of the trials and occasional pleasures of whaling. It was published in 1898, probably 25 years after his whaling journeys. Scattered references do show his fairly wide reading, but these likely did not stem from his youthful shipboard reading.

Foreword, p 1: ...just as a whim [Bullen] took to writing, a pastime for which he was fitted not by his scant education but by his lifelong hobby of reading. Many times during the brief off-watches on vessels at sea he had strained to read through the flickering darkness of the gloomy fore-castle what few books he could find on board. On one voyage, he says, he read the Bible through sixteen times.

p. 53: Keeping, as we did, out of the ordinary track of ships, we hardly ever saw a sail. We had no recreations; fun was out of the question; and had it not been for a Bible, a copy of Shakespeare, and a couple of cheap copies of "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House," all of which were mine, we should have had no books.

p. 62: While thus ruminating, the mate and Louis began a desultory conversation concerning what they termed "ambergrease." I had never even heard the word before, although I had a notion that Milton, in "Paradise Regained," describing the Satanic banquet, had spoken of something being "gris-amber steamed."

p. 64, allusion to Marryatt's "verbose carpenter."

p. 54-66 presents Abner's Whale, a great account of a whale capture.

p. 107, re the "Ancient Mariner": What an amazing instance of the triumph of the human imagination! For Coleridge certainly never witnessed such a scene as he there describes with an accuracy of detail that is astounding.

p. 121-22, preparing for a burial at sea: The captain was still too ill to be moved, so the mate stepped forward with a rusty old Common Prayerbook in his hands, whereon my vagrant fancy immediately fastened in frantic endeavour to imagine how it [the prayerbook] came to

be there. The silence of death was over all.... Mr Count [first mate] opened the book, fumbling nervously among the unfamiliar leaves. Then he suddenly looked up, his weather-scarred face glowing a dull brick-red, and said, in a low voice, 'This thing's too many fer me; kin any of ye do it? Ef not, I guess we'll have ter take her as read.' There was no response for a moment; then I stepped forward, reaching out my hand for the book. Its contents were familiar enough to me, for in happy pre-arab days I had been a chorister in the old Lock Chapel, Harrow Road, and had borne my part in the service so often that I think even now I could repeat the greater part of it *memoriter*. Mr. Count gave it me without a word, and, trembling like a leaf, I turned to the "Burial Service," and began the majestic sentences, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." I did not know my own voice as the wonderful words sounded clearly in the still air; but if ever a small body of soul-hardened men *felt* the power of God, it was then. At the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," I paused, and, the mate making a sign, two of the harpooners tilted the hatch, from which the remains slid off into the unknown depths with a dull splash. Several of the dead man's compatriots covered their faces, and murmured prayers for the repose of his soul, while the tears trickled through their horny fingers. But matters soon resumed their normal course; the tension over, back came the strings of life into position again, to play the same old tunes and discords once more.

p. 141, promise of books while in sick bay.

p. 154: the inestimable comfort of reading was denied me.

p. 168-69: The Kanakas shipped at Honolulu were distributed among the boats, two of each, being already trained whalers, and a fine lot of fellows they were. My two—Samuela and Polly—were not very big men, but sturdy, nimble as cats, as much at home in the water as on deck, and simply bubbling over with fun and good-humour. From my earliest sea-going, I have always had a strong likeing for natives of tropical countries, finding them affection and amenable to kindness. Why, I think, white men do not get on with darkies well, as a rule, is, that they seldom make an appeal to the *man* in them. It is very degrading to find one's self looked down upon as a sort of animal without reason

or feelings; and if you degrade a man, you deprive him of any incentive to make himself useful, except the brute one you may feel bound to apply yourself. My experience has been limited to Africans (of sorts), Kanakas, natives of Hindostan, Mallagasy, and Chinese; but with all these I found a little *camaraderie* answer excellently. True, they are lazy; but what inducement have they to work? The complicated needs of our civilized existence compel *us* to work, or be run over by the unresting machine; but I take leave to doubt whether any of us with a primitive environment would not be as lazy as any Kanaka that ever dozed under a banana tree through daylight hours. Why, then, make an exalted virtue of the necessity which drives us, and objurgate the poor black man because he prefers present ease to a doubtful prospective retirement on a competency. Australian blackfellows and Malays are said to be impervious to kind treatment by a great number of witnesses, the former appearing incapable of gratitude, and the latter unable to resist the frequent temptation to kill somebody. Not knowing anything personally of either of these races, I can say nothing for against them.

All the coloured individuals that I have had to do with have amply repaid any little kindness shown them with fidelity and affection, but especially has been the case with Kanakas. The soft and melodious language spoken by them is easy to acquire, and is so pleasant to speak that it is well worth learning, to say nothing of the convenience of yourself, although the Kanaka speedily picks up the mutilated jargon which does duty for English on board ship.

Bullen, Frank Thomas. *Fighting the Icebergs*. London: James Nesbet & Co., 1910.

A novel about a whaleman and his foundling 'son' who learns everything about whaling from his 'father': the book is a good fictional introduction to whaling, a teetotaler tract (the father becomes sober as soon as he has responsibility for the boy), and a tearjerker. Towards the end of the book the author says that the boy was inculcated at an early age in the habit of reading. But there is a little bit of everything here: a happy crew converted from alcoholism, the mendacity of the owners, the

death of the captain/father, the nip and sinking of their vessel, the success of the son, and his final marriage to a petticoat sailor.

p. 141: No, his education had proceeded steadily with his life.

Everything he learned he saw put into practice, and as he grew able to take a part, practiced himself, always emulating those whom he saw around him. The only exception to this was the reading of certain old-fashioned books which the skipper had bought for his own pleasure and which they read together, conspicuous among which were the Bible, Milton, Hakluyt's "Voyages," and Rollin's "Ancient History."

p. 197, while trapped in the ice: It was none the easier to bear because of the lack of any other interest such as reading or games, or indeed occupation beside the incessant scraping and cleaning of the whalebone. For on board of a whaleship the number of hands carried is always much greater than the ship herself requires, and consequently when there is no whaling going on the time hangs very heavily on the men's hands.

Except those who are enthusiastic "scrimshoners" or workers in bone and every, and that very soon palls when the shadow of a great calamity looms imminent.

p. 216-17: But perhaps the happiest time of all was on Sundays, when all ordinary work was solemnly put away, some special addition was made to the bill of fare from the carefully hoarded stores, and religious exercises, such as prayer meetings, the singing of the old familiar psalms and hymns, and the reading of the Bible by any who would volunteer to do so—all being assiduously coached by Grey [ship's doctor], who was that rare kind of man, a reader who could make the printed word live—were in full swing.

p. 243: "...God bless my soul! I've just remembered that it's six months or more since I've seen a newspaper; no wonder I'm carrying on like. Forgive me, I'll drop it at once, for I know that this Largie here wants a chance, and he'll say presently I have only been gassing like this to prevent him getting one."

Busch, Briton Cooper. *"Whaling Will Never Do for Me": The American Whaleman in the Nineteenth Century.* Lexington, KY: University Press of Kentucky, 1994.

An artful account of nineteenth-century whaling, with fascinating chapters on the overall industry, crime and punishment, relations and legal complications with US consular officials, desertion, religion, women (prostitutes and wives), ceremonial occasions, and an Honolulu riot.

p. 127-28, on John Diell, a missionary chaplain who was sent to the Sandwich Islands in 1833 to minister to whalers in Honolulu. William Davis described Diell in a memoir published in 1874: The chaplain boarded every ship as soon as possible, often ahead of the land sharks and crimps' runners "and extended the welcome of a brother to the humblest and worst. Sitting on a chest in the fore-castle, he would inquire about the voyage and the men's needs, informing that a good library and a quiet comfortable reading room, with facilities for writing home, were provided ashore. He not only invited the men to these privileges, but also to his home, where he said he would be glad to see them, and he generally left a Bible for each man desiring one." [Davis, William. *Nimrod of the Sea*. New York: Harper, 1874, p. 93-94]

p. 135-47, Chapter 8. "Whalers' Women, Whalers' Wives," There are two sections in Busch's chapter on women in the South Seas. The first, on prostitution and general availability of women in the islands contains nothing on the reading of either client or provider. The second is on the wives of whalers and their boredom and monotony.

p. 149: Some whaling wives adjusted well to their very limited world, finding ways to fill their days—especially if they had children to raise. Reading, sewing, and various domestic tasks were possible, but really only within the confines of the captain's cabin and sitting room, and the quarterdeck in reasonable weather. ...

p. 150: It would be an error, however, to generalize on the basis of these examples, however forceful. Even the best adapted of whaling wives suffered from loneliness and boredom; these feelings, coupled with the sheer incapacity to govern their own lives (except perhaps in the education of their children), are in fact the dominant themes of most of the many logs and journals that survive. Sarah Smith, aboard the bark *John P. West* of New Bedford, may perhaps stand as an example of the

demoralizing tedium. 21 February 1883: “Blowing a Gale trying to boil [i.e., boil oil in the tryworks] but hard work. nothing for me as usual.” 13 May: “Moderate nothing to be seen & nothing to be done.” 1 June: “I do not much knit lace and read it is getting tedious.” 13 August: “It has been some time since I have written any in this book but there is nothing to write about we have seen nothing nor no body hoping to some time. Have not done my Patchwork yet getting Lazy.” Even the same Mrs. Fisher whose veteran gloating is quoted admitted much the same: “I spend a great many hours in this little cabin alone during the whaling season, and if I were not fond of reading and sewing, I would be very lonely.”

Elizabeth Stetson, aboard the bark *E. Corning* with her husband, left a similarly revealing record. An experienced sailor, she was determined to make the most of her voyage, taking over one hundred books for leisure reading and noting each by title in her journal as it was completed, usually without remark—though she found Fielding “decidedly *vulgar, & coarse*. P. p. 153: She gave much effort to the education of her six-year-old son; she sewed; she cooked; she read, or at least taught, the Bible to small Charley....

Aside from the seasickness, such trials were found at home, but the boredom was something else. 1 May 1861, a year and a half at sea: What *unsatisfactory* life this is; day after day the same monotonous existence I think some times that we ‘never’ shall see whales again.

Chase, Owen. *Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-ship Essex*

Owen Chase's memoir of the sinking of the *Essex* by a whale, which inspired Herman Melville's epic *Moby-Dick* and the film *In the Heart of the Sea*. Owen Chase was the first mate on the ill-fated American whaling ship *Essex*, which was attacked and sunk by a sperm whale in the southern Pacific Ocean in 1820. The crew spent months at sea in leaking boats and endured the blazing sun, attacks by killer whales, and lack of food. The men were forced to resort to cannibalism before the final eight survivors were rescued. Chase recorded the tale of

the ship's sinking and the following events with harrowing clarity in the Wreck of the Whale Ship Essex: "I turned around and saw him about one hundred rods [500 m or 550 yards] directly ahead of us, coming down with twice his ordinary speed of around 24 knots.

Cheever, Henry Theodore. *The Whale and his Captors; Or, The Whaleman's Adventures, and the Whale's Biography, as Gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the "Commodore Preble."* (New York: Harper, 1850). [Reprinted Fairfield, WA: Ye Galleon Press, 1991]

The author is a pious, anti-papist clergyman travelling in a whaler from the South Seas to Boston, observing whaling practices and especially critical of the Sabbath-breaking customs of whalers. p. 47-48, attributes civilizing of the South Sea Island savages to the Bible: It is THE BOOK which has brought it to pass that the adventurous, weary whaleman can now traverse the entire Pacific, and land with impunity at most of its lovely islands, and be supplied on terms of equity with all he needs. Let, then, those that owe to it the most, be loudest in their praises, and warmest in their love, and most careful in their obedience to the BOOK OF BOOKS. [See also p.49.]. p. 70-72, finds him reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, and "Polar Seas and Regions" from the Family Library aboard ship: I can doubly appreciate now that amusing passage in the Holy War, where Bunyan says, "Silly Mansoul did not stick nor boggle at a monstrous oath that she would not desert Diabolus, but swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale." This feed is supposed to lie generally rather deep under water in these seas, as whales are often taken in greatest numbers where none of it is to be seen on the surface. In the Greenland and Arctic Seas it often covers miles and miles in extent, thick enough, it is said, to impede the course of a ship; and perhaps, in the economy of Providence, whales as well as sharks are but the scavengers of the great deep, to consume what would otherwise putrefy and decay.

A volume of the Family Library, on "Polar Seas and Regions," which I have been reading with great interest on shipboard, says, that the

basis of subsistence for the numerous tribes of the Arctic world is found in the genus *medusa*, which the sailors graphically describe as sea-blubber.... Beyond the Arctic Circle it increases in an extraordinary degree, and is eagerly devoured by the finny tribes of all shapes and sizes. By far the most numerous, however, of the medusan races are of dimensions too small to be discovered without the aid of the microscope, the application of which instrument shows them to be the cause of a peculiar color, which tinges a great extent of the Greenland Sea. This color is olive-green, and the water is opaque compared to that which bears the common cerulean hue.

"These olive waters occupy about a fourth of the Greenland Sea, or above twenty thousand square miles, and hence the number of medusan animalcula which they contain is far beyond calculation. Mr. Scoresby estimates that two square miles contain 23,888,000,000,000,000; and as this number is beyond the range of human man words and conceptions, he illustrates it by observing, that eighty thousand persons would have been employed since the creation in counting it. This green sea may be considered as the Polar pasture ground, where whales are always seen in greatest numbers.

p. 73: We learn, then, that the law of mutual consumption holds throughout the wide domain of the deep. And Byron was literally correct when saying, in his apostrophe to the Ocean,

Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made.

p. 76, Cheever reports reading or at least cites Wilkes's Narrative of the United States Exploring Squadron on Indian whaling on the northwest coast, as well as on Cape Cod.

p. 79: There are some points in the whale's physiology: ...well described in parts of a sailor's yarn that I have found in a loose number of the Sailor's Magazine, of which most excellent periodical we have several on board.... [a publication of the American Seaman's Friend Society]

p. 162: For the well-deserved commendation of this [whaling] branch of American industry, all persons in any way connected with it will be as

pleased as we in the Commodore Preble have been at the way in which New England enterprise was toasted at the New England Society's last dinner in New York. There is an account of the Anniversary of the Pilgrims' Landing, and the festivities of the occasion, in a paper to which we have been treated from an outward-bound whale ship just fallen in with. How greedily we have devoured it, none but a news-hungry whaleman knows.

p. 169, in chapter on wintering over on South Georgia: There was nothing to do in the evenings.... We had the radio, and we carried plenty of books and magazines, but these luxuries can be galling at times. We could sleep, of course, or we might muster up enough courage to poke a nose out into the freezing atmosphere and observe the heavens of the Southern Hemisphere.

p. 176-78, describes a Captain Warrens finding a ship beset in the ice in high northern latitudes, apparently abandoned but in actuality still occupied by some of its dead crew: On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin.

They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained its former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mold had covered his checks and forehead, and veiled his eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus: "November 11th, 1762. We have now been inclosed in the ice ;seventeen days. The fire went out; yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle; it without success. His wife died this

morning. There is no relief.” [Warrens eventually learned that the ship had been frozen in for thirteen years before discovered (p. 180).

p. 204-05, on the phenomenon of the “gam,” the events surrounding the meeting of two whalers at sea: It is almost worth taking one cruise in a whale ship to see how they capture and dispose of their gigantic game, and to learn some odd things a man can never know otherwise. Had Noah Webster ever gone a whaling, he would have been able to add some five or six notable and genuine English words to his Dictionary, which may never be known off salt water unless we record them here.

Mux and *skimshander* are the general names by which they express the ways in which whalers busy themselves when making passages, and in the intervals of taking whales, in working up sperm whales' jaws and teeth and right whale bone into boxes, swifts, reels, canes, whips, folders, stamps, and all sorts of things, according to their ingenuity.

Gurry is the term by which they call the combined water, oil, and dirt that "cutting in" a whale leaves on deck and below. The yellowish stuff

That creams and mantles on a standing pool,

and affords such a favorite, nice comparison, ready to hand, and hackneyed, for writers that want to express the odiousness of moral putrescence and stagnation, is nothing to this *sui generis* composition elaborated in the hold of a whale ship. Hereafter, if any one should wish to illustrate morals by physicals in a way particularly new and original, let him say that the filth and foulness of Mr. So-and-so's mind, or the daily scum and dregs of Mr. Slabbering Editor Such a One, or the hebdomadal black vomit of this and that member of the "Satanic Press," look and smell like *gurry*.

Gaily, or *Gallow*, as it is found in Shakspeare, is the term by which they express a whale's being frightened. Thus you often hear "that whale's galled," as they pronounce it.

Gam is the word by which they designate the meeting, exchanging visits, and keeping company of two or more whale ships, or a sociable family of whales. Thus we gammed two days on the New Zealand whaling ground with the Niantic of Sag Harbor. One day the captain of

the Niantic spent with us, the next our captain spent on board the Niantic, the boats' crews gamming together at the same time in the forecastle, and the mates of the ships meeting and having a gam in the ship that was left of her captain.

These gams are very pleasant interludes in a whaleman's life, when abroad upon the desert ocean, without change of society or scene, a thousand miles from land. It is peculiarly grateful for a rusty and barnacled old ship, that has been absent thirty or more months, to have a *gam* of a day with a fresh competitor just arrived out with all the news from home. Such a *gam* gives matter of talk and old newspaper reading for a month, and nobody can tell how pleasant it is but one that has experienced it. A shipmaster has a chance to exchange counsel, and tell stories, and let himself be familiar with somebody that's new, and he is always the milder, and better pleased with himself and all about him, for some days after such a gam. The use of these words is not a little amusing at first to a stranger; but I have come to believe them as good and veritable English, and to have as fair a claim to be placed in our dictionaries as a thousand words that are spoken oftener in ears polite. I like to talk with old whalmen upon the hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures of their hazardous war fare upon the monsters of the deep. It is a marvel that death, in its most appalling forms, is not oftener met with. Whalers, I think, have to look danger more full and steadily in the face than any other class of men except soldiers.

p. 244: Chapter XVI is an extended harangue against sabbath-breaking on whalers.

p. 305-06, describing the Notes, the “the repulsive hole called the *forecastle*”: Here, with no possibility of classification and separate quarters, with few or no books, or opportunity to use them if they were possessed, with the constant din of roystering disorder, superabundant profanity, and teeming asciviousness of conversation and songs, with no Sabbath, no prayer, no words and efforts by superiors to win them to something better and worthier, three fourths of their forty months' absence are passed. When they are on shore, or lying in port to refit, corruptions, by libidinous intercourse with impure women,

intemperance, and other abominations, vary, while they by no means improve, their condition.— Christian Reflector.

Christensen, Lars. *Such is the Antarctic.* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1935.

Christensen was from a Norwegian whaling family who took three expeditions to Antarctica to study conditions of the whaling industry at the time. He owned his own whaling ship, the M.T. *Thorshaven*, which he used for these trips. It is an engaging account from the perspective of a businessman, sentimentally attached to whaling. There is little about reading on these trips but a few indications of materials available. The book is notable for its discussions of the history of Bouvet and Norwegian attempts to occupy the island, despite its unsuitability for any whaling purposes and its only apparent use as a meteorological station. He also discusses the exploration of Enderby Land, and Riiser-Larsen's discovery of Queen Maud Land.

p. 49-50, from his diary for January 30, 1933: The original chart for M/S *Thorshavn*, dated 1931, shows that soundings taken from this boat and quoted in the *American Geographical Review* chart of January 1932....

On comparing our course in the *Thorshavn* with the recent charts, there is no doubt that what we saw from the *Thorshavn* on February 5, 1931, was ice under which the land lies concealed.

Christensen goes on to describe the 1931-32 whaling season as the last in which the Norwegian whaling fleet “was still working to its full extent, subject to no limitations as to the number of whales that might be taken” (p. 51).

p. 92, in a footnote: The almanac stated that a partial eclipse would be visible in a direction including the southern portion of S. America, the southern part of the Atlantic Ocean, almost the whole of Africa, and the nearest parts of Asia and the Indian Ocean. The eclipse lasted in all from 10.5 a.m. till 4.37 p.m. [Friday, February 24, 1933]

p. 151, Christensen makes a strong case for the importance of the whalers in the discovery and exploration of Antarctica: Taking a general

view of what explorers have achieved in those Southern latitudes, I believe we may say that it is entirely due to the lives of industry and hard labour spent by hunters and sailors in this inclement ocean. The hunters were first in the field and the explorers followed them.

p. 166: Riiser-Larsen writes in his diary, on the memorable December 7, 1929: This evening I have entered on the chart the land we saw to-day. The chart published with the *Antarctic Manual* cannot be very correct. I hope we may get a chance to chart the whole of this region. [Enderby Land]

p. 234-35: This text-book information about Gough Island is, of course, not particularly interesting. All the same, I think I may claim to have added a little to the geography of the island by my expedition, and that in two ways. First, we have improved and corrected the chart very considerably. Secondly, the plants we brought home with us are of some interest....

The special chart in the great South Atlantic Map, showing “Anchorage of Gough Isle,” is altogether misleading. The tempting-looking anchorage marked on the inner side of Penguin Island ought to be ruled out. It was near there that I was stranded and overturned in my flat-bottomed boat, the *Finbeck*. The ‘huts’ shown on the map are not to be found where they are indicated, and were probably not there at all, but possibly between the “G” and the “O” in “Gough.”

Cloud, Enoch Cater. *Enoch's Voyage: Life on a Whaleship 1851-1854.* Edited by Elizabeth McLean. Wakefield, RI: Moyer Bell, 1994.

A regularly kept journal by a greenhand but an educated one who makes references to Leigh Hunt and reads his Bible every Sunday, days on which he rails against the Captain for breaking the Sabbath by whaling that day. He is by turns dismayed at his decision to go to sea and then rejoicing at what he is learning, while lamenting the monotony between the actual hunts and his recurrent homesickness. All the most routine entries occur on weekdays, with Sundays devoted to comments on Bible reading, Sabbath breaking, homesickness for Sabbaths' spent at

home, and self-loathing for his decision to go to sea but taking responsibility for it. A few examples among many:

p. 18, August 21, 1851: A great spirit of petty tyranny begins to manifest itself on the part of the Officers. They certainly do not embrace Leigh Hunts' celebrated maxims.

Power itself, hath not

Half the might of gentleness!

But, I of all others, have a poor reason for complaining. Read the 139th Psalm, this morning with peculiar feelings of delight! The attributes of God are duly appreciated by the Psalmist. Dreamed of being home last....

p. 19, August 24, 1851: Capt. Vinall came forward this morning and distributed Bibles, Testaments & Tracts among the crew, and forbid all unnecessary work throughout the Ship. Noble example! ...Oh! how different from the holy quiet of a Sabbath day at home!

p. 27: September 14. Sunday. Oh! For one more opportunity to attend God's house at home! How I detest this fore castle, in which lewd songs for those of Zion & blasphemous wraths, for notes of prayer & praise are exchanged! How true the 5th verse of the 125th Psalm! Reading my Bible, and prayer, are two precious privileges—of which they cannot deprive me, however, and I will endeavor to improve them. Find new beauties in the 46th, 51st, 56th, & 57th Psalms.

p. 40: October 26 Sunday I make it a rule to spend a portion of each day that I live in reading my Bible and in meditation. I have gained some ground I think in this way.... But still this is not home!

p. 54—rails about the ship's desecration of the Sabbath by whaling on Sunday.

p. 56: Did not Christian principles interfere with desertion from the ship in New Zealand, I should certainly make the attempt. [Bible appears his only reading; he would attend church services when possible in port.]

p. 71, Sunday, January 18, 1852: How do the privileges and blessings of home, the sanctuary & the Sabbath come home to my mind today. My soul longs for the privilege of going even once more to the house of God! No church here to which even "2 or 3" can bend their way to hear the word of life, but surrounded by wicked & hardened men, I am

compelled to pass this holy day; not a single voice lifted up to the throne of Grace; not a lip moving in prayer but blasphemous oaths, lewd songs & drunken railings, are heard from ship to shore & echoed from beach to mountain! Morality is at a low ebb among the New Zealanders and they bid fair to become annihilated as our North American Indians have been by the progress of what the world sees fit to term—“civilization.” Its vices, with none of its virtues have been eagerly embraced by the wretched Natives, and they have been reduced to a “Saturnalia”—the essential elements of which are idleness, theft, drunkenness and prostitution. Miserable, deluded beings!... I blush to think I am an American citizen!! such have been the gross examples of depravity, most depraved, committed by my countrymen among a dying nation of wretched heathens that I heartily (though with much shame) adopt & pen the above sentiment! God forgive them!

p. 110, April 25, 1852: Another cold & stormy day. Read the 22nd Chapter of Genesis today, with peculiar feelings of delight. What a pattern of believing faith & genuine submission to the inscrutable ways of God, is exhibited in the conduct of Abraham when God makes the sore trial....

p. 166, Oct. 8, 1852. Friday: Oh! how heartily sick am I of this miserable life! Monotony, killing monotony, ever stands by to lend a hand in making me more miserable!! So ends the day!!

p. 170, Oct. 19: This afternoon the Rev. S. C, Damon, (Seamen’s Chaplain) came aboard and after addressing a few excellent words of advice and kind Christian exhortation to the crew, presented us with some tracts and a few copies of his paper, “The Friend,” a very neat little sheet, mainly devoted to the advancement of religion among the hardy “Sons of Ocean!”—God bless him!

p. 202, Dec. 19 Sunday: An unpleasant day!... This morning, Capt. Vinall called me into the cabin and gave me some religious reading matter. My thanks are due him for this kind consideration & I also thank God for the opportunity thus offered to peruse religious books in connection with my Bible!

p. 210, Jan. 2 1853 Sunday: This morning Capt. Vinall called me into the cabin and gave me some tracts to distribute among the crew. The day

has been spent (when I found time) in reading my Bible and in meditation. This is a daily duty and I have often felt that Christ was precious to my soul while engaging in it! Although a very weak follower of Christ, still I would not exchange my hope for 10,000 worlds like this!!

Codman, John. *Sailors' Life and Sailors' Yarns.* By Captain Ringbolt [pseud.] New-York: C. S. Francis, 1847.

A journalistic kind of composite by a somewhat pious and rather strict naval disciplinarian. The following extracts some may read as the comments of a urbane writer of sound but severe morals; I see them as those of a pompous ass.

p. [11]. A Preface: Most of the contents of this book, are contributions for the Boston Journal, written for my own amusement in leisure hour, at sea, when I had no passengers, and the tedious hours of a long India voyage hunt heavily on me. Such is my excuse for writing them, and my excuse for publishing them is—the desire that they may amuse others.

p. 16, on work aboard merchant ships: And then on board of all well-regulated ships, there is time given, and books furnished, for reading, and improving the mind; and more knowledge is often acquired in these precious moments than if abundance of time were at disposal

p. 43-44 is a plea to keep flogging on the statute books “that the fear of it may deter from evil.”

p. 182-93, “David Williams, the Steward,” is a satirical racist yarn about a cowardly black steward.

p. 242-43 records a visit to the Sailors' Home in New-York (Snug Harbor?): After attending service in the “Floating Chapel of our Saviour,” one Sunday morning, I received an invitation from the Rev. Chaplain to dine with him at the Home, which was gladly accepted. Having visited the library, reading room, parlours, and in fact the whole establishment, throughout which the greatest neatness and good order prevailed, we followed the summons of the gong to dinner. The Rev. Mr. Parker said grace amidst the profound silence of two hundred sailors, who then sat down to their meal and conducted themselves much

more like gentlemen, than a party with whom I dined at the Astor House on the previous day. Cold “Croton” was the only drink.... Two hundred seamen voluntarily bringing themselves within the pale of *civilization*, and behaving like so many rational and intelligent men! It would certainly but a few years ago, have been regarded as miraculous.

p. 251: I do not wish to deal in hints, but much prefer to speak out plainly. Such books as Mr. Dana; *Two Years Before the Mast*,” and Mr. Browne’s “*Whaling Cruise*,” however interesting in many particulars, convey very wrong impressions as to the general treatment of seamen. They do not assert in so many words, that sailors are always abused (for they acknowledge instances to the contrary,) but they give people to understand that sailors are rather maltreated by their officer than otherwise. The reverse is the truth. I do not profess to know about whale ships; but no one can read Mr. Browne’s experience, without seeing plainly that he has overshot the mark, and without being amused at his project of establishing a democracy at sea.

Colnett, James. *A Voyage to the South Pacific and Round Cape Horn into the Pacific Ocean, for the Purpose of Extending the Spermaceti Whale Fisheries....* London: W. Bennett, 1798.

James Colnett was an officer of the British Royal Navy, an explorer, and a maritime fur trader. He served under James Cook during Cook's second voyage of exploration. Later he led two private trading expeditions that involved collecting sea otter pelts in the Pacific Northwest of North America and selling them in Canton, China, where the British East India Company maintained a trading post. Wintering in the recently discovered Hawaiian Islands was a key component of the new trade system.

p. xiii: Messrs. Enderby and Sons had fitted out the ship: but nevertheless, I spared no expence in providing myself with all things which my experience of long voyages, as well as my knowledge of the seas, I was preparing once more to traverse, suggested to me as necessary for preserving the health of those who were to sail with me. I also

purchased the various voyages of former navigators, and such books on the subjects of natural history, as might assist me in my pursuits, and enable me to furnish instruction in those branches of science connected with my own ; and which remote navigation might tend to advance. In short, I determined to spare no exertion in fulfilling every object of the voyage, which had been entrusted to my care and direction.

p. 82: I do not pretend to any other medical knowledge, but such as I may have acquired, by some little reading on medical subjects, and the attention I was obligated to pay to the diseases and complaints of seamen, in the various voyages I have made, as it frequently became a nice point to judge, whether a man neglected his duty from idleness or sickness. I also paid particular attention to the practice of the different Indian nations, when an opportunity was afforded me, and from the circumstance of having no surgeon on board, it became a duty in me, to make part of my study, such an important subject, as the health of my crew; and I was so fortunate as to succeed in the applications I used, as to restore health through means, which the suggestions of the moment only dictated to me.

Comer, George. *An Arctic Whaling Diary: The Journal of Captain George Comer in Hudson Bay, 1903-1905.* Edited by W. Gillies Ross. Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1984.

A straightforward and not too revealing journal of Hudson Bay whaling at the beginning of the 20th century, just as Amundsen was coming through on his NW Passage. Comer was commanding the American whaler *Era* at the end of the whaling era. Has a few interesting book notes:

p. 69-71, Oct 1903 when *Era* is wintering with the much larger Canadian steamer ship *Neptune*:. [*Neptune*] intends to print a small paper occasionally and ask to have us contribute to its pages.

Oct. 23: On board the steamer they have printed a small paper (3 sheets of typewriting paper), its first edition coming out today. It is called the *Northern* _____. Footnote 7: The name finally adopted for the newspaper was the *Neptune Satellite* (see journal entry 16

November 1903). No surviving copies are known to the editor but conceivably some exist in family collections. [Another issue appeared on Oct. 31. Also on Nov. 16. Comer contributed a letter on Nov. 21.] p. 84, Christmas entertainment.

p. 148, Oct. 23, 1904, during second winter: This evening I spent the evening on the steamer *Arctic* with Captain Bernier. I was quite well pleased with him. He had sent me over during the day a card and pamphlet entitled *The Canadian Polar Expedition* which Captain Bernier is trying to get up for himself to take charge. [Bernier's plan was to replicate Nansen and the *Fram* by floating icefloe to the Pole, but from 300 miles farther east. Bernier's ship also produced a weekly newspaper (see p. 155) and also featured Bernier's lantern-slide lectures on polar exploration. Comer wrote a piece for it (p. 169).]

Cook, John A. *Pursuing the Whale: A Quarter-Century of Whaling in the Arctic*. With an Introduction by Allan Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1926.

Semi-autobiographical homespun yarns by a Provincetown whaleman and his career from 1868 to 1916, aboard many vessels including the *Charles W. Morgan*. They are interesting stories but not too revealing of the author. Cook's wife often accompanied him on his journeys. In 1894, he was Captain of the bark *Navarch* which wintered at Herschel Island during that year in company with other whalers and other women.

Volume I: p.58: As often as once a week we would be invited to a supper or dance aboard some of the vessels. The Beluga was especially fitted for entertainments, having a house fitted for theatrical performances. We were entertained often by companies whose performers were found among members of the several ships. [The book has several references to theatrical performances but no specifics as to what was played. E.g., p. 61 on December 25, Christmas: At 7.30 P.M. all went aboard the Beluga to witness an entertainment given by the 'Herschel Island troupe.' At midnight all returned home feeling they had witnessed a fine entertainment. On December 27th two men from the

Thrasher and one from the bark John and Winthrop deserted, taking a number of dogs and a sled.]

On December 31st we danced the old year out and the new year in aboard the *Beluga*. The thermometer was 25 degrees above, and the weather very warm. January 1, 1895, New Year's Day, was passed in making calls on the different ships. In the evening an entertainment by Gay's celebrated opera was largely attended and pronounced very good. The thermometer was 10 above.

p. 85, a theatrical play on New Year's on *Beluga*.

p. 88-89, leap year party was "the chief and grandest of our Herschel Island entertainments."

p. 102-03, describes amputation of Mr West's arm near the shoulder, with Cook as boss and Captain George Leavitt as surgeon and anesthetist. June 19, 1895: Captain Leavitt and I then went aboard ship and studied surgery with what books there were at hand to give light and instructions on these matters.

p. 209: Quitting Washington, I went to Alexandria, and got on board a brig, called the *Isabella*, bound to New York, at which port we arrived in due time. Here I obtained the rest of my money, and kept myself pretty steady, more on account of my wounds, I fear, than anything else. Still I drank too much; and by way of putting a check on myself, I went to the Sailor's Retreat, Staten Island, and of course got out of the reach of liquor. Here I staid eight or ten days, until my wounds healed. While at the Retreat, the last day I remained there, indeed, which was a Sunday, the physician came in and told me that a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, of the name of Miller, was about to have service down stairs, and that I had better go down and be present. To this request, not only civilly but kindly made, I answered that I had seen enough of the acts of religious men to satisfy me, and that I believed a story I was then reading in a Magazine, would do me as much good as a sermon. The physician said a little in the way of reproof and admonition, and left me. As soon as his back was turned, some of my companions began to applaud the spirit I had shown, and the answer I had given the doctor. But I was not satisfied with myself. I had more secret respect for

such things than I was willing to own, and conscience upbraided me for the manner in which I had slighted so well-meaning a request.

p. 211, records death of a shipmate: We never were able to diagnose his case, but tried everything that our books prescribed for sickness such as his, but none did any good. He faded gradually away and we buried him at East Cape, Siberia.

p. 220-21, in winter at Baillie Islands aboard Cook's *Bowhead*: About thirty [snow houses] are to be seen now around the ships, all occupied by families, with the exception of the large one which is used exclusively for dancing, or it is their theater, dance-hall, and play-house combined.

Judging from other parts of these stories, baseball was the preferred entertainment during winter-overs, whenever possible at the turn of the century. E.g., p. 263, April 17 1903 at Herschel Island: The sailors challenged the officers [of *Bowhead*] to a game of baseball. The officers won the game.

p. 291-93: Cook's encounter in August 1905 with Amundsen completing the NW Passage. On this final three-year Arctic trip, Cook's wife had a nervous breakdown when they were stranded with other ships at Herschel Island.

Cooper, James Fenimore. *Ned Myers; Or, A Life before the Mast.* New Edition. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper. Two Volumes. New York: Stringer and Townsend, 1854. [First published in 1840.]

An 1840 Cooper work in which he served as amanuensis in telling the narrative of Ned Evans attempting to "lay before the world the experience of a common seaman," such as Cooper himself knew, and which follows that pattern of degradation and conversion. I confess to an early impression that the work was more novel than narrative, and it certainly is an hybrid genre of edited narrative, or a semi-imaginary reconstruction. The repeated cycle of debauchment does become tiresome.

Cooper said in an 1845 letter to George Bancroft that this fictional account of life at sea "can give you some notion of a common sailor's

career” (Blum, p. 218). Hard to believe the preoccupation with religion was that prevalent among the common sailor.

