Meditations from Steerage: Two Whaling Journal Fragments

The Commonplace Book of Dean C. Wright, Boatsteerer, Ship *Benjamin Rush* of Warren, Rhode Island, 1841-45

and

Six Months Outward Bound: John Jones, Steward, Ship *Eliza Adams* of New Bedford, 1852

compiled and edited by
Stuart M. Frank

The Kendall Whaling Museum
Sharon, Massachusetts USA
1991
Meditations from Steerage: Two Whaling Journal Fragments

The Commonplace Book of Dean C. Wright, Boatsteerer, Ship Benjamin Rush of Warren, Rhode Island, 1841-45

and

Six Months Outward Bound: John Jones, Steward, Ship Eliza Adams of New Bedford, 1852

compiled and edited by

Stuart M. Frank

The Kendall Whaling Museum
Sharon, Massachusetts USA
1991
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface 3

The Commonplace Book of Dean C. Wright, Boatsteerer, Ship Benjamin Rush of Warren, Rhode Island, 1841-45

Editor’s Introduction 4
Whales, Whaling, and Whalemens — the natural history of whales 5
A Boatsteerer — of all the berths, the most thankless and disagreeable 11

Six Months Outward Bound: John Jones, Steward, Ship Eliza Adams of New Bedford, 1852

Editor’s Introduction 13
Bound Round Cape Horn 14
In Port — Valparaiso 20
Bound to the Sandwich Islands 21
At the Sandwich Islands 27
Bound North on a Cruise for Whales 29

Appendix: Ship Data and Crew Lists 31
Bibliography 32

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Sperm Whale by Dean C. Wright Cover
Right Whale by Dean C. Wright Title Page
Whales and Fish by Dean C. Wright 2
Sperm Whale — schematic drawing by Dean C. Wright 6
Whaleboat and Gear — schematic drawing by Dean C. Wright 9
Whaleboat — elevation drawing by Dean C. Wright 10
Sperm Whale by Dean C. Wright 12
Kanaka Maiden — Scrimshaw by George O. Hilliot 28
Whaleship Eliza Adams by whalerman E.C. Sears, circa 1890 30
Valparaiso Roadstead 33
Valparaiso Town and Harbor 33
Recognition Drawings of the Sandwich Islands 34
The Town of Honolulu 34
Sperm Whales by Dean C. Wright Inside Back Cover
Anonymous portrait of the ship Eliza Adams Back Cover
Preface

In very different ways, the two journal fragments presented here are among the most interesting and compelling documents of their kind. While neither by itself is of sufficient length or magnitude to give an even marginally comprehensive view of American whaling, each provides a rare glimpse into life at sea in the middle echelons of the fishery. Too often our knowledge of whaling derives only from the captains and senior mates whose official logbooks and private journals predominate among the manuscript volumes held by museums and libraries; these offer a perspective that, while eminently authoritative in its own right, nevertheless provides little firsthand insight into the lives of lesser lights in the shipboard galaxy. There are also a few engaging narratives by first-time whalers — the likes of Francis Allyn Olmsted, J. Ross Browne, and Ben Ezra Siles Ely, all of whose journals as green hands have been published. For them, the maiden voyage tends to be an adventurous foray into the unfamiliar and exotic, filled with the kinds of surprises, regrets, and self-recriminations to which callow youth is heir. Accordingly, their narratives not only present (as Richard Henry Dana, Jr.’s *Two Years Before the Mast* presents) a travelogue of far-flung wanderings in the wholly alien environment of a square-rigger on the high seas, but also delineate (as Dana delineates) a progressive litany of challenge, frustration, humiliation, recapitulation, and ultimate triumph on shipboard that reenacts in autobiography the fundamental dramatic structure of narratives of captivity and maturation found in high literature.

These are individually and collectively of enormous value, as far as they go, towards developing an understanding of the history, psychology, and creative impulses of the men and women for whom whaling was a livelihood and a way of life. But too seldom are we treated to the meditations and cogitations of the professional class of mariner who is neither at the top nor the bottom of his trade; who knows his job and does it well; and who, while by no means in control of his own destiny, in telling about it provides the insights of a seasoned hand. Such a voice may have sufficient maturity and experience not only to interpret cogently the technology of his occupation, but also, in reflecting upon his condition, to impart a larger perspective to the fishery itself, and thus to the labor history of the maritime trades.

Like Nelson Cole Haley, the harpooneer whose *Whale Hunt* may be the most competent account of a whaling voyage and is certainly one of the most engaging, Dean Wright and John Jones are seafarers who inhabit the middle ranks. Each has already completed two or three voyages by the time their narratives begin and each now occupies a responsible post, but they have not yet succeeded in the fishery even to the extent of earning an officer’s berth. Thus, they approach the subject with neither the wide-eyed wonder and impressionable astonishment of a faro-hand at sea for the first time; nor with the heavy weight of responsibility with which the captain is encumbered — responsibility to the owners, as well as to the crew, for a successful voyage; and perpetual responsibility for the lives and safety of two or three dozen men in extremely hazardous circumstances. At the time of their respective writing, as long as they did their duty honestly and well, Dean Wright, professional mariner, and John Jones, able scaman, kitchen employee, petty officer, and sometime sailor, could look forward to a future in the whale fishery; meanwhile, they could reflect impartially about shipboard affairs, and sometimes even philosophically upon the peculiar status of life between the firrams.

Boatsteerer Dean C. Wright’s two essays on the natural history of whales, the technology of whaling, and the plight of the boatsteerer are virtually unique. What is a deliberate literary device in the hands of Poe, who begins many of his gothic tales in an ostensibly journalistic mode only to careen out of control into reverie and vertigo, seems to be second nature to Wright. Having first demonstrated a remarkably well organized knowledge of whale biology, and concisely documenting his thoroughgoing mastery of the work of the boatsteerer, he winds up in a lather of pointed rhetoric that looks forward to the time when he will be a rung or two higher up in the shipboard hierarchy. Meantime, hardly the solid pedant he first may seem, he reveals himself to be an unusually knowledgeable and perceptive practitioner of the rubber-hunting art.

John Jones, steward, whose job is not even real sailor’s work, takes almost the opposite tack. He is well read in low literature, worldly, somewhat jaded, whimsical to the point of frivolousness. When the mood strikes, he effervesces over the passing parade, quoting popular song lyrics and brandishing nautical slang, paraphrasing Shakespeare, and using and abusing platitudinous aphorisms and sayings. Too soon, it all ends abruptly, and we are left to wonder who he was and what may have become of him.
The Commonplace Book of Dean C. Wright, Boatsteerer, 1841-45

Introduction

Young Dean C. Wright assembled his manuscript Commonplace Book while serving as a boatsteerer on a 46-month whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship Benjamin Rush of Warren, Rhode Island, under Captain Anthony Gifford during 1841-45. His original intentions are clear from an inscription on the flyleaf of the ledger volume: "In this book I propose including a little of everything—prose, poetry, anecdotes, tales, &c." And, indeed, it turned out that way. The pages are crammed full of sentimental verse, the lyrics of undistinguished parlor songs, miscellaneous dates and facts of history, epigrams, notes about the voyage, and devotional jottings—a kind of catch-all of contemporaneous popular culture. Yet despite the pedestrian quality of much of the contents, Wright's anthology is remarkable for the compiler's own original contributions: several pencil, ink, and watercolor drawings of whales and whaling gear; and, notably, two essays succinctly and articulately presenting his whaleman's-eye view of the natural history of whales, selected equipment employed in their capture, and the plight of the boatsteerer, whom he characterizes as the unwitting victim of the officers and crew.

Little is known about the author apart from this manuscript and the otherwise undistinguished voyage on which he produced it. A Seaman's Passport issued at New Bedford in 1835 indicates that he hailed from Avon, N.Y., and shipped on his first whaling voyage in April of that year, at age 17—though on what ship has yet to be discovered. That he had a better-than-average common-school education is apparent in the skill with which he manages his reasonably accurate spelling, competent syntax, versatile vocabulary, and consistently legible, occasionally even elegant hand. From all indications, he was also temperate and pious in the sanguine, even sanctimonious, but nevertheless sincere fashion of the era. On the Benjamin Rush he also produced ink-and-watercolor drawings of whales and whaling scenes very similar to the ones in his own commonplace book for the journal of at least one shipmate, second officer Samuel R. Eddy.

Wright signed articles for a petty officer's rating as a boatsteerer (harpoooner) aboard the Benjamin Rush, so this was likely his third whaling cruise. If Kenneth Martin's conclusions be correct, it may also have been his last: "Wright's journal reveals him to have been a young man who had career ambitions but was disappointed and bored by the toil of whaling" (Martin, Whalmen's Paintings and Drawings, 158). Surely Wright's critique of the boatsteerer's condition presents a less-than-enthusiastic portrait of life in the middle ranks; and he is later quite explicit:

Tuesday Sept 3d 1844. I do not know what to write and I only undertake it because I can't do anything else... For the last three or four months I have looked for whales hard—pulled hard in the boats, worked hard on board—and have done next to nothing—which is very hard—and now I am very homesick and can't get home, which is harder yet. Oh! dear—Oh! dear. Oh! dear.