Volume I:

p. 120: All the disposition to morality that had been aroused within me at Philadelphia completely gone, and I thought as little of church and of religion as ever. It is true I had bought a Bible on board the Superior, and I was in the practice of reading in it, from time to time, though it was only the narratives, such as those of Samson and Goliath, that formed any interest for me. The history of Jonah and the whale I read at least twenty times. I cannot remember that the morality, or thought, or devotion, of a single passage ever struck me on these occasions. In a word, I read this sacred book for amusement, and not for light.

p. 170, on returning to a life of hedonism: All the disposition to morality that had been aroused within me, at Philadelphia, was completely gone, and I thought little of church and of religion, as ever. It is true I had bought a Bible on board the Superior, and I was in the practice of reading it, from time to time, though it was only the narratives, such as those of Sampson and Goliah, that formed any interest for me. The history of Jonah and the whale, I read at least twenty times.

p. 191-92: A Roman Catholic in the hospital had a prayer-book in English, which he lent to me, and I got into the habit of reading a prayer in it daily, as a sort of worshipping of the Almighty. This was the first act of mine, that approached private worship, since the day I left Mr. Marchinton's if I except the few hasty mental petitions put up in moments of danger.

After a time, I began to think it would never do for me, a Protestant born and baptized, to be studying a Romish prayer-book; and I hunted up one that was Protestant, and which had been written expressly for seamen. This I took to my room, and used in place of the Romish book. Dr. Terrill had a number of Bibles under his charge, and I obtained one of these, also, and I actually got into the practice of reading a chapter every night, as well as of reading a prayer. I also knocked off from drink, and ceased to swear. My reading in the Bible, now, was not for the stories, but seriously to improve my mind and morals.

Volume II, p. 193: It seemed improbable to me [Christ as Son of God], and I was falling into the danger which is so apt to beset the new beginner—that of self-sufficiency, and the substituting of human wisdom for faith. The steward was not slow in discovering this; and he produced some of Tom Paine's works, by way of strengthening me in the unbelief, I now read Tom Paine, instead of the Bible, and soon had practical evidence of the bad effects of his miserable system. I soon got stern-way on me in morals; began to drink as before, though seldom intoxicated, and grew indifferent to my Bible and Prayer-book, as well as careless of the future. I began to think that the things of this world were to be enjoyed, and he was the wisest who made the most of his time.

p. 192-93, where he meets a new steward who had just joined the hospital. This man was ready enough to converse with me about the bible, but he turned out to be a Deist. Notwithstanding my own disposition to think more seriously of my own situation, I had many misgivings on the Saviour's being the Son of God. It seemed improbable to me, and I was falling into the danger which is so apt to beset the new beginner—that of self-sufficiency, and the substituting of human wisdom for faith. The steward was not slow in discovering this; and he produced some of Tom Paine's works, by way of strengthening me in the unbelief. I now read Tom Paine, instead of the bible, and soon had practical evidence of the bad effects of his miserable system.

p. 209-10: I went to the Sailor's Retreat, Staten Island, and of course got out of reach of liquor. Here I staid eight or ten days, until my wounds healed. While at the Retreat, the last day I remained there indeed, which was a Sunday, the physician came in, and told me that a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, of the name of Miller, was about to have service down stairs, and that I had better go down and be present. To this request, not only civilly but kindly made, I answered that I had seen enough of the acts of religious men to satisfy me, and that I believed a story I was then reading in a Magazine, would do me as much good as a sermon. ... As soon as his back was turned some of my companions began to applaud the spirit I had shown, and the answer I had given the doctor. But I was not satisfied with myself. I had more respect for such

things than I was willing to own, and conscience upbraided me for the manner in which I had slighted so well-meaning a request. Suddenly telling those around me that my mind was changed, and that I *would* go below and hear what was said.

p. 225, in Malaysia, on meeting an “old black” about to leave town: he inquired if I had a bible. I told him yes; still, he would not rest until he had pressed upon me a large bible, in English, which language he spoke very well. This book had prayers for seamen bound up with it. It was, in fact, a sort of English prayer-book, as well as bible. This I accepted, and have now with me. As soon as the old man went away, leaving his son behind him for the moment, I began to read in my Pilgrim’s Progress. The young man expressed a desire to examine the book, understanding English perfectly. After reading it for a short time, he earnestly begged the book, telling me he had two sisters, who would be infinitely pleased to possess it. I could not refuse him, and he promised to send another book in its place, which I should find equally good. He thus left me, taking the Pilgrim’s Progress with him. Half an hour later a servant brought me the promised book, which proved to be Doddridge’s Rise and Progress.

p. 244: I read with these men for two or three weeks; Chapman, the American, being the man who considered his own moral condition the most hopeless. When unable to go myself, I would send my books, and we had the Bible and Pilgrim’s Progress, watch and watch, between us.

p. 249: One day, the last time I was with him, I read the narrative of the thief on the cross. He listened to it eagerly, and when I had ended, for the first time, he displayed some signs of hope and joy. As I left him he took leave of me, saying we should never meet again. He asked my prayers, and I promised them. I went to my own ward, and, while actually engaged in redeeming my promise, one came to tell me he had gone. He sent me a message, to say he died a happy man. The poor fellow—happy fellow, would be a better term—sent back all the books he had borrowed; and it will serve to give some idea of the condition we were in, in a temporal sense, if I add, that he also sent me a few coppers, in order that they might contribute to the comfort of his countrymen.

Dana, Richard Henry, Jr. *Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea.* New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1840.

Depicts the life of the forecastle seaman on a merchant vessel in 1840. Published anonymously, Dana was an educated gentleman who presented himself as a common seaman intending to “present the life of a common sailor at sea as it really is,—the light and dark together.”

(p. 4)

p. 24-25, on a pleasant Sabbath at sea: The men are all dressed in their best white duck trowsers, and red or checked shirts, and have nothing to do except make the necessary changes in the sails. They employ themselves, in reading, talking, smoking, and mending their clothes. If the weather is pleasant, they bring their work and their books upon deck, and sit down upon the forecastle and windlass. This is the only day on which these privileges are allowed them. When Monday comes, they put on their tarry trowsers again, and prepare for six days of labor.

p. 39, during storm rounding Cape Horn: It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and everything was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching.

p. 46, following the sudden death of a seaman: Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who has been through a great deal in his day, and was rather seriously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending their Sabbaths badly, and told them they might go as suddenly as George had, and be as little prepared.

p. 98-99, at Monterey in California: I had never studied Spanish while at college, and could not speak a word, when at Juan Fernandez but during the latter part of the passage out, I borrowed a grammar and dictionary from the cabin, and by continual use of these, and a careful attention to every word that I had heard spoken, I soon got a vocabulary together, and began talking for myself. As I soon knew more Spanish than any of the crew, (who indeed knew none at all,) and had been at college and knew Latin, I got the name of a great linguist, and was always sent by the captain and officers to get provisions, or to carry letters and

messages to different parts of the town. I was often sent to get something which I could not tell the name of to save my life; but I liked the business, and accordingly never pleaded ignorance. Sometimes I managed to jump below and take a look at my dictionary before going ashore; or else I overhauled some English resident on my way and got the word from him; and then, by signs, and the help of my Latin and French, contrived to get along. This was a good exercise for me, and no doubt taught me more than I should have learned by months of study and reading; it also gave me opportunities of seeing the customs, characters, and domestic arrangements of the people; beside being a great relief from the monotony of a day spent on board ship.

p. 105-06, on a sailor from the Sandwich Islands who spoke some English: He was very fond of reading, and we lent him most of the books which we had in the fore-castle, which he read and returned to us the next time we fell in with him. He had a good deal of information, and his captain said he was a perfect seaman, and worth his weight in gold on board a vessel, in fair weather and in foul....

p. 203, in South Sea Islands waiting for their ship, the *Pilgrim*, to return and release the men from a period of monotony: Then I took hold of Bowditch's Navigator, which I had always with me. I had been through the greater part of it, and now went through it beginning to end, working out most of the examples. That done, and there being no sign of the *Pilgrim* [his ship], I made a descent upon old Schmidt, and borrowed and read all the books there were upon the beach. Such a dearth was there of these latter articles, that anything, even a little child's story-book, or the half of a shipping calendar, appeared like a treasure. I actually read a jest-book through, from beginning to end, in one day, as I should a novel, and enjoyed it very much. At last, when I thought there were no more to be got, I found, at the bottom of old Schmidt's chest, "Mandeville, a Romance, by Godwin, in five volumes." This I had never read, but Godwin's name was enough, and after the wretched trash I had devoured, anything bearing the name of a distinguished intellectual man, was a prize indeed. I bore it off, and for two days I was up early and late, reading with all my might, and actually drinking in delight. It is no extravagance to say it was like a spring in a desert land.

p. 227-28: It being the turn of our watch to go below, the men went to work, mending their clothes, and doing other little things for themselves; and I, having got my wardrobe in complete order at San Diego, had nothing to do but read. I accordingly overhauled the chests of the crew, but found nothing that suited me exactly, until one of the men said he had a book which “told all about a great highwayman,” at the bottom of his chest, and producing it, I found, to my surprise and joy, that it was nothing else than Bulwer’s Paul Clifford. This, I seized immediately, and going to my hammock, lay there, swinging and reading until the watch was out. The between-decks were clear, the hatchways open, and a cool breeze blowing through them, the ship under easy way, and everything comfortable. I had just got into the story, when eight bells were struck, and we were all ordered to dinner. After dinner came our watch on deck for four hours, and, at four o’clock, I went below again turned into my hammock, and read until the dog watch. As no lights were allowed after eight o’clock, there was no reading in the night watch. Having light winds and calms, we were three days on the passage, and each watch below, during the daytime, I spent in the same manner, until I had finished my book. I shall never forget the enjoyment I derived from it. To come across anything with the slightest claims to literary merit, was so unusual, that this was a perfect feast to me. The brilliancy of the book, the succession of capital hits, lively and characteristic sketches, kept me in a constant state of pleasing sensations. It was far too good for a sailor. I could not expect such fine times to last long.

p. 264: ...and we exchanged books with them—a practice very common among ships in foreign ports, by which you get rid of the books you have read and re-read, and a supply of new ones in their stead, and Jack is not very nice as to their comparative value.

p. 319, while bound for Monterey in Feb. 1836: Captain Arthur left files of Boston papers for Captain T-----, which, after they had been read and talked over in the cabin, I procured from my friend the third mate. One file was all the Boston Transcripts for the month of August, 1835, and the rest were about a dozen Daily Advertisers and Couriers, of different dates. After all, there is nothing in a strange land like a newspaper from

home. Even a letter, in many respects, is nothing in comparison with it. It carries you back to the spot, better than anything else. It is almost equal to *clairvoyance*.

p. 326, while confined to the ship: Unfortunately, our books were where we could not get to them, and we were turning about for something to do, when one man recollected a book he had left in the galley. He went after it, and it proved to be Woodstock. This was a great windfall, and as all could not read it at once, I, being the scholar of the company, was appointed reader. I got a knot of six or eight about me, and no one could have had a more attentive audience. Some laughed at the “scholars,” and went over the other side of the forecastle, to work and to spin their yarns; but I carried the day and had the cream of the crew for my hearers. Many of the reflections, and the political parts, I omitted, but all of the Puritans, and the sermons and harangues of the Roundhead soldiers. The gallantry of Charles, Dr. Radcliffe’s plots, the knavery of the “trusty Tompkins,”—in fact, every part seemed to chain their attention. Many things which, while I was reading, I had a misgiving about, thinking them above their capacity, I was surprised to find them enter into completely.

I read nearly all day, until sundown; when, as soon as supper was over, as I had nearly finished, they got a light from the galley; and by skipping what was less interesting, I carried them through to the marriage of Everard, and the restoration of Charles the Second, before eight o’clock.

p. 398ff. Chapter XXXII has a fine account of rounding Cape Horn on the return journey. The book has several other references to reading, a fascinating crossing of social strata between Jack Tar and a Harvard student pretending to be one.

p. 477-79, in a passage praising the work of the American Seamen’s Friend Society and other Bible societies: These societies make the religious instruction of seamen their prominent object. If this is gained, there is no fear but that all other things necessary will be added unto them. A sailor never becomes interested in religion, without immediately learning to read, if he did not know how before;... and hours reclaimed from indolence and vice, which follow in the wake of the converted

man, make it sure that he will instruct himself in the knowledge necessary and suitable to his calling.

Darwin, Charles. *The Voyage of the Beagle*. Introduction by Catherine A. Henze. New York: Barnes & Noble, 2004.

p. xv-xvi, Introduction: During this eventual circumnavigation of the globe, most of the time was spent first on the east, and secondarily on the west coasts of South America. With Darwin signed on as the captain's companion, the vessel's senior surgeon, Robert McCormick, was its naturalist. However, after only four months at sea, McCormick returned to England, because it was obvious that Darwin, nicknamed "Philos," short for "Ship's Philosopher," was FitzRoy's preferred naturalist. Darwin brought with him the works of Shakespeare and Milton (taking *Paradise Lost* with him on his land excursions), and, more importantly, numerous scientific texts, including Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. (As subsequent volumes were published, Darwin had them sent from England). The tiny cabin FitzRoy and Darwin shared contained a library of some 245 volumes. Even though Darwin missed England, he was not cut off from it; newspapers and journals arrived regularly, and as much as possible, letters from home.

Davis, William M. *Nimrod of the Sea; Or, The American Whaleman*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1874.

p. 93, on facilities for seamen in Honolulu, providing a reading-room, a good library, and help in writing home: And let me here alarm the Christian hearts of the American people by informing them that in no other Christian port on the west coast of America was there a door to welcome or a roof to shelter the sixteen thousand souls engaged in whaling, other than that of a gaming-house, a grog-shop, or a brothel.
p. 156: Sept. 5. It is about three weeks since we took our last whale, and we have had the greatest trial which attend the whalers. The dullness and tedium of life on board ship at such quiet times are almost unendurable. The uninterrupted fine weather, the steady trade-wind, the

daily routine of make sail, man mast-heads, scrub decks; breakfast, dinner, supper; shorten sail, boat's-crew watch, and "turn in," give not a line for a journal. The men become morose and quarrelsome; we hate each other, and numerous scores are run up, and appointments made to fight them out in the first port we make. ...All the whales seem to have gone to the bottom for a Rip Van Winkle nap. We all know they can do this, though it is contrary to the books, which tell us that they are warm-blooded mammals: even this is not the worst names the learned have given them. But whales are uneducated, don't take the papers, and without thought of irregularity, stay down to suit their convenience an hour or a week.

p. 191-92, Sept. 20 (Sunday): We have on board a scant ship's library of uninteresting religious books, provided by some Seaman's Friend Society with kindly intent, and an inexhaustible store of tracts entirely too childish for men famishing for intellectual food. We turn unsatisfied from these dying experiences of some good souls as they descend to the dark stream of death, as we live habitually so close to the brink of the somber river that we are not impressed by them. Pardon me for speaking plainly, but the picture of our life would be incomplete if I withheld expression of the thoughts of the fore-castle on such subjects. The comments of the men on these tracts, if hard by the givers would not encourage their distribution. Seamen see so little difference between the partial and capricious Deity pictured by the dyspeptic fancies of presumptuous writers and their own officers, that they mix up in a disrespectful jumble captain, gods, and mates. [Davis goes on to describe his reading of the "old heathen" Pythagoras, concluding thus:] And this reading seemed to satisfy their sense of the relation between themselves and their Author. They may not have known, but I think they felt, that the power of this Deity found expression in the beautiful and wonderful works in which we live.

p. 243, en route to Maui, following a gam with a passing whaler: The visit was at an end: Captain West went to his own ship, and our mate's boat returned, with some interesting books, secured in exchange for those we had exhausted.

p. 260: In consequence of uncongenial surroundings, I feel very lonely and restive Only three foremast hands in our watch speak English, and but one with whom I can speak on subject other than those of our passing life. The yarn, the song, and the skylark are seldom heard charming the hours and banishing the drowse of the nightwatch as of old. The books in our library are of such a class as only to increase the gloom and melancholy. A few books of worth would serve much to brighten the dark, long, lone path that opens up before us. But cast on my own resources, I may be weeding tares from my garden, and growing truer to my own nature. Who knows? A whale-chase to stir us from this deadly stupor would be a Godsend.

p. 291, on St. Elmo's fires, an illusion of flames on nearby decks, masts, or even the sea. Quotes both Shakespeare and Longfellow on the subject.

p. 323: The next day I went on board his vessel and receive a number of books; but I fear much they were not peculiarly adapted to the wants of our boys.

Decker, Robert Owen. *Whaling Industry of New London.* York, Pa: Liberty Cap Books, 1973.

p. 71, 76-77, re the involvement of James Buddington in the *George Henry* and *Resolute* recovery.

p. 95: Whalemens spent their leisure hours in a variety of ways. The singing of chanteys, often ribald, the 'spinning of yarns,' building ships in bottles, and reading were the most popular pastimes. Nathaniel Taylor, a doctor aboard the *Julius Caesar* of New London, left an outstanding account of his experiences and impressions of whaling and sealing. He mentioned that while he was at Desolation Island, the vessels gathered there had no less than three hundred volumes among them. An outstanding leisure-time activity occurred when two vessels met and a 'gam' would be held. Usually this meant a holiday time with extra food, much gossip and exchange of news, and visiting back and forth between vessels.

p. 183-87, gives an extensive list of sources.

Delano, Amasa. *A Narrative of Voyages and Travels, in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres: Comprising Three Voyages Round the World; together with a Voyage of Survey and Discovery, in the Pacific Ocean and Oriental Islands.* Boston: E. G. House, for the Author, 1817.

ABEBooks Description: First edition. Delano, an American mariner and author from Duxbury, Massachusetts, made several voyages to various parts of the Pacific including Hawaii, Palau, the Galapagos Islands, Manila, Canton and Macao, New Guinea, Australia, the East Indies, Chile and Peru. His "opportunity for fame and fortune came in 1790. A new ship, the "Massachusetts", weighing 900 tons and 116 feet long, had been built at Quincy to engage in the recently opened and much-talked-about China trade. Delano booked on as second officer and began keeping the journal that would form the basis of his [this book]. He published this lengthy--about 600 pages--yet readable and frequently exciting story in Boston, and it was reprinted several times in the nineteenth century" (DNB). "A Narrative." reveals Delano's open-minded curiosity and respect for the diverse cultures he encountered. It includes a unique account of the "Bounty" and Captain Bligh, accompanied by the map and views of Pitcairn's Island. The source for Herman Melville's short story, "Benito Cereno" is taken from one of Delano's adventures in which a Spanish ship is overrun by the slaves it was transporting.

The first voyage is that of the *Massachusetts* in 1792 from Boston to Batavia and Canton China.

p. 17: In undertaking this work, I was aware of the difficulties which I should have to encounter, in consequence of my want of an early and academic education, although I have always seized every possible opportunity during my whole life for the improvement of my mind in the knowledge of useful literature and those sciences that are immediately connected with the pursuits to which I have been professionally devoted.

p. 141, on Pitcairns Island in 1792: Smith had taken great pains to educate the inhabitants of the island in the faith and principles of Christianity They were in the uniform habit of morning and evening prayer, and were regularly assembled on Sunday for religious instruction

and worship. It has been already mentioned that the books of the Bounty furnished them with the means of considerable learning. Prayer books and bibles were among them, which were used in their devotions. It is probable also that Smith composed prayers and discourses particularly adapted to their circumstances. He had improved himself very much by reading, and by the efforts he was obliged to make to instruct those under his care.

p. 245: I have been told by learned men that the Greeks borrowed much of their philosophy from the Bramins. Although I dislike to quote from any book much, yet this is a subject with which I have no acquaintance, and must therefore use the language of others. In the article brachmans, the Endinburg [sic] Encyclopedia says, "It is now pretty well ascertained, that the arithmetical characters now employed in Europe are of Indian, and not of Arabian origin as was long supposed."

Contains a great deal about Pitcairn's Island and the survivors of the Bounty Mutiny.

Delano, Reuben. *Wanderings and Adventures of Reuben Delano, Being a Narrative of Twelve Years Life in a Whale Ship!* Worcester, MA: Thomas Drew, Jr., 1846.

Born in Nantucket and moved to New Bedford, both whaling communities. Father died in a shipwreck near Fairhaven when Reuben was 11. He soon took to sea with his elder brother. His style is aphoristic and cliché-ridden. Whatever the nature of his final conversion, it seems clear that he was never a member of a reading community.

p. 16: Sometimes of a Saturday afternoon I would be called from my sport by my mother's voice, and required to read passages from the scriptures to her, which was far from agreeable to me. It has been a source of regret to me in many a dark and dreary hour of my life that I had not heeded better those kind admonitions from my mother's lips, for much pain and trouble would it have saved me.

p. 22, in the Sandwich Islands: Not infrequently it happens, that the ship which brings out a missionary and his family to aid in their [native]

enlightenment will land at the same time from 500 to 100 barrels of rum, to spread its blighting curse, and undo the good which might be done.

p. 23: They have a school on week days and their manner of learning and their manner of learning is quite singular. The first one commences and the whole school repeat every word after him as loud as they can bawl, and a stranger passing a *kanaka* school would judge that it contained a party of noisy boys at play.

p. 24-27 gives a succinct summary of the manner of capturing and trying out the catch.

p. 102, this book of travel reporting on the South Seas and other cruises accompanied by his account of a desolate and immoral life, ends with his conversion: It is now eight months since I have broken the bondage of the evil habit [drink] that chained me, and by the blessing of God, I have become proof against temptation; and when I shall receive my discharge from this, my last cruise, I have confidence that it will be the most profitable that I have ever made; not in dollars and cents, but in the effects which a serious and thoughtful examination of my former wild career has produced upon me.

Dolan, John Davis. *Leviathan: The History of Whaling in America.* New York: Norton, 2007.

An epic history of the "iron men in wooden boats" who built an industrial empire through the pursuit of whales. "To produce a mighty book, you must choose a mighty theme," Herman Melville proclaimed, and this absorbing history demonstrates that few things can capture the sheer danger and desperation of men on the deep sea as dramatically as whaling. Eric Jay Dolin begins his vivid narrative with Captain John Smith's botched whaling expedition to the New World in 1614. He then chronicles the rise of a burgeoning industry - from its brutal struggles during the Revolutionary period to its golden age in the mid-1800s when a fleet of more than 700 ships hunted the seas and American whale oil lit the world, to its decline as the twentieth century dawned. This sweeping social and economic history provides rich and often fantastic accounts of the men themselves, who mutinied, murdered, rioted, deserted, drank,

scrimshawed, and recorded their experiences in journals and memoirs. Containing a wealth of naturalistic detail on whales, *Leviathan* is the most original and stirring history of American whaling in many decades. (From publisher's blurb.)

Druett, Joan. *Hen Frigates: Wives of Merchant Captains under Sail.* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1998).

This is a rather delightful book, based on the diaries and journals of women "sailors" accompanying their husbands on sea voyages. The women and the locations of their manuscripts (largely in maritime and historical museums) are listed in an Appendix. One assumes that most of these women were both educated and of a fairly independent streak for their times.

Chapter 1, "The Honeymooners" (p. 23-42). Almost all of the newly-wed wives cited in this chapter are described by Druett as readers, but unfortunately without specific examples or sources. There is one exception.

p. 27: According to the journal nineteen-year-old Alice Howland Delano kept on that wedding trip, however, she felt a trifle doubtful about the "social catch" she had married. "Last eve heard a dissertation on the qualities necessary for a married lady," she noted on the first Sunday of the passage, "but did not profit much thereby." Rereading Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" suited her mood much better, she said. "Only five hours' sleep last night," she wrote, and worried that she was turning into an owl.

Chapter 2 concerns life at sea for these women, most of whom seem to have bookshelves in their cabins and access to plenty of books.

p. 63-65: In later years a piano—or parlor organ, or melodeon—was carried along, piano playing being particularly fashionable after 1850, when the great showman P.T. Barnum introduced the Swedish songstress Jenny Lind to the world. It was a fad that was helped along by the catchy tunes Stephen Foster was turning out at the time, "Oh! Susannah" in particular being roared out in ship's cabins on all the seven

seas. Reading was another enduringly popular way of passing away the hours, particularly in latitudes where the evenings were light enough to read on deck. Vast numbers of books, newspapers, and magazines were taken along and exchanged with other seafarers as the voyage progressed. In New York, the Loan Library for Seamen put books on board for the sailors, and Calista Stover testified that they were read eagerly by the captain's family.

Many of the women noted the titles of the books they were reading, with well-thought out comments about the content. Understandably many took great interest in books written by other Victorian lady travelers, such as Abby Jane Morrell, who sailed on the exploratory schooner *Antarctic* in the early 1830s, and wrote a long dissertation about her experiences that sold better than her husband's lengthier book. At about the same time, the English actress Fanny Kemble's highly controversial account of her travels in the Americas, published under her temporary married name of Butler, merited a lot of criticism from patriotic seafaring wives. "Began reading Fanny Kemble's journal or rather Frances Ann Butler's," wrote Mary Dow in June 1838. "She is a curious woman I should judge from her writings, not much refinement about it." However, she added, "I do not know as we can expect much from a theatrical character. Some parts are very good, some witty, and some very foolish."

Reading aloud was very popular too. Maria Murphy read *David Copperfield* to her children, and seven-year-old Jennie, in particular, was deeply interested—you would laugh to hear the indignant remarks about David's stepfather." Even more successful were "Miss Alcott's stories." Captains and wives even read aloud even when there were no children aboard, needing no better audience than each other. Somewhat eccentrically, George Dow chose to read out accounts of "distressing shipwrecks from the *Mariners Chronicle*" to his wife, Mary, on the eve of a storm in June 1838. "Oh! Dear," Mary wrote, but George did not take the hint.

On July 1 the bark was beset with thick fog, so "more of his accounts of shipwrecks" were read. "I shall be glad when he gets through with it, Mary penned with a perceptible shiver. Two days later

she recorded “sitting in the upper cabin on a cotton bale all day, wrapped in a blanket and cloak squaw fashion listening to hear George read more shipwreck accounts. He finished them today,” adding with even more palpable sincerity, “and glad am I.” It was a too-vivid reminder of the other challenges that lay in wait for unlucky lady mariners.

p. 107, illustrations of children’s books.

p. 116: When Mary Congdon was on the *Caroline Tucker* at the age of seventeen, her mother became very uneasy when the mate loaned her a copy of Byron’s poetry, and she would not allow her to read it.

p. 154: If there was piano, parlor organ, or harmonium on board, religious tunes were tinkled, and sometimes women sang hymns to themselves. On the Boston ship *George Washington*, for instance, Charlotte Page noted that “as it is Sunday, I have spent the day in reading and practicing sacred music.” The other recommended occupation was reading improving books, such as Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*. These had limited appeal, however. Emma Pray tried to compromise by setting Sundays aside for rereading letters from home and penning replies, as well as catching up with her journal.

p. 155, notes that a sailor finished reading *Old Mortality* on the Sabbath, to the envy of his wife whose conscience forbade Sunday reading.

p. 172, on medical matters: A certain amount of hypochondria was inevitable, however. In January 1897 Maria Murphy noted that Shotgun was convinced he had diabetes. Then a few days later, he informed that he had leprosy, undoubtedly the result of overenthusiastic study of Dr. Thomas Ritter’s *Medical Chest Companion for Popular Use on Ship-Board*.

Druett, Joan. *In the Wake of Madness: The Murderous Voyage of the Whaleship Sharon*. (Chapel Hill, NC: Alconquin Books, 2003).

An account of a disastrous voyage in 1841-45 under Captain Howes Norris (until he was murdered for good cause) on the *Sharon* out of Fairhaven, Mass.

p. 175-6, when in Sydney Australia one of the sailors, George Black was accused of the murder [of Captain Norris) and incarcerated on Goat

Island, but one of the seamen had gone to the Sydney Bethel and talked about the case: The Sydney Bethel had been founded back in 1822, when a small group of quietly concerned men of good will, led by Chaplains William Cowper and Richard Mill, recognized the need for a charitable institution for sailors.

Bethels were (and still are) found in most major ports, attending to sailors in trouble—men who might have been rescued after shipwreck with nothing but the clothes they stood up in; who might have deserted ships because of dreadful conditions on board, men discharged sick or marooned by heartless captains. Bethels also catered to seamen who preferred reading to carousing the waterfront taverns, providing libraries and reading rooms. They held religious services and stages inspirational lectures; pious or spiritually troubled seamen could go to the Sydney Bethel to pray, or simply talk into a sympathetic ear.

In Sydney, the Bethel Union flourished despite an unusual difficulty—the lack of a meeting house. For twenty years the good men who were willing to tend to sailors in need rowed about the ships that lay at anchor in the harbor, carrying out services on their decks, handing out books and Bibles, helping with the writing of letters, and taking down details so they could notify the families of sailors who had died. Just six months before the *Sharon* arrived, however, a wealthy Quaker, Joseph Phelps Robinson, had come to Sydney on his private steamship, *Cornuba*. Not only did he join the ranks of the mission to seamen, but he also gave them the use of the *Cornuba*, to serve as a floating chapel and reading room. By flying the white bethel flag, it signaled that troubled sailors could find comfort here, and because one or more men from the *Sharon* took advantage of the opportunity, Joseph Robinson and his fellow philanthropists learned about the plight of George Black.

[Benjamin Clough, the hero of this book, became a prosperous pillar of Martha's Vineyard, and a prominent Mason, who never in fact told the full story of the death of Captain Norris.]

[From the publisher's blurb online, 12/16/17: After more than a century of silence, the true story of one of history's most notorious mutinies is revealed in Joan Druett's riveting "nautical murder mystery" (USA Today). On May 25, 1841, the Massachusetts whaleship Sharon

set out for the whaling ground of the northwestern Pacific. A year later, while most of the crew was out hunting, Captain Howes Norris was brutally murdered. When the men in the whaleboats returned, they found four crew members on board, three of whom were covered in blood, the other screaming from atop the mast. Single-handedly, the third officer launched a surprise attack to recapture the *Sharon*, killing two of the attackers and subduing the other. An American investigation into the murder was never conducted--even when the *Sharon* returned home three years later, with only four of the original twenty-nine crew on board. Joan Druett, a historian who's been called a female Patrick O'Brian by the Wall Street Journal, dramatically re-creates the mystery of the ill-fated whaleship and reveals a voyage filled with savagery under the command of one of the most ruthless captains to sail the high seas.]

Duncan, David. *Arctic Regions, Voyage to Davis' Strait.* By David Duncan, Master of the Ship Dundee...July 1826-27. (London: E. Billing, 1827).

Claimed to be the only fishing ship to winter over with crew on board, in company with another ship which was wrecked. Nothing found on reading but an unusual early adventure.

p. vii: So many books have been published in the course of the last forty or fifty years, containing descriptions of almost every part of the globe, that I am fully persuaded I should be introducing nothing novel or useful by increasing this little work with an account of Islands and places in the Arctic Regions; the reader will...but merely [find] a narrative of the various perils with which we were constantly surrounded more than eight months, while beset in the ice in the Frozen Ocean, and the different facts and circumstances connected with the voyage.

p. 69 described water becoming "crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven, cemented firm."

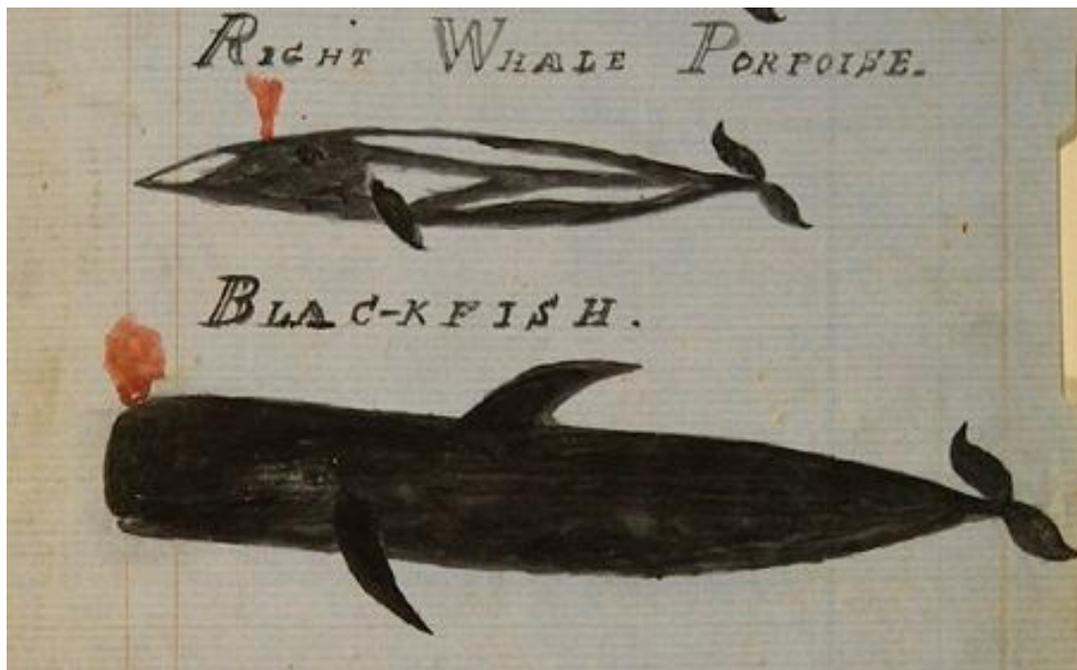
p. 70: 12th. Weather very dull; no reading a book below any part of the day, without a light.

Dyer, Michael P. "Whalemen's Natural History Observations and the Grand Panorama of a Whaling Voyage 'Round the World.'" *Old Dartmouth Sketches*.

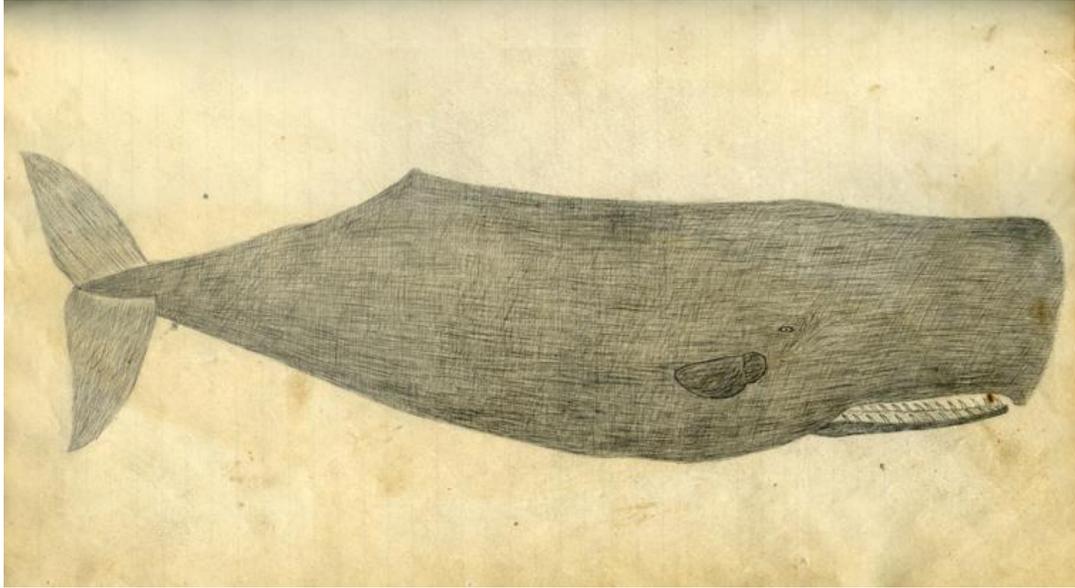
Apart from the specific species that they were targeting during the hunt, whalemen were adequate, but unsystematic observers of wildlife. It is not that plenty of animals were not encountered. Rather, it is challenging for today's researchers and historians to determine what exactly it was that whalemen actually saw. Some whalemen expressed knowledge of different types of fish and birds, calling most tuna-like fish "bonito" or "albacore," and most albatross species "goneys." Storm petrels were "Mother Carey's chickens," and the occasional "woggins" was a toss-up between a penguin and an auk, depending upon which ocean the ship was cruising in.

Whalemen are not to be blamed necessarily. In the first half of the 19th century there were very few reliable guidebooks of any kind, so accurately distinguishing species was nearly impossible. Knowledge of natural history was being actively pursued by academicians and collectors, and by the early 20th century some whalemen, like Captain George Comer and naturalist Robert Cushman Murphy, used the convenience of the whaling voyage to make observations for real science. As a rule, however, natural history observation was casual among whalemen. Sperm whales, right whales, bowhead whales, their habits, habitats, and general appearance were commonly understood at a commercial level, but only a few whalemen made any attempt to systematically identify other species of whales or small cetacea.[1] Blackfish (*Globicephala melas*, the long-finned pilot whale) are an exception as these were also frequently hunted and whalemen had the opportunity to closely observe both their behavior and anatomy.