On the other hand, earlier in the voyage, Wright also speaks convincingly about the favorable shipboard meritocracy where a whaleman can become someone "of wealth and standing in society. This business is much more lucrative than is the merchant service, and there is a much better chance of promotion to officer if the candidate be a steady and temperate man."

Wright's grasp of the natural history of whales is truly exceptional for his era. While insights gleaned solely from practical experience in the fishery may not have the sophistication of the treatises of Thomas Beale (1839) and Henry T. Cheever (1849), Wright's understanding of cetacean anatomy and feeding habits is well ahead of the sophistries perpetrated in the popular natural history books and compounded by the French academy (for example, see Beale's critique of Desmarest, quoted at length by Scammon and paraphrased by Melville). It may not be surprising that a seasoned professional whalenman with at least two Pacific Ocean voyages to his credit might be able to describe fairly accurately the size, shape, and visible contours of several species of cetacean. However, the notions about sperm whales diving to feed, and the light color of the tongue, teeth, and underside of the jaw as adaptations for luring prey in the murky depths, are quite advanced.

Finally, however, the value of Wright's essays and drawings is not that they present some truth that only he has seen, or that subsequent students of the whale fishery could never have discovered if not for him; rather, it is that his words and pictures articulate at first hand—intimately, with refreshing clarity—the insights, reflections, and technical observations with which a professional whale-hunter concerned himself in the long, idle hours during four years at sea.
Commonplace Book
Dean C. Wright, Boatsteerer

On board the ship Benjamin Rush of Warren, R. I., Capt. Anthony Gifford, bound to the Pacific Ocean on a sperm whaling voyage ... In this book I propose including a little of every thing — prose, poetry, anecdotes, tales &c. Original and select; all that is original will be signed.

Whales, Whaling, and Whalermen
There are many kinds of whales that are not sought after; of those that are not of such classes as whalemen take I do not know much except their names and general outline of their shape. There are, however, some kinds which I intend to describe— or, rather, give a mere sketch of — with some of their habits.

Firstly, the Sperm Whale is of the most importance to whalemen because the oil obtained from this species of whales is much more valuable than any other. The male or bull whales are the largest (among the sperm whales), the females or cows seldom making more than thirty barrels but the bulls making from thirty as high as one hundred & thirty barrels. With regard to their size they may be divided into three general classes. The first is cows and calves; these go in large schools together, generally accompanied by one or two bulls. The second is forty-barrel bulls; these are generally found in numbers together, but not so numerous as cows and calves. The third is called by us [whalemen] larger whales, and includes all whales which make fifty barrels and over; these are generally found alone or in companies of two or three.

Among the first class may be found whales [of] all sizes, from four feet to forty feet long, and from three feet to six feet in diameter, and from eight to twenty feet in circumference. Among the second [class] the average length is probably forty four feet, diameter about eight feet and circumference twenty eight feet. The third class of whales will be found from sixty to ninety feet long; their diameter is from ten to thirteen feet, and their circumference from thirty five to forty five feet. In the sperm whale the head forms a very considerable part, yielding sometimes more than one third of the oil produced by the whole whale; it is from the case, which is in the head, that the pure spermaceti is bailed in large quantities — sometimes fifteen (and very large whales will yield eighteen) barrels of sperm. And besides this, the junk forms the head: this is boiled like [blubber from] the body, but is kept with the case and is of the same quality. Both the case and junk are guarded [by] a substance called headskin, which is very hard, and is almost impenetrable to a harpoon, and thus their head is rendered very formidable in their defence against their persuers.

Their principle defence is made with their jaws and flukes. The jaw is underneath the head, and they roll over either on one side or on their back to use it. It is from four to eighteen feet long, and furnished with a row of teeth on each side which are of the nature of ivory, [each] from four inches to ten inches in length, and from one to three inches in diameter. Their flukes or tail is also very dangerous to their enemies; they are formed of a hard substance, in breadth from five feet to twenty feet, and in length from three feet to eight feet. The food upon which this species of whales feed is called “Squid.” This forms the most of their subsistence, but they also eat fish which they decoy to them in the following curious manner. As they are so very large that, necessarily, their motions cannot be made quickly enough to catch smaller fish, they remedy this inconvenience by descending to a certain depth under water, where they lay perfectly still with their jaws wide open; the teeth, being very white (at that distance under water), shine brilliantly, which attracts the attention of such small fish as are in sight, and they collect in considerable numbers in his mouth. He then closes his jaw quickly and retains them all. He then swallows them and thus furnishes himself with food very easily.

---

1 The title is Wright’s own. His spelling, punctuation and syntax are generally excellent and few editorial corrections were required other than occasional capitalization, the addition of punctuation in a few places, and consolidation of sentences and paragraphs where needed for clarity. The original spelling is altered only where indicated.
Unlike the Right Whale, they [the sperm whales] bring forth their young and rear them at sea. The general idea of the great affection which the cow has for her calf is rather exaggerated if my experience be correct, for I have frequently seen the cow leave her calf; but in some cases she shows great regard for her young and will rather stay and be killed than leave it.

To strike a sperm whale the whaleman endeavors to place his boat directly astern of him; or, if that is not practicable, he gets right ahead, which is rather more dangerous to the boat and boat’s crew than the other. By all means, the boat must not be brought abreast of him or he is almost sure to see her and will avoid being struck by going down, or will go so fast as to prevent the boat from overtaking him.

Small whales generally remain under water from twenty minutes to a half hour, but larger whales will stay down from forty five minutes to one hour and a half, before they come to the surface to spout. The idea that whales spout water is erroneous, it being a kind of vapour or fog and will not dampen anything faster than the breath of oxen or horses. After the whale is mortally wounded he will throw blood from his spout hole in large quantities. Finally, a sperm whale is a species alone, no other kind seeming to be of his form or nature, for he is not only a different shape from all other whales and worth more than any others, but the sailors say that “they know a d——n sight more than others”; and I think there is some truth in the expression, for I have seen them avoid several boats for hours together, always coming up when there was no boat and going down again just before one could get to them.

\[2\] That is, on the open sea, rather than in the protected bays and lagoons along shore.
Next in importance to the sperm whale, is the Right Whales. This species differ[s] very materially from the sperm whale in form and habits. They are not so long as the sperm whales, but larger round and make more oil, the blubber being thicker and fatter. They have two spout holes [which] are directly on the top of the head; the sperm whale has but one [spout hole] and that is on one side. Their head [right whale] does not yield so much oil as the sperm whale’s, but whalebone [baleen] is taken from it, which is very much in use among manufacturers for the frames of umbrellas, &c. Right whales are very often found on soundings around islands and in bays, but sperm whales are seldom found in shoal water. They go into bays to bring forth their young, but sperm whales do not. Their food is principally what sailors call “Brit” and a small kind of fish called Shrimp. The cows are the largest generally although there is not so much difference in their size as there is in sperm whales. A right whale that will make sixty barrels will generally be about forty feet long and nearly the same in circumference.

There are several enemies to the right whale in his own element, the principal of which is called the killer [orca]. They attach themselves to the [right] whale’s spout holes when they come to the surface to spout and thus drown them in a short time, and then they [the killer whales] eat the tongue only and leave the rest of the body a prey to sharks. This species of whales is very numerous and as they have regular seasons for certain latitudes, ships procure cargoes of whale oil much more expeditiously than they can of sperm oil, thus making the voyage in a much shorter period of time.

The only weapons of defence that a Right Whale is furnished with are his flukes and fins. With these, however, he is very expert and is perhaps as dangerous as the sperm whale although he cannot use his head to fight with. There is no jaw to his head like the sperm whale’s but lips that open similar[ly] to a door on hinges on each side. They close against the upper part of the head, and the inside [of the mouth] is filled with slabs of bone which sit in the head like teeth in the gum; and a very large tongue, which is very flat and sufficiently large sometimes to make ten barrels of oil.

Besides the Sperm and Right Whales, there is no species that is much sought after by whalermen except Humpbacks. These are a class that seem to be half Right Whale and half Sperm. They have the head of a Right Whale while their back has the bump of a sperm whale.

There is also a species called Finbacks, which are something like humpbacks but have only a small fin on the back. Whalermen do not try to get them as they

3 That is, relatively near the shore, where soundings may be taken to measure the depth of the water.

4 In any discussion of the whale fishery, the distinction is always sharply drawn between whale oil, derived from the blubber of various mysticete or baleen whales, including the right whale; and sperm oil, derived only from the blubber and junk of the sperm whale, but sometimes commercially combined with the oils of other odontocetes and pinnipeds.

5 Here Wright contradicts common sense opinions held by whalemen and non-whalers alike, epitomized in the words of whalerman-artist Clifford Ashley: “The capture of Right whales was a comparatively simple matter, since the animal was sluggish and non-combative... The taking of the Sperm Whale proved a different business. Not only was this whale well armed; but he was also naturally pugnacious. In the pursuit of his accustomed food his life was one of continual struggle, and he knew from experience exactly how to defend himself” (The Yankee Whaler, revised ed., [1926, 1938] 1942, 65f). Melville elevates fear of the sperm whale to mythic proportions: “Not even at the present day has the original prestige of the Sperm Whale, as fearfully distinguished from all other species of the leviathan, died out in the minds of the whalermen as a body. There are those this day among them, who, though intelligent and courageous enough in offering battle to the Greenland or Right whale, would perhaps — either from professional inexperience, or incompetency, or timidity, decline a contest with the Sperm Whale; at any rate, there are plenty of whalermen ... who have never hostilely encountered the Sperm Whale, but whose sole knowledge of the leviathan is restricted to the ignoble monster primitively pursued in the North; seated on their hatches, these men will hearken with childish fire-side interest and awe, to the wild, strange tales of Southern whaling” (Moby-Dick, 1851, Ch. 41).
almost always sink when killed. The day will come probably when they will also be taken by some Yankee contrivance.\(^6\)

The Sulphur Bottom [blue whale] is very much like a Finback but the fin is much smaller and some further aft on his back. They grow to a great size and are not very numerous.\(^7\)

Besides those whale[s] named there [are] several kinds of “spounging fish” that we do not term whales as they are much smaller, viz: Grampus, Black Fish [or pilot whales], Killers [orcas], Porpoises, and what was probably taken for Mermaids in ancient times, Cow Fish, the female of Black Fish [sic].\(^8\) There are two kinds of Grampuses, viz: the Blunt nose and the pointed nosed Grampus. They make a spout which very much resembles the spout of a sperm whale, but I have never seen one taken. Black fish are caught very frequently by us. They are in some respects like the sperm whale. Porpoises are a small active fish from eighteen inches to three feet and a half long and are caught principally for their flesh, which is very good, and is of more consequence to whalemen than others in consequence of their being so long without fresh provisions.

Next I shall notice the utensils for capturing the whales and preparing the oil for the market.

The first thing[s] to be obtained for Whaling are good ships of the right class, generally about three hundred tons burthen, and well furnished with sails and rigging for the voyage, and they must or at least ought to be good sailers, good seaboats, and tight. The next thing is boats; generally seven in number. Whale boats are built different from any other kind of boats for ships use. They are about thirty feet long, sharp at both the head and stern, and built of the lightest materials. They are pulled by five oars, and steered by another. They have no width or depth of keel to make them sail well on the wind. They are flat amidships, consequently do not draw but very little water and pull remarkably fast. They are about four feet wide and three and a half feet deep. Three of the oars used to pull the boat are pulled on the starboard side, the other two and the steering oar on the larboard side. The steering oar is generally twenty two feet in length; the other two oars on that side are seventeen feet; the after and harpooneer oars are about sixteen feet and the midships oar is about eighteen feet. They also carry a sprite [sprit] sail which is used when going free. They can be propelled ahead or astern with ease, being sharp, and easily headed in any direction, when not going ahead, by the steering oar. The line used for whaling is made of hemp, manilla, and cotton. The last kind is not much in use and is the best kind of rigging, about one inch in diameter. There is about two hundred and fifty fathoms [1500 feet, or about 457 meters] in each boat (sometimes more). The end is made fast to the harpoon, which is darted into the whale from the head of the boat. The tub of line stands in nearly the middle of the boat, and the lines leads from the tub to a loggerhead which is in the stern and thence forward through the head over some lead prepared for the purpose; then, by holding on to the line at the loggerhead, the boat is brought to bear a portion of the strain aft as well as forward.

---

\(^6\) Wright’s vision is prophetic, and future generations did indeed develop a method for inflating the carcasses to make them buoyant enough for towing back to the mother ship or shore-station. However, while the compressed-air pump could be characterized as a Yankee contrivance, it was not the Americans but the Norwegians who perfected the technology for the whale fishery. Norway’s mechanized, steam-powered whale-hunt, founded by Svend Foyn in the 1870s, eventually supplanted hand whaling altogether, rendering the American whaling industry obsolete.

\(^7\) In this catalogue of great whales, only the grey whale is conspicuously absent. This is the species that figures in the celebrated whaling exploits of Captain Charles Melville Scammon, related in his book *The Marine Mammals of the Northwest Coast of North America. Described and Illustrated Together with an account of the American Whale Fishery* (San Francisco and New York, 1874; repr. New York: Dover, 1968).

\(^8\) Scammon (Op. cit., 1874) identifies the blackish as *Globicephalus Scammonii* (85) and the cowfish as *Tursiops GiliII* (101). In modern nomenclature these are *Globicephala melaena* (pilot whale) and *Tursiops truncatus* (bottlenose dolphin) (Stephen K. Katona et al., *A Field Guide to the Whales, Porpoises and Seals of the Gulf of Maine and Eastern Canada*, pp. 80, 100). Tradition and popular culture normally ascribe the “real-life” prototype of mermaids to one of the pinnipeds, usually the manatee or so-called sea-cow.
Besides the line, there are six harpoons, three lances, one spade, a hatchet, knife, &c., &c. There is also a lantern with candles and an apparatus [a tinderbox] for striking fire to use as a signal for the ship to steer for, should the boats be off in the night.

Below: The text for Wright's schematic drawing of a whaleboat and whaling irons reads: "The harpoon is used to strike or fasten to the whales with. The lance is used to kill them with. The spade is used to cut the blubber with." The hardware is labeled: "Lance 5 ft. long. Harpoon 2 ft. 6 inches. Lance 5 ft. long, Spade 1 foot." The boat itself is painted green with darker green gunwales, and is labeled "1. The bows. 2. The Rullock [radowlock; actually, in this case, thole pins] for the bow oar. 3. The Rullock for the tub oar. 4. The Loggerhead. 5. The Stern."
In a whaleship may be found men of all classes, from the lowest to the very first circle in society. The whaling business is, in fact, a general receptacle for every kind of adventurer on the ocean. The ships very frequently go to sea with men in them who have been educated in the first institutions in the country, and been in extensive and respectable business on shore, but have been reduced in their circumstances by intemperance, or met with some misfortune and, in a fit of despondency, have entered on board for a whaling voyage, with no specific object in view but a vague idea of a something which they do not understand is continually before them, and they are kept along in a kind of delusion until the ship sails, and then, when the vast ocean separates them from their friends they arouse themselves to the recollections of what and where they are, and what and where they might have been. They find themselves on board of a Cape Horn whalingmen, and unless they run into disgrace by leaving the ship, they have got to spend three or four years of the prime of their life in a business which they do not understand, and from which they will not recover anything commensurate to the time spent, unless they come to the conclusion to continue in the business and become whalemen. Many have resolved on this alternative and are now men of wealth and standing in society. This business is much more lucrative than is the merchant service, and there is a much better chance of promotion to officer if the candidate be a steady and temperate man. There are men in whaleships who are of the most wicked and degraded families in the country, and are for consequence uninformed and disagreeable, and in many cases deplorably intemperate and licentious. But taken as a body, whalemen are the most respectable class of seamen with which I am acquainted.

A Boatsteerer

Of all the berths that there is on board of a whaleship, that of a boatsteerer is the most disagreeable and thankless. To give good satisfaction to all hands is perfectly impossible and to please anybody requires as much talent as Daniel Webster possesses. A man who has been one voyage in the whaling business and then will ship again to do a boatsteerer’s duty must be either mad or drunk, or else a fool or a saint. The shipping agent I know will say to a poor devil that he is trying to gull, “Why, you will live in the cabin, and have a better lay, and be more respected, and have less to do, and be allowed more privileges, than a foremast hand.” Now I happen to know that with the exception of living in the cabin, and having a better lay, all the rest is a lie as black as is could be told by Tom Pepper. For he is not respected at all, he has more work to do than all hands besides, and he has no privileges whatever but to bear the blame for everything which may go wrong in the ship. If the Capt finds a smoothing plain dull he immediately says that a boatsteerer has been planing his Iron pole [harpoon] and dulled it. If there is two quarts of tobacco juice

---

9 At the time Wright sailed in the Benjamin Rush (July 1841), Daniel Webster (1782-1852) was at the apex of his career. In early 1841 he had resigned from his seat as U.S. Senator from Massachusetts to become Secretary of State under William Henry Harrison, the first Whig president. When Harrison died soon after his inauguration, Webster and the other cabinet officers stayed on under Tyler; but in September 1841, when the rest of the cabinet resigned to protest Tyler's veto of a national bank bill, Webster stayed on to pursue the Canadian border negotiations with Britain that resulted in the Webster-Ashburton Treaty—the kind of diplomatic finesse for which Webster was most celebrated and to which Wright no doubt alludes here. By the time Wright's whaling voyage had come to an end, Webster had resigned from the cabinet (1843) and resumed service in the Senate (1845).