This all matters a great deal especially when comparing scenes in Purrington and Russell's *Grand Panorama of a Whaling Voyage 'Round the World* with whalers' logbook and journal entries to make a determination about the intent of the artists. At the very least, whalers were inconsistent in whatever observations they may have made.[2] This is not to say that whalers didn't see an astonishing array of the world's species, just that their interests were almost wholly commercial and only rarely systematic in a manner understood today.



Caption: Third mate Warren D. Maxfield drew these views of a pilot whale and a rightwhale dolphin in his journal kept on board the bark *Chili* of New Bedford, 1856-1860. KWM #49



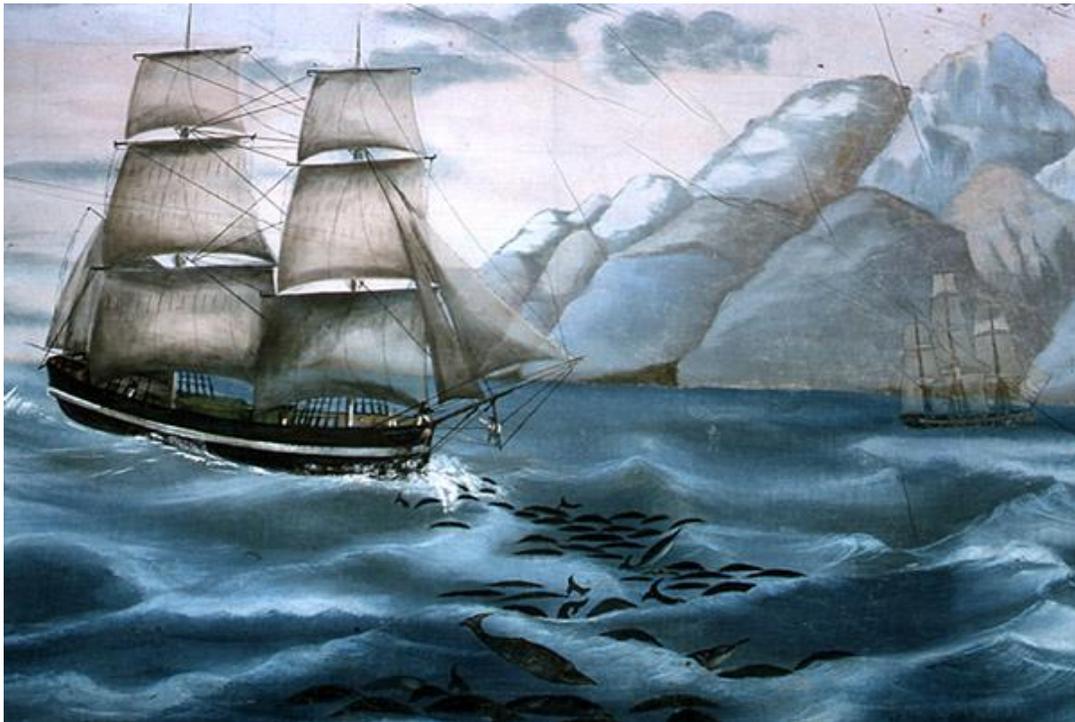
Caption: Seaman Dean C. Wright drew this profile view of a sperm whale in his journal kept on board the ship *Benjamin Rush* of Warren, Rhode Island, 1841-1845. KWM #A-145

The whales, birds, and other cetaceans illustrated and described in the *Panorama* are no exception. Obviously, frequent mentions are made in seamen's logbooks and journals noting a wide variety of birds, fish, and whales, but seldom are these animals illustrated, and even more rarely are they either named or described in any useful way.

Vernacular, seemingly random, and completely unsystematic terms are commonly employed to which none but a whaler can relate. For instance, one seaman onboard the schooner *Emeline* of Mystic wrote in his journal in 1843, "Shot a number of blue jays and one Goney-had them made into a sea-pie for dinner. 1st rate mess." [3] The crew was ashore at Inaccessible Island in the South Atlantic and seem to have killed and eaten an albatross and a number of broad-billed prions (*Pachyptila vittata*), small, slate-blue seabirds with a large nesting colony on nearby Gough Island. Blue jays are native to North America so what bird was actually being described can only be guessed by the plumage.

The same journalist observed and drew pictures of other birds "a species of haglet," calling them "Cape Pigeons" or "speckled haglets." There is such a bird, *Daption capense*, but alas, it would be hard to identify it from the pictures.

Knowledge of natural history was being actively pursued by academicians and collectors, and by the early 20th century some whalers, like Captain George Comer and naturalist Robert Cushman Murphy, used the convenience of the whaling voyage to make observations for real science.



Caption: Scene described as "brig in a school of porpoises," from Purrington & Russell's *Grand Panorama of a Whaling Voyage 'Round the World*, 1848.

One particular scene in the *Panorama* (shown above) is described in the handbill text as "brig in a school of porpoises." By no

stretch of the modern imagination could the animals painted in this scene be described as "porpoises," yet whalers commonly applied the term to any number of small cetaceans. Modern descriptions of the porpoises (*Phocoenidae*) describe them as small, blunt-headed, and coastal; "preferring to keep to themselves, porpoises are typically shy creatures and rarely perform the acrobatic feats of dolphins." [4] The only species of porpoise common to the Cabo Verde archipelago, where the *Panorama* is illustrating at that point, is the harbor porpoise, (*Phocoena phocoena*) a small, blunt-nosed creature. However, even with their pointed snouts, a hint of a dorsal fin, a large aggregation and fairly acrobatic portrayal of behavior, one would be hard pressed to say what exactly Purrington and Russell intended these animals to be.

They are obviously some type of cetacea, probably of the dolphin tribe, possibly of the sort called "algerines" or "algerine porpoises" by the whalers. The animals in the picture also greatly resemble members of the beaked whale tribe of the sort sometimes called the "grampus" by whalers. The region where this scene took place was in the North Atlantic Ocean off the Cabo Verde Islands. These waters are home to a wide variety of oceanic dolphins (*Delphinidae*) however current habitat projection maps do not suggest that any species of beaked whales (*Ziphiidae*) live in the vicinity of the Cabo Verde Islands. Recent observations (2010, 2014) have placed small groups of at least two species of beaked whale, Cuvier's beaked whale (*Ziphius cavirostris*) and Gervais' beaked whale (*Mesoplodon cf. europaeus*), around the waters off Cabo Verde, but these are confirmed as rarities. [5] Dolphins are another matter. Bottlenose dolphins, common dolphins, spotted dolphins, striped dolphins, and spinner dolphins all live in these waters, are socially gregarious and acrobatic in their behavior. That, combined with

the use of the whaler's term "porpoise" suggests that these animals are probably dolphins.

One solid advantage to the relational usage of the term "porpoise" is that most whalers used the term to describe the multitudes of dolphins encountered in large schools on the high seas. Further, as beaked whales seldom congregate in social schools gamboling about in the waves, the likelihood is very strong that Purrington and Russell accurately described the behavior of a school of dolphins.

While the bulk of American whalers did not record their observations of sea creatures, some did. Those few who did actually identify species in a useful fashion have contributed some important clues to understanding the prolific life of the oceans.

Another important example of how the *Panorama* may be interpreted as a natural history document is one of the scenes on the coast of the island of Juan Fernandez, an island in the South Pacific off the coast of Chile. Russell and Purrington deliberately drew large congregations of a certain type of black and white seabirds near Cumberland Bay. There is only one possibility for what those birds might be intended, and it is the Juan Fernández petrel (*Pterodroma externa*), a species of sea bird locally indigenous to this island group.

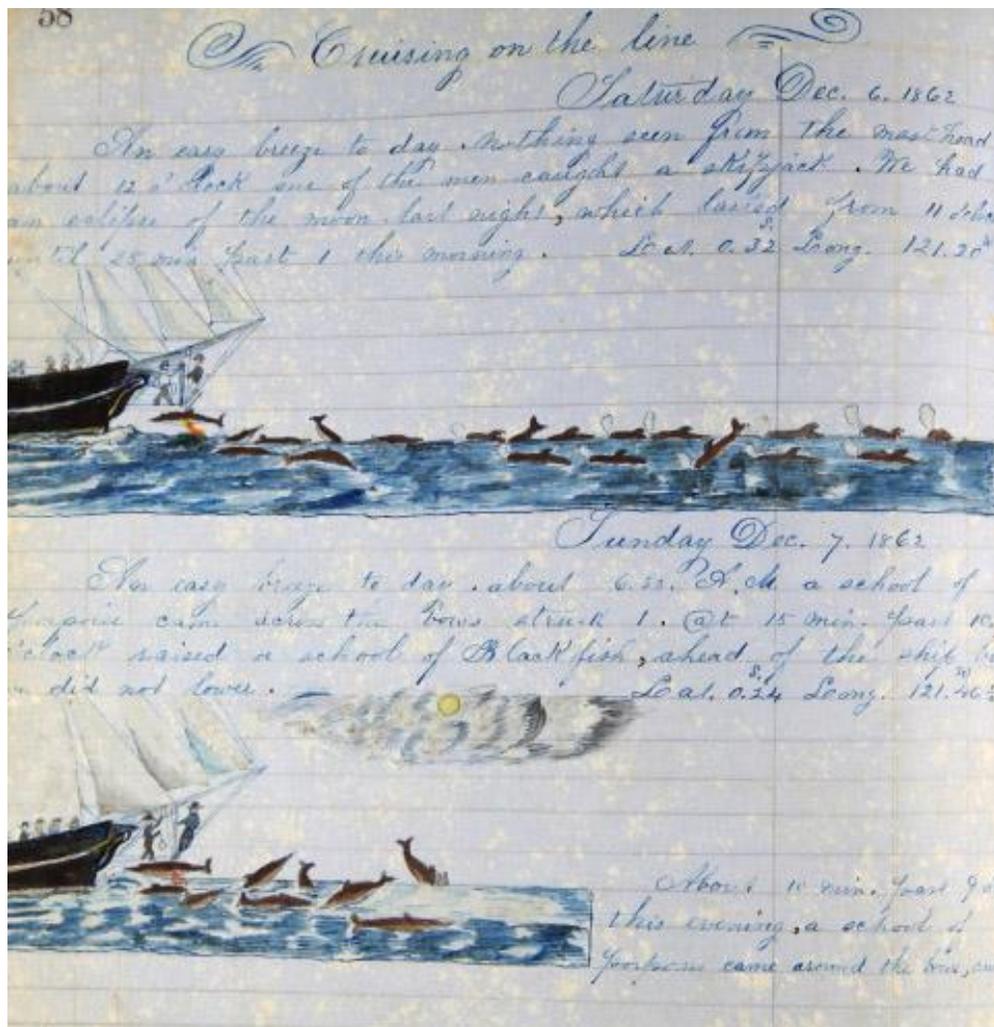
Probably the best single synopsis of whalers' vernacular language describing the various whales and small cetaceans encountered is from *Moby-Dick*. A selection of these can be read in Chapter 32, "Cetology," with the following caveats:

There was at the time of its writing considerable inconsistency in the naming of cetacean species and popular language swapped

around between actual species as far as Linnaean nomenclature could identify them and Mariners' usage.

Melville as a whaler himself adopted whalers' usage.

Melville was mocking the books of science written by persons with no firsthand knowledge of what it was they were describing.



Caption: Seaman Thomas White onboard the bark *Sunbeam* of New Bedford, 1856, drew these views of whalers harpooning dolphins from a large school swimming about the ship.

Whalers ate dolphins and would capture them at every opportunity. Like other whalers, White calls them "porpoises." These particular animals are about the size of a man and are

obviously frolicking in the water in a large, social school. KWM #436

Melville wrote in the first part of that chapter, "...of real knowledge there be little, yet of books there are a plenty." He then goes on to arrange his classifications and subdivisions similar to the table of contents of Robert Hamilton's "On the Ordinary Ceacea, or Whales" in William Jardine's *Naturalists Library*, as well as John Hunter's "Observations on the Structure and Oeconomy of Whales" in *Philosophical Transactions of London* (June 28, 1787); that is Roman numeral, genus, species. Being the satirist that he was though, instead of even attempting to sound "scientific" Melville made up foolish categories of whale species compared to the sizes of books, presumably representing the varieties in size of the very books he consulted, hinting that books are the sole source of knowledge of cetacean, and that whalemens, while seeing most of the animals in question could not properly identify most of them. Dolphins and porpoises are not distinguished and just because Melville called it a porpoise does not mean that it was one. Numerous whaling references, including early 20th century photographs identify dolphins as porpoises and we know that whalers lowered for dolphins, as well as harpooned them from the bows of the ship for food.

The Grand Panorama was intended to be educational entertainment, but for all that, it serves today as an important document serving to offer insights into the world as witnessed by American mariners. Whether or not the artists captured the true nature of marine life, they absolutely captured the significance of the American whalemens to the growing understanding of the world and its seas in the 19th century.



Caption: Seaman Joseph Bogart Hersey drew this fine view of a killer whale in his journal kept aboard the bark *Samuel & Thomas* of Provincetown, 1846-1848. KWM #364

While the bulk of American whalers did not record their observations of sea creatures, some did. Those few who did actually identify species in a useful fashion have contributed some important clues to understanding the prolific life of the oceans. The *Grand Panorama* was intended to be educational entertainment, but for all that, it serves today as an important document serving to offer insights into the world as witnessed by American mariners. Whether or not the artists captured the true nature of marine life, they absolutely captured the significance of the American whalers to the growing understanding of the world and its seas in the 19th century.

[1] John F. Martin, whaler onboard the ship *Lucy Ann* of Wilmington, Delaware, 1841-1844 drew some very beautiful creatures in his journal. They are anatomically superb however their identifications are occasionally suspect.

[2] Thomas Beale, *The Natural History of the Sperm Whale* (Edinburgh, 1839); William Scoresby, *An Account of the Arctic Regions* (Edinburgh, 1820); Charles Melville Scammon, *The Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America* (San Francisco, 1874) are notable exceptions. These books, written by whalers are all superb natural history texts, illustrated accurately with a wide variety of species and other documentary pictures. The average whaler produced nothing even remotely as insightful as these.

[3] Seaman Washington Foster, a.k.a. Washington Fosdick, onboard the schooner *Emeline* of Mystic, CT, William Eldredge, master, kept this model account of a sealing, whaling and trading voyage from Mystic to the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, 1843-1844. KWM 281.

[4] Mark Carwardine, *Whales, Dolphins and Porpoises* (New York and London, 1995).

[5] Hazevoet, Monteiro, et al. "Recent data on whales and dolphins (*Mammalia: Cetacea*) from the Cape Verde Islands, including records of four taxa new to the archipelago," *Zoologia Caboverdiana* 1 (2) 2010: 75-99.

Ely, Ben-Ezra Stiles. *“There she blows:” A Narrative of a Whaling Voyage, in the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans.* Edited...by Curtis Dahl. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1976. [First published 1849.]

Originally published in 1849, this modern edition of Ben Ely's personal account of whaling off Madagascar aboard the bark *Emigrant* includes a biographical introduction and much additional information by Ely's great-grandson. Facsimile of original title page. ALBION, p. 202. p. 86: It is a great error to judge that all sailors are ignorant; for many of them have received a good common, and some of them a classical education. Many of them are well informed in matters of geography, customs, manners and commerce; and were they treated as men, and allowed the ordinary privileges of freemen, they would soon show themselves worthy of a reputable standing in the community. At present they are exposed to be treated like dogs, or slaves at sea, and as outcasts on shore. Let the benevolent bestow their benefits on seamen, treat them kindly, teach them the doctrines and duties of religion, seek to reform them, afford them moral and intellectual entertainment in port, and furnish them with the Bible and other good books, and our ships would

soon do more for the conversion of the heathen, than a dozen cargoes of missionaries.

Faulkner, Joseph P. *Eighteen Months on a Greenland Whaler*. New York: Published for the Author, 1878.

Rather charming and humorous writer who was a compositor, Civil War soldier, printer, etc., and nearly blind, before shipping to Greenland in May 1865-66.

p. vi: Yet as you will not very likely be able to find out, unless I tell you, that I compiled this book without having any notes—all my papers, including a diary of the voyage, having been destroyed in a storm when we were homeward bound—allow me to state this much, by way of excuse for what defects you may observe; as also, that owing to almost entire blindness, I am quite unfitted to the task of mechanical writing, comparing of notes, assortment of papers, all inseparably involved in the getting out of a work of this nature unless with aid from an amenuensis and collaborator, who, timeously [*sic*] for me, turned up in the person of an old comrade, to whom the services exacted have been purely *labor amoris*, both of us bravely holding ourselves uninterdicted by the imperative warning set forth in the imprecative dictum of that sublime and far-seeing genius, “the man of Uz:” “Oh that mine enemy would write a book.”

p. 187: passage on winter entertainment: plays and theatricals, Sunday services, serious lectures, nigger minstrel shows, debating clubs, etc. Nicely written.

p. 226: Each Sunday regularly, twice a day, divine service was held on board the “*Perseverance*,” a chapter of the Bible being perused with commentation, and extempore prayer, and frequently the reading of a sermon, besides prayer-meeting twice during the week; and now they quietly joined in with us in a celebration, tacitly ignored by them at home, and in a way best consonant to their ideas and tastes, where every one followed his own bent so much.

p. 257, alludes to a volume of Shakespear “whose immortal writings I had out of the excellent library of the *Perseverance*...”

Fausset, David. *Writing the New World: Imaginary Voyages....*
Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 1993.

p. 3: the exotic literature of Europe “was most clearly manifested in fiction about the regions that remained unknown the longest....their works, too, would finally be overtaken by history and supplanted by scientific descriptions of the material and social worlds.” (his examples are Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Poe, Lovecraft)

Grady, John. *Matthew Fontaine Maury, Father of Oceanography: A Biography, 1806-1873.* Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2015.

Summary [from ABEBooks]: In becoming "a useful man" on the maritime stage, Matthew Fontaine Maury focused light on the ills of a clique-ridden Navy, charted sea lanes and bested Great Britain's admiralty in securing the fastest, safest routes to India and Australia. He helped bind the Old and New worlds with the laying of the transatlantic cable, forcefully advocated Southern rights in a troubled union, and preached Manifest Destiny from the Arctic to Cape Horn. Late in life, he revolutionized warfare in perfecting electronically detonated mines. Maury's eagerness to go to the public in person and in print on the questions of the day riled powerful men in business and politics, and the U.S., Confederate and Royal navies. They dismissed him as the "Man on the Hill." Over his career, Maury more than once ran afoul of Jefferson Davis, and Stephen R. Mallory, secretary of the Confederate States Navy. He argued against eminent members of the nation's emerging scientific community in a decades-long debate over science for its own sake versus science for the people's sake. Through the political, social and scientific struggles of his time, however, Maury had his share of powerful allies, like President John Tyler; but by the early 1870s they, too, were in eclipse or in the grave.

p. 48, in an early circumnavigation (1926) to the Indian Ocean aboard *Vincennes*, Maury: went through a course of study commencing with the rudiments of Euclid and extending to the higher mathematics of LaPlace.

Hall, Daniel Weston. *Arctic Rovings; Or, The Adventures of a New Bedford Boy on Sea and Land.* (Boston: A Tompkins, 1861).

A youthful autobiographical account of the cruelty of unjust captains in exercising their power. The whaler was the *Condor* and the Captain a Mr. Whiteside. Records various incidents that “relieve the monotony of sea life”: a man overboard; a suicide under delirium tremens; beatings for no apparent reason by a vindictive captain; the thrill of “There she blows!”

p. 29-30: From the commencement of the voyage the discipline of the ship had been maintained with a degree of severity altogether uncalled for, and in my opinion, unjustifiable. It is not my present intention to cast reproach upon any one on board the *Condor*... but, I shall, in the course of my narrative, describe a few cases of punishment in which I was myself particularly concerned. In doing this, I shall “naught extenuate, nor set down aught in malice” [Othello]; and having stated facts in plain terms, I shall leave the reader to judge for himself in regard to the treatment received by the crew of the *Condor*, at the hands of the commander and superior officers. [Hall goes on to tell a hair raising account of the captain’s sadistic malice which eventually caused Hall to escape the ship in Siberia; at home his father later sued Captain Whiteside, who on bail went on to captain the *Charles W. Morgan*. The case which Hall asks the reader to judge for himself is a compelling one.]

p. 43-47, when he and another off duty sailor named Pope were “sky-larking”: For the benefit of my landsmen readers, I will state in this connection, that in the term sky-larking, is comprehended wrestling, sparring, and all the other athletic sports and boisterous pastimes, by which sailors seek to assuage the *tedium vitæ*, or relieve the exuberance of animal spirits.

On this particular occasion Pope and myself were having a “set to” at sparring, merely for the fun of the thing, and without the slightest ill will or anger upon either side.

While amusing ourselves in this manner, the mate came forward, and ordering us on deck, bade us walk aft and report ourselves to the captain.

The captain was pacing the quarter deck at the time, apparently in very bad humor; but as Pope and myself approached him, he greeted us with an oath, which I will not shock the reader by repeating, and immediately ordered us to the mast head, telling us to remain there until we received permission to come down.

In obedience to this command, Pope ascended to the main top-gallant cross-tress, while I clambered up the mizzen rigging and perched myself upon the royal yard. We were allowed to remain at our posts for about half an hour; for what reason I cannot imagine, unless, indeed, it were that we might have sufficient time to reflect upon the enormity of the crime we had just committed, and repent of our sins before receiving their well merited punishment. If this were really so, I fear we were not sufficiently grateful for this clemency on the part of our kind hearted commander; but I digress.

We were at length commanded to come down, and stationed side by side near the mizzen rigging; when the captain informed us that we had been “making believe fight for our own amusement we should now fight in earnest for his,” adding, that whoever got whipped should receive a flogging from him also.

Having no alternative but to obey, we commenced fighting, taking care, however to strike as lightly as we dared under the circumstances. After a few minutes of this compulsory fighting, Pope gave up, saying that I was too much for him; but this was not sufficient to satisfy the captain, who exclaimed: “That is no fighting at all!” adding with an oath, “I will show you how to fight and help you myself in the bargain.”

He then procured a short whip, having several lashes of small tarred cords, similar to what is known on shipboard as the ‘Cat,’ and, to my surprise, ordered me ‘to strip!’ The reader can well imagine, that I obeyed this command most unwillingly: I was completely in his power, however, and neither dared to disobey, or even to express my indignation at this piece of injustice. I accordingly removed all my clothing above the waist; after which, the captain bade me “take fast

hold of the mizzen belaying pins,” and not to let go when he struck, unless “I wished to receive a double portion.” He then proceeded to give me eighteen blows upon my bare back, with the whip, laying them on with his whole strength, and causing the blood to flow freely at nearly every blow; after which he handed the instrument to Pope, and bade him give me half a dozen.” This was promptly done; the blows which I received from my fellow sufferer, however, being far less painful than those given me by the captain. [Pope then received eighteen blows from the Captain and none from Hall.]

We were then allowed to resume our clothing, and, with many curses, were ordered to return to the forecabin. We suffered intensely for many days afterwards, from the effects of this flogging, and it was with no little difficulty that we performed our duties: Still, we dared not complain, for we knew to well the temper of our commander; and were well aware that a still more painful punishment would attend a refusal to perform our appropriate labors.

[The remainder of the book recounts Hall’s escape from the ship, his adventures in Siberia, his rescue following his father’s advertisement in New Bedford for other whalers to seek his son on their whaling journeys, and finally his reunion with his father in New Bedford.

Hawes, Charles Boardman. *Whaling Wherein are Discussed the First Whalers of Whom We Have Record... [to] the Present State of a Once Flourishing and Lucrative Industry.* Garden City, NY: Doubleday, Page, 1924.

p. 320-21, on the decline of the industry, and the sources of its history: Thus dies old-fashioned whaling. There is only one way now to see it, and that is in its records and relics. Of records there are many, beginning away back with the days of Basque and Norseman and coming on down, through the Spitzbergen days—both English and Dutch accounts of them—the later Arctic whaling of the Hull and the Dundee fleet, and the "southern whale fishery" to our own American whaling. Of those earlier days some few first-hand accounts still survive, and of American whaling there are literally hundreds of log books and account books—

the one showing life at sea; the other, the counting-house side of the game.

Some few of these records—copies of the old books on early and later whaling, and a few scattered logs and journals and account books—are to be found in a few large libraries and sometimes in the most unexpected places. In the New Bedford Free Public Library, however, is such a collection as one could hardly believe possible. Possible or not, there it is and for any one to see and read in: five hundred or more logs and as many account books just as they came from captains and owners and the grown children of captains and owners, who have given them freely to swell the library's big collection of whaling literature. A complete file of the New Bedford Shipping List and Merchant's Transcript is there, too, with lists of vessels; notices of arrivals and departures; oil market and bone market reports; news of mutinies, wrecks, record cargoes, and newly discovered whaling grounds; advertisements of riggers and outfitters—everything "of interest to whalemens."

Downstairs in the newspaper room are pictures of whaling, beginning—chronologically speaking—with three highly informing old woodcuts of the Jonah incident. There are copies of the very early copperplates of Spitzbergen whaling, and Japanese prints of whaling off their own coast. There are German prints, French prints, and English prints, lithographs and photographs and water colours from the stiffest and most absurdly unreal whales in—or rather, on—the petrified waves of an ocean that knows its place and keeps it, to the very modern and vividly real oil paintings by Clifford Ashley, of whaling as it actually was, out of New Bedford in the days of her whaling glory. And as you go out of the library you will stop again, as you did when you came in, beside the bronze statue of "The Whale-man" in the bow of a whaleboat, iron in hand, watching for the moment to strike.

Hazen, Jacob A. *Five Years Before the Mast, Or Life in the Forecastle, Aboard of a Whaler and Man of War.* Second edition. (Philadelphia, William P. Hazard, 1854).

An actual 1837 Atlantic trip aboard a Sag Harbor whaler told in fictional form, illustrated with woodcuts. Well-disguised fictional account of sailors' life, near-mutiny and desertion, etc. The hero is a novel reader (see p. 61-2, 92, 139), and the author an accomplished writer.

p. 45-46—amusing anecdote about Latin books.

p. 144-45, on attempts to get place on one of the Wilkes ExEx ships.

p. 212ff, amusing incident of encounter with lady missionary onboard ship when he is in irons, but reading a novel. She of course was there to give him something more uplifting to read, but he spurns it.

Heflin, William L. "New Light on Herman Melville's Cruise in the *Charles and Henry*," *Historic Nantucket* 22 (Oct 1974) p. 11-17

Second section is on books aboard the ship *Charles and Henry* on which Melville shipped in 1840 for five years.

p. 11: Fortunately for the crew, and especially for Herman Melville, the *Charles and Henry* carried a small library—a rarity in whaleships of the time—put aboard her by the Coffin owners. It consisted of thirty-seven books and two magazines.... The choice of these books—many of them juvenile, didactic, and sentimental in character,—seems to indicate in the Coffin owners, or their stationer, a shrewd assessment of the levels of literacy and taste among whalemens, plus a concerned effort to provide moral suasion. Dominant symbols in these volumes are home, fireside, country, and church. But this small library was intended to entertain, too. Much of it was popular fiction, including nautical yarns, romances, and on adventure stories. There were also works of history (even one on banking) and biography. A good number of these volumes were published in the year of the ship's sailing.

p. 11-15, listing of books bought for the ship from Andrew W. Macy for \$16.24. Cruise books included books of moral suasion, entertainment and romance, history, etc. Gives list of 37 titles as follows; the American edition closest to the time of the voyage is listed when possible:

Goodrich, Samuel G. *Moral Tales*. (New York: Nafis & Cornish, 1840).

Cardell, William S. *Story of Jack Halyard, the Sailor Boy*. 30th ed. (Philadelphia: Uriah Hunt, 1835).

Abbott, Jacob. *The Young Christian*. Rev. ed. (New York: American Tract Society, 1832 or later).

Family Library. 4 titles. (New York: Harper, 1830ff). from Harper's Family Library.

Colton, Walter. *Visit to Constantinople and Athens*. (New York: Levitt, Lord, 1836).

American Revolution. Unidentified.

The Shipwreck, or, The Desert Island. (Philadelphia, James Kay, 1840).

Holden, Horace. *A Narrative of the Shipwreck, Captivity and Sufferings of \Horace Holden and Benj. H. Nute*. (Boston: Weeks, Jordan, 1839).

Howitt, Mary Botham. *Strive and Thrive: A Tale..* (Boston: James Munroe, 1840).

History of Banking. Unidentified, possibly Richard Hildreth; *The History of Banks*. (London: Hodson, 1837).

Howitt, Mary Botham. *Hope on! Hope ever! Or, The Boyhood of Felix Law*. (Boston:: James Munroe, 1840).

Victims of Gaming; Being Extracts from the Diary of an American Physician. (Boston: Weeks, Jordan, 1838).

Graham, Sylvester. *A Lecture to Young Men on Chastity*. (Boston: George W. Light, 1849).

Sedgwick, Catharine Maria. *Home*. (Boston: James Munroe, 1839).

Webb, Thomas H. *Scenes in Nature*. (Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, Webb, 1840).

Hofland, Mrs. Barbara. *The History of a Merchant's Widow and Her Young Family*. (New York: Gilley, Austin, 1830).

Hildreth, Richard. *The People's Presidential Candidate, Or, The Life of William Henry Harrison*. (Boston: Weeks, Jordan, 1840).

Defoe, Daniel. *The Children's Robinson Crusoe*. Boston: Hillird, Gray, 1830).

Defoe, Daniel. *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. New ed. (New York; C. Wells, 1836).

Oberlin, Johann Friedrich. *Memoirs*. 2d ed. (London: Holdsworth & Ball, 1830).

Amory, John H. *The Young Rover*. (Boston: James B. Dow, 1836).

Abbott, Jacob. *Fire-side Piety, Or, The Duties and Enjoyments of Family Religion*. (New York: Leavitt, Lord, 1834).

James, John Angell. *The Young Man from Home*. New York: D. Appleton, 1840).

Lowell, John. *Are You a Christian or a Calvinist?* Boston: Wells and Lilly, 1815).

Readings in History. Unidentified.

Leslie, Eliza. *Pencil Sketches*. 3 vols. (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833-37).

Marryat, Frederick. *Poor Jack*. 2 vols. (Philadelphia,: Carey & Hart, 1840).

Hildreth, Richard. *The Contrast: or William Henry Harrison versus Martin Van Buren*. (Boston: Weeks, Jordan, 1840).

The Cabinet of Literature. (New York: The Booksellers, 1835).

Fire-Side Book. Unidentified.

Washington. Unidentified.

Lamennais, Félicité Robert de. *The People's Own Book*. (Boston: Little & Brown, 1839).

Child, Lydia Maria Frances. *The Coronal*. (Boston: Carter and Hendee, 1832).

Saint-Pierre, Bernardin de. *Paul and Virginia*. (London: W. S. Orr, 1839).

The Religious Magazine. [Abbott's Magazine] (New York: Redfield, 1834-).

Total \$16.24

Hardly the carefully ordered reading program of a university, but since Melville declared in *Moby-Dick* (Chapter 24) that ‘a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard,’ this little

library should be taken into account among his early formative influences.

See Melville's chapter on the "Library of the Man-of-war" in *White-jacket*.

Hempleman-Adams, David. *Toughing it Out: The Adventures of a Polar Explorer and Mountaineer*. London: Orion, 1992.

Includes solo trip to South Pole, yacht trip to South Magnetic Pole, and various North Pole attempts. Mills calls him a "pole-grabber" and his great disappointment is failure to achieve the North Pole.

p. 17: I also took advantage of New York's facilities by carrying out extensive research on the Arctic and the North Pole at the city's central library.

p.125: That night I faced the fact that I might not be able to complete the walk [unsupported to North Pole]. At my current speed I would need a hundred, not fifty, days to reach the Pole. Then I looked at more ways of cutting down the weight on the sledge. It sounds stupid now, but I was reading Margaret Thatcher's autobiography *The Downing Street Years* each night before I turned in, and I decided that I would bury whatever pages I had read each day to lessen the load. It was important to stimulate my brain in the conditions, so I made a point of reading at least ten pages before ripping them out. The difference it made to the weight was negligible, but every little effort made a psychological difference. As a result, there are little buried cache of the thoughts of Baroness Thatcher, a day's journey apart, all the way to the South Pole.

p. 130-31: his Thatcher inspiration: "It is easy to be a starter," she wrote, "but are you a finisher?" He took that page and put it in his top pocket.

p. 168 ff: 4th color plate is picture of author reading in his bunk aboard *The Spirit of Sydney*, a yacht which he sailed to the South Geomagnetic Pole.

Hohman, Elmo Paul. *The American Whaleman: A Study of Life and Labor in the Whaling Industry*. New York: Longmans Green, 1928.

A very engaging introduction to life aboard the American whaler, the business enterprise behind it, the contrast of cabin and forecabin life, as well as details of the actual pursuit.

p. 16, on monotony at sea: Nor was there more than negative consolation in the long hours of inactivity that often accompanied periods of poor luck on the whaling grounds. Aside from the fact that such inactivity only prolonged the length of the entire voyage, there was woefully little with which to occupy the spare time which did accrue. Sleeping, mending, reading, scrimshawing, "sky larking," and spinning yarns, interminably repeated, practically exhausted the possibilities of amusement or recreation. Only when a "gam" took place was there a welcome break in the monotonous round of life between sea and sky.

p. 71: So little of the precious cargo space was given over to the forecabin, and so little effort was made to keep it decently clean, that the living quarters were not only cramped, but nauseating. A ship's library, which might have been provided easily and cheaply by simply dumping old books and magazines on board, was virtually unknown.

p. 72: And the provision of some what better and more varied food, a slightly larger and much cleaner forecabin, a reasonable amount of reading matter, and adequate medical care would have prevented a vast amount of discontent and resentment. In all these respects the attitude of the whaling merchants would seem to have been penny-wise and pound-foolish. [Goes on to say the owners knew what they were doing.]

p. 106: The more worthy and respectable institutions of the community did practically nothing to meet this crying need of the sailor for wholesome recreation and decent care while ashore. The one organization which seemed to have a clear conception of the demands of the situation was the American Seamen's Friend Society, which was formed in 1828 'to improve the social and moral condition of seamen, by uniting the efforts of the wise and the good in their behalf, by promoting in every port boarding-houses of good character, Savings Banks, Register Offices, Libraries, Museums, Reading Rooms and Schools, with the ministrations of the gospel and other religious blessings.' The Society also published the *Sailor's Magazine*, which appeared monthly throughout the greater part of the century.

But unfortunately the aims set forth in this admirable programme far outran the actual accomplishments of the Society. Of libraries, reading rooms, savings banks, and decent amusement places there was no hint in the whaling ports, though such institutions sometimes gained a precarious footing in the large maritime centers....

p. 107: Marine Bible Societies distributed Bibles and religious tracts amongst the crews of outgoing vessels.... In general, however, the orthodox churches, ministers and members alike, regarded the sailor as a moral pariah, and remained comfortably aloof from the forecastles and the waterfront.... The only ecclesiastical doors definitely and invitingly open to the whaleman were those of the Seamen's Bethel, half-church, half-mission....

p. 127, quote of H. W. Cheever on life in the fore-castle: Here, with no possibility of classification and separate quarters, with few or no books, or opportunity to use them if they were possessed, with the constant din of roistering disorder, superabundant profanity, and teeming lasciviousness of conversation and songs... three-fourths of their forty months' absence was passed. (*The Whale and His Captors*, p. 305-6) Yet Olmsted describes a clean fore-castle with table, lamp, and a library about two hundred volumes, but he says these were borrowed from the cabin (*Incidents*, p. 52).

p. 141, on downtime amusements: In more quiet moods, recreation included reading, writing, drawing, scrimshawing, smoking, reexamining old letters or other reminders of home and friends, and mending. The veteran tar was adept in the use of a needle; and necessity taught him to perform such prodigies of thrift in mending the various articles of his wardrobe that he was often clad in garments made up of "patch upon patch, and a patch over all."

But the two most picturesque forms of diversion, both peculiar to whaling, were "scrimshawing" and "gamming." A "scrimshawer" was one who carved and decorated by hand numerous articles made from the teeth and jaw-bone of the sperm whale. To most whalemen such slow, tedious work was a welcome means of whiling away many spare hours of a three or four years' voyage. Both utilitarian and ornamental articles were produced in forms and quantities limited only by the perseverance,

skill, and ingenuity of the carvers; but canehandles, pie-wheels, chessmen, and miniature vessels were among the most familiar products of these floating workshops.

"Gamming," on the other hand, was as brief and infrequent as "scrimshawing" was long and constant. When two friendly whalers met at sea, the captain of one vessel, with a boat's crew, went aboard the second whaler while his first mate remained behind to entertain the mate and a boat's crew from the other craft. Both parties, after weeks or months of solitary cruising, were hungry for the news, gossip, and reading matter of the other.

p. 177, on boredom: On the other hand, when no whales were sighted for weeks or months in succession, the very tedium and monotony of the enforced idleness became almost insufferable. The scanty stock of reading matter was soon exhausted; the entire repertory of songs and yards was known to all; the mending gave out; card playing was forbidden or waned in interest; scrimshawing could not be pursued interminably; and even sleep could not be courted both day and night.

Holmes, Lewis. *The Arctic Whaleman, Or Winter in the Arctic Ocean: Being a Narrative of the Wreck of the Whale Ship Citizen, of New London.* Boston: Wentworth, 1857.

An account of whaling in the Bering and Chukchi Seas; the wreck of the 'Citizen' in Sept. 1852; and customs and behavior of the natives of the Chukotsk Peninsula, as experienced by the ship's survivors during a nine-month sojourn there. Part Two gives history (in general) and details of whaling, the various whales and outfitting.

p. 22-23: Many captains and others now engage in the whaling fleet will welcome such an arrangement [i.e., no fishing on the Sabbath]. The effect of it on the whole ship's company will be salutary. As the business is now conducted, there are doubtless many uneasy consciences. Some are glad when no fish is seen on Sabbath. But when the cry is raised, 'There she blows!' what a struggle takes place in the mind of the pious and God-fearing men! But the rest think, if the boats are not lowered, that their rights and interests are infringed; and even the

owners might afterwards complain that, when fish were seen, they were not taken. So the order is given, 'Lower away the boats.' But this does not settle the question, for the captain feels his moral power diminished. He cannot next day with a clear conscience read and pray with his officers, nor call all hands together the next Sabbath to hear the word of God read.

Thus nearly all that is done for the moral improvement of sailors in port is neutralized by one act of disobedience to God.

In New Bedford, something is attempted for the good of the sailor. 'The Sailor's Home' is well conducted. The Port Society sustains the Bethel and its indefatigable minister. All the Bibles needed for the ships come from the New Bedford Bible Society. But something further is required to induce habits of Bible reading on board ship. Let owners and others think of some of the hints given above. [From the introduction by J. Girdwood.]

p. 115, after the shipwreck ashore: We had neither book nor chart of any description in our possession, with which to divert or instruct our minds. We had nothing upon which to write any event or fact, except small pieces of copper, and a few stray leaves which we happened to find in the huts of the natives. Our time, as all must see, was spent comparatively in a most listless and unprofitable manner; it was simply the endurance of life, and the prolonged hope that another year, if we should live to see it, would bring to us the day of deliverance.

p. 137-38, where the Rev. Holmes expands on one point I haven't observed before about the native languages: Those with whom we lived, and other settlements or tribes on the Asiatic coast with whom we had had any acquaintance, from East Cape to the north as far as our wreck, have no written language. We could not learn from them that any one had ever attempted to instruct them, or reduce their language to some system, or that any teacher in religion had ever visited them. Without a written language, or books, or teachers, or oral instruction, in some form, the certain results must invariably be, that from age to age, they will continue in the same condition of mental ignorance, moral blindness, and physical degradation. [Goes on to describe an Osborn

method of capturing an unwritten tongue. The Tower of Babel is not mentioned in the book, but one must wonder.]

Howe, Herbert L. *The Seaman's Library Manual*. Prepared by Herbert L. Howe, Librarian. New York: American Merchant Marine Library Association, 1939. unpagged

Intro. By Christopher Morley: I have seen the Green Box [American Seamen's Friend Society library boxes] in use aboard American ships at sea, and I know what it means...to the reader off duty. p. [4]—besides loaning books to seamen, the AMMLA puts a crew library aboard every American flag ship. Each library has forty books, and ships with large crews may have several libraries aboard. Some member of the crew takes care of the books and sees to it that the library is changed every two or three months. The Port Representation of the library brings the books down to the dock in a truck. Pamphlet includes a list of technical books available through the AMMLA library.

Hutchinson, John Robert. *The Press-Gang Afloat and Ashore*. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1913.

p. 42-3, description of life of impressed seaman: With books he was for many years 'very scantily supplied.' It was not till 1812, indeed, that the Admiralty, shocked by the discovery that he had practically nothing to elevate his mind but daily association with the quarter-deck, began to pour into the fleet copious supplies of literature for his use. Thereafter the sailor could beguile his leisure with such books as the Old Chaplain's Farewell Letter, Wilson's Maxims, The Whole Duty of Man, Secker's Duties of the Sick, and, lest returning health should dissipate the piety begotten of his ailments, Gibson's Advice after Sickness. Thousands of pounds were spent upon this improving literature, which was distributed to the fleet in strict accordance with the amount of storage room available at the various dockyards. [Footnote: Ad. Accountant-General, Misc. (Various), No. 106—Accounts of the Rev. Archdeacon Owen, Chaplain-General to the Fleet, 1812-7.]

p. 82: The negro was never reckoned an alien. Looked upon as a proprietary subject of the Crown, and having no one in particular to speak up for or defend him he ‘shared the same fate as the free-born white man.’ Many blacks, picked up in the West Indies or on the American coast ‘without hurting commerce,’ were to be found on board our ships of war, where, when not incapacitated by climatic conditions, they made active, alert seamen and ‘generally imagined themselves free.’

p. 90: The only exceptions to this stringent rule [of impressments] were certain classes of men engaged in the Greenland and South Seas whale fisheries. Skilled harpooners, linesmen and boat-steerers, on their return from a whaling cruise, could obtain from any Collector of Customs, for sufficient bond put in, a protection from the impress which no Admiralty regulation, however sweeping, could invalidate or override.

Hughes, Langston. *The Big Sea: An Autobiography....* (New York: Hill & Wang, 1963). [First published in 1940.]

p. 3: Melodramatic maybe, it seems to me now. But then it was like throwing a million bricks out of my heart when I threw the book into the water. I leaned over the rail of the S.S. *Malone* and threw the books as far as I could out into the sea—all the books I had had at Columbia, and all the books I had lately bought to read.

The books went down into the moving water in the dark off Sandy Hook. Then I straightened up, turned my face to the wind, and took a deep breath. I was a seaman going to sea for the first time—a seaman on a big merchant ship. And I felt that nothing would ever happen to me again that I didn’t want to happen. I felt grown, a man, inside and out. Twenty one.

... I looked down on deck and noticed that one of the books had fallen into the scupper. The last book. I picked it up and threw it far over the rail into the water below, that was too black to see. The wind caught the book and ruffled its pages quickly, then let it fall into the rolling darkness. I think it was a book by H. L. Mencken.

p. 58, with his father in Mexico City: So I began to learn Spanish fairly well, at least well enough to get about and meet people, and to read the novels of Blasco Ibáñez, whose *Cuentos Valencianos* I liked very much. And the terrific realism of Canos y Barro still sticks in my head.

I didn't do much that summer but read books, ... feel lonesome and write poems when I felt most lonesome.

p. 94-95, on guard duty on Hudson River mothballed fleet: Those long winter nights with snow swirling down the Hudson, and the old ships rocking and creaking in the wind, and the ice scraping and crunching against their sides, and the steam hissing in the radiators were ideal for reading. I read all the ship's library. I found there Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and d'Annunzio's *The Flame of Life*.

p. 97-98, returning to the opening scene on p. 3: I'd left a box of books in Harlem in the fall, and before we sailed I went after them. I brought them aboard ship with me. But when I opened them up and looked at them that night off Sandy Hook, they seemed too much like everything I had known in the past, like the attics and basements in Cleveland, like the lonely nights in Toluca, like the dormitory at Columbia, like the furnished room in Harlem, like too much reading all the time when I was a kid, like life isn't, as described in romantic prose; so that night, I took them all out on deck and threw them overboard. It was like throwing a million bricks out of my heart—for it wasn't only the books that I wanted to throw away, but everything unpleasant and miserable out of my past....

p. 129—he read d'Annunzio's *The Flame of Life* on his trip up the Hudson.

p. 150: on Jake Baker, an erotic books collector.

Jenkins, J. T. *A History of the Whale Fisheries, from the Basque Fisheries of the Tenth Century to the Hunting of the Finner Whale at the Present Date.* London: Witherby, 1921.

p. 178, [don't know that this is relevant but worth checking—books here may refer to account books]:... as they claim to know the procedure of

the former company having their **books** in their possession, they are first in the field and "that the design manifestly tending to the increase of navigation, and the benefit of all His Majesty's subjects, it is humbly hoped, will receive countenance and encouragement."

Jewett, John R. *Narrative of the Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewett: Only Survivor of the Crew of the Ship Boston, During a Captivity of Nearly Three Years among the Savages of Nootka Sound...* . New York: Printed for the Publisher [1840].

Jewett's first voyage in 1803 involved some whaling and sealing in the Pacific Northwest, but it was a short time before the ship was captured by the Nootka people and most of the crew killed. Most of the book is devoted to his 28 months of captivity, and his analysis of the Nootka natives.

p. 8, on his childhood education at Donnington near Boston in the UK: I there made considerable proficiency in writing, reading, and arithmetic, and obtained a pretty good knowledge of navigation and surveying; but my progress in Latin was slow, not only owing to the little inclination I felt for learning that language, but to a natural impediment in my speech, which rendered it extremely difficult for me to pronounce it, so that in a short time, with my father's consent, I wholly relinquished the study.

p. 11: This [his father's employment as an iron worker in Hull] naturally leading me to an acquaintance with the sailors on board some of the ships, the many remarkable stories they told me of their voyages and adventures... excited a strong wish in me to visit foreign countries, which was increased by my reading the voyages of Capt. Cook, and some other celebrated navigators.

p. 12, he joined the ship Boston taking cargo for trade with Indians of North-West America, and then on to China. His father worked as a blacksmith on the needs of the ship in repairs and alterations, while Jewett came to know some of his shipmates: These gentlemen used occasionally to take me with them to the theatre, an amusement which I was very fond of, and which my father rather encouraged than objected to, as he thought it a good means of preventing young men who are

naturally inclined to seek for something to amuse them, from frequenting taverns, ale houses, and places of bad resort, equally destructive of health and morals, while the stage frequently furnishes excellent lessons of morality and good conduct.

p. 82-83, while captured, despairing of ever returning to a Christian country: Our principal consolation in this gloomy state, was to go on Sundays, whenever the weather would permit, to the borders of a fresh water pond, about a mile from the village, where, after bathing, and putting on clean clothes, we would set ourselves under the shade of a beautiful pine, while I read some chapters of the Bible, and the prayers appointed by our Church for the day, ending our devotions with a prayer to the Almighty... to permit us once more to behold a Christian land.

p. 99-100, at Christmas after the ship's capture at Nootka: What a reverse [to festivities at home] did our situation offer—captives in a savage land, and slaves to a set of ignorant beings unacquainted with religion or humanity, hardly were we permitted to offer up our devotions by ourselves in the woods, while we felt even grateful for this privilege. Thither with the [Nootka's] king's permission, we withdrew, and after reading the service appointed for the day, sung the hymn of the Nativity, fervently praying that heaven in its goodness, would permit us to celebrate the next festival of this kind in some Christian land.

Johnson, Barbara. "The Lure of the Whaling Journal." *Manuscripts* 23 (1971) 158-77.

p. 162, Feb. 24, 1859: I am teaching Cooper Orthoepy and definitions for which he has generously offered me the large sum of one dollar.

Feb 8, 1859 [sic]: The Cooper has offered me one dollar more to go through the dictionary with him.

Jones, John, attr. *The Life and Adventure in the South Pacific. By A Roving Printer.* New York: Harper & Bro., 1861.

The attribution comes from the *Nautical Magazine* 23 (1864) p. 66, but who it is I haven't learned. A bit more literate than the average

whaleman but not a riveting book—a good overview of whaling but not with the art of a Melville or Bullen.

p. 88: The next day was Sunday, but not Sabbath. On all whalers, while at sea, mast-heads are manned, whales chased and captured, cut and tried out on Sunday as much as any other day of the week. Nothing else, however, except what is absolutely necessary for navigating the ship is done on this day, which is generally spent by the crew in reading and writing.

p. 95, on the Marquesas: If a native wishes a Bible, he must pay the sum of one dollar for it, and the same if a sailor wants one. Such things as these tend more to cause a feeling of hatred against the missionary and his work than of love.

p. 161: In the many books which have been written of whaling voyages, we recollect nowhere to have seen a *natural history* of the sperm whale, and we trust it will not be uninteresting to the reader if we give it in the present volume (p. 161-77).

There are references to other works (e.g., Roget's *Bridgewater Treatise* on p. 178; William Jardine on p. 182), but these do not appear to have been available on the voyage.

p. 250, his ship, the *Emily Morgan*, encountered another ship on Oct. 26: Saw a ship coming out, which proved to be the 'Charles W. Morgan,' of New Bedford, Captain Sampson, bound home. Paper, pens, and ink were not in great demand, and, as we wrote a few lines to the dear ones at home, the thought that in one year more we too would be 'homeward-bound,' cheered us....

p. 298: We were rejoiced to learn that a 'Bethel' had been established in Hong Kong, and we gladly accepted the opportunity of attending it. It is a floating 'Bethel,' and seems especially adapted to the wants of seamen, who feel much more 'at home' there than inside brick walls. The chaplain appeared to be an excellent, earnest, kind man, devoted to the cause in which he was engaged.

p. 321, at Lahaina Harbor on Maui: As soon as the anchor was down we were visited by the harbor-master, accompanied by the seamen's chaplain, Rev. Mr. Bishop. After the former had transacted his business, the latter addressed to us some very excellent remarks, distributed

several copies of the ‘Seamen’s Friend,’ and concluded by cordially inviting all to come and see him; also to attend Bethel on the Sabbath. The ‘Seamen’s Friend’ is a sheet published at Honolulu, Wauhoo, by Father Damon, as he is familiarly called, and is devoted to the spiritual and temporal good of the sailor.

Kirby, H. S. *Outfits for a Whaling Voyage*. New Bedford, MA: n.p, [probably 1850s by H. S. Kirby, Dealer in ship chandlery and hardware, New Bedford], n.d.

p. 3: outline has as its last item: “Ship’s library”:

Horsburgh, James. *The India Directory*. 6th edition. Two volumes. (London: Wm. H. Allen, 1852).

Findlay, Alexander G. *A Directory for the Navigation of the Pacific Ocean; with Description of its Coasts, Islands, etc., from the Strait of Magalhaens to the Arctic Sea*. (London:; R.H. Lurie, 1851).

Kverndal, Roald. *Seamen’s Missions: Their Origin and Early Growth*. Pasadena, CA: William Carey Library, 198).

The classic study on the subject.

p. 106-7: influence of Lieutenant Richard Marks as evangelical in Napoleonic Wars who as minister expanded seaboard services on Nelson’s *Conquerer* including reading of Sunday prayers, a ship’s choir, and on arrival at home ports “Marks obtained Bibles for every mess, and several hundred tracks for distribution. (Henceforth, he seldom went between decks ‘without seeing some of the crew reading them.’) He also organized a ship’s library of evangelical books, with over 150 subscribing members.

p. 223: Scotland took lead in 1822 with the Edinburgh and Leith Seamen’s Friend Society and its portable marine libraries as well as port reading rooms.

p. 315-16: A “Marine Library,” or (as it also came to be called) a “Seamen’s Library,” was established as early as 1820, on the newly

acquired Greenock Floating Chapel. Similar provisions were successively made on board the floating chapels of Leith, Hull, Dublin, London and Clifton. Following the example of Lady Mary Grey in mission by media, a number of ladies of rank took a corresponding initiative with regard to libraries. Most prominent in this field were the Duchess of Beaufort and her daughter (who, in 1821, established a "Seamen's Library" at West Cowes, and Lady Thompson of Fareham (who, in 1812, founded a "British Seamen's Library" in Genoa). G. C. Smith warmly commended their efforts, advocating a "Metropolitan Seamen's Library" in the Tower Hill area as a further goal for "British Ladies." At length, after establishing himself in Wellclose Square in the mid-twenties, he succeeded in organizing his own "Sea-Book Depository," incorporating a seamen's library.

"In addition to such stationary libraries, a need was soon recognized for *portable* libraries. A so-called "Ship's Library" was seen as a means of both literally and figuratively defeating the "Doldrums." In order to relieve the tedium and attendant temptations of especially long voyages, seamen now had means that might "not only rationally amuse, but also tend to Christianize their minds."

...In the merchant navy, W. H. Angas became an early persistent advocate of not only seamen's libraries ashore, but also ship's libraries afloat. Here, as in so many areas of social and cultural concern for the seafarer, Leith led the way (in 1822-23); by 1827, that Society had some 30 library-boxes in circulation.

Meanwhile, other seamen's mission societies followed suit. The procedure was simple. A box of books was entrusted to the master for the ensuing voyage. The response was remarkable. One captain reported that his ship was now unrecognizable, having become "like a little Heaven." From a ship which was foundering in the Atlantic, the library-box was the first object to be saved. When boxes were returned, they were frequently accompanied by voluntary contributions from grateful crews. Concurrently with the distribution of the first ship's libraries, portable libraries were also allocated to the more reputable boarding-houses for seamen.

Lawrence, Mary Chipman. *The Captain's Best Mate. The Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence on the Whaler Addison 1856-1860.* (Providence, RI: Brown University Press, 1966).

The *Addison* rounded Cape Horn in 1856, and returned in May 1860.

p. 4: December 7. Another Sabbath has dawned upon us. It seems somewhat different from the other days, even here. No one unnecessarily employed, most of the company engaged in reading, it *seems* like a day of rest. But no Sabbath bell greets our ear, no holy man of God proclaims to us the glad tidings of the Gospel.

p. 235, May 30, 1860 at end of the voyage: Commenced packing for home today. Packed a basket of books and three boxes of books and clothing.

p.298, notes cite journal of George Bowman Dec 1859 at Providence, and comment on keeping Sabbath by rotating the days to avoid days when whales were hunted: It is a very wrong thing to shift the days so as to sit ones convenience.

p. 301, Bowman's journal speaks of bad discipline aboard ship, but finds comfort in a book: I am now reading a book called *The Voices of the Dead* by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., from whence I derive sweet consolation.

Leavitt, John F. *The Charles W. Morgan.* Mystic, CT: Mystic Seaport, 1973.

The *Morgan*, fully restored in 2016, is now the flagship of Mystic Seaport. It is thought to be the last surviving whaler.

p. 6: The *Morgan* sailed on her first voyage September 6, 1841, under command of Captain Norton, with twenty-six-year-old James C. Osborn, also of Edgartown, as second mate and keeper of a journal of the voyage. Osborn must have been literarily inclined for he took a library of over seventy volumes with him, including books on history, travel and memoirs as well as twenty-two volumes of Marryatt's works.

Log 143 of the Morgan, 1841-1845, p. 184-85 (misbound in logbook), contains Osborn's list laid out in double columns over two pages, with probable editions added:

A List of Books that I have read on the Voyage.

1, vol. Goods' Book of Nature 1 vol	The American Longer.		
1,=vol. Self Knowledg. 1-vol	Benjm Heen	----	
1.=vol. Morrels Voyage.	Pelham Bulwer		2-vol
2 =vol. Madm De Lacy.	Rolans History	----	3-vol
2 =vol. Quadroon.	Napolians Anecdotes		1-vol
2 =vol. Pathfinder	Bulwers Novels	----	12 vols
1 =vol Pilot.	The Prince & Pedler	----	2 vols
1 =vol Reunza or the Last of the Trybunes.			
1 =Vol Numid of Pompei 1 vol	Jack Adams		----
1 =vol Book of Beauty.	May you like it	----	1 vol
1 =vol Tracks on Disapation. vols	Kings High way	----	2
1 =vol Gray Ham's Lectures 1 vol	The Young mans Guide		
1 =vol Husbands Duty to Wife.			
1 =vol Ladyes Medical Guide.			
1 =. Mad'm Tusades History of the French Revolution.			

James C Osborn at Sea Jan 6th 1841

1842

Edgartown is my native, 1843

- 1 =vol. Pamela
- 2 -vol Meriam Coffin
- 1 =vol Ten Thousands a Year.
- 1 =vol Humphrey Clinker.

Journal of a Voyage to the Pacifick Ocean in the

Good Ship Chas. W. Morgan: Thomas A. Norton Master 1841
 2 =vol Bracebridge Hall. 1842
 1 =vol Travels in Egypt and Arabia Felix Arrived Jan 5th 1843
 2 =vol Elizabeth de Bruce 1844
 2 vol Bravo.
 2 =vol Repealers
 2 vol Steam Voyage Down the Danube.
 1 =vol Memoirs of Dr. Edward Young.
 1 =vol Health Adviser.
 1 –vol Female Wanderer
 1 –vol Female Horse Thief
 1 –vol—Holdens Narritive
 1 –vol—Rosamonds Narrative of the Roman Catholic Priests &c
 2 –vol. Mercedes of Castile
 22=vol=of Marryatts Works.

Little, George. *Life on the Ocean, Or Twenty Years at Sea: Being the Personal Adventures of the Author.* Second edition. Boston, MA: Waite, Pierce, and Co. 1844.

A Baltimore Captain in the Merchant Service who gives an autobiographical travel diary while intending to give a true picture of life at sea “blending with it those wholesome moral and religious truths, which should be inculcated upon the minds of seamen (p. 4).
 p. 29, at the outset of his first trip as novice sailor: The day appointed for sailing was the 5th of December. In the mean time, I provided myself with a seachest, well stored with clothing, small stores, a quadrant, books, &c., together with a small adventure. Whilst getting our chests on board, we were saluted with the following harangue from the second officer, Mr. C.: "What! transmogrified, eh!" for we had doffed our long clothes, and were rigged in complete sailor suits; "you are a couple of tight little chaps, with pretty smooth faces for old Neptune's scraper," — and, casting a significant glance at our chests, he said, "You have two very pretty coffins there; well, we shall know where to come for plank, if our bulwarks are stove in off Cape Horn; but bear-a-hand, and get

your dunnage stowed away, for if the owner should pass this way, he'll make you pay freight on your band-boxes."

p. 88-89: While at a job of work in the main-top in a forenoon watch, with an old sailor, I was not a little interested in the following conversation ; —

"Youngster," said he, "that carcass of yours got the better of your pins the other day — you didn't flinch, but you had a narrow chance for your knowledge-box when that shot knocked down Bob Wilson and Sam Clark by your side. Well, well," continued he, "there's no fun in fighting when there's nothing gained by it; I don't mind to have a bit of a dust now and then, if there's any prize-money in the way, or in my country's sarvice; for, do you see, if mayhap you get a flipper or pin knocked off, and lay up in ordinary, — why, then, you have a shot in the locker; or if a chance shot happens to let daylight through you, why, then, you're among the list of the killed; the jig's up, and there's an end on't. But, I say, youngster, you've got larnin, and I can't read a word in the book; just tell me, where does a sailor go to when he slips his wind? I've always had a notion, till the other day, that, when Jack parts his cable, he drives away to Fiddlers' Green, where there's plenty of grog and lots of fun.

"There was Tom Bunting, a messmate of mine, aboard the Syren frigate; he could read just as well as the parson, and spin a yarn as long as the main-top bowline. 'Do you think, Jack,' says he, 'after a sailor has been knocked about like the boatswain's yeoman — now under a burning sun, and then oft' the Icy Cape, with hard usage and salt grub all the days of his life, banging salt water — that he's not going to have some fun and frolic after he slips his wind? I tell you,' says Tom, 'I don't believe a word what our chaplain said the other day, that a sailor is going to be clapped under hatches when he slips his moorings, just because he tosses off a glass of grog, lets slip an oath sometimes, and has a bit of a spree when ashore.' But I say, youngster," continued Jack, "there's Bill Harris, that college-larnt chap that belongs to our watch, — he's a hearty fellow, though he does tumble down the forescuttle, and capsizes all the grub belonging to the mess. The other day, just as I was going to turn in, I overheard him say to Zeke Dowling, the boatswain's

mate, Zeke,' says he,' I tell you, it's all stuff about a sailor's going to Fiddlers' Green. Sailors, as well as landsmen, will have to heave in stays, and stand on t'other tack, so as to get clear of the shoals of destruction that lays near grog harbor, and swearing rocks, and cape frolic, which is sure to pick him up if he stands on; and then,' says Bill, 'he must obey the orders of this book,' (clapping his flipper on a Bible that lay on a chest ;) if they don't, why, then, do you see, when they slip their cables, they'll just drift into the broad bay of destruction.' 'Just belay that. Bill,' says I; 'how is a fellow going to obey orders when nobody gives them, and he can't read a word in the book?' 'I'll read for you,' says Bill. So half a dozen of us just coiled ourselves round him in a ring, and at it he went, just, for all the world, as if he had larnt it by heart ; so, after he had read on a bit — 'Avast there!' says I:— 'is that true, Bill?' 'Every word on't,' says Bill. I just felt, youngster, the same as I did when aboard of the Syren frigate, as we lay becalmed under a French eighteen-gun battery. They bored us, every shot, and we couldn't get one of our shooting-irons to bear upon the battery."

p. 90, in the forecabin: I cast a glance at Jack, and saw that his hard features had relaxed, and his head-pumps were going. Says I, "Jack, would you like to know how to read: If you would, I'll teach you in our watch below."

"Youngster, I'll give you my grog for six months, if you'll jist larn me to read in that **book** I heard Bill Harris read. Why, there was my old mother, God bless her it's many long years since, but I recollect she would throw her arms around my neck, and read that same old **book**, and then say the Lord's Prayer. 'Jack,'" says she, "be a good boy — remember your poor old mother's advice; obey the orders of this **book**, and it will make a man of you.' "

p. 94: The funeral service was read with great seriousness by the captain's clerk, who usually performed the office of chaplain; the body was lowered into the grave, and we returned in the same order to the boats, and from thence on board the ship.

p. 118: My old messmate. Jack Sawyer, preserved his equanimity, and took advantage of every favorable opportunity, in our watch below, to

learn to read, in which he made very fair progress. In turn, he embraced every opportunity to teach me seamanship, and making me his constant companion at every job of work going on, which was of signal service to me.

p. 119-20: "Why," said I, "Jack, if we live to get home, if you will follow my advice, I'll put you in the way; but first you must sheer clear of swearing rocks and grog harbor while you are on board of this ship, and then it will be much easier for you to weather cape frolic when you get on shore. But, Jack, we've a long distance to run before we get to Canton, although, as I hear, we shall touch at the Sandwich Islands for a few days, and the probability is, that we will have an uninterrupted series of good weather all the passage. I shall therefore hold you to the promise you gave me, about the history of your old mother and yourself."

"With all my heart," said Jack, shifting the quid to the lee side of his cheek, and slapping me on the shoulder with his large, brawny hand, which for weight was not unlike a sledge-hammer; "that I will, youngster; and as it is our first watch on deck to-morrow night, I'll begin that yarn for you when we get in the top." Eight bells were now struck, the larboard watch was called, who still lingered about the forecastle, unwilling to leave their cups and merriment, until one bell was struck, when the melodious voice of the boatswain's mate sung out, "Douse the glim, below ! " and, " Larbow- lines all on deck, a-hoy ! " This order was immediately obeyed; the larboard watch went on deck, the starboard watch turned in, the lights were all put out, and I soon fell into a deep slumber and pleasing dreams of my native land, until I was aroused by three heavy sounds made with the forecattle hatch, the shrill whistle of the boatswain's mate, and the hoarse cry of " Starbow-lines on deck, a-hoy! "The watch was soon relieved, and the topmen took their stations. The ship was running along with a stiff top-gallant breeze, the wind being a-beam.

p.128: My messmate, Jack Sawyer, made rapid progress in learning to read; every opportunity was embraced by him, in his watch below, to effect this result, which appeared to be the height of his ambition. Indeed, the forecattle was more like a school than any thing else ; the

elementary branches of education were taught, as well as the sciences of navigation and mathematics, by our young shipmate, Wm. Harris, who, as before stated, was an under-graduate of Harvard University. It was a common circumstance to see, at meridian, in a clear day, from twenty to thirty of the crew, with their quadrants, measuring the altitude of the sun, to determine the ship's latitude; and we knew the position of the ship, in the fore-castle, by our reckoning and lunar observations, as precisely as the officers in the cabin,

p. 139: "I forgot to tell you, when I was shipped on board the frigate S--- --, I lost part of my clothes, and, among the rest, the little Bible which poor old mother gave me. This was the worst job of all, for it is a rare thing to see a good **book** among a set of man-of-war's-men."

p. 315, while at sea in 1817, headed towards Chesapeake Bay: Of late, I had made a constant practice of **reading** the Scriptures; and by the light they reflected upon my mind, I saw evidently that my condition was unsafe, because I felt and believed that I was a sinner, and, as such, was justly exposed to the wrath of God. Then, again, the vast amount of goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering, which had been extended towards me by the Author of my being, all strengthened the belief, that I was the most ungrateful of men. These and similar exercises brought a renewal of that deep conviction which I had experienced on a previous occasion, and I resolved, if I was spared, to lead a new life.

p. 183: Jack Sawyer is not the man to forget a messmate; no, no! you have larnt me how to read and write, and your advice has kept me from rum shops and other places that used to swamp all my hard-earned rhino when I got on shore. Now, d'ye see, I've got a few brads in my pocket, and, what's better, I've got a boatswain's berth on board an East Indiaman. Hark ye," continued he, "so long as you bang salt water, here's wishing you may have a tight ship, a leading breeze, and always be able to eat your allowance; but if head winds and foul weather thwart your hawse, and you have to bear up in distress, why then, you know my name is Jack Sawyer, that's all."

Lovecraft, H. P. "At the Mountains of Madness," in *At the Mountains of Madness and Other Novels*. Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, 1964.

First published in 1931, this phantasmagoric combination of science fiction and horror novel is located on the high plateau of Antarctic, reached by airplane, but discovering the world's highest mountains and remains of an ancient 'civilization' come back to life and destructive of the expedition.

Lubbock, Basil. *The Arctic Whalers*. Glasgow: Brown, Son and Ferguson, 1937.

An engaging history of Arctic whaling.

p. 53-54: These bashaws of the half-deck had all the pride of a high caste. They boasted on one subject only—their prowess at the fishing. In all else except whale and seal hunting and ice seamanship their qualifications were nil. In the watch below they occupied themselves with yarning, singing and card playing. Few of them could read with any ease, and the man who was seen reading a book on a Sunday was considered to be qualifying himself as a chapel preacher.

p. 306, Oct 1834, refers to the wintered-in ship, *Jane*, as a Bethel Ship: The *Jane*, commanded by Captain Tather, was a Bethel ship; her mate, Stephen Wilson, was afterwards a noted preacher at the Hull floating chapel, and he left a vivid log of the *Jane's* adventures.

p. 308: November 1.—[Mate of the *Jane*.]—When a most tremendous gale of wind came on, the ice suddenly separated to the east of us, called all hands, double-reefed the topsails, and cut a warp up in order to fender the ship if the swell set in upon us; excessively thick with heavy falls of snow. At 1 p.m., hoisted the (Bethel) flag, and spoke from Daniel 12, 13th verse.

November 4: Invited on board the *Middleton*, spoke from Hebrews 11, verse 23; felt very much liberty while enforcing the necessity of faith.

p. 310: November 13.—[*Dordon's* Petty Officer.]---.... We saw many whales, but did not attempt to take any, the weather was so severe, and the ice came together at times and gave us great uneasiness about the ship's safety, as she was our only refuge; no ship, no land in sight, nor

any prospect but of perishing on the ice, or in the ocean, if we lost her. But we had a Shield impregnable, to whom all praise is due.

.... When the frost was not so intense we used to amuse the mind by making, mending, reading, writing, etc., nearly all sorts of work going on at a time; some smoking and talking of happier days....

p. 311, Nov 17: The ice “struck our ship with great force, which put us all in great fear, not thinking her sides able to resist such blows, forgetting that she was strongly sheathed and fortified by a Power Divine.

p. 313. Dec 8: No pen can describe the general consternation which pervaded our crew at this woeful period; but there was a Supreme Being who was our Pilot, Glory to His Sacred Name.

p. 314, prayer service on *Dordon* with 90 men present.

p. 317, Dec 27 on Jane: It being the last Sabbath in the year we have had prayers twice, and well attended. Great seriousness appears to take hold of the minds of some, and others appear to be as hardened as ever. May God soften them!

Lubbock, Alfred Basil. *Round the Horn before the Mast.* New York: E. P. Dutton. 1907.

Maclaren, I. S. “English Writings about the New World,” in *History of the Book in Canada*. Volume 1. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2004. p. 33-

p. 38: At least by the nineteenth century, most expeditions of exploration considered a well-stocked library an essential component of their cargo. Obviously, those in ships could afford a greater tonnage; just how many men on Franklin’s two land expeditions hauled books and charts over portages and across the tundra remains a nice question. Certainly, when the first expedition was reduced in the fall of 1821 to a straggling line of men marching back from Bathurst Inlet to the hoped-for refuge of Fort Enterprise, a copy of Samuel Hearne’s *A Journey from the Prince of Wales’s Fort, in Hudson’s Bay, to the Northern Ocean*, the only book then available about the region, remained part of the load. The party of

twenty men lost their way more than once. Were they consulting the charter in the inferior but lighter-weight octavo edition of Hearne's book, issued in Dublin in 1796? It would have made a more logical traveling companion than the larger quarto first edition (London, 1795). Yet the map in the octavo showed Hearne's return route across the Barrens differently from the first edition's map. The discrepancy could have confused Franklin, whose men suffered more than one delay, and contributed to the number of deaths. Certainly, the matter of a book's size bears materially on this dramatic possibility.

Manby, George William. *Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, in the Year 1821.* London: G. and W.B. Whittaker, 1822.

Description of an interesting if unsuccessful experiment to adapt a life-saving device to a "gun-harpoon to attack whales." This was during a summer voyage of Scoresby aboard the *Baffin*. As often in whaling journals, especially during summer months, there is nothing here about leisure or professional reading by the men other than Scriptural readings, accompanied by standard invocations of providence.

p. 2-3, April 8: At eight o'clock, the captain, as I found to be his usual custom on concluding the Sabbath, ordered all the boys and young men into his cabin, alternately to read a verse in the Bible, for three or four chapters; after this, we all fell upon our knees, and he offered up an extempore and most impressive prayer, which, for composition and fervent supplication, I have seldom heard excelled, and which I shall, with his permission, here annex.

A PRAYER ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE TO GREENLAND
... Sanctify the dispensations of thy providence to usward, whether prosperous or adverse, agreeable or painful...may we read your word with profit, and find it to be the power of God unto salvation.

p. 48-9, May 27, after Captain Scoresby denied permission to attack a nearby whale on the Sabbath: Thus did the Sabbath bring with it the charms of peace, while our Christian captain taught the lessons of gentleness and forbearance to the crew. In the morning service he read to them a most appropriate and impressive sermon from the twentieth

chapter of Exodus, and the eighth verse: “Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.” This religious lecture was evidently felt by his hearers and their hearts were not only softened, but reconciled to a temporary respite from the work of violence.

p. 120, an encomium to Scoresby: My situation and experience will justify one other remark; never was there a more vigilant, indefatigable, and zealous officer, than the distinguished arctic navigator, who commanded the Baffin; never one who had so much practical experience in the navigation of ice; or, perhaps, in whom were united those various philosophical and scientific talents, essentially requisite for success in attempting discoveries hitherto prevented by a frozen boundary. I feel the most confident persuasion, that should Captain Scoresby ever be selected for public service, he would prove himself an ornament to his profession, and an honour to his country.

Markham, Albert Hastings. *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin’s Bay and the Gulf of Boothia. And an Account of the Rescue of the Crew of the “Polaris.”* 2nd edition. London: Low, Marston, 1875.