10 That is, a larger fraction of the proceeds of the voyage.

11 Tom Pepper is nautical slang connoting an inveterate liar: “In sailors' folk-lore, ‘Tom Pepper was the seaman who was kicked out of Hell for lying’” (Partridge, citing Frank Bowen's Sea Slang, 1929).
found spit on deck in the waist, it is lain directly to the poor boatsteerer, though he could not get there to save himself because the officers take all the room. In one word, a man to do the duty belonging to a boatsteerer ought to be a sailor, a whaler, a mechanic, a saint, a bully, a man of no kind feeling whatever, and very little sense. He ought to be a man who can be spoken to in any tone of voice and called by any epithet, and still give a fawning, sycophantic answer; one who is built of steel and hung on spring steel, and cannot tire, and does not require any sleep or bodily rest of any kind; one who can content himself without any place which he can call his own, or where he is not liable to be crowded out. And he ought to be a man who can be an officer and still be a tar [common seaman], one who can walk to the leeward and not be offended at having any one spit in his face and heave old "sodgers"¹² at him; and what is still harder, one who can show himself worthy of confidence in all cases and not have any placed in him, & be contented to be called a good man, and used like a dog—and do all this for the sake of advancement of which he is not at all sure, when it is done. A Boatsteerer is placed between two fires, being neither man nor officer, yet required to be both. He is beneath the officers and not above the men. He has to obey every body and be obeyed by nobody, give no ungentlemanly language to any person but take it from every person, look cross at none but be frowned on by all. John C. Calhoun¹³ can conform to all parties in politics and twist his principles into as many shapes as an eel in a pan of hot oil, but he could not please all as boatsteerer on board of a R[hode] Island whaler. Davy Crockett¹⁴ could whip his weight in wild cats and jump over the rocky mountains, but he could not do this duty to satisfaction; and the Devil can do anything but become a Christian and satisfactorily perform a Boatsteerer's duty in a Warren whaleship.


---

¹² Sodger or soger (from soldier) in nautical parlance usually refers to a landlubber or malingerer on shipboard, in any case someone who is good for nothing, reflecting the sailors' low regard for Royal Marines ("soldiers") aboard British naval ships and their less numerous counterparts in American vessels. Ergo, as slang usage it may refer to any kind of refuse or expendables, as in the twentieth-century expression dead soldiers (empty beer bottles). A comprehensively scathing sailor's-eye-view of the Navy is given by Herman Melville in White-Jacket (1849).

¹³ A former congressman, secretary of war, and vice president of the United States, John C. Calhoun (1782-1850) was a United States Senator from South Carolina at the time; he was later Secretary of State under President Tyler (1844). His advocacy of slavery and notorious switch from the Republican party to the Democratic party in the 1830s made him unpopular in the abolitionist North.

¹⁴ The late frontiersman, congressman, and Alamo martyr Davy Crockett (1786-1836) was, even prior to the Mexican War and Texas statehood, a larger-than-life national folk hero.
Six Months Outward Bound: John Jones, Steward, 1852

Introduction

Like a thousand other whalermen before and after, John Jones kept a journal of his voyage in a Pacific Ocean blubber-hunter, at fairly regular intervals recording his thoughts, experiences, and observations, and thereby providing a firsthand account of life in the American whale fishery. What distinguishes his particular chronicle is its unrelenting vivacity of style and the unconventional attitude of Jones's comments about people, places, and events — imparting a rare perspective on day-to-day shipboard routine as well as on the few extraordinary occurrences by which the sameness of daily events was occasionally punctuated.

Jones's tenure aboard the ship Eliza Adams of New Bedford was evidently brief. His journal covers only the first portion of a three-years' voyage, after which the diarist disappears from view. His name is so common and the known facts about him so few, that, in order to trace his subsequent activities at sea, it is virtually impossible to single him out among the many John Joneses recorded as having served in the fishery. He was born in 1822 at Craftsbury, Vermont, and had made at least two previous whaling voyages, sailing in 1843 on an unidentified vessel, and again in 1848 on a three-year cruise as ordinary seaman in the ship Marenco of New Bedford, Captain Zebedee A. Devoil. Apart from this, the journal is the only certain record of his life and career; and in it he "struts and frets his hour on the stage and then is heard no more."

That Jones was steward aboard the Eliza Adams there can be no doubt, as he keeps careful track of the daily menu ("bean day," "duff day") and has sole charge of making pies. His perceptive musings, which belie his lowly station among the petty officers and idlers, are quite liberally sprinkled with popular allusions and paraphrases of song lyrics and quotations, erratically and somewhat compulsively woven into the narrative. His tone is as often sensitive or nostalgic as satirical or glib — using the conventional format of an official logbook (complete with meteorological and navigational observations) in a sly and unconventional mixture of the lofty and the vulgar.

Unfortunately, Jones's journal ends abruptly and without explanation on 21 April 1852, 170 days out of New Bedford. The narrative is resumed exactly seven months later in another hand, without reference to or mention of Jones or his fate. He may have died at sea, or, more likely, jumped ship in some distant outport, leaving the journal and other personal effects behind. But before he left the scene, in fact, early along, almost at the outset of the voyage, the diarist left three clues to how he may have wished to be remembered, in the form of three epitaphs — any one of which he may seriously have envisioned his shipmates employing should the occasion arise:

Epitaph

Under this humble pile of stones
Lays the bones
Of John Jones

Whose mouth was split from ear to ear
Traveler be careful how you tread the sod
For if he gasps, you're gone, by G—d

God curse the owls
That picked these fowels
And left the bones
For poor John Jones

In those dreary seas midst fogs & frost
Poore whalemen of, in the boats are lost
Unsheltered from the biting blast
With frozen limbs they breath[e] their last

15 Creighton (1983, 52) is mistaken in her assertion that Jones was the cook; in fact, more than once in the journal the cook is mentioned in the third person singular as "the Doctor," of whom Jones was by no means fond; and a few of his page-headings are specifically inscribed "Ship Eliza Adams, John Jones, esq., Steward."

16 On this point, the remarks of whaleman Ben Ezra Stiles Ely, writing in 1849, may be regarded as definitive: "It humbled my pride not a little to wash dishes and make bread, and it was not long before I desired again to be a sailor bold and free, amid the tar and slush, in preference to a lackey amidst flour and dishwater. I learned, however, many useful accomplishments in the line of housewifery; such as that of making bread, setting the table, cleaning knives and forks, and preparing pies out of whale's meat and molasses.... Having acted as steward about two months I concluded that I was sufficiently accomplished in culinary matters; for I was an apt scholar both in forming and demolishing pies..." (There She Blows, [1849] 1971, 65). Robert Cushman Murphy adds an interesting sidelight from his whaling voyage of 1912-13: "I happened to be seated on the leeward side of the table, so my wedge of pie contained more blueberries and juice than the portions of the first officer and the cooper, both of whom sat to windward!" (Logbook for Grace, 1947, 130).
Six Months Outward Bound
in the Ship Eliza Adams

John Jones, Steward

Ship Eliza Adams, Capt. F. C. Smith
bound round Cape Horn

Thursday, January the 1st 1852. Duff Day.
This day commences with a strong breeze from the west[ward], with frequent rain squalls, Ship steering S[outh] S[outh] W[est], nothing in sight, plenty to eat & plenty to do. Thus commences a new year the end of which I trust will see the Eliza with her belly full hurrying home to be delivered, so mote it be Amen.

Lat[itude] 45, Long[itude] 53:21

Friday the 2nd. Bean Day. This day commences with a strong breeze from the Northard & Westard, Ship steering S.S.W. Nothing in sight, the air begins to feel rather chily, we begin to hunt up thick clothes for Cape Horn, or in other words darning the heels of last Voyage stockings & putting new seats in the old breeches, necessity is the mother of invention, however we console ourselves with the idea that industry must prosper. So ends this day

Lat. 46-19 Long. 55:32
Temp. Air 57, Water 54

Saturday the 3d. Cod Fish Day. This day strong breezes from the westward Ship heading S. by W. Nothing but Goney's and birds in sight. This is saturday night at sea, the night in which the sailors of olden times used to drink the health of sweet hearts & wives, them was the times we read of. times past & gone; now, instead of the can of grog we have a filter full of cold water on the table, the look of which makes a fellow shiver and turn in as soon as possible, forgetting wives and every thing else, so ends.