Interesting book by Admiral Markham who had an extended Royal Navy career as well as serving the Royal Geographical Society as its long-time President. Surprisingly, I found little on reading here.

p. vi—Preface to new edition (same year) speaks of Markham’s pride in being selected for the (failed) Nares expedition. Admits to friendly rivalry with US after this quiet period of English exploration.

p. xxi, Intro. by Rear Admiral Sherard Osborn: Never was a fairer field open to English seamen and adventurers to reap high renown and to keep our country in the vanguard of geographical discovery... as we have been foremost in all that is great and glorious in so many other parts of the world.

p. 24: We have the same meals to go through, generally the same description of food to eat, the same jokes by our skipper, and the same stories to listen to, enlivened occasionally by an Irish song, a recitation from Shakespeare, or a reading from Artemus Ward.

p. 73, May 29, 1874: It was past ten before [the sun's] upper limb was out of sight, but such a short distance was it below the horizon that it was really only a matter of form that we had a candle lighted in the cabin, and when I retired to bed at mid- night there was sufficient light in my little cabin to read by.

Appendix p. 298-307 gives a substantial list of arguments for Arctic exploration.

Marks, Richard. [pseud. Aliqius.] *The Retrospect; Or, Review of Providential Mercies: with Anecdotes of Various Characters.* From the Seventeenth London Edition. New York: Robert Carter, 1841.

I know almost nothing about this book, its author, his ship, his pseudonym, or the attribution to him. My guess is he was a British Naval officer, possibly even a chaplain of firm pious and dogmatic conventions. He did resign from the Navy to take orders, presumably in the Anglican Church. This work is part of the genre of hortatory narratives of damnation, salvation, and the workings of providence. Although they grow tedious in time, although possibly inspirational to some, I've given a couple of longer narratives here to give the full flavor of the genre. I leave further research to others.

p. 86, on the efforts of the author on his unnamed ship to evangelize the crew while at anchor near Brest, from evening prayers to sermons to full divine services, some psalm singing, Bible reading and tract distribution: Seldom, from that time forward, did I go between decks without seeing some of the crew reading them (p. 87).

p. 87-88: As soon as possible after this I applied for and obtained permission to form a public library of religious books on the following plan. Every member subscribed four shillings, and was entitled to have one book in his possession, and to change it for any other as often as he pleased; and, in the event of leaving the ship, to take one or more volumes with him as his own. The purser's steward undertook to keep the library chest, and receive and give out the books. Most of the officers gave a gratuitous sum. Our number of subscribers exceeded a hundred and fifty, and our library, when purchased, contained above two hundred

volumes of pious, evangelical works, two-thirds of which were always in circulation. Thus, from a state of barrenness, as to the Scriptures and good books, we were soon and easily in possession of abundance: for it must be observed, that many of the crew furnished themselves with Prayer Books, besides their subscriptions to the library. The next object was to form a day-school for the poor boys. This was soon done, and was daily inspected by myself, and often visited by the captain. The singers, when their duty would permit, still continued to meet between six and eight o'clock, in a retired part of the ship; not that it was necessary to do so merely to practise singing, but, having for several weeks enjoyed this retreat from the noise and folly of the crew, they knew not how to give it up; nor could I find it in my heart to order it. On the contrary, I sometimes went below, and read a chapter or a tract, or a passage from some of our library books, as well for my own edification as for theirs.

p. 124-26: Robert A. was a young man of rather superior understanding to seamen in general, and, being excessively fond of reading, he had perused and imbibed much evil from many novels, and other vile books; so that with his natural and acquired talents, he was enabled to proceed some degrees in profligacy beyond many others. He was, what he styled himself in a letter which I now possess, “the veriest slave to all manner of vice of any one in the ship.” Not all the discipline of the service, nor the presence of his superiors, was sufficient to bridle his impure and blasphemous tongue.

The second in the Naval Articles of War provides, “that if any officer, mariner, or soldier, shall be guilty of profane oaths, cursing, execrations, drunkenness, uncleanness, or other scandalous actions, in derogation of God's honour and corruption of good manners, he shall be punished as a court-martial thinks he deserves.” This is a good and salutary law, but most wretchedly executed. I had been more than ten years at sea without witnessing anything like a regular punishment for oaths, cursings and execrations. At length, however, poor Robert A. furnished an instance. Having gone beyond all bounds of order and decency, he was one day tied up, and actually flogged for a breach of the former part of the above-cited Second Article of War. This made him

more circumspect in the presence of his officers, but it could not reach his heart. He therefore continued in his general conduct much the same, until God himself effectually wrought on his soul, which was done in the following way.

Being one forenoon stationed in the main-top, and having no active duty to employ his time and drown reflection, he opened the chest,” and, to his joy, observed a book. In hope of finding some idle story to beguile his mind, he opened it, and began to read. The volume belonged to our circulating library; it was “Doddridge's Rise and Progress of religion in the soul;” a subject, above all others, most unwelcome to one in his state; yet he read on, to use his own words, “torturing himself by every line he read.” Again and again he wished the book had been a thousand miles off, or that he had never seen it; yet he told me “that he could not put it away. The reading of it,” he said, “pricked him to the heart, but still he read on, drawing all the comfort he was able from the thought, that by and by twelve o'clock would arrive, and then he should be relieved from this post, and obliged to put the book away.” Twelve o'clock at length came, and, being relieved, he flew below; but he could not fly from his convictions. Ten minutes were found abundantly sufficient to take his dinner, and having left his messmates to drink both his and their own grog, as they pleased, he again sat down to the tormenting, but irresistible book. From that day he became a most patient, meek, and humble Christian. He separated from his old iniquitous companions, and passed his leisure hours in hearing, reading, and singing with the wingers, whom he had heretofore so cordially hated and despised. Nor was all the opposition of his former comrades able, in the smallest degree, to shake him.

p. 149-51: On my arrival in this happy, dashing ship, as such frigates are generally esteemed, I was ushered into the ward-room with all the respect and politeness customary on such occasions. In the society of this ship's ward-room I found much that was pleasing, and much that was distressing; all the officers were young men of intelligent and gentlemanly manners, men of reading and cultivated minds; hence there was much more correctness of behaviour and interesting conversation

among them than could be found on board of many ships in our fleet. This was a pleasure I had not anticipated; it was the fair side of a picture I had not expected to see. But this same picture had a dark and distressing side, which I was obliged means or other, got into a train of deistical reading, and of dangerous, half-infidel opinions. The works of Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire formed a part of their library, and but too frequently engaged their leisure hours. At that time my thoughts and feelings on religious matters were much what they now are; consequently, it was not long before I and my new associates discovered that we viewed many things in a very opposite light to each other. This discovery was first made by the following circumstance. The junior lieutenant of the frigate had, some days before I joined them, purchased, at a very high price, what the bookseller told him was one of the most popular and sensible novels ever published in England, and that a full chest of them had happily arrived at Gibraltar. I think it was the very day I went on board, that one of the officers enquired of the purchaser, "How he liked his famous new novel?" To which the other replied, "I don't know what to think of it: there is too much of religion in it. I have read but a few pages." Hearing this odd description of a novel, and perceiving that neither the enquirer nor the owner of the work cared about reading it, I requested the favour of seeing it; and found its title, "Coelebs in search of a Wife," and truly, it did contain much good advice and sound doctrine. To me it proved quite a treat, while it remained unread, and unvalued by the purchaser and his shipmates. This event discovered to them that they had what they termed a religionist among them. And I believe their surprise was accompanied with a strong curiosity to hear what I had to say on so unnautical and unfashionable a subject as the religion interwoven with the tale of Caelebs.

Melville, Herman. “A Man-of-War Library,” *White-Jacket, or The world in a Man-of-War*. (New York: Library of America, 1983) p. 522-24:

Chapter 41 A Man-of-War Library

Nowhere does time pass more heavily than with most man-of-war’s-men on board their craft in harbor.

“One of my principal
antidotes against *ennui* in Rio, was reading. There was a public library on board, paid for by government, and intrusted to the custody of one of the marine corporals, a little dried-up man, of a somewhat literary turn. He had once been a clerk in a Post-office ashore; and, having been long accustomed to hand over letters when called for, he was now just the man to hand over books. He kept them in a large cask on the berth-deck, and, when seeking a particular volume, had to capsize it like a barrel of potatoes. This made him very cross and irritable, as most all Librarians are. Who had the selection of these books, I do not know, but some of them must have been selected by our Chaplain, who so pranced on Coleridge’s “*High German horse*.”

Mason Good’s Book of
Nature—a very good book, to be sure, but not precisely adapted to tarry tastes—was one of these volumes; and Machiavel’s Art of War—which was very dry fighting; and a folio of Tillotson’s Sermons—the best of reading for divines, indeed, but with little relish for a main-top-man; and Locke’s Essays—incomparable essays, every body knows, but miserable reading at sea; and Plutarch’s Lives—superexcellent biographies, which pit Greek against Roman in beautiful style, but then, in a sailor’s estimation, not to be mentioned with the *Lives of the Admirals*; and Blair’s Lectures, University Edition—a fine treatise on rhetoric, but having nothing to say about nautical phrases, such as “*splicing the main-brace*,” “*passing a gammoning*,” “*pudding the dolphin*,” and “*making a Carrick-bend*;” besides numerous invaluable but unreadable tomes,

that might have been purchased cheap at the auction of some college-professor's library.

But I found ample entertainment in a few choice old authors, whom I stumbled upon in various parts of the ship, among the inferior officers. One was "*Morgan's History of Algiers*," a famous old quarto, abounding in picturesque narratives of corsairs, captives, dungeons, and sea-fights; and making mention of a cruel old Dey, who, toward the latter part of his life, was so filled with remorse for his cruelties and crimes that he could not stay in bed after four o'clock in the morning, but had to rise in great trepidation and walk off his bad feelings till breakfast time. And another venerable octavo, containing a certificate from Sir Christopher Wren to its authenticity, entitled "*Knox's Captivity in Ceylon, 1681*"—abounding in stories about the Devil, who was superstitiously supposed to tyrannize over that unfortunate land: to mollify him, the priests offered up buttermilk, red cocks, and sausages; and the Devil ran roaring about in the woods, frightening travelers out of their wits; insomuch that the Islanders bitterly lamented to know that their country was full of devils, and, consequently, there was no hope for their eventual well-being. Knox swears that he himself heard the Devil roar, though he did not see his horns; it was a terrible noise, he says, like the baying of a hungry mastiff.

Then there was Walpole's Letters—very witty, pert, and polite—and some odd volumes of plays, each of which was a precious casket of jewels of good things, shaming the trash nowadays passed off for dramas, containing "*The Jew of Malta*," "*Old Fortunatus*," "*The City Madam*," "*Volpone*," "*The Alchymist*," and other glorious old dramas of the age of Marlow and Jonson, and that literary Damon and Pythias, the magnificent, mellow old Beaumont and Fletcher, who have sent the long shadow of their reputation, side by side with Shakspeare's, far down the endless value of posterity. And may that shadow never be less! But as for St. Shakspeare, may his never be more, less the commentators arise, and settling upon his sacred text, like unto locusts, devour it clean up, leaving never a dot over an I.

I diversified this reading of mine, by borrowing Moore's "*Loves of the Angels*" from Rose-water, who recommended it as "*de charmingest of*

volumes;” and a Negro Song-book, containing *Sittin’ on a Rail*, *Gumbo Squash*, and *Jim along Josey*, from Broadbit, a sheet-anchor-man. The sad taste of this old tar, in admiring such vulgar stuff, was much denounced by Rose-water, whose own predilections were of a more elegant nature, as evinced by his exalted opinion of the literary merits of the “*Love of the Angels*.”

I was by no means the only reader of books on board the Neversink. Several other sailors were diligent readers, though their studies did not lie in the way of belles-lettres. Their favorite authors were such as you find at the book-stalls around Fulton Market; they were slightly physiological in their nature. My book experiences on board of the frigate proved an example of a fact which every book-lover must have experienced before me, namely, that though public libraries have an imposing air, and doubtless contain invaluable volumes, yet, somehow, the books that prove most agreeable, grateful, and companionable, are those we pick up by chance here and there; those which seem put into our hands by Providence; those which pretend to little, but abound in much.

[Chapter 23 is entitled “Theatricals in a Man-of-war”, p. 441-49]

Melville, Herman. *Moby Dick, or The Whale*. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. New York: Modern Library, 1930.

Among so many other things, *Moby Dick* is a key text on the reading of sailors, especially the quote on p. 159, and this edition with Kent’s wood engravings is especially desirable.

p. 148: ...Bildad had told them that no profane songs would be allowed on board the Pequod, particularly in getting under weigh; and Charity, his sister, had placed a small choice copy of Watts in each seaman’s berth.

p. 159: ...if, at my death, my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any precious MSS. in my desk, then here I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling; for a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

p. 190ff, Chapter XXXII. Cetology: Melville's bibliographic taxonomy of all whales, for which (p. 193): I have swam through libraries and sailed through oceans; I have had to do with whales with these visible hands; I am in earnest, and I will try.

p. 621, on Melville's use of books aboard *Pequod*, including Bowditch, an almanack, Daboll's arithmetic.

Addendum from Joan Druett on a Maritime List in November 2019:

Moby-Dick, In the Heart of the Sea, and Melville

This was certainly a thought-provoking post! And while Stormy Paul is perfectly right in saying that the **Essex** sinking was the inspiration for only the end of **Moby-Dick**, I do feel as if I should leap to the defense of both Philbrick and Melville.

I don't know Philbrick, having met him only once, and that very briefly, but he can't be blamed for using Melville's name as a kind of mantra. As it happens, **In the Heart of the Sea** gives only a passing mention to **Moby-Dick**, being almost entirely focused on the dreadful small-boat voyage that followed the sinking of the **Essex.** But publishers love a hook to hang a blurb on, and **Moby-Dick** is a good one. I have been guilty of that myself, when writing and talking about **In the Wake of Madness** -- partly because I was utterly convinced that the chapter "The Town-Ho story" was inspired by the mutiny on the sister ship of the **Acushnet**, **Sharon** -- and partly because the publisher wanted it. It does seem to work, because the reviewers all echo it, and it must be remembered that both books were aimed at the popular, lay market, not the academic one.

It is to Philbrick's credit that he did use a couple of primary sources (one published, the other not), and he is certainly a scholar, one who knows whaling history intimately. I fossicked out the review I wrote of the book, back in the day, and found it was a warm one. I thought the description of the sinking compelling reading, and the whaling background very convincing. The discussions of what went on in the boats raised a few questions -- I would have liked to know more about

why it was the black members of the crew that died first, for instance -- but everything was interesting enough to hold my attention.

Melville does not seem to fare very well when viewed with modern eyes. Personally, I much prefer the complete version of *Moby-Dick* -- the Norton edition is superb -- and even then one chapter at a time is plenty. But, back in 1851, Melville achieved something I consider remarkable with its publication. See my blog:

<https://joan-druett.blogspot.com/2019/11/moby-dick-and-sinking-of-essex.html>

As they used to say, greasy luck, Joan

Melville, Herman. *Redburn: His First Voyage, being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gentleman, in the Merchant Service.* Evanston and Chicago: Northwestern-Newberry, 1969.

p. 47-8: And I remembered reading in a magazine, called the Sailors' Magazine, with a sea-blue cover, and a ship painted on the back, about pious seamen who never swore, and paid over all their wages to the poor heathen in India; and how that when they were too old to go to sea, these pious old sailors found a delightful home for life in the Hospital, where they had nothing to do, but prepare themselves for their latter end. And I wondered whether there were any such good sailors among my ship-mates; and observing that one of them laid on deck apart from the rest, I thought to be sure that he was one of them: so I did not disturb his devotions: but I was afterwards shocked at discovering that he was only fast asleep, with one of the brown jugs by his side.

p. 48, Redburn addressing his new ship-mates at the beginning of the voyage:...I knew they were but poor indeed. I made bold to ask one of them, whether he was ever in the habit of going to church, when he was ashore, or dropping in at the Floating Chapel I had seen lying off the dock in the East River at New York; and whether he would think it too much of a liberty, if I asked him, if he had any good books in his chest. He stared a little at first, but marking what good language I used, seeing my civil bearing toward him, he seemed for a moment to be filled with a

certain involuntary respect for me, and answered that he had been to church once, some ten or twelve years before, in London, and on a week-day had helped to move the Floating Chapel round the Battery, from the North River; and that was the only time he had seen it. For his books, he said he did not know what I meant by good books; but if I wanted the Newgate Calendar, and Pirate's Own, he could lend them to me."

p. 81-83, talks about the Bible reading of the black cook: But on the day I speak of, it was no wonder he got perplexed. Being aware that I knew how to read, he called me as I was passing his premises, and read the passage over, demanding an *explanation*. *I told him it was a mystery that no one could explain; not even a parson*. But this did not satisfy him, and I left him poring over it still....

p. 83: He was a sentimental sort of darky, and read the "*Three Spaniards*," and "*Charlotte Temple*," and carried a lock of frizzled hair in his vest pocket....

p. 85-7: On the Sunday afternoon I spoke of, it was my watch below, and I thought I would spend it profitably, in improving my mind.

My bunk was an upper one; and right over the head of it was a *bull's-eye*, or circular piece of thick ground glass, inserted into the deck to give light. It was a dull, dubious light, though; and I often found myself looking up anxiously to see whether the bull's eye had not suddenly been put out; for whenever anyone trod on it, in walking the deck, it was momentarily quenched; and what was still worse, sometimes a coil of rope would be thrown down on it, and stay till I dressed myself and went up to remove it—a kind of interruption to my studies which annoyed me very much, when diligently occupied in reading.

However, I was glad of any light at all, down in that gloomy hole, where we burrowed like rabbits in a warren; and it was the happiest time I had, when all my messmates were asleep, and I could lie on my back, during a forenoon watch below, and read in comparative quiet and seclusion.

I had already read two books loaned to me by Max, to whose share they had fallen, in dividing the effects of the sailor who had jumped

overboard. One was an account of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, and the other was a large black volume, with *Delirium Tremens* in great gilt letters on the back. This proved to be a popular treatise on the subject of that disease; and I remembered seeing several copies in the sailor book-stalls about Fulton Market, and along South-street, in New York.

But this Sunday I got out a book, from which I expected to reap great profit and sound instruction. It had been presented to me by Mr. Jones, who had quite a library, and took down this book from the top shelf where it lay very dusty. When he gave it to me, said, that although I was going to sea, I must not forget the value of a good education; and that there was hardly any situation in life, however humble and depressed, or dark and gloomy, but one might find leisure in it to store his mind, and build himself up in the exact sciences....

Saying this, he handed it to me, and I blew the dust off, and looked at the back: "*Smith's Wealth of Nations*." This not satisfying me, I glanced at the title page, and found it was an "*Enquiry into the Nature and Causes*" of the alleged wealth of nations. But happening to look further down, I caught sight of "*Aberdeen*," where the book was printed; and thinking that any thing from Scotland, a foreign country, must prove someway or other pleasing to me. I thanked Mr. Jones very kindly, and promised to puruse the volume carefully.

So now, lying in my bunk, I began the book methodically, at page number one, resolved not to permit a few flying glimpses into it, taken previously, to prevent me from regular approaches to the gist and body of the book, where I fancied lay something like the philosopher's stone, a secret talisman, which would transmute even pitch and tar to silver and gold.

Pleasant though vague visions of future, letter on the back, "*The History of Rome*," was quite as full of matter and a good deal more entertaining. I wondered whether Mr. Jones had ever read the volume himself; and could not help remembering, that he had to get on a chair when he reached it down from its dusty shelf; *that* certainly looked suspicious....

I wondered if *he* had ever read it; or, indeed whether any body had ever read it, even the author himself; but then authors, they say, never read their own books; writing them, being enough in all conscience.

At length, I fell asleep, with the volume in my hand; and never slept so sound before; after that, I used to wrap my jacket round it, and use it for a pillow; for which purpose it answered very well; only I sometimes waked up feeling dull and stupid; but of course the book could not have been the cause of that.

p. 118: One would think, too, that, as since the beginning of the world almost, the tide of emigration has been setting west, the [compass] needle would point that way; whereas, it is forever pointing its fixed fore-finger toward the Pole, where there are few inducements to attract a sailor, unless it be plenty of ice for mint-julips.

p. 140: And yet, what are sailors? What in your heart do you think of that fellow staggering along the dock? Do you not give him a wide berth, shun him, and account him but little above the brutes that perish? Will you throw open your parlors to him; invite him to dinner, or give him a season ticket to your pew in church?—No. You will do no such thing; but at a distance, you will perhaps subscribe a dollar or two for the building of a hospital, to accommodate sailors almost broken down; or for the distribution of excellent books among tars who can not read. And the very mode and manner in which such charities are made, bespeak, more than words, the low estimation in which sailors are held. It is useless to gainsay it; they are deemed almost the refuse and offscourings of the earth; and the romantic view of them is principally had through romances.

p. 175ff, in Liverpool Redburn sees a great diversity of vessels, including a disorderly slaver-like brig from Guinea: The crew were a bucaniering looking set; with hair chests, purple shirts, and arms wildly tattooed. The mate had a wooden leg, and hobbled about with a crooked cane like a spiral staircase. There was a deal of swearing on board of this craft, which was rendered the more reprehensible when she came to moor alongside the Floating Chapel.

This was the hull of an old sloop-of-war, which had been converted into a mariner's church. A house had been built upon it, and a steeple took the place of a mast. There was a little balcony near the base of the steeple, some twenty feet from the water; where, on week-days, I used to see an old pensioner of a tar, sitting on a camp-stool, reading his Bible. On Sundays he hoisted the Bethel flag, and like the *muezzin* or crier of prayers on the top of a Turkish mosque, would call the strolling sailors to their devotions; not officially, but on his own account; conjuring them to make fools of themselves but muster round the pulpit, as they did about the capstan of a man-of-war. This old worthy was the sexton. I attended the chapel several times, and found there a very orderly but small congregation. The first time I went, the chaplain was discoursing of future punishments, and making allusions to the Tartarean Lake; which, coupled with the pitchy smell of the old hull, summoned up the most forcible image of the thing which I ever experienced.

The floating chapels which are to be found in some of the docks, form one of the means which have been tried to induce the seamen visiting Liverpool to turn their thoughts toward serious things. But as very few of them ever think of entering these chapels, though they might pass them twenty times in the day, some of the clergy, of a Sunday, address them in the open air, from the corner of the quays, or wherever they can procure an audience.

[Three more paragraphs on these services which he found well-adapted to their male audience, with preaching against their two main vices, often with the notorious women all addressed to the sinner, not the saint: "Better to save one sinner from an obvious vice that is destroying him, than to indoctrinate ten thousand saints." Contrast Melville here with Edward William Parry writing in his letters about the depth of religious feeling of the men of the *Hecla*. See his *Memoirs*. London: Longman, 1868, p. 186-88.]

Mercier, Henry James. *Life in a Man-of-War, or Scenes in "Old Ironsides" during her Cruise in the Pacific.* By a Fore-top-man. Philadelphia, PA: Lydia R. Bailey, 1841. [Published anonymously in 1841. Another edition published in New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1927.]

p. 3, Preface:

CRITICS avaunt! curl not your lips with scorn,
Do let my humble Sketches pass scot-free—
For you will find them but the uncouth "YARNS"
Of an unlettered wanderer on the sea.

I had made up my mind whilst on our homeward bound passage, to slip the moorings of the present little *Craft* and let her glide before the public without anything in the shape of prefaratory [sic] remark; but as soon as I mentioned the circumstance to some of the *literati of the galley*, they condemned loudly and emphatically my determination. "What," cried one old weatherworn customer, "print your book without a preface, that ain't ship-shape no how; I thought you had more *savey* than all that; damme, man, now-a-days a book without a preface is like a topmast without a *fid*, its whole dependance gone, small as it is."—Aye," chimed in a second, "or like a purser's jacket, without naval buttons; nothing to set off the quality of the article."—" Or like," remarked a third, "a sailor's jack-knife without a laniard, a most essential thing wanting."—" Or like a gun without a *touch-hole*," cried a fourth, "well enough to look at, but that little thing required to give it force and effect.

They would have assailed me with fifty other nautical similies, to prove that my work would'nt be worth a single cent without the appendage they were so anxious for; and to save myself from their incessant solicitations, I promised I would try my hand at something of the kind; and so, readers, I have made a beginning. The present little work consists but of a few of the "sayings and doings" on board of "Old Ironsides" during our cruise—for the numerous incidents, both of a serious and laughable nature, that transpire daily, aye hourly, on board an armed ship upon a foreign station, would furnish materials sufficient to *fit out a craft* in the literary line, to which this in size would be but a mere *cock-boat*; and I assure you the cruise of " Old Ironsides" in the Pacific was of this nature; but from the many disadvantages one in my capacity had necessarily to labour under whilst endeavouring to note the passing events as they occurred, as well as the difficulties I had to

struggle against—the interruptions I was subject to, and the noise and outcry that assailed me on every side, whilst indulging in my "scribbling vein"—I was constrained to let many a scene pass unnoticed, and to touch on others slightly and superficially.

p. 105-11, a Chapter called "The Literary Tars" is about the ship's library books and begins: "READER! don't spoil your pretty countenance with a sneer, nor turn up your nose with disgust at the title of this sketch.—Methinks I hear you with a *pish* exclaim, "Literary Tars—quotha, upon my word the Belles Lettres are becoming fearfully defiled, when the wild reckless sailor, ruffles the leaves with his clumsy and tarbesmeared fingers." But the bard of Avon says, in the above motto, that "there are water rats as well as land rats;" why then should it be considered a strange or unaccountable coincidence if we had our book-worms on the forecastle of a tight Yankee frigate, as well as in the boudoir or the drawing-room.—The "march of mind" is abroad, and making rapid strides in both the hemispheres; why then should it not on its journey take a sly peep amongst the worthies of a man-of-war? why should not the wanderer on the mighty deep, as well as the sojourner on *terra firma*, hail with feelings of delight, the appearance of the soul-thrilling poetry of the inestimable Moore, or the quaint, racy prose of the inimitable Dickens.

p. 106-08: When sailing on the boundless Ocean for weeks and weeks together, each day bringing forth the same dull, unvaried round of employment; the same tiresome monotony still pervading the scene; what can be a greater resource to help to dispel the foul fiend *ennui*, than the interesting or amusing volume; it is at a time like this, the unsophisticated tar pores over with pleasurable feelings the pages of history, or imbibes, with heated imagination, the melting pathos of some of our beautiful modern poets. Who will say then, that some of the inmates of a vessel-of-war do not thirst after literature? To illustrate the fact, just glance your eye along our ships' decks when lying in port; under the break of the poop you may observe a group of mizzen-topmen, eagerly listening to some more talented shipmate, who with voice and effect worthy of the subject, is reading aloud passages from one of the splendid and romantic poems of the celebrated Byron:--In the larboard

gangway a crowd are assembled, distorting their risible muscles at the trying though ludicrous scenes in Marryatt's Jacob Faithful or Midshipman Easy:--Again, on the starboard side amongst the main-topmen, a little *coterie* are gathered together, wrapped in profound silence, every ear intent, with open mouth, swallowing some of Cooper's thrilling descriptions of nautical life, or digesting the eccentricities of Scott's liquor-loving Peter Peebles, or the original and trite remarks of Boz's inimitable Sam Weller; and even the hard old salts on the fore-castle, with the bronze of every climate upon their furrowed cheeks, are huddled together around the *trunk*, hearing, with enthusiastic imagination and eyes beaming with delight, some lettered "sheet-anchor-man" describe the glorious exploits and brilliant achievements of Columbia's ships in the last war.

p. 106-07: Whilst we lay in New York, three or four hundred volumes were purchased, comprising the whole of the Family Library; the works of Scott, Marryatt, Cooper, Irving, Bulwer, &c.; and when the circumstance was made known throughout the ship, the greater part of our jolly tars came forward with avidity and subscribed their mites towards repaying the purchase money, and felt pleased to think that they had now in their possession a stock of intellectual food to beguile the heavy tediousness of the cruise, or to refresh their thirst for mental acquirements. The little collection of books was put under charge of the ship's Yeoman, in the fore-passage and their remained until the multiplied duties generally attending a vessel-of-war upon the commencement of a foreign cruise, had in some measure subsided, --- and the first Sunday the news flew through the ship that books were about to be issued, an all-impatient crowd immediately surrounded the ladders leading to the fore-passage, and a scene of uproar and confusion, laughable in the extreme, took place. The several volumes had been numbered, and the titles placed on a catalogue, which was forcibly dragged from one to the other, the weakest going to the wall, to ascertain what books were below that might suit their several tastes; and if the Yeoman had'nt his hands full, to try to keep peace and endeavour to satisfy the clamorous demands of all parties, I wonder at it.

There was a soft-pated “Johnny Raw,” a steady cook on the berth-deck, with scarcely sense enough to know which was *banyan* day, loudly vociferating for number one hundred and sixty, which, as soon a presented, proved to be an essay on conchology; he carried it off at all events, triumphantly, though whether he could read the title page or not, I have my doubts. Next came a light hearted *harum-scarum* foretopman, up to all manner of mischief, with an eye even at this time seeking for a fit object amongst the crowd to play his intolerable pranks upon; he called for anything at all to pass the time away, number two hundred and four would answer as well as any, ‘twas his ship’s number, and therefore he chose it: the number in question was brought up, and our foretopman stalked off with Mason Good’s Book of Nature, under his arm, to edify himself and the worthies of the larboard gangway.

Now came pushing through the crowd an old veteran mastman of fifty winters, enquiring for one of Marryatt’s nautical novels; the work requested—a little pocket edition—was passed up, which the old Triton eagerly grabbed. “Po, po!” cried the pragmatistical Bill Garnet, who, as a matter of course could not absent himself on this particular occasion: “That book is too small altogether for old Grummet; pass him up the *largest* Bible you’ve got, he only wants it for a *pillow* to lay his head on between the guns this afternoon—don’t you see the *snatch-blocks* that he’s been used to this some time back have chafed all the hair on the top of his head.” “I know how to *keep* a book as it ought to be, and that’s more than you do, Mr. replied the man of the mast, a little fretted at Bill’s allusion to his somnolency—for which he was remarkable. “I have good reason to know that, old boy,” cried Garnet with a knowing leer, “for them song books of mine I lent you three months ago, you are keeping so slick that I never expect to see them again;” this remarked of Garnet’s caused a laugh all round the crowd, and Grummet took his departure without making a reply. One of the [p. 110] galley cooks now popped his curly head amongst the assemblage, and asked in quite a polite style for Moore’s “Loves of the Angels.” “Never mind,” cried Flukes, the main-top wag—“I’ve got Sitting on a Rail and Gumbo Squash in my *ditty-bag* I can let you have, they will answer you just the same; you will be more at *home* with them at all events.” “I’d have you

to understand,” replied the “gemman”—his lips thickening and his nose dilating with anger, “that I don’t read such foolish stupid stuff as you have just mentioned—nothing less than Moore or Byron in the shape of poetry do I think palatable; and when I read prose, always give me a philosophical treatise; I always like something *heavy* to digest.” “Then that *duff* that we had for dinner in our mess to-day would just suit you to a *ravelling*,” remarked Pat Bradley, “for in my opinion, it was as *hard* and as *heavy* as a thirty-two pound shot—that would sit *solid* enough on your stomach, I tell you.”

“I’d advise Snowball to get an essay on the rudiments of *coffee-making*,” chimed in Garnet, “for the d-----d stuff he sold me yesterday was like so much bilge-water; look out for yourself if you come that *load* over me again, I’d *capsize* your *apple-cart* for you;” this twittering on facts caused the *darkie* to disappear pretty quick, for he knew Garnet was not a fellow to be tampered with. A wild scamp of a mizzen-topman now sung out lustily for some book or another; “you know what will suit me,” he remarked to the Yeoman; “Yes! Yes!” cried Flukes, “pass him up the Youth’s easy road to the Gallows; that will fit him exactly” ...[This was] interrupted by the ship’s barber enquiring at a hazard for number one hundred and twenty; it was passed up to him and proved to be a Treatise on Physiology; “my gracious!” cried the man of soap-suds, this is too *dull* altogether for me.”---“Then it’s exactly like your *razors*, Patterson,” remarked Garnet; for he was determined to have a rap at the poor shaver some how or another. “Here’s a first-rate work on Phlebotomy you can have,” remarked Flukes, “’twill answer you to a hair.” In what manner will that answer me?” enquired the barber. “Why you know phlebotomy means *blood-letting*,” continued the main-top wag; “and I’m sure every time you take a *razor* in hand, you do plenty of that work; now this might teach you to scarify a man's countenance on quite a new principle.” The poor barber could'nt stomach this innuendo at all; it cut him too close; and finding the main-topman was too keen a blade to handle—his wit having too sharp an edge, he quickly made himself scarce, fearing a second attack.

The crowd now began gradually to disappear from around the ladders, in fact the greater part of the books were served out; and in

every part of the ship, from the old weather-beaten quarter-gunner to the youthful, interesting messenger boy, all might be perceived pouring over some volume, with a face as demure and lengthened as a well fed limb of the law when perusing a brief upon which great expectations rested; and on this evening in particular, our lads might well be called “literary tars.”

p. 112-13: To beguile the monotony that hangs like an incubus upon him, the sailor has recourse to divers methods; the merry song, the romantic tale, the facetious anecdote, are all brought in force to kill this foul fiend ennui; and when a theatrical representation takes place, or a batch of six-months-old newspapers go the round of the ship, they furnish a topic for conversation and discussion at least for a month.

Another chapter, p 121-129, is on “Aquatic Theatricals.”

p. 129-30: At this distant corner of the globe, communications from friends or acquaintances in the happy land of Columbia, are like angel's visits, "few and far between;" and poor Jack, if he can but get a glance at a small batch of newspapers, twice within the twelvemonth, blesses his stars for this literary treat.

On the tenth of August, a couple of large bags well filled with letters and packages of journals, arrived at Callao, (where we were then lying,) and were quickly distributed to their several owners. In a little time, in every part of the ship you could perceive our frigate's newsmongers on the alert, reading aloud Heralds, Suns, Expresses and Brother Jonathans, to attentive crowds, who were swallowing with true relish their precious contents.... Now on board a frigate, the precincts of the galley on the gun-deck...is the regular news-room; and here during meal hours, the events of the passing day, the nation's rise and fall, shinplasters and the banks, and the political state of our beloved country, are as eagerly and enthusiastically argued, as if tens of thousands of dollars depended upon the issue of the debate. This spot was crowded more than ever upon the day I have above adverted to, and as it was the first news they had had of the serious appearance the boundary question had taken, they gave forth their opinions upon the subject loudly and emphatically. "So the lads in Maine are determined to stand Johnny Bull's encroachments no longer

upon their property," broke forth a serious looking old tar, after reading a leading article from one of the journals just received on the subject of affairs in that state, written with true Yankee spirit; "them ere down-easters are not to be fooled with I tell you, and as for old Governor Fairfield, he's as hot as Chili pepper on anything that touches the privileges of his state; they're at loggerheads afore this, I'd bet my breakfast-grog."—" I don't believe a single word of it," cried old Bowser, the forecastle-man; "believe me, 'tis all flummery, I've heard the same old story afore I shipped this time; do you think for the sake of a few acres of land they're going to have another war with England, with whom you may say we're now on the same footing as brothers? for my part I never wish to see it."—" Why, you're not showing the white feather already I hope, Bowser?" remarked Flakes, the maintop wag; "damme, if they do come to the brush, we'll give as good as they'll send, I promise you." "You're mighty fine at pitching a galley yarn, I hav'nt the least doubt, Mr. Flukes," replied Bowser; "and as for being scared at a mouthful of smoke or gunpowder, I've took too many doses of that stuff on this same old craft's gun-deck last war, to be frightened at its spoiling my complexion this time of my life." -

Mereweather, John Davies. *Life Onboard an Emigrant Ship: Being a Diary of a Voyage to Australia.* (ondon: T. Hatchard, 1852.

The Rev. Mereweather of the Anglican Church saw it as his unpaid duty to provide moral leadership to the "poorer classes" being conveyed to Australia. Proceeds from its sale would go to the Female Emigrant Society for that purpose.

p. 23, March 10th (Sunday) [1850]: I had morning service on deck for the first time. A reading desk, covered with the union jack, was rigged out for me on the poop, so that I faced the emigrants, who were sitting beneath me on the deck. The Captain, officers, and crew sat behind me on the poop. Read the morning prayers and preached a sermon. The Litany was omitted. The service, altogether, lasted an hour. Nearly all the emigrants, excepting a few depraved young men, who sat on the forecastle smoking, were present, and behaved with great decorum.