Lat. 48:38 Long. 56:42 Temp. A. 51 W. 49

"Saturday Night at Sea" (or "Saturday Night") is the title of a song by Charles Dibdin (1745-1814), from his musical production The Oddities (1789). In confusion with another Dibdin song "Sweethearts and Wives" (1788), which begins "Twas Saturday night..." the song "Saturday Night at Sea" was often erroneously known to sailors as "Sweethearts and Wives" or "Wives and Sweethearts." (It was under this latter title that Daniel K. Ritchie inscribed a virtually perfect copy text in his journal aboard the Israel and Herald, 1843-45.) Grog refers to the Royal Navy's mixture of rum, water, and (on occasion) lime juice. Called grog after the nickname of the man who instituted a daily rum ration in the 1740s: Admiral Edward Vernon (the family acquaintance after whom George Washington named his estate Mt. Vernon) was known as "Old Grog" by virtue of the grogham coat he habitually wore. Hence the can of grog as a popular phrase in seamen's songs and toasts, referring to the beverage and the tin vessel in which the ration was distributed.

Sunday the 4th 1800 & froze to.
This 24 hours light winds from the Northard with pleasant weather, Ship steering S. by W. A number of the crew afflicted with sore eyes, dont know the cause[e] of it. This is a day of rest with us, nothing to do this day. Some are over hauling their chests, others are casting a figure on their Voyage, calculating as near as possible how much they will have when they get home, supposeing we should be lucky; others are looking over their long bills [for money advanced and goods purchased aboard ship] that are yet to be paid, which causes them to put on very long faces & to mistrust that they are not going to make a fortune this time. Luck or no luck, poor boys, you must live and learn, and remember you must pay for learning. Some few of the rest put a good face on the matter & Don't care a snap how it goes: as long as they have plenty of grub and sleep, they are at home any where. And there is a very few who are reading some religious book wishing they were in their native town this day going to church with their friends at the sound of the church going bell — O, Dear it takes every thing to make a whale ships company, let alone making a world. The Lord sends the grub but the Devil sends the Cooks, no mistake. Not a thing in sight.


---

17 The journal commences on 1 January 1852, 59 days out of New Bedford. Jones left several blank leaves at the front of the book, probably intending later to make notes on the early portion of the voyage, which he evidently never got around to doing; and he inscribed the three epitaphs (quoted earlier) on the leaf preceding his first entry. Entries in his hand cease after 21 April 1852. Beginning in November of the same year, the third mate, Clothier Peirce, Jr. (who was later a whaling captain) took over the abandond volume, making entries aboard the Eliza Adams and several other voyages over the next two decades, filling it (even the early pages that his predecessor had left blank) with ordinary journal remarks, poems, prayers, and religious commentary. Jones's fragmentary text is given here in its entirety, with only such editorial alteration as was required for clarity, including primarily capitalization and punctuation. No attempt was made to regularize spelling. Notable epigrams, aphorisms, quotations, and song titles are printed in italics. For ease of reference and economy of space, footnotes on allusions and sources are given in smaller type immediately following the passage to which they refer.
Monday the 5th and Bean Day, therefore have not much to say. This morning at peep of day raised two sails and land, the land proven to be the east end of the most easternmost Island of the Falkland Group. [We] have all day been trying to get to the east so as to pass clere, the Bark in sight playing the same game. Bent new main top sail and foresail. Good night, I am O.P.H. Lat. 51:17 Long. [ ] Temp. A. 46 W. 49.

Partridge notes an expression O.P.H., meaning "off, as in 'Damn! I'm off!'" (a jocular phonetic rendition of off; pronounced slowly O-P-H), but dates it to the late 19th C.

Tuesday the 6th. Duff Day. Plums. This 24 hours commences with moderate breezes from the South, at 11 a.m., wind hauled round to the Eastard, Ship steering South. At 6:00 bent new main top gallant sail. The mate Mr Lawrence is very sick with a cold. A number of hump backs in sight. The watch employed in making spun yarn. So ends. Lat. 51:66 Long. [ ]

Wensday the 7th. Rice day. Plums. This day light winds from the north, ships course S. S.W. A Barque and brig in sight, the Barque working to the Northard, the brig to the southard and westard. Saw some humpbacks in the morning. The Carpenter and blacksmith to work at their respective trades. Went forward to night to hear some music, found the fiddler playing the fourth of July, Evans keeping time with the bones, the blacksmith playing Juber on the banjo, Goss was playing Bonaparte crossing the Alps on the fife, and Kimble was whistling Yanke Dedle Do. The Portugues was singing a song of their own, and some of the rest was singing old Dan Tucker is come to town. Came as fast as the steerage, found the fiddle there and accordion in full blast, one singing when I can read my title clear, another O Miss Lucy Neal; then went into the Cabin and found the old man [captain] ratlin away at the Symancope, the rest trying very hard to go to sleep; then laid down on a chest, thought of the girl I left behind me, fell asleep and dreamt of thunder. At 10 P.M. woke up, most froze to Death and turn'd in. Lat 53:07 Long. 57:41 Temp. Air 46 Water 46.

The 4th of July: A Grand Military Sonata was composed and published by James Hewitt (New York and Boston) in 1801 (noted by Lawrence, 171). There were several chants, banjo tunes, and minstrel songs with ostensible origins in the Black South entitled "Juba," which seems to have its roots in jubilation and jubilee. "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps" is an Irish hornpipe and march descended from an older tune called "Listowel," it is also called "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine" (Frank 1985, #42; O'Neill #1824; Krassen, 207). "Yanke Dedle Do," of course, became popular with Americans in the Revolutionary War era and, by reason of its patriotic associations, was universally adopted in fiddle repertoires and has inspired countless texts of all kinds. The enomous literature about it includes mention by Herman Melville: "Hautboy forthwith got out his dented old fiddle and, sitting on a tall rickety stool, played away right merrily at 'Yankee Doodle'; and other off-handed, dashing, and disinclined carefree airs. But as common as were the tunes, I was transfixed by something miraculously superior in their style." ("The Fiddler"). "Old Dan Tucker," an American minstrel song by Daniel Decatur Emmett (1815-1904), was very widely circulated as sheet music, set as a tune for banjo and fiddle, and in arrangements for schools and glee clubs; it appears with "Lucy Neal" and others in the classic 19th-century anthology Minstrel Songs Old and New. "When I Can Read My Title Clear" is an often-parodied sacred song attributed to Isaac Watts (1674-1748) occasionally printed in such popular anthologies as The Amateur's Song Book (Boston, 1843), p. 102. Symancope is presumed to be a corruption of the trade name of a parlor organ of a type not infrequently found in the aftercabin of a Yankee whaler. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is another tune with a distinguished Revolutionary War provenance and the ability to support numerous parodies (Lawrence, 1797, 217). J.L. Molloy maintains that the air, "although claimed by the English, is indisputably of Irish origin and has been sung...for many centuries in Ireland" (Molloy, 1873, 148). Most froze to Death would seem to be a paraphrase of a line from Stephen Foster's "Oh! Susanna" ("The sun so hot I froze to death / Susanna, don't you cry"); published in 1848.

Thursday the 8th. Duff Day. Plums. This day first part light airs from the northard latter part strong airs from west Nor West, Ship steering S.W. by S. At one P.M. send down fore top sail, repaired it, and sent it up. One poor finback in sight, nothing els[e]. We are all anxious to see a homeward bound ship to send some letters to our dear friends. We have not got but about four bushels [of letters] finished, but have got all of eight under weigh; they can be finished in a short time. We shall probably send them off as freight, if we can find a ship that has not full cargo. Nuf said shake. Lat. 54:14 Long. 60:18 Temp. Air 45 Water 45.

"Nuf said: here evidently a particularly early instance of this 'comic variant of enough said,' as Partridge says that 'An early example occurs in John Brougham's farce Po-Ca-Hon-Tay, performed in New York, 1855.' Shake is likely intended as a jocular short form of shake-hand, nautical slang that Partridge defines from 20th-century Royal Navy usage as 'a notebook that, kept by the quartermaster of the watch, contains the names of the men to be roused during the night.'

Friday the 9th. Bean day and of course a windy day, you might bet high on that. — The first part of the day, ther was strong winds from W.N.W. Ship steering S.W. by S; middle part light airs from the same quarter, latter part the wind come out South blowing rather fresh, the Ship heading S.E. This has ben a wet and nasty day, consequently not much doing by the mecl[hanics]. The watches came out in their Oil cloth suits and India rubber boots, all looking rather blue and inquiring if we a[j]nt [a]lmost round the Horn. If we could only get the wind on our stern (where in fact it always ought to be, especially bean day) we might have a smart chance to get out of this in a short time. Not a bloody thing in sight. Lat. 56:01 Long: no obs[ervation] Temp. A. 45 W. 44. Well it is nothing shorter.
Saturday the 10th. Cod fish day. This day strong winds from the Westard, Ship heading S.W. by S. Rather cold to day but pleasant most of the time. Another week gone by, Saturday night again appears and finds Eliza off the Cape plunging and pitching and kicking the water about at a great rate. She dont care whether he gives her fancy men a ducking or not, the jade. In my imagination I can see some of my friends at home this night sitting around the happy fireside in pleasant conversation enjoying a pitcher of cider and a bowl of apples, perchance talking of their pleasant sledgie ride they have had during the day, not once thinking of poor John who is off Cape Horn mixing dough, trimming lamps &c. Never mind there is better days a coming—they are a long while getting along, though. Good night. Nothing in sight. Lat. 57:29 Long. 64:09.

—Fancy-man: Partridge dates this to the early 19th century, meaning "a harlot's protector and/or lover; her husband." Jade is "a contemptuous name for a horse; a horse of inferior quality; a sorry worn-out horse; a vicious, worthless horse"; hence, "a term of reproabation applied to a woman. Also used playfully, like hissy" (O.U.D.). Poor John, referring to the diarist's actual given name, is a play on the 18th-century cliche Poor Jack, referring to the sorry condition of sailors; hence a play on "Poor Jack" as a title and phrase in sailor lore—incbluding the novel Poor Jack by Frederick Marryat (1840); and especially the song of that name by Charles Dibdin (in The Whim of the Moment, 1788), of which the refrain is "There is a Providence (alternately, There is a sweet little cherub) that sits up aloft /To keep a watch for the life of Poor Jack."

Sunday the 11th. Duff day. Plums. This day first part light winds from the S.W., latter part wind from the South (Susannah you cry). Ship heading W. by S. It is cold to write nonsense to night. So ends. Nothing in sight. Lat. 58:97 Long. 64:19 Temp. Air 41 Water 98.

—Susannah you cry: quoted from the first stanza of Stephen Foster's song "Oh, Susanna," popularized by the Christy Minstrels and published in New York in 1848: "I came from Alabama / wid my banjo to my knee, / I'm gwine to Louisiana / My true love for to see, / It rain'd all night day I left, / The weather it was dry, / The sun so hot I froze to death / Susannah, you cry" (from the original sheet music in Jackson, 1974, 88-91). The song was extremely popular with sailors, leading to the nautical Gold Rush parody "Oh, California," which surfaced in the merchant service shortly after publication of Foster's original: "I came from Salem City, / With my washbowl on my knee, / I'm going to California / The gold dust for to see, / It rained all night day I left, / The weather it was dry, / The sun so hot I froze to death / Oh, brothers, don't you cry!" Lingenfelter & Dwyer claim this parody was probably the first gold rush song, written by a John Nichols "on board the bark Eliza, outward bound from New England in November 1848" (Lingenfelter & Dwyer, 1968, 22 and 26; also Shay, 1948, 114).

Monday the 12th. Bean day. Strong winds and light winds from most all parts of the compass, latter part of the day wind from the Eastward. Ship steaming W.S.W. Rain all day. Nothing in sight. I am off now. Lat. 57:55 Long. 65:48 Temp. Air 41 Water 41.

Tuesday the 13th. Duff day. Plums. This day first & middle part moderate breezes from Eastard, latter part no wind at all; pleasant weather most of the day which call[e]d out the mechanics in their different departments. Rather cold to night, feather beds and blankets feel quite comfortable, some of the men turn in like troopers horses all standing. Nothing in sight. Lat. 57:29 Long. 67:17.

Wednesday the 14th. Rice day. Plums. This day first part light winds from the northward with pleasant weather, latter part wind from the N.W.'ard. Ship heading all the way from S.W. to South. One ship in sight in the first part of the day steaming the same as ourselves. At 9 A.M. raised a school of Black fish [pilot whales]; lowered all four boats and took 8 along side and had them on deck by three O clock P.M. The starboard boat got four, the larboard B[oy] one, the W[ait] boat one, and the B[ow] boat two. Took their Jackets off and saved their carcasses for culinery purposes. Got orders to make 10,000 balls of it. Land reported in sight, rather doubtful. No Observations.

—took their jackets: flensed the whales, cutting off the "jacket" of skin and blubber for culinary purposes; references to eating the meat of whales other than smaller dolphins and porpoises are quite rare in the American whaling annals.

Thursday the 15th. Black fish balls day. This day a gale of wind from the South west. Ship under close reefed main top sail and fore sail, heading south by east. Saw a ship steaming east with all sail set. Nothing particular doing to day excepting taking in sail. Around the corner Sally, Sally me old aunt Sally, go to bed, I will. Lat. 58:11 Long. 68:56

—Around the corner Sally: burden of a chantey (shipboard worksong) known as "Round the Corner (Sally)"; "Oh, round the corner we will go, / Round the corner, Sally!" (Colcord, 1938, 45; Hugill, 1966, 389). The line also appears in some Liverpool versions of "Haul Away, Joe (Haul Away for Rosie O)"; "Ye may talk about yer Hawve girls, an' Round the-Corer-Sallies, / Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!" (Hugill, 97ff; see also Prank, 1958, 75). "My Old Aunt Sally": American minstrel song widely published in sheet music. The title is likely an allusion to a game called Aunt Sally, "in which sticks or cudgels are thrown at a wooden head mounted on a pole, the object being to hit the nose of the figure, or break the pipe stuck in its mouth" (Benét, 1948, 59).

Friday the 16th. Black fish day. Balls. This day moderate weather, and first part light winds, latter part strong winds from the Westard. Ship bagoning about tackling and retackling and going to the eastard at that. O dear I dont know what is to be said about it hardly. Started the try works at 9 A.M. Tryed out the black fish [rendered the blubber into oil] and cooled down the works at 7 P.M. Some fin backs in sight. We are 90 miles farther to the eastard to day than yesterday. Good. So ends.
Saturday 17th. Black fish day. This day strong winds from the Northard and westard, ship steering W. by S. At 11 A.M. took in the main top gallant sail and reefed the top sails. Nothing in sight all this day. boony laddy heland laddy &c. No Obs.

_Bonnie laddie, hieland laddie_ is the burden of _"Highland Laddie"_ ("Hieland Laddie"), a chantey with origins in the 18-th century Scottish Arctic whale fishery (Davis & Tozer, 1887, 52). The chantey seems to have remained universally popular with seamen throughout the 19th century: "Was you ever in Quebec? / Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie; / Loading timber on the deck, / My bonnie highland laddie" (Colcord, 1938, 95). Doerflinger renders the lines _"bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie"_—as customarily pronounced by sailors—and, citing a version given by Charles Nordhoff in _Nine Years a Sailor_ (1857), says that the chantey "was sung by Mobile Bay cotton stowers as long ago as the 1840's" (Doerflinger, 1972, 50; see also Hugill, 1966, 143-45).

Sunday the 18th. _Ban yan day_.

This day first part a heavy gale of wind from the Westward, ship lying-to under close reef main top sail and fore top mast stay sail, fore and main spencers, the spanker having blown to pieces. Latter part weather more moderate. Wore ship and made sail. Ship heading N.W. Nothing in sight. Lat. 58:45 Long. 79:01.

_Banjan-days_: "Days on which sailors eat no flesh" (Partridge), after the Banian caste of Hindus, among whom it is forbidden to eat meat of any kind (O.E.D.). Wore ship: changed course.

Monday the 19th. Bean day. This day first part strong winds from the Northward, ships course W., running free; latter part the wind hauled round to the westard, ship heading S.W. by S. No kind of business going on to day but breaking out water in the morning. _Its early in the morning the sailor loves the bottle O_, so goes the song. The Cooper has been off duty a number of days sick. Nothing in sight but one poor devil of a goney and he looks as though he has been to California and was just returning home (like some of our N[ew] B[edford] folks curb of the gold fever but full of the fever and ague). Threw him a piece of porke rine which he took with a look as much as to say _small favours thankfully received and large ones in proportion_, a saying I believe that originated among our Sandwich Island missionaries who are always ready to take what small change a poor devil has in his breeches pockets on liberty days and in return for it will tell you that you will certainly go to hell for catching whales on Sunday. To get that same money they are so willing to take. O, consistency, where art thou? echo answers where. Lat.—Long. 76:8 Temp. Air 45 W. 49.

_Ship Eliza Adams, Capt. F.C. Smith_

_Ascott Round this bloodye Horne_

Tuesday the 20th. Duff day. This day strong winds from the Northward and Westward, Ship heading S.W. by W. It has been rather bad weather for the me[ch]lanics to day, therefore nothing done in that line. The Captain has plenty to do in the way of extracting teeth, lancing biles [boils], curing rheumatics, bowel complaints, the bloodey flux, and the piles, and in fact all _ills that flesh is heir to_. Ther is hardly a man in the ship that is [of] sound mind, limb &c._—had some of the rheumatics in the cabin to day [and] gave them a scrubbing with run and cyan peper [cayenne pepper]. I think that will sweaten old A—high, but laying nonsense aside, I do pitey any one that is so unfortunate as to be sick on board a ship. Ther is so many that shams [being] sick that it is hard telling always who is sick and who is not, therefore it sometimes hap[p]ens that a fellow that is really sick dont have the care that he would have had if there was no such thing as _soldiering_ or sham[m]ing sick[ness]. Nothing in sight. Lat. 58:43 Long. 79:45 Temp. A. 45 W. 43.