Soon after service the emigrants dined, and after dinner they sat in groups round the deck, some few conversing quietly, but most reading books of a religious nature.

p. 46, April 13th: In my cabin all the morning reading an article of Chambers on the History of the Bible. There is much useful information in it.... In fact, he is an unphilosophical unbeliever. If I wished to bring up a number of young people entirely voice of fixed principles on religious subjects, I would put into their hands Chambers's works.

June 13th: To-day I examined all the children. Find that they have made much progress, during the voyage, in spelling reading, and Scripture knowledge, but not much in writing. In fact, now every child who is of an age to read, can read; and all, except the very little ones, can answer easy questions on religious subjects.

Miller, Pamela A. *And the Whale is Ours: Creative Writing of American Whalers*. Boston: David R. Godine: Kendall Whaling Museum 1979.

A book of extensive excerpts of whalers' own escape literature, their own personal journals, often sentimental claptrap about home, love, and death, but best when devoted to their trade of whaling which they tended to depict accurately and realistically.

p. 9-10: Most whalers journalists never expected their works to be read or saved. Few were interested in writing other than as a daily record, and few of the journals make interesting reading. Most lapse into an irritating sameness, no matter what their date. Except for the occasional excitement of taking a whale, life on board ship began and ended in routine....

Even those whalers who enjoyed writing and did a great deal of it were frequently overcome with boredom and a sense of futility that daily journal keeping seemed only to aggravate. George Mills, for example, a mate on several whaleships in the mid-1850s, kept a journal which includes many poems and some fiction. But prolific as he was, the prospect of recording daily life on a whaleship became impossible. His journal, after the first forty-six pages, contains the following: *NOTICE*

No, as I live, and nothing happens more than what eventfully takes place. I will not continue Log keeping no more. No how for it is one day out and another in. Just the same. therefore Please Excuse Etc

p. 17: The mid-nineteenth century produced vast amounts of cheap, conventional literature, and many whalemens read it. No wonder: in both the cramped quarters of the officers and the squalid quarters of the crew, monotony was ever present. Voyages were long (three years was common), and months could go by without sighting a whale. Shipboard tasks took up part of the day, but still there were long bleak stretches that scrim-shawing, singing, and fighting could never fill. For many, reading was the best escape. Francis Olmsted's *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage* describes the forecabin of the *North America* designed with its crew's literary entertainment in mind.

The forecabin of the North America is much larger than those of most ships of her tonnage, and is scrubbed out regularly every morning. There is a table and a lamp, so that the men have conveniences for reading and writing if they choose to avail themselves of them; and many of them are practicing writing every day or learning how to write. Their stationery they purchase out of the ship's stores, and then come to one of the officers or myself for copies, or to have their pens mended. When not otherwise occupied, they draw books from the library in the cabin, and read; or if they do not know how, get someone to teach them. We have a good library on board, consisting of about two hundred volumes....

[Olmsted, Francis: *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage* (New York: Appleton, 1841) p. 52.]

p. 18: Until about 1830, a turning point for American literature as well as American whaling, the published authors mentioned or quoted in journals are the traditional British and American favorites still known today. References are frequent to such writings as Shakespeare's plays, the Bible, the poetry of Alexander Pope, James Thomson's 'The Seasons,' and Edward Young's 'Night Thoughts.' After 1830, the rise of the popular press widened the scope of available reading matter and

generally lowered its quality. Seven compulsive list makers, all officers, have left full records of their shipboard reading. The later the list, the more prevalent are ephemera, dime novels or their equivalents.

Frederick H. Russell, on the *Pioneer* in the 1870's, lists fifty-nine novels and nine 'Stories I have read in the ledger [clearly a newspaper]' as his reading for that voyage. While he did read such popular and now classic novels as *The Black Tulip*, *The Woman in White*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, most of Russell's list is comprised of sensational literature. At least eight entries are from Beadle's series of dime novels, and many have titles like *Adelaide the Avenger* and *Chenga the Cheyenne*. [Russell's journal is at Sterling Library, Yale]

p. 18-19: In the same work, Olmsted states that many other whaleships resembled the *North America*. He was mistaken. Few whaleships had any library at all. Most whalers were limited to what they brought with them or what they could exchange during games. J. Ross Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* (1846) describes the more usual situation, in this case at sea enroute to the Indian Ocean:

p. 110: The monotony of a long passage is known to every body who has ever read of the sea. Seldom is it relieved, except by a squall, a calm a sail in sight, or some trifling adventure. Time hung very heavily on our hands, though we contrived various means to pass it away as pleasantly as possible. The chief resources I had for driving dull care away were reading, drawing, writing in my journal, eating whenever I could get any thing to eat, and sleeping whenever the Portuguese would give me a chance. As to reading, I was necessarily compelled to read whatever I could get. Unfortunately, I had brought neither books nor papers with me, so that I had to depend entirely on the officers, none of whom was [were] troubled with a literary taste. Mr. D_____, the first mate, who was very friendly toward me, had a bundle of old Philadelphia weeklies, which I read over a dozen times, advertisements and all. The cooper, a young man from New Bedford, was by far the most intelligent man aft. His stock of literature consisted of a temperance book, a few Mormon tracts, and Lady Dacre's *Diary of a Chaperone*... [I read these till I almost had them by heart. The captain himself was an illiterate man, 'wise in his own conceit.' He had the reputation at home of being a

pious man; and, as some evidence of this, I procured from one of the officers a work belonging to him of a religious character. I can not say, however, that his conduct was in strict conformity with the reputation he had gained as a man of piety.] One of my shipmates had a Bible; another, the first volume of Cooper's Pilot; a third, the Songster's own Book; a fourth, the Complete Letter Writer; and a fifth claimed, as his total literary stock, a copy of the Flash newspaper, published in New York...[in which he cut a conspicuous figure as the 'Lady's Fancy Man.']. I read and reread all of these. Every week I was obliged to commence on the stale reading, placing the latest read away till I systematically arrived at them again, [when they were pretty fresh, considering the number of times they had been overhauled. When I became thoroughly satiated with the fresh and stale, I had recourse to drawing at which I considered myself somewhat of an amateur.... [Taken from p. 110-11 of Browne's Sketches.]

[The remainder of the book consists of topical chapters of selections from the journals of whalemens such as those noted above, much of it in poetry. Topics include 2) Thoughts of Home; 3) Eternity of Love; 4) The Grim Messenger of Death; 5) Us Lone Wand'ring Whaling Men. Miller's Afterword claims that the real contribution of these seven journal writers was not in their accounts of home, love, death, etc. to which they add little, but rather to their accounts of whaling itself, the one area they did not romanticize. "Their fresh, exuberant writing celebrate their unusual life in pursuit of the whale" (p. 177).]

Millet, Samuel. *A Whaling Voyage in the Bark "Willis" 1849-1850.* The Journal Kept by Samuel Millet. [Edited by Thomas Perkins?]. (Boston, MA: Privately printed, 1924).

A loosely edited version of Millet's Journal of 1849-50.

p. iii-iv: Samuel Millet, the author of the journal which is here presented for the first time, apparently knew the value of dramatic incidents and realized that happenings even of no great importance to him might prove of interest to one in an entirely different walk of life. Many of the old whaling logs and journals are more full of "wails" than of whales and

their authors must have agreed with Dr. Samuel Johnson who said "being on a ship is being in jail with a chance of being drowned." Samuel Millet, however, although rather inclined to believe that "far away hills always look green," was, as a whole, of a cheerful disposition and though he often called attention to the hardships and privations he was forced to undergo, he never lost an opportunity to enjoy himself or to make the best of his rather hard lot.

The bark "Willis" was a small vessel of but one hundred and sixty-four tons and was built at Mattapoiset in 1838 by Ebenezer Cannon, a noted ship-builder. He and his sons and grandsons built many of the finest whaling vessels of their time. She made twelve voyages between 1844 and 1866. It was on her fourth voyage, Captain Taber in command, that Samuel Millet kept this journal. [Thomas Perkins, Boston, July 4, 1924]

p. 27-44. A chapter devoted to "The Manner of Capturing the Whale in 1671" in Spitzbergen, together with a considerable bibliography, occupies the major portion of the book. Unclear how much of this is Millet's work.

Morris, Thomas. *The Mystery of the Exploding Teeth, and Other Curiosities from the History of Medicine.* New York: Dutton, 2018.

From a section of this weird and fascinating book the TLS reviewer (Anne Hardy) of January 18, 2019 (p. 5), has pieced together this bit of maritime medical history:

As well as many self-inflicted tribulations there are a number of hair-raising emergencies, including that described in "All at Sea", which offers a stunning lesson in what courage and a clear head can achieve. A mutinous seaman on a whaling ship had slashed the captain's neck from jawbone to clavicle, laying open the subclavian vein, which lies on top of one of the principal branches of the aorta. The ship's mate [Hinckley] saved the situation by plunging his fingers into the wound and gripping until the bleeding stopped. Then, remembering an emergency medical handbook "prepared for the use of sea captains and others, when no surgeon was on board", he saved the captain's life by using the

interrupted suture technique: each stitch is left separate from the next, so that the surgeon can tighten or remove them as necessary. Mate Hinckley is one of the few real heroes to feature among these tales.

Murphy, Robert Cushman. *Logbook for Grace: Whaling Brig Daisy, 1912-1913.* New York: Macmillan, 1947.

An engaging account by a 25-year-old naturalist of a whaling voyage to South Georgia in 1912, taking the form of a log written to and for his new wife, Grace. Witty and reflective, including lots of material on his own reading and library, mostly during the ship's passage through the tropics.

p. 8-9, July 8 [1912]: The skipper and the cooper—the latter a native of Fayal and one of the three bona fide white men on board this craft—have made and installed a shipshape set of bookshelves for my library, which is now all accessible and secure behind battens. The volumes might be called a motley assemblage, comprising the following:

Cambridge Natural History, the volumes on fishes, birds, and mammals
Parker and Haswell, *Zoology*

Howell, *Physiology*

Flower and Lydekker, *Mammals Living and Extinct*

Beddard, *Book of Whales*

Gregory, *The Orders of Mammals*

True, *Review of the Delphinidae* (porpoises)

Melville, *Moby Dick*

Tower, *History of the American Whale Fishery*

Starbuck, *History of the American Whale Fishery*

Weddell, *A Voyage towards the South Pole*

Catalogue of Birds of the British Museum, the volume on albatrosses, petrels, gulls and terns

Journal of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks during Captain Cook's First Voyage in HMS "Endeavour"

Ridgway, *Nomenclature of Colors*

Lönnberg, *Notes on the Vertebrates of South Georgia*

Darwin, *Voyage of the "Beagle"*

Moseley, "*Challenger*" Narrative

New Testament

Dante, *Divina Commedia*

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*

Horace, *Carmina*

Oxford Book of English Verse

The Oxford Shakespeare

Typewritten and bound summaries and translations of information about South Georgia from the writings of Guyot, Cook, Forster, Sparrman, Bellingshausen, Klutschak, Szielasko, von den Steinen and others

Also, several fat notebooks, still blank and white, but destined to contain the great literature of the future!

Hanging and lashed beside the shelves, is the rotund sack in which you my darling, by incredible labor and wile, seem to have arranged orderly files of communications from your beloved self and countless friends for nearly every date in the calendar of the long year ahead!

p. 11, July 12, quote from Dante (in Italian) which he had been reading the previous evening.

p. 14, July 16: Most of these men can read and write, and the cooper is positively profound. But, if the letters they prepare are in English, they come to me when they can't spell a word, and they bring scraps of newspapers and magazines for me to read to them.

p. 19, July 21: If your mind ever turns, my Grace, to fancied hardships or privations of your husband somewhere on the deep, find the *Voyage of the Beagle* and read the "Retrospect" of its final pages. I copy, from the book on my knees, one paragraph of Darwin's words....

p. 23, July 24: The Old Man has been reading my copy of Moseley's record of the great *Challenger* cruise. Because he has visited very many of the islands named, his comments and discussion are exceedingly interesting. I'll start him next on Darwin's voyage, even though he does say Galapáygos in the singular and Galapáygoses in the plural.

p. 31, July 31 on tropical island of Roseau: I have bought a large envelope and am now in the town library winding up. It is all very unreal, dull at the moment and yet also full of hope. I have nothing more to write except that I love you with all my heart....

p. 46, August 14: We are moving northward at a snail's pace, and there is not enough to do. I read by the hour on such a day as this, but there is an end even to reading. I have finished Moseley's narrative of the *Challenger* voyage and now I have traveled far with Darwin in the *Beagle*. Aside from being delightful, both of these books play right into my hands when it comes to getting the most out of this cruise.

p. 55, August 20, following whale catch and boiling of blubber: Cockroaches take to all perishable stores, which means anything not soldered or welded inside seamless metal plates. Leather or paper come under the heading of food, and the covers of my books are already beautifully chased with hieroglyphics and other symbols pertaining to the language of the exceedingly ancient insect family of the Blattidae....

p. 56-7, August 21: There is a strong breeze astern and we are speeding eastward and rolling scuppers under. I have read Hamlet, in which, as in everything else by its author, it is possible to find allusions to one's present job—

Whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

The Old Man has been poring over his Bible for at least two hours. He is rather full of pious instincts, and might be called religious but not churchly. All the sects familiar in the vicinity of New Bedford seem... to have won his displeasure, but Quakers lead the field in his list of preferred funerals....

I have known him now for just about six months, and this afternoon he finally popped the dread question, "Mr. Murphy, what's your religion?"

"Well, Captain," I responded, "I'm a member of the Unitarian Church, and—" but he cut me short with a comment that has smoothed all possible difficulties.

"Oh, I have great respect for the Unitarians. They don't believe a goddam thing and they live up to it every day in the week, Sundays included."

p. 61, August 25: Since the rain ceased, I have been sitting for several hours in the scanty shadow of the furled mainsail, rapt in a book, or several books in succession. Thus has the egregious development of my

gray matter (if any) helped the hours to slip by, and I'm another day nearer you....

The magazines you sent by Mr. da Lomba are seeing service from cabin to forecabin. They ultimately pass through every pair of hands on board. Mr. Vincent can't read a word, even though he is second officer, but he pores over the pictures more than anyone else, occasionally asking the cooper for an explanation.

August 26. Calm. We are still rapidly going nowhere.

From the stomach of a dolphin I took three entire flying fish that looked fit to eat, so by Jove, we ate 'em! Then, after studying awhile, I read the tragedy of *King Richard III*, just to rest my mind.

p. 64, August 28: The "doctor book," in which I have been reading chapters on the character and treatment of infected wounds, fevers, scurvy, etc., is enough to chill the blood. It was published forty years ago. The Old Man is at least consistent in the period of his essential literature, because his *South America Pilot* is as old as his medical authority.

p. 65, August 28: I have just read *King John*, the most giggling of comedies for the first half, and a bit scurrilous withal. The scene of Hubert and Prince Arthur in the Tower then ends all laughter with a bang, and steps up the pulse and respiration. The bastard, Philip, is one of Shakespeare's most likeable characters.

August 29. Still calm, and here we lie in midocean, about as far from anywhere as from everywhere.

Today I went over various gear in anticipation of its use, sharpened my knives, cleaned and lubricated instruments, and then read *Twelfth Night*. We have scarcely moved all day.

p. 66, August 31: I read from biological texts for two or three hours and then went on with my Shakespearean debauch: first the crazy, frolicsome, and boisterous *Comedy of Errors*, and then *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There's a real play for you, worthy of the Queen of the Fairies, the finest of the comedies except, perhaps, *The Tempest*.

September 1: Another bookish day. Titus, Philemon and Jude, from the New Testament; then the *Winter's Tale*, doubtless the dreariest production of the Bard of Avon, even though it has some exquisite

passages. But the theme is nasty, the noblemen are arrant liars, and the joyous end is a fraud and a swindle.

You probably never suspected that a whaling cruise would incubate a Shakespearean critic!

p. 69, September 2: I caught up on my sewing—general repairs to work clothes—and, then read *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Lines here and there reveal the ineffable genius, but some Shakespearean heroes are certainly detestable beasts.

p. 71, September 5: I have read the Revelation of John the Divine and Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. The latter was a new play to me and I found it thrilling and wholly engrossing, and tricked up with magnificent passages. It was not designed for Sunday school reading, however.

As for the Revelation, it has colored the literature of two millennia, but what has it to do with Christianity? Tinsel and might, rather than love, are made the supreme attributes of deity....

September 6: Today I read *Love's Labour Lost*, of which the lyrics are the only part up to scratch.

p. 74, September 9: Later in the day I read *Much Ado about Nothing* and *As you Like It*, and in the latter play I found the perfect description of this, my journal, the sole object of which is to keep you with me while we are absent from one another: 'It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.'

p. 76, September 14: When the sun travels around behind the sail, I open the luxurious canvas chair you gave me... and read on top of the cabin. I have told you mostly of my reading for sheer fun, which includes thus far fourteen plays of Shakespeare, but I have also done a good stint of biological and geographical study, and have pumped everybody on board who has had experiences of special interest to me. The Old Man and the cooper have been my best sources, though the officers and two or three of the fore-castle hands have helped, too....

p. 80, September 16: I wish I could convey a real picture of the jagged and infernal surroundings [of the Cape Verde Islands]. Dante, to whose

pages I turned many times on the way across the Atlantic, would feel at home here.

p. 82, September 17: My knowledge of this place had been derived from the prosy pages of the pilot book and from Moseley's account of his visit in the *Challenger*, thirty-nine years ago.

p. 84—recent newspapers including *New York World*.

p. 88, September 25: ...the combination of rain and calm, and of heat and dim light below decks, makes life on board extremely dull. It is impossible to read in comfort at the very time that one has most leisure for books.

p. 90, September 28: My illness has gone, but I have not felt energetic, and I did not walk on deck until the sun ducked under just in time to avoid facing the moon, which is now past full. I read in my berth while the light was good—*King Henry the Fifth* and *King Henry the Eighth*.

p. 96: October 5. The bones of my porpoise are well macerated, and most of them are drying. The best proved easy to identify from True's book [see catalogue above]. Its name, if you and the captain must know, is *Prodelphinus froenatus*. Are you any better off? I have photographs and a good sketch of it.

p. 110—Fernando Noronha described as Prospero's isle.

p. 114, October 24: Today I packed up all my cleaned and dried skeletons, and did a lot of reading anent the animals of the cold latitudes ahead of us.

p. 126, November 5: I realize that the day of the classical languages is waning, and that there are new humanities which will make it impracticable for the average educated man of the future to dig into Greek or Latin, or both, for from four to six long years. But I'm glad that I lived before the end of the transition, because the apogee of my college course, for sheer fun, came when I faced the inspired countenance of Johnny Green and read Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. I have Horace with me but, in any case, I know by heart many of the lyrics.

p. 127, November 7: Reading is a thing of the past, because it is too cold to sit on deck, and too dark below.

p. 137, November 23 approaching South Georgia: In the miserable light of the lamp I have been running over my typewritten summaries of the historical and scientific literature relating to South Georgia.

p. 139, November 24: I have before me, in the cabin of the Daisy—which is probably far less luxurious than that of the Resolution, our predecessor by 137 years!—copies or translations of every word that Cook, the Forsters, and Sparrman wrote about the island. It makes me feel almost mystically close, in this icy, and silent setting, to the heroes who cruised in the Golden Age of exploration.

p. 143—notes library on South Georgia among other amenities of civilization.

p. 174, December 20, South Georgia: Sometimes my inclinations run toward the grisly, which fits certain moods of the South Georgian weather. For example, it gives me special glee to improvise musical variations that fit the so so merry words of Isaac Watts' Day of Judgment, which happens to have found immortality in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* rather than in the hymnals. I don't know the tune for the jolly old paean-in-reverse (if it ever had one), but I can surely delight the devil and me with my renderings.

p. 177, December 22: Practically no work is possible, and days like this on board seem even more lonely than on the high seas. I have just read Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, and now I have started Captain Cleveland on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which seems appropriate for a mid-day blizzard in the Antarctic! He gives the appearance of being thoroughly absorbed, and no doubt we'll hear more about it later.

p. 212, January 29 [1913]: I have been reading about the king penguins in the account of James Weddell, the British explorer who visited South Georgia in 1823. The details of his story have long been overlooked, or perhaps disbelieved, by ornithologists, but they actually comprise the best account of the bird's life history that has yet been published.

Nothing in my own observations would lead me to change a line of Weddell's almost forgotten history. "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed even by the peacock," he writes, quaintly and truthfully.

p. 219, February 5th [written where Shackleton would be a few years later]: I long for the opportunity to cross South Georgia to the still wilder

and more Antarctic southerly coast. It would be quite safe to undertake such a trip if three men with sufficient rope were to travel together.

p. 234, at Prince Olaf whaling station: The most important news from the outside world is that of the tragic death of Captain Scott and his four comrades on their return from the South Pole. E. A. Wilson, who was probably closest of all the men to Scott, was, in my opinion, the best naturalist who ever worked in the Antarctic. Under the circumstances of the sad end of Scott's great and successful effort, I am glad that the party had Amundsen's records to establish their glory beyond any possible doubt.

p. 237, March 8: For three days I have been mostly stormbound in the dark cabin, and have taken naps both morning and afternoon. I have also found time to read from the *Divina Commedia*, the whole Antarctic portion of Moseley's account of the *Challenger's* cruise, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Othello*. In addition, I have started writing up the notes that will ultimately constitute a life history of the sea elephant.

p. 245-7—Murphy's compilation of visitors to South Georgia from 1790 to 1912 ends with Murphy himself.

p. 253, re St Elmo's fire: A few days ago I was reading about this same phenomenon in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. St. Paul, aboard the ship from Alexandria, knew it as the ancient pagan symbol of Castor and Pollux, and yet he was apparently not above regarding it as a fair omen. May it likewise prove to us....

p. 264-5: The captain then read the order of the burial of the dead from an Anglican Book of Common Prayer. ...

p. 267, April 13: I finished the day by reading *The Taming of the Shrew*.

p. 268, April 15: Not holding even a bleacher seat [to a whale pursuit], I spent part of the afternoon reading *Titus Andronicus*. I thought *Pericles* was stupidly horrible, but *Titus* is worse, if possible—quite the most dismal and insane thing I ever read. Bill must have been in a perverse and slaughtering mood when he wrote it. I wonder how the creator of *Macbeth* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* could have tumbled so far from his eminence.

p. 269, April 16: I have loafed today while everybody else has labored very, very hard. After revising some South Georgian notes, I read

Coriolanus. Only the *Henry*s remain to complete my reading on this voyage of everything that Shakespeare wrote. Once is enough for some of the plays, and in future I can confine my rereading to those I like.

p. 270—re *Journal of Sir Joseph Banks* and his account of shark's stomachs.

p. 274, April 20: I took the *Notes of a Naturalist* during the voyage of the *Beagle* to my chair atop the cabin, and for several hours have wandered again with Darwin over the pampas of Patagonia, through the Galápagos Isles, across the Pacific to Tahiti, then on to Keeling in the Indian Ocean. How I long to see with the eyes of that matchless man of science, and to write with his pen!

p. 275, April 21: Later I read *Timon of Athens*, *The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and some of the sonnets.

p. 276, April 22: ...read *The Merchant of Venice* again. For the last half hour I've been lying on my couch, waiting for the supper bell to ring so that I can quit work.

p. 282: I have finished *Pilgrim's Progress* and have enjoyed the whole book enormously. What a pity so few readers realize that the second part of this work stands foremost among the unconsciously comical pearls of literature, besides having other virtues!

p. 285, May 7: [onset of channel fever]: I can't work, and I find it very hard to keep my mind occupied cheerfully.

See also Murphy's picture book about the *Daisy*, entitled *A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1967. Murphy's journals were adapted by Eleanor Mathews as *Ambassador to the Penguins: A Naturalist's Year aboard a Yankee Whaleship* (Boston, MA: David Godine, 2003), in effect an illustrated retelling of *Logbook for Grace*.

Nevens, William. *Forty Years at Sea, or A Narrative of the Adventures of William Nevens*. Portland, Me: Thurston, Fenley & Co., Printers, 1846.

Books appear fairly often in this narrative but little about them—just enough to indicate a fairly well-educated sailor, and the usual tribute to missionary linguists.

p. 198-99, on Island Owhyhee in Sandwiches he applauds missionary activity: The missionaries have taught them to read and write, and they have **books** printed in their own native language, by the Missionary Society, and sent out to them. I saw several native preachers and school teachers, among them. It was a pleasant sight to see all ages, sexes and conditions in life, from the little boy and girl, to the old grey-headed man, all going to school together. Their memory is quick and retentive, and they learn very fast. They show a degree of improvement and civilization, which, when we consider that it is but twenty years, since the first missionary effort was made among them, is truly astonishing. Their common deportment, strict honesty, and their attendance to all the means of improvement placed within their reach, speak well for the missionary enterprize.

Newhall, Charles Lyman. *The Adventures of Jack; or, A Life on the Wave.* Southbridge: Printed by the Author, 1859.

Title page has this epigraph:

"T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction. If it could be told,
How much would novels gain by **the** exchange!
How differently **the** world would men behold!"
Byron's *Don Juan*.

p. 35, on the island of Owhyhee in the Sandwich Islands: The pilot was an Englishman, but had lived in the Sandwich Islands so long, and got so accustomed to their language, that we could scarcely understand him. However, he took us safe into Byron's Bay which forms the harbor of Hilo.— This bay was named by Lord Byron.

p. 23, in Port au Prince, Haiti: One day I entered a **printing** office, and seeing a vacant composing-stick and some copy which one of the compositors had left a few moments, I went to work setting type in the

French language, and I soon found that I could do it very well, and the proprietor of the establishment saw me, and offered me very good inducements to remain there and work for him; but I was so situated at that time that I could not stop there. He was a mulatto, but was an American by birth, and learned his trade in the United States.

p. 38, at a rural congregation of missionary converts: The services were opened by singing, by the whole congregation, among which I noticed some excellent voices, from hymn books printed in their own language. After singing the "Mikanary" as the Kanakas called him, made what I presume was a very eloquent prayer, but could understand but little of it. Then another hymn was sung by the whole congregation; and then the sermon was preached. He spoke as I should judge very eloquently, although I could understand but little of it.

The services occupied about two hours and a half, and was listened to with close attention by the whole audience. The very stillness of death reigned during the whole time, and I have never attended church where more attention was paid to the teachings of the pastor.

p. 76: We were soon on our way to see the girls of Maui. There was a strong breeze right aft —

And then we saw the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as though when she went,
That seem'd the waves were unto ivory,
Or ivory unto the waves were sent.

We passed close by Cape Lopatka, the southernmost part of Kamtschatka, being a different route from which we entered the Okhotsk Sea,—we entered through the Channel of Tartary.

p. 82, in Rio de Janeiro, March 1st, 1855: When we had been in there a week or more, I thought it was plenty long enough, and suggested we should write to the Consul. I was appointed secretary, for the purpose of writing the letter. I accepted the appointment, and wrote to the Consul, as follows:

Rio Janeiro, March 1st, 1855.

Mr. Scott. — Sir:

I would ask for information, in behalf of the crew from the ship Dover, how long you are intending to keep us in this palace of misery;

and we desire to know what we are confined for.— What have we done? If we have committed a crime sufficiently outrageous for you to convict us, we wish to know it. When we first came here we suspected the captain to be the person that imprisoned us in this contemptible mansion; but since the ship sailed, leaving us here in this place where you ought to be, we are assured that you are the very identical individual who was the cause of all this disturbance. * * * *

Please let us hear from you soon; if not, we shall proceed to higher authority. Waiting an answer, I remain your most humble servant,

C. L. NEWHALL,
Secretary for the Dover's Crew.

The letter was presented to the Consul by one of his colored servants, and March 4th the Consul's clerk came up to the *calabozo*, relieved us from that confounded old mansion of torment, and guided us away down to the Consul's office, all except two whom the captain told him were the leaders of the "mutinous gang," as he called us. Those two he kept there about a week longer; the remainder of us went to various boarding-houses. Thus ended my career in whale ships. The Consul spake in a most calumniatory manner.

Previous to our departure from the *calabozo*, we formed a petition to Congress for our relief; but, before the departure of the mail steamer we were set at liberty, and consequently it was not sent away.

p. 116, in hospital in Constantinople while assigned to a warship, the *Orissa*: The hospital belonged to the Prussians, and there was some good servants who took very good care of me. There were some others with the same disease, one of whom was a negro that died while I was there. For ten days after I went in there I took no nourishment whatever, and they deemed me in a very low condition. I amused myself much of the time in reading, for they had some English and American books.

Nichols, Peter. *Final Voyage: A Story of Arctic Disaster and One Fateful Whaling Season.* New York: Putnam's, 2009.

Deals with the 1871 disaster to the New Bedford whaling fleet off Alaska, but not in a compelling way. Rather disorganized with paragraphs coming in what seems like random order.

p. 36, from the log of *Eliza Williams*: peaceful aboard ship on Sundays unless whales were spotted. The men read their Bibles or worked on some piece of carving or scrimshaw: “It is the Sabbath, and all is orderly and quiet on board much more than I expected among so many Men between 30 and 40... nothing done on Sunday but what is necessary.”

p. 58—talks of heretical and seditious books in Massachusetts, but hard to tell why he chooses to fill in the Quaker picture in that way.

Norling, Lisa. *Captain Ahab Had a Wife: New England Women and the Whalefishery, 1720-1870*. Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Carolina, 2000.

This book has some smatterings of women’s reading matter but most of it is ashore. An exception:

p. 259, where Julia Fisk joins her husband Silas’s ship, and Lydia Sigourney approves: My dear Mrs. Fisk, I have just received your letter saying you have decided to sail with your husband, and hasten to send you both some books,--to which I add a few pamphlets and periodicals,--thinking light reading might be agreeable on so long a voyage, and that you might like some to distribute to the sailors....

p. 260: To Sigourney, even a whaling voyage could be domesticated by bringing along some reading and some peppermints.... Sigourney suggested that Mrs Fisk might distribute appropriately improving reading to the sailors, thereby extending a Christian woman’s moral influence not only over her husband but also over the crew.

Nunn, John. *Narrative of the Wreck of the ‘Favorite’ on the Island of Desolation [Kerguelen Island]*. London: William Painter, 1850.

The narrative of a shipwreck on the Kergulean Islands and the wonders of Providence after this disaster.

p. 22: ...according to the captain’s promise [the whalers] received their extra allowance of grog, with which they retired to their cabins and

wiled away the evening in happiness and joviality, telling merry tales and drinking to their absent wives and sweethearts, a prosperous season in the whale and seal fishery, and a happy return to old England! [The traditional officer's toast to "wives and sweethearts, may they never meet," dated appropriately enough from Nelson's era, until January 2013 when it was banned by the Royal Navy because by then so many women were serving in the RN.]

p. 47: Most of us had read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" the wonderful "Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor," and the tale of "Beauty and the Beast"—how the fair lady was thunder-stricken at the sudden and unexpected appearance of the Beast—but our astonishment was scarcely less than hers is represented to be as we approached the crystal bars of the cavern and looked through; for within were no less than fourteen young sea elephants completely imprisoned....

p. 71: after taking refuge in the abandoned *Loon* "inexpressible feelings of gratitude arose within our minds towards that Being who in His great mercy had exhibited another proof of His overruling Providence!"

p. 95-97, while trying to rehabilitate the *Loon*, from parts of the *Favorite*, Nunn discovered some books: After taking various articles from the partially sunken shallop we removed a plank of two from the deck of the quarter which lay above high-water mark, when, to our great surprise and joy, we found two books—viz., one volume of Young's "Night Thoughts" belonging to me, and a Prayer Book belonging to the cook of the *Royal Sovereign*. These were secured with great delight, for we believed that they would enable us to pass away much agreeable time: we had the consolation of being possessed of a book through whose agency we could perform and join in divine service, which we continued regularly to do. As the weeks came round we assembled in our cabin, and the mate (Mr. Lawrence), being chief-officer, performed the duties of chaplain and read the services to us. These assemblings and unions of feeling were at all times extremely consolatory.... The time might come, through the agency of that Providence which had hitherto afforded us its protection, when we should be again restored to our families and friends; and then we should be induced more thoroughly, perhaps, than ever to appreciate the comforts, delights, and privileges

which our native country affords us to all whose minds are properly disposed to avail themselves of such benefits.... By Young's "Night Thoughts" many a delightful hour was passed; for one of our party would read a chapter, whilst the others were engaged in some of the few occupations which our situation afforded.

p. 125: At such times the mate resorted to his log or memorandum book, in which he wrote the occurrences of the day in the gall of the albatross as we had no ink. Our mate also devoted his time to the preparation of a board which one of us intended to take to Shallow Harbour after it was finished. Upon this board large and conspicuous letters were carved relating the circumstances of our being cast away upon the island and describing the situation in which we were living.

Olmsted, Francis Allyn. *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage. To which are Added Observations on the...Sandwich and Society Islands.* New edition. New York: D. Appleton, 1841. [Reprinted Rutland, VT: Charles E. Tuttle, 1969.]

Olmsted was a passenger aboard the whaler *North American* [a temperance ship] in 1839, a trip taken as a kind of rest cure for his chronic nervous debility. He returned to Yale for medical school and in fact graduated but died in 1844 after a second voyage.

p. 52-53: The forecabin of the *North American* is much larger than those of most ships of her tonnage, and is scrubbed out regularly every morning. There is a table and a lamp, so that the men have conveniences for reading and writing if they choose to avail themselves of them; and many of them are practicing writing every day or learning how to write. Their stationery they purchase out of the ship's stores, and then come to one of the officers or myself for copies, or to have their pens mended. When not otherwise occupied, they draw books from the library in the cabin, and read; or if they do not know how, get some one to teach them. We have a good library on board, consisting of about two hundred volumes, and a good proportion of sperm whalers are also provided with them. Sailors, as a general thing, are ready to avail themselves of any opportunities for mental improvement; and I have no doubt the efforts of

the benevolent in supplying ships with good books and tracts, will be attended with great success. Notwithstanding the immorality that is to be so much deplored among seamen, they have generally a respect for religion and its observances. It is very gratifying to take a look at the fore-castle upon the Sabbath in pleasant weather. Perfect stillness prevails aboard the ship; no loud talking is allowed, while the ‘people,’ after washing and dressing themselves neatly, are seated around the fore-castle, or upon the windlass, poring over the Bible or some tract.

p. 76: Having always had a *penchant* for medical studies, I brought among my books for the voyage, several works upon medicine, which have been studied with great interest. In several cases of sickness that we have had, Capt. R., has had confidence enough in me to consult me, and very fortunately, in every instance my suggestions have proved successful; so that I have become a sort of doctor on board; and having a medicine chest of my own, containing some medicines not found in the ship’s chest, I have had no small run of practice as a tyro.

p. 128: With the name of fisherman we are apt to associate idea of rudeness and ignorance; but as a general fact, the crews of our whalers are fully as intelligent as the average of seamen...most of the crew of whalers are young men, with whom the stirring scenes and dangers of the whaling business have a romantic charm, which comports well with their adventurous spirits. Their officers are many of them scientific navigators....

p. 152: Mr. Freeman’s recipe for *duff*: “To a quantity of flour, more or less, (*more* would be preferable in Mr. F’s opinion,) wet up with equal parts of salt and fresh water and well stirred, add a quantity of “slush” or lard, and yeast, the mixture to be boiled in a bag, until it can be dropped from the top-gallant cross-trees on deck, without breaking, when it is cooked.”

p. 177, while ship is sinking: To improve the little time that might elapse before the ship should begin to go down, I descended into the cabin, and with a sigh over my books and other valuables, proceeded to select my most durable suit of clothes and put them on as well as I was able, while each shock of the ship almost threw me from off my feet. [The ship was “providentially” saved.]

p. 254, at Sandwich Islands: In 1822, the printing press [Honolulu] was first put into operation, and since then a great variety of publications of a religious and moral character have been issued, as will be seen by consulting the statistics of the Hawaiian Mission. Within a few years, the entire scriptures have been published at Honolulu, in the Hawaiian language, in a style highly indicative of the improved state of the arts among this people. Nor have the mere rudiments of knowledge been taught.... Suffice it to say, that the engravings of maps and landscapes on copper, executed by the pupils of the high school, are among the most astonishing proofs of the progress of the nation in civilization, and of their capacity for improvement. [Concludes paragraph with praise of the printing and bookbinding facilities and products on the island.]

p. 258: One of the most interesting things at Honolulu, is the *Institute*, a society for the promotion of scientific investigation of every kind. Belonging to the society is a museum of curiosities, and also of specimens of natural history. There is also a library in the same room, consisting of several hundred choice books.

p. 289-90, on Tihiti, in its Seamen's Chapel: The hymns were sung in that primitive style, which obtained when hymn-books were a rarity, the preacher reading two lines to be sung by the congregation, and then two more, and so on through the hymn. The music was tolerably good, but widely different in style from our own church music, the general tenor of which is more plaintive and possesses a higher degree of sentiment than theirs, which is more rapid, but less expressive. Upon the whole, I was well pleased with the exercises, and the audience appeared to be so, by the attention they manifested.

p. 313: The American missionaries have been far more enterprising in printing tracts and books in the native language than their brethren in the south Pacific, who have published nothing upon any scientific subject, and had but just received a complete edition of the scriptures in the Tahitian language, a day or two after we arrived at Papeete.

p. 335-36, at sea in South Atlantic near Christmas 1840: It may not prove uninteresting to take a sketch of the manner in which we spend our time. In the morning, before eight o'clock—the breakfast hour—the missionary families hold prayer in their respective state-rooms. As to

myself, I seize upon this time, as the most quiet period from sunrise to sunset, for reading or writing.... From ten to twelve, I read in some favorite author to Mrs. Bingham upon deck, who is usually joined by the young ladies and others.