_All ills that flesh is heir to paraphrases Hamlet's soliloquy: _"The heartache and the thousand natural shocks / That flesh is heir to."_

_Soldiering_ (also _sogering, soddering,.goldtricking, shithing work; malingering; a nautical expression, from the disparaging attitude of Royal Navy seamen (hence also American Navy tars and merchant sailors) towards the lack of seamanly skills among the marines assigned to naval vessels largely to maintain order among the crew. Partridge (q.v., soger and solden) dates the epithet to the 15th century. See also footnote #12 above._

_Wendsday the 21st. Bean day._

This day strong winds from the Northward & Westward, Ship heading North by West. Broke out provisions which consisted of flour, sugar, rice, coffee, and beans & cod fish. _Bread is the stuff of life, but they do say that run is life itself._ Old Darby he sat and played the fiddle, while we sahahyed up and down in the middle, and Sally sat frying beef steaks on the fiddle, whilst Johns ale was new my boys. Nothing in sight but ra re ri so _round the corner_ to bed. Lat. 57:59 Long. 78:29.

_Old Darby he sat and played the fiddle... whilst Johns ale was new my boys is an apparently original stanza for a popular British convivial song with origins at least as early as 1594. When Jones's Ale (or John's Ale; Joan's Ale; Johnson's Ale) Was New is _"a progressive 'song of occupations,' set in a tavern, in which the several ban vists enter one-by-one with typical imps and idiosyncrasies of their respective careers"_ (Frank, 1985, 721; see also Doerflinger, 1972, 970 and 368, from the singing of Captain James P. Barker, ship _Tuftalia_, Brooklyn, N.Y.; also notes in Chappell, 1858, 1:1874; and Simpson, 1966, 3871). _Round the corner (Sally):_ see notes for 15 January, above._
Thursday the 22nd. Duff day. This day first part strong winds from the northward with rain, latter part a gale from the Westward. Ship under close reef'd top sails and fore sail, fore & main spencers, heading N. N. W. At 8 P.M. past an American barque steering to the eastward, with bothe top gallant sails out. She showd her Long[s]tole to be 80 west. It gives a person the blues to see a ship booming off before the wind bound home, whilst we poor devils is drifting about off cape home with a head wind, bound out on a three years voyage. I expect that we will have to winter here, dont see any chance of getting any where, never mind we have got half of a black fish left yet; no danger of starveing. Gally smokes bad, though. Finis. Lat. 56:5 Long. 78:10 Temp. Air 46 W. 44.

Friday the 23rd. Rice day. Plums. This day first part strong winds from the Westward, Ship heading N.W. by N.; middle part and latter part light winds from the northward and westward, Ship heading S.W. by W. One little fin back came along side this afternoon apparently for the purpose of finding out who and what we were. He went round and under the ship a number of times, keeping all hands run[n]ing here and there with lances trying to get a chance to put one of them into his dear little carcass, but he was fortunate enough to satisfy his curiosity and get off with a whole skin. If he has been a different kind of a whale there would have been a bold push made for his Jacket — thems my sentiments exactly. Half past nine, going to douse the gim. Lat. [ ] Long. 78:23.

Them my sentiments exactly: Partridge claims that this is a jocular catch-phrase of the late 19th century signifying ‘warm-hearted agreement or approval,’ from Thackeray’s ‘Vanity Fair’ (1848)—which would make Jones’s usage here quite early, suggesting that the phrase had an earlier currency than Partridge imagined. Douse the gim: an expression that Partridge calls ‘mainly nautical,’ meaning to put out the light; he does not, however, note that the phrase appears in the popular comic poem by James T. Fields, “The Nantucket Skipper,” AKA “Maum Hackett’s Garden” (c. 1849), which concerns the Nantucket’s perfectly developed skills at navigation and piloting.

Ship Eliza Adams, John Jones, esq., Steward Off Cape Horne
Remarks on matters and things

Saturday the 24th. Cod fish day. This day strong winds from the northward and westward, Ship heading S. W. by W. Spoke the ship Greata of Haver [in France], last from Valpiraso [Valparaíso], bound to Pernambuco. Sent a boat abroad and got some California papers. Thus has past another day and also another week. Satterday night again appears and finds us still off Cape home. How swiftly time rolls on, and I suppose the end of time will find the Eliza right off the Home. O, its to[o] solemn colly to think of. Good night. God bless you. Lat. 55:49 Long. 78:45 Temp. A. 48 W. 45.

Solemne[holy]: excessive seriousness, a jocular blend of solemn and melancholy coined in America in 1772 (Partridge).

Sunday the 25th. Duff day and Soup. This day first part light winds from the westward, ship heading N.W. by N.; latter part wind from the Southard and westard, ship steering N.W. Beautiful weather but cold. Sunday night. Wonder what they are doing at home to night. In my minds eye I can see the old folks tasting their feet by the fire, talking about the young folks (who are in the other room courting) and wondering whether they will get married next spring, or put it off til another year. Now my advice is for the young folks to go it while they are young, for when they get old they cant; that I know by experience, for I find out now that things a[j]nt now what they used to was. Nothing in sight. So ends for this night. I am off with poor tally i ho you know O tally hi ho you served me so. Lat. 55:16 Lon. 80:9 Temp. A 45 W. 44.

Monday the 26th. Bean day. This day moderate winds from the south, ships course N.N.W.; pleasant weather. The watches employd in Ships duty, all the mecanics hard at it in their different departments. The cooper went on duty to day; some of the rheumatics came on deck a little while. One came after a dose of salts, took them, then went below and eat 7 pounds of porkes, 3 of beef, drink 17 pots of coffee, 5 quarts of bean soup, besides large quantities of potatoes, onions, &c. during the day, and eat hard bread and molasses all night. This morning he said he felt about the same. Nothing in sight. Lat. 54:00 Long. 80:22.

Tuesday the 27th. Duff day. This day first part light winds from the southard, latter part strong winds from the Northard and Westard, ship heading N.E. by N; pleasant weather. Broke out an old main topsail, repaired it, sent down the other and bent the old one. A number of fin backs in sight, dont hear much said about the horne now. Lat. 52:7 Long. 77:26 Temp. A. 48 W. 48 1/2.
Wensday the 28th. Bean day.
This day first part strong wind from the Northard and westard, ship heading W.S.W.; middle and latter part wind from the southard and westard, ship course N.W. by N.; pleasant weather. The Jib slated to peace; sent it in and bent the old one, repaired the old main top gallant sail. Nothing in sight. Lat. [ ] Long. 78:57.

Thursday the 29th. Duff day.
This day first part strong winds from the Northard and westard withe rain; latter part strong winds from the westard with fair weather, ships course N. by W. This afternoon ther was a cry from mast head, there she blows, which caused a number of the men to sudenly disappear over the side of the ship with oakum in their hands: they said they was getting ready to go in the boats. It was the first time some of them had ben there for a week. The caus of the alarm proved to be hump backs. Great enquiry about these times to know what port we shal go in before going to the Arctic Ocean. Some dont know, others shake their heads and look wise, as much as to say they know but shant say any thing. So ends. Lat. 50:20 Long. 79:55 Temp. A. 51 W. 49½.

Friday the 30th. Bean day.
This day strong winds from the Northard and westard, Ship heading W.S.W.; rainy weather. The watches employed in ships duty which in my vocabulary means a little of every thing and nothing in particular. A great many goneys hovering round the ship in hopes (I suppose) that we shall nab a whale before long, as they are always interested in such affairs. — Have been thinking about my red headed gal considerable lately, rather afraid she wont wait three years; long time that. All I can say is I am coming back, so Betsy dont you cry. — No observation. Long word that.

Betsy dont you cry: paraphrase of “Oh, Susanna!” (see entry and notes for 11 January, above).

Off the West Coast of South America...

Saturday the 31st. Cod fish day.
This day strong winds from the westard, ship heading N. by W. The watches employed in Ships duty. Saturday night again; we are not off cape horn now, but we are not in good weather yet by a long chalk, cant dry clothes; have got a large quantity on hand, some washed and some not. Have had the line ful of the Captis clothes this week: there they hang and there they will hang for a week to come, I suppose, or be taken down wet. The onions rot awful fast about this time. Nothing in sight. Lat. 47:5 Long. 78:24 Temp. A. 52 W. 52.