Ommanney, Francis Downes. *South Latitude*. London: Longmans, 1938.

A beautifully written book on whaling in the Weddell Sea, where *R.R.S. Discovery II* was trapped (like *Endurance*) but escaped.

p. 10—traveling to Antarctica aboard the Norwegian *Antarctic*, a floating whaling factory which he describes as a happy ship, less rigid in discipline than many British ships: In the saloon was the ship's library in charge of the secretary—a cabinet full of well worn editions, many of them translations of the English classics and many by Norwegian authors, Knut Hamsen prominent among them. Every Sunday the men trooped into the saloon and drew books out or returned them. They came into the saloon in their singlets or even stripped to the waist, enormous and hairy, and went out again silently.

p. 116, describes the wardroom of *Discovery II*: Around the walls between the windows are prints of earlier *Discoveries* and in one corner stands a piano—one of those brave and immortal pianos which, in places where men forgather on festive occasions, do such long and arduous service for so little reward. It is made to fold up, a feat which it not infrequently performs on its own account at inopportune moments. In another corner are volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which have settled, with the authority of a High Court judge, many fierce arguments at dinner-time, and here too are those volumes on polar exploration in which you may learn what the calorie value should be of a man's rations when sledging across the Antarctic Continent and all those other technical details which are of interest only to those who propose to sledge to the South Pole.

p. 136, when trapped the scientists had nothing different to do but work in their laboratories: I found that this hardly fitted my mood so I went below to my cabin. Here there were rows of books, old newspapers and

letters, three months old, from home. I read a letter from home telling me that my mother's cocker spaniel bitch had produced a litter of puppies. It was humanizing and made the sinister silent whiteness outside seem less real.

p. 152, about one seaman who helps on scientific experiments: This curiously earnest young man read avidly. Through the door in the cabin-flat bulkhead, which communicated with the focs'le, I often glimpsed him, when on my way to the bathroom, reading calmly amid the screech of a gramophone grinding out stale jazz, the guffaws of a group playing cards and the general babel of those cramped and narrow quarters. Everything he read he kept, like Sarah, in his heart to disgorge into my frequently indifferent ear upon the focs'le head.... On these nights [of bad weather] he would say 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages. Shakespeare. Nothing like education'.

p. 205, at one point Lincoln Ellsworth left his spectacles on a plane: There were copies of old American magazines, *The New Yorker*, *The Saturday Evening Post*. All that was amusing and chic and of importance in 1933 lay between their torn and faded covers. Several years old though these were they would have been better than nothing for Ellsworth, but he could not read because his spectacles were twenty miles away in the *Polar Star*, which lay out there upon the barrier face, tamped down and secured against storms.

p. 220, but later he found Ellsworth a restless reader: He never sat still for long and if he settled himself with a newspaper or a book he would be up again in a minute or two to begin his wanderings anew.

O'Reilly, Bernard. *Greenland, the Adjacent Seas, and the North-West Passage to the Pacific Ocean. Illustrated in a Voyage to Davis's Strait during the Summer of 1817.* New-York: James Eastburn & Co., 1818.

O'Reilly served as surgeon aboard the whale-ship *Thomas*, in order to gather scientific information on the northern regions. He gives much information concerning Arctic zoology, whale fishery, natural atmospheric phenomena, observations of magnetic variation, the history and habitation of Greenland, and observations concerning the possibility

of a Northwest Passage." Field - "The observations of the author on the natives of Greenland, are recorded on pp. 52 and 85, of which the last two are occupied with a vocabulary of their language. Five of the plates are illustrative of the features, or habits of life of the Exquimaux." According to Abbey an article in the 'Quarterly Review' called the book 'a bare faced imposition.' Stanton & Tremaine mentions the book is said to have been plagiarized from material prepared by Sir Charles L. M. von Giescke. See Kenneth Hill: *The Hill Collection of Pacific Voyages. Three Volumes* (San Diego: 1974-83). p. 219, and Thomas W Field: *An Essay towards an Indian Bibliography*. (Detroit: Gale, 1967). p. 297.

Paddack, William C. *Life on the Ocean, Or Thirty-Five Years at Sea, Being the Personal Adventures of the Author*. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1893.

Biography of a Nantucket/New Bedford whaleman and merchant seaman who shipped for the Pacific aboard the *Planter* in 1847. Although a short book it has several references to the monotony of sea life. The following are typical and repetitive. (p.143): Most of the time during the past thirty-five days we have had moderate winds, and nothing has occurred to interrupt the usual routine of duty and the monotony of a sea life. (p. 146): As usual in a long course of fair winds and pleasant weather, nothing occurred to interrupt the monotony except for the excitement produced by the anticipation of our seeing dear friends once more, which served as a general topic of conversation in the fore-castle and amongst the officers. (p. 219): During the ten following days, nothing of moment transpired to disturb the monotony which is usual on board a passenger steamship. [Paddack lapses towards the end when he says "There is always something to be seen, and life is never monotonous" (p. 236).

p. 4: Between this time and the day appointed for sailing, my mother provided me with a sea-chest, well stocked with clothing, small stores, books, and such other matters as she thought necessary for my comfort. p. 20-22, Sunday, August 1, 1847: ...some captains are so conscientious that they will not lower for whales on Sunday. The men occupy their

time in reading, smoking, and mending their clothes. If the weather is pleasant, they bring their work and their books on deck, and sit down upon the forecastle and windlass. This is the only day on which these privileges are allowed them.

p. 47, Abingdon Island, enroute to the Galapagos Islands: December 14 [1847]. This day was spent like all pleasant Sundays at sea. The decks were washed down, the rigging all coiled up, and everything put in order. The men were all dressed up in their clean clothes, and occupied themselves in reading, mending their clothes, smoking, etc.

p. 86-87, burial at sea after a whale killed one of the sailors by smashing the whaleboat: After the crew assembled, Captain Hussey commenced the reading of the service of the Episcopal Church. There was a moment's pause as he came to the sentence, "We now commit his body to the deep." It was read, a deep splash was heard, and the body of our poor shipmate sank beneath the blue wave, there to rest until the sea shall give up its dead....

p. 97, another burial service.

p. 109, Sunday, October 3: A sailor is literally a jack-of-all-trades. On Sundays the men in the forecastle are at work, some making or mending shoes, some cutting out clothing, hats, and caps; some occupy their time in reading, while others are learning navigation, etc. [We never learn what it was they were reading.]

Peabody Museum of Salem. *The Whaling Industry; Exhibition of Objects Illustrating the Whaling Industry and the Natural History of Whales ... List of Essex County Whaling Vessels. List of Pictures of Whaling Vessels in the Marine Room. List of Log-books of Whaling Vessels in the Library of the Essex Institute. List of Books on Whales and Whaling in the Salem Public Library ...* Salem, Mass.: Peabody Museum, 1908.

Pierson, John S. *Ship's Libraries; Their Need and Usefulness.* New York: American Seamen's Friend Society, 1878. 33 p.

p. no page: After you've done everything to assure the physical and spiritual welfare of the sailor, "the only way left to reach him is by the *printed truth*—The Bible, the tract, the good book. Just *here then comes in the ship's library* with its indispensable offices,--the last important advance made in the line of religious work among seamen,--the 'missing link,' I think we may call it, in the chain of evangelical agencies for their benefit."

Poe, Edgar Allan. *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket....* New York: Library of America, 1984. p. 1003-1182

Fictional account of mutiny on *Grampus*, June 1827, followed by rescue by a whaler which sailed nearly to the South Pole. Very little about books, but the cabin of Pym's friend Augustus contained "a table, a chair, and a set of hanging shelves full of books, chiefly books of voyages and travels" (p. 1021). When Pym, a stowaway, was first hidden before departure he describes his hideaway on p. 1024: "I now looked over the books which had been so thoughtfully provided, and selected the expedition of Lewis and Clarke to the mouth of the Columbia. With this I amused myself for some time, when growing sleepy, I extinguished the light with great care, and soon fell into a sound slumber." That seems to be the last mention of books in this exciting and inventive tale.

Ricketson, Annie Holmes. *The Journal of Annie Holmes Ricketson on the Whaleship A. R. Tucker, 1871-1874: from the Original in the Kendall Whaling Museum.* (New Bedford, MA: Old Dartmouth Historical Society, 1958).

A good example of the so-called petticoat whaler, the Captain's wife., aboard the whaler *A.R. Tucker*. This is a fairly calm memoir with some observations about the business of whaling, and frequent reference to books, newspapers, and letters but seldom with any reading details. p. 15-16, July 24 1871: her husband finished her birthday present, a book case: "It is a real beautie."

p. 2??, when visiting another ship she exchanged papers and books and a straw hat with the captain's wife of the *General Scott*.

p. 38, April 28 1872, another exchange between Captain's wives, this one an "English Lady" from the *Novelty*, a merchant vessel: On coming away she gave me a bundle of papers and seven bound books and a can of blue berries and also a jar of preserved ginger and half a dozen eggs.

p. 40, July 10th in Mowang she is given a book, a Malay singing book.

p. 41: After seeing my letters had the stamps on and knowing they were all right he [her husband] went aboard of the *Adeline Gibbs* with Capt Forman and got some books and papers that the Capt had read and wanted to exchange with me for some that I had read so they come aboard of us and I gave him a bundle.

p. 47, getting some newspapers from another ship she reads of her father's death: No one can ever know how I felt on reading that. After I got over the first terrible shock no pen can ever describe my feelings.

p. 50, April 4, 1873: I have got so tired of thinking. It is all I have to do is to sit and sew and think.

p. 61: The sabbath day. It seems very long...Been reading some, went to bed this afternoon and had a nape to pass away the time.

p. 67 and 77, more mention of newspapers, including some Spanish ones that no one could read.

Robertson, R. B. *Of Whales and Men*. New York: Knopf, 1954.

A delightful account of a ship's doctor on an 8-month cruise of a whaling factory ship, with something of a psychological emphasis on the men he was with.

p. 20-21, conversation with wireless-operator from industrial Ireland, following Robertson's question of how the young man got involved in whaling:

Damn it all, man, my grandfather was chief harpooner of the Arctic, the first whaleship that went through the Davis Strait. When he got back, he put the oar on his shoulder, Odysseus fashion, and marched inland. I reckoned it was time the oar was wetted again.

“You’ve read your Homer, then?” I asked him veiling as best I could the astonishment these whalemens were beginning to produce in me.

“Of course!” He was astonished as I was. “Haven’t you?”
p. 62-63, Robertson at Stromness on South Georgia: wanted to know what there was to amuse and occupy the whalemens, and attend to their health and cultural welfare, when the gratuitous entertainment and recreation provided by nature was denied them.

My two guides looked abashed: there was practically nothing to show. The ‘library’ consisted of two or three shelves of books provided by that gallant but poverty-stricken organization, the Seaman’s Education Service, and by such funds as the whalemens contributed themselves. ...

p. 72-73: I demanded more information. I wanted to know about ‘pin-ups,’ masturbation, homosexuality, and all the other sexual outlets and aberrations that I had encountered among bodies of healthy young men isolated in camps and prisons and the like.

My three informants continued their report: ‘Pin-ups’ among the whalemens were few, and, if put up at all, showed fair artistic taste and were seldom simply sexually stimulating and never lewd. On the other hand, there was an insatiable demand among the isolated men for pornographic literature, even to the extent...that some Scottish whalemens would study and learned the Norwegian language simply that they might read with some understanding the Norwegian sex books, which, it was generally agreed, were of a higher or at least more stimulating standard than their own, Masturbation, my informants all agreed, was rampant.

[Goes on to talk of homosexuality (not very visible) and why they collected huge penises of the blue whale: “they make the finest golf bags in the world.”]

p. 83-8, on poetry and prose in whaling literature; says there is little poetry but Eliot’s “third person” in the *Waste Land* is evoked as a comparison to Shackleton.

p. 175-76: Nevertheless, there were small touches of romance even amid the separating-machinery and the grimy men who worked it. Some of their books showed flashes of it. Mostly they were reading what Gyle called “whodunits” and ‘duzzieshaggers,” two classes of literature which made up the bulk of our ship’s library, but occasionally in a corner of the machinery we would come across a man on a stool reading Shakespeare, or studying paleontology, or learning an obscure foreign language. And I knew at least one whose reading was confined to the Greek classics, and another for whom even ten seasons in the bowels of a factory ship had not destroyed the romance of medieval poetry. He was immersed in *Beowulf* on this occasion when we found him, but cheerfully left that hero awhile to talk to us on whale oil....

p. 186, Christmas conversations: Macdonald and the chief electrician argued the merits of Rudyard Kipling as a poet; and the second radio-operator hauled a copy of the *Golden Treasury* out of his pocket to help them decide on the points at issue. ...

p. 227, Robertson’s advice to future ship’s surgeons: I would advise him to take his own library. He will find many books worth reading in the ship’s small library at his first visit, but he will never see them again, except in quaint and unexpected places, for he must realize that there are many intelligent and educated men even among the Whaler Group VIII’s. I have seen, for example, the ship’s only copy of Ibsen’s plays lying for weeks, and well read, beside the bed of a fireman/greaser when I visited him to treat his burns.

p. 243, argument over whale vision settled in library:

p. 298-99—likens whalemens to the whales themselves as the motivating force that keeps them going back to whaling.

Sanderson, Ivan T. *Follow the Whale*. Boston: Little Brown, 1956.

This charming book is not about what whalemens read, but rather about good reading about whales. While presenting a broad picture of the history and literature of whaling, Sanderson does offer a caution: We still don't know very much about anything, and our current ideas on the past are grotesquely warped in certain respects. Our cultural background

in western Europe bequeathed to us a singularly lopsided view of ancient history and a strangely biased opinion of our own importance. Europe has been regarded by Europeans for over a thousand years not only as the hub of the universe, but also as the fountainhead of civilization. In point of historical and geographical fact, it is nothing more than a large, rugged peninsula at the west end of Eurasia, the greatest land block on earth, and the womb of culture, as possibly also of modern man himself. One, two, three, or even four thousand years of ascendancy by Europe or any other part of the world is of little real significance in the over-all sweep of history, and even our history is now being discovered to be much more ancient than was previously supposed possible.

Stone Age man in Europe, and his more cultured counterparts in other continents, was not nearly so stupid and primitive as we used to think. Jewelry was traded between Ireland and Crete two thousand years before Christ; the Koreans used ironclad ships centuries before we did; Indian princes sailed the open oceans with seven hundred retainers in one ship before the Greeks had invented a fore-and-aft sail; and rorquals were shot with harpoon guns a thousand years before Svend Foyn initiated the modern whaling period. What is more, all kinds of people were roving the oceans from continent to continent millennia before the peoples of western Europe had so much as put a mast in a coracle. Not until the lateness of our own times is appreciated, can any real concept of the past be obtained. And when we come to the history of the whales, we have to start thinking in altogether different terms again. In order to gain a proper perspective, therefore, let us turn from contemplation to action and follow the whale. (p. 12-13)

In a word then, Stapleton has provided an exemplary history of whaling, written with style and wit. One example should suffice: p. 61-62: Gaius Plinius Secundus, commonly known as Pliny the Elder, who lived from 23 to 79 a.d., penned a whole shelf of volumes into which he gathered information upon practically everything he could lay his hands on, a most astounding assemblage of facts gleaned from any and every source quite irrespective of their merits or veracity. Never was there more entertaining reading, not even in our own small predigested periodicals. In Pliny anything may be encountered

— word-for-word plagiarisms from Aristotle and the older classics, the shrewdest observations upon current events, and the most arrant nonsense that any gullible idiot could unearth from under Egyptian stones or from the darker recesses of barbarian fetishism. In this outpouring we find, moreover, many items of the utmost interest that reveal the wisdom and beliefs of a successful empire and display the accumulated knowledge then current in the world....

We must, however, confine our narrative to what he had to say upon our own particular subject, the whales, which in some respects surely cannot be surpassed in any other work, ancient or modern. This delicious publicist, whom many persons of lesser mentality have presumed to call naive, launches out with altogether carefree abandon to deal with the whole matter of whales in a most comprehensive manner. There can be no question, moreover, but that he succeeded in accomplishing exactly what he set out to do and that, in the doing of it, he carried the early Christian world along with him for a number of centuries.

He starts off with the axiom that the greatest beasts are in the sea. This would seem to be irrefutable. He then goes on to say, "But the most numerous and largest of all these animals are those found in the Indian Seas; among which are balenae [whales] four jugera in extent, and the Pristis, 200 cubits long." ... For all this, Pliny is full of topical information; in fact, he was really a newspaperman at heart and is much better when he is doing a straightforward job of reporting.

Schmitt, Frederick P. *Mark Well the Whale! Long Island Ships to Distant Seas*. Port Washington, NY: Kennikat Press, 1971.

A rather light bit of local history re Cold Spring Harbor and whaling out of Long Island, incl. Sag Harbor, and descriptions of voyages and disasters.

p. 25: The seamen and greenhands who signed on were often a wretched lot in search of either a quick dollar or a bit of adventure. Almost half the crew of the *Monmouth*, sailing in 1851, was illiterate, which was often the rule. Some of the crewmen were juvenile delinquents,

drunkards or deranged, while others were wharf rats of the worst variety, recruited by agents in the bars and brothels which lined the New York waterfront....

p. 53: When fortunate enough to ‘knock off’ on a Sunday or holiday, the crew prayed from Bibles or psalm books or reread old newspapers, magazines, books and letters from home. And perhaps they would ‘line their insides’ with a good dinner, then read some more, lounge on deck if the weather was pleasant, or just lie in their bunks.

p. 55: Every captain had to keep an official ship’s log, which was generally filled with dull, terse entries relating to the weather, ship’s course or working of the sails. But many of the literate mates, and even a few of the seamen, kept private journals in which they entered their own personal feelings and thoughts of the many interesting happenings which occurred during a particular voyage....

Scoresby, William, Jr. *An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale-Fishery.* Two volumes. Edinburgh: Archibald Constable, 1820.

A remarkable summary of the early history of Arctic exploration history to 1820, starting with Iceland in 861 (p. 62).

Volume I: Relating the progress of Discovery in the Arctic Regions, including Spitzbergen and the Greenland Sea. Much of the volume is fairly technical, and apart from Scoresby’s comments on Divine Providence, there is little about mental processes and nothing I could find on reading by these explorers or that Google Books could turn out through its indices.

p. 23: Another observation which must be made by every reader of the voyages of our old navigators, and which must be particularly gratifying to those who consider religion as the chief business of this life, is the strain of pity and dependence on Divine Providence, which runs through almost every narrative.... Their frequent declarations, expressive of their reliance upon Providence, for assistance and protection in their adventurous undertakings, are worthy of our imitation.

p. 49, what appears to be the author's opinion on an open polar sea: we can have no reasonable ground, I conceive, for doubting the continual presence of ice in all the regions immediately surrounding the Pole.

p. 80-81, on William Barentz search for a north-east passage in 1596, when caught up in the ice near Novaya Zembla: "The journal of the proceedings of these poor people,[""] as Mr Barrow beautifully observes, "during their cold comfortless dark and dreadful winter, is intensely and painfully interesting. No murmuring escapes them in their most hopeless and afflicted situation; but such a spirit of true piety, and tone of such mild and subdued resignation to Divine Providence, breathe through the whole narrative, that it is impossible to peruse the simple tale of their sufferings, and contemplate their forlorn situation, without the deepest emotion."

p. (54)-(71), Appendix III. a. has a useful Chronological Enumeration of Voyages Undertaken by the Different Nations of the World in Search of a Northern Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, ending with Franklin's overland journeys of 1819.

Volume II: On the Whale-Fishery on Greenland and Davis' Strait. This volume gives a classic account of the Greenland "Fishery" and the intricacies of its operations.

p. 276ff. gives an interesting Sect. IX of "Anecdotes illustrative of Peculiarities in the Whale-Fishery," a series of exciting adventure stories of whale hunts.

Skallerup, Harry Robert. *Books Afloat & Ashore: a History of Books, Libraries, and Reading among Seamen during the Age of Sail.* Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1974.

p. 4: In 1631, when Captain Thomas James fitted out his vessel in Bristol for a voyage in search of the Northwest Passage, he purchased 'A Chest full of the best and choicest Mathematicall bookes that could be got for money in England; as likewise Master Hackluite and Master Purchase, and other books of Journals and Histories. [see C Miller, ed. *Voyages of Captain Luke Fox of Hull*, Hakluyt Soc. London 1894, p. 265-67, 606 p.]

p. 7: Luke Foxe makes light of his failure to order many books; Frobisher purchased just 8 books for his first journey including travel books and cosmological treatises, and one good practical navigational manual.

p. 15-16: A good look at the contents of a ship's scientific library of this period is afforded in an account of a similar voyage of discovery begun seventeen years after that of the [Cook's] *Endeavour*. The ill-fated expedition of France's Comte de la Pérouse was furnished with a large collection of books at its outset in 1785. Over 119 entries appeared in the catalog of the library which was intended on the voyage 'for the use of the officers and men of science embarked' under the command of La Pérouse. The traditional mariner's choice of voyages, including 'Hawkesworth's Voyages, and Cooks three Voyages, in French and in English' headed the category of books of interest to mariners—astronomy and navigation, which numbered nineteen treatises, not counting 'all the usual books of navigation.' For the scientists, eight titles in physics were listed along with sixty-five in natural history, a category that contained works on science in general, botany, zoology, chemistry, languages, and the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*.

The example of La Pérouse's library furnishes also one last observation concerning the early provision of books to seamen, which is rather self-evident. Libraries and book collections at sea, no matter what their content or intended usage, were exposed to an additional destructive hazard not shared by similar collections ashore—shipwreck. La Perouse and his ships, as Carlyle wrote, 'vanished trackless into blue immensity,' and so did his books. The library at sea, often formed to serve some temporary expedient, could and did perish even before its fleeting mission was fulfilled. But if the library did survive a long voyage, often the volumes composing it, like the men composing the crew of the ship, might be disbanded and lost sight of forever at journey's end, or might be recruited again for further service.

[Notes connection between Joseph Banks and Cook—a book collector and explorer working together.]

Sleeper, John Sherburne. *Jack in the Forecastle; or, Incidents in the Early Life of Hawser Martingale.* Boston: Crosby, Nicholas, Lee, 1860.

Sleeper was an American sailor, journalist, and politician who was Mayor of Roxbury, Mass., and a member of the Mass. Senate. As a novelist he used the pseudonym of Mawser Martingale, and I suspect this book is autobiographical fiction. He went to sea as a cabin boy in 1809, age 15, and the book is about his first command in the merchant marine in 1821.

p. 9-10: From my earliest years I manifested a strong attachment to reading; and as matters relating to ships; and sailors captivated my boyish fancy, and exerted a magic influence on my mind, the “Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,” “Peter Wilkins,” “Philip Quarle,” and vagabonds of a similar character, were my favorite books.

p. 11, more of his pompous “taste for reading” and his parent’s “ingrafting on my mind strict moral principles....”

p. 147-48, preparing for a voyage to the Pacific north-west fur trading areas: I laid in a good stock of clothes, such as were needed on a voyage to that inclement part of the world, provided myself with various comforts for a long voyage, and purchased as large an assortment of books as my limited funds would allow,—not forgetting writing materials, blank journals, and every thing requisite for obtaining a good practical knowledge of navigation, and of other subjects useful to a shipmaster.

p. 201-02, a long passage about a pamphlet predicting the end of the world on Jun 11th, read to the captain by this author, all based on the long reading of Revelation, “the crude absurdities of a crack-brained religious enthusiast” named Cochrane from Richmond, Va.

p. 387-88: On this voyage I had one source of pleasure, of an elevated character, which was denied to the rest of my shipmates. This was my attachment to books. Before I left New Orleans, I purchased a variety of second-hand volumes; a miscellaneous collection, which enabled me to pass many pleasant hours on our passage to Havre, and at the same time lay in a stock of information which might prove of great value at a future day.

In books I found biographies of good men, whose example fortified my mind against the temptations to vice and immorality, which beset the sailor on every side. They furnished me with an interesting occupation in an idle hour, acted as a solace for disappointment, and a faithful friend and consoler in anxiety and trouble; inspired me with a feeling of emulation, and bade me look forward with hope. Many is the hour when, after a hard day's work, or an exciting scene of peril or suffering, by the dim light of a tallow candle, or a lamp manufactured by my own hands, while others were lamenting their hard fate, or pouring out their indignation in unavailing grumblings, I have, while poring over a book, lost all sense of unhappiness, and been transported far away to other and happier scenes; sometimes exploring with Barrow the inhospitable wastes of Africa; accompanying Christiaan on his journey to the Celestial City; sympathizing with the good Vicar of Wakefield in his domestic misfortunes; sharing the disquietudes of Rasselas in the "Happy Valley"; tracing with almost breathless interest the career of some ancient hero whom Plutarch has immortalized, or lingering over the thrilling adventures and perils of "Sinbad the Sailor."

A sailor before the mast, as well as the inmates of the cabin, has many hours on every voyage, which may be, and should be, devoted to reading and study. When a resident of the forecastle, I have by my example, and by urgent appeals to the pride, the ambition, and good sense of my shipmates, induced them to cultivate a taste for reading, and awakened in their minds a thirst for information.

Sleeper, John Sherburne. [Hawser Martingale, pseud.] *Tales of the Ocean, and Essays for the Forecastle: Containing Matters and Incidents Humorous, Pathetic Romantic and Sentimental.* Boston: Damrell and Moore, 1856.

An interesting combination of swashbuckling adventure and some appeal to puritan values.

p. 313, on an imperious mate squashing a mutinous crew: This man seemed alone on the earth; I never heard him speak of his friends, or of his home. The gentler affections seemed to be a stranger in his bosom....

He seldom took a book in his hand, unless it was Bowditch's Navigator, or a Coast Pilot; excepting on the Sabbath, when he invariably passed a portion of the day in his state-room, reading some book, whose title he carefully concealed from my view; and once or twice on that day, when the steward opened his door suddenly to tell him it was his watch on deck, I observed him to be busily engaged in reading some papers, which he hastily put away when discovered. [On the return journey from Batavia Mr. Smith threw himself overboard and drowned. The fictional nature of this narrative becomes clear in the account of his suicide and its cause, his murder of a passenger.]

Smith, Charles Edward. *From the Deep of the Sea, Being the Diary of the Late Charles Edward Smith M.R.C.S., Surgeon of the Whale-ship Diana of Hull.* Edited by his Son. (London: A. & C, Black, 1922.

The whaling voyage of the *Diana* occurred in 1866-67, during which the ship was trapped in the ice during the winter. Smith was surgeon aboard the whaler, and something of a puritan. In the words of the editor: Here we have an account straight from the pen, while the heart was still palpitating from some narrow escape or from what seemed at the time certain destruction.

p. 7-8: After writing yesterday's diary I lay upon the sofa reading the Life of the Rev. John Newton till about 10.30 p.m., when I fell asleep. Being very weary, I did not awaken till 2 a.m., when I found the ship in violent motion.

p. 93, while drifting in the ice: With very little to do during this period but await whatever Fate had in store for him, Dr. Smith spent more time than ever at his diary. He assiduously wrote down the various yarns, accounts of adventure, and whaling lore and history heard by him in the "Diana's" tiny cabin or in the men's mess deck. The captain provided much interesting information on the habits of whales, seals, walruses, etc., and flatly contradicted many of the statements made in the Natural History books. He had a poor opinion of the "discovery men" (as the Arctic exploration expeditions were dubbed by the whaling fraternity),

and made sundry acid comments on the ways of ship-owners—a favourite subject of conversation amongst sailors.

p. 110: In addition to the daily prayer meeting amongst the men, a Bible class was started on November 18th.

p. 124, during temporary abandonment of *Diana*: I left him and returned aboard for my books, which had been carefully collected by Byers and Reynolds and placed upon the ship's rail. Made them up into a big bundle, and returned to the boats, where I found the captain walking up and down some flinching boards which had been laid upon the snow for his accommodation.

p. 166, during very difficult times aboard the ship: Our daily prayer meetings have been discontinued. Those that once took the leading part in these simple services have disgusted the men by their perpetual squabbles and want of concord amongst themselves. Some of those whose voices once were raised in prayer now blaspheme openly. The Bible is a closed book. We are a miserable company of most miserable men, wretched, perishing with cold, half-famished, with no prospect of breaking out of the ice till late on in the season, with scurvy aboard, and every man wretched in himself. To sum up all in the words of the Apostle, we are "hateful and hating one another."

p. 178: Afternoon.—Engaged in the cabin making up the leeway of this log. In other words, I was copying on to the pages that now meet your eye the contents of a "pocket-book and cedar pencil " log which I have kept when fingers were too numbed, ink frozen solid, the fireside too near and dear, and perhaps the heart too sick and heavy, to make the necessary effort with pen and ink.

This log has been the great bore of the voyage. It has been abandoned again and again, yet resumed again from a sense of duty to myself and more so to my friends. Ah! there's where the shoe pinches. Thoughts of home and anxious, sorrowing friends, and the great improbability of these pages ever reaching them; the heart-sickening feeling of mistrust, despondency, and despair of ever seeing home or friends, father, brothers, sisters, or old college chums, uncles and aunts, relations, acquaintances, and neighbours any more; the reluctance to sit down to record one's miseries and privations in black and white, to

chronicle the poor events of each miserable day as it slowly drags itself along after its equally miserable predecessors; the deadening, numbing influence of cold, privations, discontent, and despondency falling like a deadly blight upon one's mental faculties; the weary, weary life one leads—all these tend to make log-keeping and journalling (to coin a word) fearfully uphill and distasteful work.

p. 196: In the afternoon, whilst sitting reading in the cabin, the steward came running down in great haste. "Oh, doctor! doctor! get your gun!" he exclaimed; "there's a black fox on the ice close against the ship."

p. 202-03, when escaping from Frobisher Bay: Afternoon.—I took out a bundle of letters and sat and read them over the fire. I read every one of them through from beginning to end, and when I had finished the last one I was quite surprised to find 'twas five o'clock. Thanks to the kind thoughtfulness of my various friends, I received a good supply of letters at Lerwick. These, with a few that I brought away with me from Edinburgh, make quite a respectable bundle. There were letters from father, Ellen, Louie, Harry, Alfred, Fred . . . ; from my various medical friends, Drs. Thyne, Davidson, Fothergill, Simpson, Campbell; also the "medical fellows" (as Bob Sawyer termed them when he invited Pickwick to supper at his lodgings in Lant Street), Messrs. McKen, Taylor and Co.; with letters from old Stephen Overdale, Miss Otto at Pathead, little Jane Mitchell, and others.

These letters formed a most delightful medley, and brought back old faces, old times, old thoughts, affections, and feelings in a way that quite moved me. I assure you I rose from their perusal with a softened, saddened, yet happier feeling in my heart. I went forward and talked to the poor scurvy-stricken fellows, and endeavoured to cheer them up, even as the "old news from home" that I had just been reading had cheered me.

Smith, Thomas W. *A Narrative of the Life, Travels and Sufferings of Thomas W. Smith: Comprising an Account of His Early Life, Adoption by the Gipsys; His Travels during Eighteen Voyages to Various Parts of the World... near the South Pole.* Boston: Wm. C. Hill, 1844.

Some of the text in the Hathi Trust version of this early whaleman's memoir is illegible from over-inking in the original, but there is this account of a typical promise of conversion:

p. 226: While thus afflicted my mind was called to reflect on my past life, and the prospect of the future. It had been previously impressed with this subject, while lingering ever on the wreck. I then promised God that if he would spare me, I would serve him the remainder of my days. I now renewed my promise, and since that time I frequently read my bible, and tried to pray, but notwithstanding my sincerity I was deficient of that spirit which characterizes the followers of the meek and lowly Son of God.

Solyanik, A. *Cruising in the Antarctic*. Moscow: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1956.

Recounts a whaling journey from Odessa to Antarctica in 1952-53 in a flotilla of 16 ships. Rather typical Soviet narrative with great harmony, a few problems heroically overcome, and excellent discipline:

p. 4: On every ship meetings were held, devoted to the Nineteenth Party Congress. In off-hours the sailors equipped a room for political education.... Our library started functioning. All the hundred members of the Pishchevik Sports society started training.”

p. 24: “Words fail me when I attempt to describe the beauty of everything around us.... Time and again I would reread a passage in Goncharov's book, which expressed my own emotions and aptly described the fantastic sights around me....”

p. 42-43: political education in the “Red Corner” of the ship: “Twice a week the flotilla organ, *Soviet Whaler*, was issued and the crews put out wall newspapers....” Entertainment included films, radio, and operas on loudspeaker—mentions *Onegin*, *Gudonov*, *Carmen*, and others.

“Every next man in the flotilla was a book fan. The crews of the catchers ordered books and magazines in the library by radio. These were passed over to the ships when they steamed up for refueling. We had no staff librarians—the job was done by our medical workers, accountants, and

waitresses, who gradually managed the books available—some 24,000 volumes. Every ship held readers' conferences on classics and modern books.”

p. 47: author mentions reading an English book by A. Bennett on Antarctica.

p. 66: Feb 21: “elections to the local Soviets”—ships were an independent election district of Odessa.

Stam, David H. “The Lord’s Librarians: The American Seamen’s Friend Society and their Loan Libraries 1837-1967”. *Coriolis: Interdisciplinary Journal of Maritime History* III no. 1 (2012) 59 p. Online through Mystic Seaport.

p. 1 Abstract: "The Lord's Librarians" describes in new detail the activities of the American Seamen's Friend Society in distributing loan libraries to merchant and naval ships for over 130 years. Based on the archives of the Society in the G.W. Blunt White Library at the Mystic Seaport Museum, the study examines the history of the Society in its efforts towards moral improvement of seamen, fostering temperance, reducing licentiousness, encouraging Sabbath worship and observation, countering swearing, and promoting thrift and financial responsibility among sailors. It examines the largely evangelical collection development policies for these compact 40-45 volume library boxes, and attempts to locate the surviving boxes and surviving books from these libraries. It ends with some unanswered questions which deserve further study.

p. 46: Throughout its long history, the constant purpose of the ASFS was the “moral improvement” of sailors, a goal embedded in its Constitution of 1828. Such an objective required a stereotype of the seaman as dissolute, alcoholic, intemperate, sacrilegious, and licentious. The means of combating these sinful tendencies were fairly obvious to the Society: Temperance pledges; church attendance at Bethel churches ashore and Bethel ships afloat; Sailor’s Homes in frequented ports providing a healthy and nurturing environment away from the ever-present crimps and landsharks preying on seamen; Reading Rooms and libraries filled

with uplifting literature in the Sailor's Homes; Savings Banks to protect seamen's savings from their vulnerability to theft and their spendthrift excesses ashore; wide distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts aboard merchant and naval ships; and not least, the Loan Libraries of the ASFS.

p. 47: The Society archives also record the notable provision of two loan libraries to the 1933 expedition of Richard Byrd. An entry for Sept. 29, 1933, records a fifty dollar donation by: "Rev. George S. Webster D.D. Brooklyn, NY for two libraries for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition." 1933 was the beginning of Byrd's second expedition to Antarctica, the year of his solo adventure when he spent five solitary months at Advance Base, away from the comforts and company of Little America; when rescued by his men he was close to death by asphyxiation. The experience was the basis of his autobiographical *Alone* (New York: Putnam's, 1938), where he speaks about the difficulties of concentrating on reading under the conditions he had set for himself. In the extensive literature about that expedition I have seen no references to the ASFS libraries.

The assessment of the reading ability of sailors varies widely. Herman Melville praised their discernment of both good literature and musty tomes, and made special ridicule of Adam Smith. Nathaniel Ames, as early as 1830, saw sailors everywhere as very fond of reading and better critics of books than widely believed and that their appreciation extended to the books provided by the Bible societies. A century later, Sir Wilfred Grenfell told of his encounter at sea with an old seaman who interrupted his medical ship's voyage, looking not for surgical help but for reading matter. The old man complained that he could get no books in Labrador outports and that he had read the two he had through and through, Plutarch and Josephus,

hardly the low-brow fare of an uneducated sailor. Grenfell lent him one of his “moving libraries.” [Wilfred Grenfell. *Forty Years for Labrador*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1934, p. 168-69.] A German Moravian minister aboard one of the Franklin Search vessels was gently ridiculed by the Captain for distributing simple-minded tracts: “15 June [1851]: A sailor asked me for a tract, and I distributed among the crew all that I had. On learning of this the captain [Robert McClure of the *Investigator*] laughed heartily and gave it as his opinion that his people were not such simple folk as my Eskimos, etc.” These are but a few of many testimonials to the intelligence of the men before the mast.

Starbuck, Alexander. *History of the American Whale Fishery from Its Earliest Inception to the Year 1876*. Waltham, MA: Published by the Author, 1878.

One of the classics of early whaling literature, though with little material about whaling life at sea or ways to occupy time.

p. 42, footnote: *Boston News-Letter. It would afford an interesting study to trace the various fashions to their commencement and see if their return is marked by particular eras, or whether it is altogether spasmodic. What particularly called this to mind was reading in the News-Letter some lines addressed to a young lady's wardrobe, of which poem these four lines are appropriate here, and may serve as an illustration of the rest:

“To grace the well shap'd Foot, in Turkey's Soil,
Through Life's short Span laborious Silkworms' toil
The Whale in Zembla's frozen Region found,
That forms the swelling Hoop's capacious Bound.

p. 122: A few brief days, and had not the crew of the *Ann Alexander* so providentially met a rescuer, their doom must have been sealed, and their vessel would have appeared on the marine lists simply as a “missing” ship. The landsman would glance casually at the expression, and think no more of it. The mariner and the relatives and friends of those who followed the sea would read the word with a shudder as they thought of the probable sufferings, privations, and possibly horrible, lingering death the unfortunate crew might have encountered. Those to whom the word meant far more than an empty sound would think—“What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers have been offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety,—anxiety into dread,—and dread into despair! Alas, not one memento remains for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port and was never heard of more.”

p. 127: " Says Captain Davis : “Had the right whale the habit of ‘jawing back,’ as the sperm whale has, it would be next to impossible to secure him by the present weapons and methods of our whalers. * * * Read Scoresby, Jardin, and Beale, the fathers of whaling literature, and they will not reveal the secret of the weakness of the right whale. Whalers and naturalists, they have failed to record the important fact, that on the tip of the upper jaw there is a spot of very limited extent, seemingly as sensitive in feeling as the antennae of an insect; as keenly alive to the prick of lance or harpoon as a gentleman's nose is to the tweak of finger and thumb. However swiftly a right whale may be advancing on the boat, a slight prick on this point will arrest his forward motion at once.

p. 142, on the shipwreck of the New Bedford whaler *Lagoda* in 1849: Fifteen of the crew of the *Lagoda* reached the shore alive; one subsequently died, a victim to the barbarities of his captors; the thirteen survivors were rescued by the United States ship of war *Preble* in 1849. The *Preble* also took on board a sailor named Ronald MacDonald, formerly of the whale-ship *Plymouth* of Sag Harbor. MacDonald

received his discharge and was given a whale-boat furnished with books, provisions, &c., and left the ship off Japan in June, 1848, with the expressly avowed purpose of visiting the Japanese islands. He landed upon one of them and was immediately captured, deprived of his books, and imprisoned. Having nothing to occupy his time he turned his attention to teaching his captors the English language, and soon had quite a class receiving instruction. But his presence was a thorn in the side of the Japanese, and they availed themselves of the first opportunity to get rid of him.

Tobey, Warren B. *The Cabin Boy's Log: Scenes and Incidents on a New Bedford Whaler, Written from the Journal as Kept by the Lad on a Three Years' Voyage in the Indian and Pacific Oceans.* Boston: Meador, 1932.

p. 18: Nov. 1866, preparations for the trip of this 15-year old included writing material, a New Testament, and the Episcopal Prayer Book. No indication throughout that he ever used them. Elsewhere there are several passages about pastimes, scrimshaw, boat models but nothing about reading. Notable for the cruelty of the captain to the cabin boy and the sailors.

Tower, Walter S. *A History of the American Whale Fishery.* Philadelphia, PA: University of Pennsylvania, 1907. [Publications of the University of Pennsylvania Series in Political Economy and Public Law No. 20]

Tower tells us nothing about reading provision aboard whalers of the American fleet. The book, however, does provide an excellent account of the history and bibliography of whaling for its time and its decline by the end of the nineteenth century.

p. 4: Alexander Starbuck may be said to be practically the only one who has written an actual history of the whale fishery. His book was published in 1876 under the title, "History of the American Whale Fishery from its Earliest Inception to the year 1876." The title, however,

is somewhat pretentious, since in several ways the history is rather incomplete. But whatever its limitations, Starbuck's work is now, and always must be, the classic treatise on the American whale fishery. The many references to Starbuck in the following chapters will show how frequently he has been drawn on for facts. Starbuck has been accused more than once of being inaccurate and unreliable. But if these accusations are true they must be founded on minor points. In the use of the book there was ample opportunity to judge of its value. In most important questions the authority or source is stated. Whenever possible these were verified before being accepted for this present history, and almost without exception they were found to be correct.

The most valuable part of Starbuck's work is in his history of the fishery in colonial times. This part of the work is the most thorough and the most complete, though in many places the general arrangement of topics makes it rather difficult to follow the real course of development. Starbuck drew quite extensively from Macy, and in most cases he acknowledges the fact.

p. 32: New Bedford (then Dartmouth) was almost the last place to appear as a whaling port before the outbreak of the Revolution. The exact date of its beginning is not known, though it was probably just prior to 1760. In that year, says Starbuck, in the deed of a tract of land located within the present town of Fairhaven there was a clause reading, "always excepting and reserving . . . that part of the same where the Try house and Oyl shed now stands." How old these buildings were is not known. In the history of New Bedford, Joseph Russell, the founder of the town, is also said to have been the pioneer in the whale fishery from that place. "It is well authenticated," says the account, "that Joseph Russell had pursued the business as early as 1755." The town was then known as Dartmouth, and from just what part of it these vessels were fitted is uncertain. In 1755 the land now covered by the city of New Bedford was still forest. Not a single house marked the place where less than a century later was destined to stand the greatest whaling port the world has ever known, the city which, in the full glory of whaling prosperity, would send out more vessels than all other American ports combined.

Torrey, William. *Torrey's Narrative, Or, The Life and Adventures of William Torrey. Written by Himself.* Boston, MA: Press of A.J. Wright, 1848.

p. 152, on conflicts between missionaries and Marquesas natives: The Otaheitean and Marquisian languages are so nearly alike they could converse without an interpreter. Mr. Daylia, in one of his meetings, said much about the good land and a bad land, telling them if they would be good and pray they would go to the good land, when they died. This he explained in a manner suited to their understanding. One of the chiefs jumped up and asked if the missionary who died at Nukuhivah (an English missionary who died about two years before) had gone to that good land. Mr. Daylia assured them he had, when, unwilling to believe it, they sent four men to that island, (about fifty miles) to get some of the bones. At the expiration of five or six days they returned, bringing bones with them; and at the next meeting, when Daylia was again telling of the good land, they set up a shouting, calling him a liar and showed him the bones. They told him he had been driven from his own land and had come to live with them, and he might stop preaching about his good land and his bad land, for they would not believe him. In vain were his remonstrances with them. They told him if he would climb a lofty cocoa-nut tree, which stood near, and jump among the rocks unhurt, they would believe him.

p. 155, continued problems for missionaries: Twice since this time have the missionaries attempted to form a station there, and as many times been defeated. Once the French Catholics, with an armed force, attempted to drive them to repentance and religion at the point of the bayonet, but the missionaries and soldiers were massacred, and the sailors driven from the harbor. After the missionaries left the harbor, time passed still more heavily than before. A month or two elapsed without our having much to do.

Rest of chapter on the escape via a British ship, and the lies needed to fool the native leaders. Nothing about books and reading.

p. 162ff. is a chapter describing the whale-fishery, the types of whales, and the manner of capturing them.

p. 190: Often have I read, when a boy, of the kindness of the North American Indian to the weary, wandering white man, even while hostilities were raging between them; and at the very time we were shown to the paths of civilization, our American Congress were legislating on the best means for their utter annihilation, calling to their aid the Cuban bloodhounds.

Troup, James A., Editor. *The Ice-Bound Whalers: The Story of the Dee and the Grenville Bay, 1836-37*. Stromness, Orkney: The Orkney Press, 1987.

Diaries of crew members from the *Dee* and the *Grenville Bay*, two British whalers locked in the Arctic ice, Baffin Bay-Davis Strait region, during the winter of 1936-1937. Also provides a history of the Museum in Stromness, founded by the Orkney Natural History Society, which has built up collections on the natural and maritime history of Orkney, including the whaling industry. Orkney was both a supply base and recruitment source for boatmen; in 1813 the Orkney Whale Fishing Company was established.

p. 91: 6th [Nov. 1836]. Clear weather. At 8 a.m. retired to Divine service in our cabin. Our ship remains in the same position with the ice fast all around her. We do not expect that there is any water down to her keel. Our Captain visited our half deck this evening and read several chapters in the Bible.

Vickers, Daniel. "Nantucket Whalers in the Deep-Sea Fishery: The Changing Anatomy of an Early American Labor Force," *Journal of American History* 72 (Sept. 1985) 277-96.

On the whaling journey of the brig *Polley* to West Africa in 1774, and in particular one of its crew, Samuel Atkins, who wrote some poetry about the journey.

p. 278: Steadily the nerves of unlucky whalers were worn down by loneliness, boredom, and the knowledge that the vessel would have to remain at sea until a reasonable haul of oil had been taken in.

p. 279-80, describes a four month period from July to October:

Throughout those four months, short bursts of activity interspersed themselves between the longer periods of waiting and watching that had characterized the earlier stretch. Even during this, the most productive part of the voyage, two days in three were filled with nothing but the regular chores ordered by the captain and mate: setting the sails and swabbing the deck; mending the whaleboats, rigging, and spars; and on one occasion careening the vessel and scapping her hull. Like treading water, such tasks were necessary to the life of the voyage, but they contributed little that was tangible toward its successful completion, nor were they enough to keep thirteen men occupied.

“What filled their minds through the empty hours?” What Vickers suggests is they spent time on journals and diaries, doggerel poetry, and reflection on the pleasures of home and female companionship. The boredom worsened as cruises lengthened from daily offshore cruises, to months, and eventually to years.

p. 282: The boredom, the discomfort of cramped quarters, the unsavory diet, and above all the restrictions on one’s freedom that spending time at sea entailed could be borne easily enough in small doses, especially when balanced against the exhilaration of the chase. But as the novelty of whaling wore off and as the weeks of confinement gradually turned into months, the sameness of each passing day began to bear heavily on their minds.

The rest of this article is about the economics and particularly the staffing of the whaling industry.

Verrill, Alpheus Hyatt. *The Real Story of the Whaler: Whaling, Past and Present.* New York: D. Appleton, 1916.

A general history of New Bedford and its whalers. The book is both a useful compendium of knowledge about New Bedford, and a sentimental threnody for its whalers and whalers.

p. 5-7, on memorials to whalemens of New Bedford: The famous seamen's Bethel and sailors' home stands high above the neighboring buildings upon a little knoll, and in the Bethel one may read many cenotaphs erected to the memory of whalemens who met death during their long and dangerous cruises. Some of these are very quaint, and in stilted, old-fashioned phraseology relate thrilling tragedies of the sea in a few terse sentences as, for example, the following, which are two of the most noteworthy:

ERECTED BY THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE BARK
A. R. TUCKER OF NEW BEDFORD
TO THE MEMORY OF
CHAS. H. PETTY
OF WESTPORT, MASS.
WHO DIED DEC. 14TH, 1863 IN THE 18TH YR. OF HIS
AGE.

HIS DEATH OCCURRED IN 9 HRS. AFTER BEING BITTEN
BY A SHARK WHILE BATHING NEAR THE SHIP
HE WAS BURIED BY HIS SHIPMATES ON THE ISLAND
OF DE LOSS, NEAR THE COAST OF AFRICA

IN MEMORY OF
CAPT. WM. SWAIN
ASSOCIATE
MASTER OF THE CHRISTOPHER MITCHELL OF NAN-
TUCKET.
THIS WORTHY MAN AFTER FASTENING TO A WHALE
WAS CARRIED OVERBOARD BY THE LINE AND
DROWNED
MAY 19TH, 1844
IN THE 49TH YR. OF HIS AGE
BE YE ALSO READY, FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE
THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH

p. 8: Only captains and officers were so honored, the common whale man, the men who toiled and slaved and endured, were not worth recording; a bit of old sail was their winding sheet and coffin, the deep sea was their grave, and a line in a log-book their only epitaph. They died as they lived; unknown, unhonored and unsung, mere units in the vast army of whalers whose duty was to obey, who faced death unflinchingly and with a laugh or a curse; rough, vicious, brutal perhaps, but as brave as any men who ever trod a ship's deck.

p. 164, on the importance of the whaling captain's logs: To the whaling captains the logs were of vast importance and upon the margins of the pages and on the blank leaves they jotted memoranda, did sums in arithmetic, wrote letters and made comments which are often as interesting as the true contents of the log itself. There was no rush and hurry about writing the log on a whaleship—time was the most abundant of all things—and the mates and captains often wrote their logs as they would a letter or a story. Often, too, they illustrated the entries in the log-books with pen-and-ink sketches, and if an officer had talent and an artistic temperament, as often happened, the books were decorated with full-page colored drawings and paintings.

p. 167-68, further on log books: In addition to the log-books there were the journals and diaries kept by the officers and even by members of the crew, and these often contained matters of far more interest to the world at large than the real logs.

Of course many of the old logs and journals were destroyed, many were tucked away in chests and garrets never again to be brought forth, while still others were preserved either by the whalers or their families or by individuals interested in the whaling industry. The Old Dartmouth Historical Society has a wonderful collection of old, rare and interesting logs and journals; there are still others in the New Bedford Public Library—among them that of the Junior of mutiny fame—and many private collectors in and near the old whaling ports also have valuable and interesting log books and journals in their libraries. Of course many of the old logs and journals were destroyed, many were tucked away in chests and garrets never again to be brought forth, while still others were preserved either by the whalers or their families or by individuals

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By a perusal of these old ships' books one may get a better insight of the whalers' lives than by any other means, for the entries often reflected the hopes, sorrows, joys and sentiments of the whalers to a wonderful degree. Sometimes the story of a burial at sea will be recorded; again the birthday of the captain, the anniversary of his wedding or other family events will be set down in heavy underscored lines, while not infrequently some trivial event—such as the killing of a chicken for dinner or the fact that the “old sow had six pigs” will be duly entered and illustrated with as much care and seriousness as the staving of a boat or the taking of a hundred-barrel whale.

p. 170: “July 1, 1868. No signs of life here, nothing for us. June has passed and we get no where, no chance for us this season I fear, three seasons in the North Atlantic too get one whale in this unfortunate vessel.

“July 4th, Wind E. S. E. Will the wind never change? This is the Fourth of July a day of rejoicing with People at Home. But a sad day for us. No whales in The Ocean that we can Find. A Head Wind. No chance to do anything or to ever get one whale.

“The Lord's Hand appears to be against the Poor Old Minnesota and all concerned in her. Will the Lord in his infinite Mercy ever suffer us to get one Whale? Employed sheathing the deck. Many are rejoicing today but our hearts are filled with sadness that this Poor Vessel cannot get a whale.” [Verrill goes on in this lugubrious and pious way for several paragraphs.]

p. 171-72: One really pities this man after reading over the log he wrote so many years ago and it brings a sigh of relief to learn that despite his forebodings he succeeded in taking some whales before his voyage was over.

Some of the old skippers and their mates imagined they possessed literary talent and quite often varied the monotony of their log book entries by scraps of impromptu verse. Most of this was mere doggerel, but now and then some man left evidences of real talent and at times wrote parodies on well-known poems or songs which were quite amusing. Such a man was the steward of the Emmeline, one Washington Foster, who kept the log of the schooner on a voyage from Mystic, Connecticut to the Croisettes, on a cruise for sea-elephant oil. His parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket" was not bad for a whaleman and his entry for Christmas day was quite a literary masterpiece for a whaleship's log book. I quote both verbatim as follows:

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of past days.

"When fond recollection recalls them to mind.

"The schooner so taut and so trim like a miss in her stays.

"And all her light rigging which swayed to the wind.

"The old-fashioned galley, the try-works close by it.

"The old blubber boat with six oars to pull it.

"The bunk of my messmate, the wooden chest nigh it.

"The old Monkey Jacket, the often-patched jacket.

"The greasy old jacket which hung up beside it."

p. 192, on scrimshaw: In decorating the teeth the design was scratched upon the smooth, hard surface and colors, such as India ink, paint, or even soot from the try-works, was rubbed into the incised lines.

By this laborious and crude method results equaling the finest steel engravings were often produced, although the majority of scrimshawed teeth showed little artistic talent on the part of the men. Many of the designs were original, such as ships under full sail, incidents of the chase and capture of whales and other maritime scenes, but the best and most elaborate were traced or transferred from the books, magazines or illustrated papers which found their way to the forecastles of the whaling ships.

p. 246-47: To-day, one may travel the length and breadth of New Bedford's waterfront without seeing a crossed yard and one may search in vain in New London, Nantucket, Sag Harbor, Provincetown, Bristol

or Falmouth for a whale-ship. By the sides of Merrill's Wharf one may find a few ramshackle, prosaic schooners whose vocation is evident by the greasy decks, the lookout's hoops at the mastheads and the oil casks lying near at hand, and in out-of-the-way slips at Fairhaven one may still find a few picturesque, old, square-rigged vessels, dismantled, weather-beaten and abandoned.

There is something sad and pitiful about these sturdy old ships now out of commission. Through years and years they plowed the wide oceans of the globe; they crunched amid the ice-floes of the Arctic; Antarctic gales howled through their frayed and rotten rigging and their masts and yards bleached under the rays of tropic suns. Above their trucks have loomed the desolate mountains of Kerguelan and the castellated pinnacles of mighty ice bergs. About them have gathered fur-clad Eskimos in kyaks of skin and around them have swarmed swift proas loaded with laughing, copper-skinned beauties of the South Seas. Through their broad gangways have been hoisted untold tons of reeking blubber and their upper masts are black as ebony from the smoke of countless boilings. Within their kennel like forecastles have echoed the sea-songs of generations of hairy-chested whalers and on many of their decks has been spilled the life-blood of human beings.

What stories they could tell if they could but speak! What tales of marvelous adventures, of grim tragedy and human sufferings, what narratives of license, debauchery and unbridled passion! But the wonderful scenes their lofty masts have looked upon, the terrific tempests their broad bows have breasted and the marvels of strange waters in which their anchors have been dropped, will never be known. They are but mute testimonials of whaling's Golden Age, relics that link the present with the past and soon even they will be gone, broken up for junk and torn to pieces for the metal and the rigging—surely an ignominious ending for such gallant craft. One cannot help wishing that they might find a better fate—given to the “god of winds, the lightning and the gale” which they have so long defied.

p. 250: Erelong, the last old-school Yankee whaler will have passed into the great beyond and as he sights the harbor lights of that port from

which none return, his mind will turn to days long gone and with his last breath he will murmur the final stanza of the whalers' song :

Did you ever join in with heart-ringing cheers,
And your face turned to Heaven's blue dome,
As laden with riches you purchased so dear,
You hoisted your topsails, bound home?

Webster, George Sidney. *The Seamen's Friend: a Sketch of the American Seamen's Friend Society by its Secretary.* New York: American Seamen's Friend Society, 1932.

p. 9: NY Bethel Union formed June 4, 1821, modeled on the Bethel Union of London. *Mariners' Magazine* in April 1825 advocated for a similar society in NY. By then, the *Magazine* said, there were seventy Bethel Unions, 33 Marine Bible societies, and 15 seamen's churches and floating Bethels.

p. 10: Liverpool Seamen's Friend Society organized in 1820.

Ch. III: Publications. In addition to its periodicals the Society published hymnals, manuals of divine service. First to publish "Jesus Savior pilot me."

Ch. VII "Loan Libraries." Began in England—see first issue of *Sailors' Magazine* which reported on loan libraries sent on British ships by the Port of London and Bethel Union Society—continued in 20th century by British Sailors' Society. In US started in 1820s, and then advanced by Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*. Public "sympathies were awakened in the common sailor, which resulted in the placing of libraries on board vessels sailing from the ports of Boston..., New Haven..., New Orleans..., and New York City. Systematic approach started in March 1859, with careful accounting of every loan library sent out by the Society."

p. 86: "All the work of the Society is distinctly religious, consequently the loan libraries were at first filled with religious books. For several years these libraries were called 'Sea Missions.' "

p. 89—between 1861 and 1870, 600 conversions of seamen could be traced directly to the reading of these Sea Missions Libraries.

p. 93-97, testimonials to the loan libraries; the chief radio operator of *S.S. Tivives* served as librarian for the ship which had ASFS library No 13490: It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to thank you for the loan libraries which we receive periodically in a very neat handsome box. I also wish to extend thanks to you and the donors of these splendid books, of every officer and member of the crew of the steamship *Tivives*, as these books are enjoyed and read by all.

Societies like yours are certainly a boon for the men who go down to the sea in ships, for words cannot adequately describe the great comfort, spiritual blessings and enlightenment derived from these excellent books.

p. 94-5, another radio operator aboard *Algonquin* with its Number 13,260, writes: As librarian to the crew I wish to thank you for the library placed on board this vessel last year. At sea a seaman's pleasures are very limited and the library is always well patronized, the men aboard this vessel are no exception and they derive, have derived and, I hope, will derive much pleasure from the books in the libraries placed on board by The American Seamen's Friend Society. It has been with great interest that I have watched the liking for books of various persons. Some, and to be exact, most all start reading detective stories and other light reading but gradually acquire a taste for the better class of literature. The selection in your library covers all requirements and to read through one of your libraries is to read selections from almost all subjects. I express the hope of everyone aboard that you will continue to be the Seamen's Friend for many, many years to come.

Op. p. 94 is a photo of "The Sailors' Three Feet of Literature"

Wells, John Campion. *A Voyage to Spitzbergen.* [*The Gateway to the Polynia*]. From the Journal of John C. Wells. New and Cheaper Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1876.

Although the author, an “untraveled Englishman,” is motivated by sport, the main thrust of his book is that Spitsbergen is the best route to the north: for its whaling riches, for the benefits of geographical exploration, and for the most economical route of scientific inquiry. Wells himself is described as an old whaling captain in an introductory survey of Arctic exploration that doesn't reveal its author. I assume the editor was a fellow traveler on a vessel captained by Wells, but I've not studied the matter. A most engaging volume.

p. 55-56, apropos Captain Wells: At one time he actually determined to resign his official post for a season, and come with us; the Trinity Board, entering fully into the spirit that actuated him, agreed to keep his office, by deputy, during his absence. But the fates ruled otherwise; he has given hostages to fortune, and his wife and family held him back. We were the losers by this resolve, for his great experience in the navigation of the northern seas, coupled with his knowledge of the curious and ever-changing phenomena of the Arctic weather in relation to the movements of the ice in the far north (a knowledge to be gained only by long experience and the keenest interest in the subject) would have been to us of the greatest possible value; for it is needless to say, that there is no book existing, except, perhaps, the valuable contributions of Scoresby, from whose pages we could hope to draw the requisite instructions to guide us in moments of difficulty or danger, much less to direct us in the course we should pursue when in doubt. These old whaling captains alone possess the requisite knowledge at the present time, and men of science have but little opportunity of formulating the valuable observations in daily use amongst these hardy explorers, won by long acquaintance with the dangers to which they are daily exposed; the more intelligent passing unscathed, while the less observant are compelled to struggle on in hopeless mazes, which too often render their venture fruitless, if no worse fate attends them, as we will have occasion to mention further on.

p. 62: There are emotions at such a time which the untravelled Englishman has never experienced. Such a one knows nothing of the strange sensation of sailing away from home and friends, league after league, day after day over a wide waste of sea, to another zone where

every object to which use has made him familiar, gives place to new phases of nature, wearing for him a totally different aspect—to distant regions he may be familiar with, no doubt, from the perusal of books whose pages depict vividly the scenes they describe; but, after all, book descriptions, however good, fall very short when attempting to convey impressions which experience alone can supply. All our efforts to overcome the obstinate resistance of the gale which now rages from the north proving quite ineffectual, we are compelled to run in again and seek shelter.

p. 158-59: We read somewhere of one hardy explorer of the early days, who after vain attempts to gain the land he saw so distinctly, and which always seemed to baffle his attempts, at length, in superstitious dread, turned his back upon the scene, fearful of being beguiled by some enchanter's trick; and we now do not wonder at his simplicity. All this time we watch the harpooner steadily gaining on the distant object, the wondrous beauty of the scene before us and the sport in hand dividing our admiration and combining to fill us with such a sense of enjoyment as we have rarely felt.

The little crowd around us are plunged into the same sea of ecstasy. No one breathes a whisper as the eyes are strained to observe every motion of the pursuers and pursued. The boat seems to glide rather than creep upon its prey, who lies all regardless of the impending danger, and at the distance we are, the suspense grows painful. Suddenly, like lightning, something has happened, and the shout is raised, "A fall! a fall!" Before the echo dies away, the crowd, as if released from some enchanter's spell, is now a confused mass of bustling, hurrying men, as they rush to assist the crew in the first boat. Men come tumbling up from below, half clad, clutching in their hot haste such clothes as are snatched hastily as they run. Here are fellows but half awake, dropping into their places in the boats, with oar in hand, impatient to give way when the rest are in their places. There is no time now to waste, and for the present the garments are scattered anywhere. By-and-by a chance may come in which they may get time to dress. In the meantime the whale, hard hit by the trusty Byers, has plunged headlong into the depths below.

p. 162, reference to reading about the Prophet Jonah.

p. 222: Sportsmen as keen as ourselves may, on reading of deer-stalking in Spitzbergen, be tempted so far in the hope of enjoyment such as we had in their pursuit. To these we would recommend the study of the newest chart of Spitzbergen, and advise them to adopt the precaution of carrying a pocket compass, whose use should be well understood, in the event of getting separated from their party; a watch is of little use, and may, with prudence, be left on board.

p. 252-53: After a six hours' climb, we sit quietly down for a short rest, and to eat a morsel. A draught of the cold pure water was to us most deliciously refreshing. Falling in a reverie, I pull unconsciously a bit of paper from my pocket, stored as it is with broken biscuit and tobacco. It is a letter. How long it has lain there, or who it is intended for, we cannot imagine. Long since the envelope has been frayed away, and become tattered; the address, if ever it had any, is no longer decipherable. The note it contained is safe enough, but somewhat torn. It began, "My dearest," and wound up with "from your own fond love." What else it contained we must not say, but it brought back tender thoughts of home and friends, and we felt it might have been for our reading, and we put it away carefully, and once more turned to our task.

p. 337-40: Are not the Arctic books, written by McClintock and others, full of records of heroic endurance and privations? whose very recital fills the mind with admiration for the men who have borne the toil, while our heart recoils from willingly consenting again, for all the scientific gain that is to accrue to the student at home, that men should go on any expedition that explorers? and besides, have we not seen men set out for the Arctic regions who, utterly ignorant of the peculiar nature of the navigation of these seas, have blundered sadly in spite of the proffered assistance of experienced whaling captains? What can be more depressing to a navy man, than to hear constantly of the errors now become traditional of these worthy fellows who bravely toiled through Baffin's or Melville Bay—traditions ludicrous in details that will insure their preservation for years to come, amongst the whaling community? And it is this Smith Sound route which still preserves its sway amongst the older men of our navy; not, indeed, because they are convinced of its

practicability by their own personal experience, for this can hardly be the case, if we read the Parliamentary reports on the various journeys made in search of Sir John Franklin and his party, but for some occult reason never fairly given. It cannot be because there is less danger to be met with by this route, as we have endeavoured to prove. It cannot be on the score of expense, for once admit the Smith Sound route to be the favourite of the public, who are now thoroughly roused to the question of the importance of Arctic enterprise, and there is no knowing where the waste of public money will end. The country has hardly recovered from the impression made upon the exchequer for defraying the former Arctic explorations, and that department of the State will care little to enter again on a like career of lavish expenditure.

Whitecar, William B. *Four Years Aboard the Whaleship. Embracing Cruises in the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, and Antarctic Oceans, in the years 1855, '6, '7, '8, '9.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1864.

Whitecar, an intelligent observer, sailed from New Bedford aboard the *Pacific*, on a whaling voyage which took him to Antarctic waters, Australia & New Zealand. His narrative gives good details of the whaler's life on ship and ashore from 1855-59, one of the best for the time, including observations & comparisons of whaling equipment and practices. Whitecar includes much on the West Australian coast, visiting the Vasse & Cape Leeuwin a number of times. He spends time in Albany (King Georges Sound), visits Geraldton (Champion Bay), Esperence (the Recherche Archipelago) and the Houtmans Abrolhas. In observing W.A., he comments "I didn't see a glass of spirits drank. Ale and beer were however swallowed without regard to quality or quantity." The majority of the book relates to West Australian waters & anecdotes. A very readable & informative accounts, one of the best

we've read on West Australia. [This annotation is partly plagiarized in a Bartfield listing for the same book.]

Whitecar's account is quite a charming account of the whaling life, somewhat sanitized for the domestic reader, pointing out the foibles and peccadilloes of sailors on other ships but seeing his ship as something of a model of discipline and benign leadership.

p. 30-31: The first Sunday intervening after our departure from home, proved a bright, beautiful day, the sun rising in gorgeous splendor. After breakfast the chief mate went throughout the crew, and gave to all who were not already provided, a Bible or Testament, also tracts and religious papers. These books, I believe, were supplied by a Tract Society, in New Bedford, who customarily place the word of God aboard every ship that leaves the harbor. The books were all received with thankfulness; and I will here take occasion to state that I never heard a sailor speak irreverently of the Bible. Men aboard ship I have heard do so, but only in three instances, and in those cases they were neither sailors nor landsmen—incapable of filling a respectable position on either element; therefore their opinions were of little value.

p. 96 It will be noticed that three-fifths of our whaling up to this time, has been on Sunday, and subsequently, this day of days proved equally fortunate for us. I do not wish to defend the practice of Sunday whaling, and think that if a man makes it an invariable rule to whale only on week days, that Providence would so dispose it that he should not be a loser. We saw several of these Sunday ships, as they are called, and in each instance they had quite as much oil as their neighbors;... In fact, the temptation is strong; and strange to say, most whalers see greater numbers of whales on the Sabbath than on any other day.

p. 97: On the 23d of May [1856] we spoke the barque Ann, of Sag Harbor, and from her received papers five and a half months old; they were treasures to us, and were read with intense interest, advertisements and all coming in for a share of attention; these papers were full of anticipated troubles with England....

p. 127: ...on the same day, by the ship Alexander, belonging to the same owners as our own barque, I received letters from home; and although nine months old, they were heartily welcome. None but the wanderer

from home and friends knows, or can imagine, the joy and comfort imparted by good news from home. Such events are the oases in our desert. Newspapers were also sent to me; and I read them completely through, advertisements and all, with a degree of attention I had never before bestowed on a printed sheet.

p. 157, gives an account of the auction of a drowned man's property: the money produced by such sale being handed over to the friends of the deceased, if they can be found; but if unable to do so, it is usually given to the Seamen's Friend Society.

p. 197, alludes to reading of a J. Fennimore Couper work.

Winton, John. *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor*. London: Michael Joseph, 1977.

p. 25-26: In July 1838 the Admiralty sanctioned the supply of libraries to sea-going ships. Large ships were issued with 276 books, small ships with 156. The books were mostly religious or of an 'improving' nature. Various societies and private individuals also contributed. As early as 1816 a Lieutenant Baker and a Dr Quarrier supplied the *Leander* frigate, fitting out from Woolwich, with a library of several hundred books. Mrs Elizabeth Fry later persuaded the Admiralty to issue libraries to naval hospitals and to the coastguard.

As a senior rating, John Bechervaise was in a position to see how these reforms were received on the lower-deck. Of the cut of the rum ration he heartily approved. He himself was a teetotaler and although he did not advocate total abstinence throughout the Navy there was no doubt in his mind that the less spirits issued the better. From his own experience, Bechervaise knew of the punishments inflicted, the accidents caused, the opportunities lost, the careers spoiled, on account of drink.

The libraries, too were welcome. Bechervaise served for many years as a petty officer before the libraries were issued. Then, a book was a great rarity on the mess-deck. If any mess had one, it was read and re-read and lent from man to man 'until it became difficult to tell the original colour'. Such books as there were, were 'of a kind that

frequently injured rather than improved the morals of men.’ In one of his ships, the *Asia*, Bechervaise was allowed to borrow books from the cabin of one of the lieutenants. ‘This indulgence gave me a pleasure I can scarcely describe.’ Sometimes, in the dog-watches, Bechervaise sat at the mess table and read to those around him. ‘How different it is now: every one can get a book, and read for himself. He can go to the library, take out a volume from a well-selected stock of books, and one day with another at sea, can have three hours to read and improve his mind.’ Many of the men took advantage of the chance. ‘We have men now in the service, and I could name more than twenty from one ship, who on entering into her did not know one letter in the book; and now within five years, have learned to read, write and cypher merely at their spare time.’ Speaking with twenty-two years’ experience of the lower-deck, Bechervaise thought he could ‘see at a glance the vast improvement that has taken place, both in morals and character.’

Now and again, Bechervaise encountered the hidebound voice of reaction. He once heard an officer of the Old School observe, that the less of education seamen possessed the better were they fitted for the service; for’ continued he, ‘when they have much learning they are generally great sea-lawyers and on the whole troublesome characters.’ Bechervaise answered this with a moderation that does him and the lower-deck of his time the greatest credit. He agreed that the accusation was true in a few cases. But, he said, because a few men were troublesome that was no reason to keep the rest in ignorance and deny them the blessing of being able to read and write. [From Bechervaise, John. *Thirty-Six Years of a Seafaring Life*, by ‘An Old Quartermaster. Portsea, UK: Woodward, 1839.]

Wohlforth, Charles P. *The Whale and the Supercomputer: on the Northern Front of Climate Change*. New York: North Point Press, 2004.

A traditional Eskimo whale-hunting party races to shore near Barrow, Alaska, while their trapped comrades drift out to sea on ice that should still be solid. Elsewhere, a team of scientists transverses the tundra, measuring the thinning snow every ten kilometers in a quest to

understand the effects of albedo the heat-deflecting property of snow that helps regulate the planet's temperature. Journalist and lifelong Alaskan Charles Wohlforth here crystallizes how climate change isn't an abstraction in the far North; it's a reality that has already dramatically altered daily life. He describes how Alaskan Natives and scientists attempt to reconcile their radically different ways of observing changes in the environment, and the implications for us all. (Daedalus Books Description)

A rambling but still incisive account of cultural as well as climate change at Point Barrow, the encounter of whites with the Inupiak people there, the results of the Ray IPY expedition in 1881, etc. One main point is that the natives knew far more than the Europeans ever could, though a good deal of assimilation took place.