Sunday Feb. the 1st. Duff day. Plums.
This day strong winds from the westard, ship heading N. by W.; squally weather. The Doctor is keeled up with a stopage in his water works: some of the machenery has given out; plenty of water, though, but cant histe [hoist] the gate to let it off. The Captain tried to force a passage but it was no go. I imagind the Doctor was always rather weakly in those parts; it makes him look like the remains of an ill spent life. Took a dose of the universal remedy, SALTS. Nothing in sight, you could bet your life on that. Lat. 44:47 Long. 77:29 Temp. A. 56 W. 56.

The Doctor: standard nautical parlance for the ship's cook, who in this case (in accordance with normal shipboard procedure in the merchant services) is having his medical problems tended to by the Captain.

Ship Eliza Adams, F.C. Smith, Master
Off the coast of Chili
Remarks on matters & things

Monday the 2nd. Rice Day. Plums.
This day strong winds from the southard and westard, Ships course N. by W.; pleasant weather most of the day. The watches employed in ships duty. The old man has ben aloft most of the day, the mate and third mate taking turns, all of them looking with eager eyes to see the spout of a sperm whale (we being now on good sperm whale ground) but all they could see was sulphur bottoms, the sperm whales having left for parts unknown. They found a rats nest forward to day. The old man thinks he must be an old one for he has never ben visible yet, and furthermore he has laid in a pretty good store of porke and bread. Took every thing from him, even his bed, and set a snare to get him in a scrape. Poor rat, how much your case resembles a great many of the human race. The cook started his water works this morning and returned to duty. Ther was so much water collected that it had to find vent, and it did find vent; it carried away all obstructions, swelling the usually small and placid stream to an awful size overflowing the seat of his trousers and finally emptied itself into his boots. Belay all. Lat. 42:28 Long. 76:25 Temp. A. 59½ W. 59.

Tuesday the 3rd. Duff day.
This day strong winds from the southard and westard, ships course north. The watch employed mending sails &c. At 5 P.M. raised a sperm whale; lowered the larboard and waist boats. It came on thick fog immediately after; did not see the whale again. So ends. Lat. 40 Long. 75:50 Temp. A. 61 W. 62.
Wednesday the 4th. Bean day. Strong winds from the southward, Ships course nothe. The same business going on to day as was yesterday, the mate superintending it, the old man aloft most of the time, the second and third mates aloft in their watches. Could not see that whale we saw yesterday, though. Spoke the ship Sharon of Fairhaven, Capt Rule, haid 1200 bbls sperm [oil aboard]. The crew haid 1400 but we will split the difference and call it 1300. Guess Ile go to bed. Lat. 38:19 Long. 75:27 Temp. A. 62 W. 62°.2.

The Sharon, 354 tons, Captain George C. Rule, was homeward bound, and would return 1431 bbls of sperm oil to Fairhaven, Mass., where she arrived on 21 July 1852. She had sailed on 25 July 1848 under Captain Nathaniel Bonney, who evidently left the ship on account of illness in 1850 or '51.

Thursday the 5th. Duff day. Strong winds from the Southward, ships course N. by W. The watches employed in ships duty, all looking sharp as usual for whales, but their optics are not blest with the sight of one. Four bells, sir, I hear the man at the wheel say, which means that it is time John Jones is abed; at any rate, that is my interpretation of it. Lat. 35:40 Long: none Temp. A. 62 W. 63.

Four bells: shipboard time is measured in watches (shifts) of four hours each, marked by the quartermaster or helmsman, who, beginning anew with each watch, rings the bell every half-hour, adding one stroke for each half-hour that passes. Thus one bell is one half-hour into the watch; four bells, two hours (or halfway through the watch); and eight bells signals the change of watch (four hours). In this case, four bells in the evening watch would be 2200 hours or 10 P.M. in landmen's terms.


Saturday the 7th. Cod fish day. Strong winds from the South East, ships course first part east, latter part N.E. Plenty of fin backs & sulphur bottoms in sight. Mistook one for a wright whale, he having turned flukes a number of times. Lowered the three larboard boats, but soon discovered the mistake and call[ed] them back. Broke out for water and provisions &c and so on. Paul Pry is in town. Lat. 33:48 Long. 72:34 Temp. A. 64 W. 62.

Paul Pry: a farce by English playwright John Poole (1786-1872) first produced in 1825. As the character's name suggests, Paul Pry is an inquisitive, meddlesome, prying fellow, and the frequent allusions to Paul Pry and Paul in subsequent entries are presumed to refer to a particular officer whom Jones finds especially annoying and threatening as a critic and taletale. However, Jones never specifically identifies the object of his caricature.

Sunday the 8th. Duff day. Plums. Light airs from the southward, ships course E.N.E.; land in sight and a number of ships. Spoke the ship Canada of New Bedford laying off and on, the Capt ashore doctering for sore eyes. She has taken no oil since leaving home. At four P.M. got up the cables and larboard anchor off the bow. Hear considerable about port. None expect to get in tomorrow. You dont say so. Dont I. That is as you may say. I just do. Lat. 32:55 Long. [ ]

The ship Canada, 545 tons, of New Bedford, Captain Thomas West, sailed to the North Pacific grounds on her maiden whaling voyage on 1 October 1851, and arrived home on 9 April 1855 with 1200 bbls of whale oil and 8000 lbs of whalebone (balern), in addition to 910 bbls of whale oil and 13,227 lbs of bone sent home during the course of the voyage.

Monday the 9th. Bean day. At 10 A.M. came to anchor in the port of Valparaíso [Valparaiso]. At 11 A.M. the water came alongside; took it in and commenced washing the out side of the ship. Not much said about going ashore. So ends. Land ho.

In Port — Valparaíso

Tuesday the 10th. Roast Beef day. This day all hands to work on the ship and riging, repairing this and that, and putting her in order for the Nothe West [Northwest Coast whaling grounds]. Not any one is to go ashore, I believe, to see the Spanish ghalis. Can look at some of them that are on the top of the hills; they look very well at that distance, all look very much alike, particularly when you look through the opticals. The Alice Frazier and Canida came to an anchor today, the Awashonks laying off and on.

The bark Alice Frazier, 400 tons, was a three-year-old former merchantman when she embarked from New Bedford on her maiden whaling voyage under Captain Daniel II. Taber on 10 September 1851. Four years later she returned with 136 bbls of sperm oil and 12,000 lbs of bone, in addition to 81 bbls of whale oil and 14,081 lbs of bone sent home and 1100 bbls of whale oil sold at Melbourne during the voyage. The ship Awashonks, 342 tons, of Falmouth, Mass., had sailed 12 August 1851 under Captain Augustus Lawrence, and returned home 35 months later with 513 bbls of sperm oil and 1282 bbls of whale oil, having sent home an additional 243 bbls of whale oil. Spanish ghalis: Jones's allusion here is directly to the Anglo-American family of deepwater sailors' songs generally known as "The Girls Around Cape Horn," many versions of which refer specifically to Valparaíso. Colcord's is perhaps the most representative American text, whereas the third stanza is the most relevant: "While rounding of Cape Horn, my boys, fair sights and pleasant days. Next place we dropped our anchor was in Valparaiso Bay, Where those Spanish girls they do roll down, I solemnly do swear / They far exceed those Yankee girls with their dark and wavy hair" (Colcord, 1938, 178). The phrase Spanish girls / Spanish girls also appears in various other chanteys, notably "The Girls of Chile" (also known in corrupt or bowdlerized texts as "Bangadero"), which is specifically associated with Valparaíso (Hugill, 53; Colcord, 98).
Wensday the 11th. Roast Beef day.
This day all hands breaking out and coopering the oil; becketed the casks and gaged [gauged] them &c. The Awashonks men have refused duty; their reasons for so doing is that they are extremely anxious to make the acquaintane of some of the fair sex before going to the Arctic Ocean. Give them my love when you see them; re, re, ri, ro round the corner Sally.

Thursday the 12th. Fresh fish day.
This day rafted the oil and sent it ashore. The Awashonks came to anchor and put twelve men in irons. We got up the muskets, cleaned them, and broke out the ammunition, loaded them, and placed them on the quarter deck. Stuck the riging chock full of lanterns [remainder of entry missing].

At this point in the manuscript, about 4 cm has been cut from the bottom of the page—possibly by Jones himself; or by, Clothier Prince [AKA Pierce], one of the mates, who took over Jones's abandoned journal later in the voyage—with the result that the remainder of the entry is missing (but not affecting any entry on verso). Consequently, Jones's explanation for the loading of muskets and festooning the rigging with lanterns is also absent. As the ensuing entry indicates in part, this was a practice frequently resorted to in port as a hedge against theft, piracy, and mutiny. Regarding cooperation and gauging activities (entry of 11 February) and rafting the oil (12 February), Sturrock reports that the Eliza Adams sold 130 bbls of sperm oil at Valparaiso; and sent home an additional 457 bbls of sperm oil, 1400 bbls of whale oil, and 12,624 lbs of whalebone, in addition to 184 bbls of sperm oil, 1220 of whale oil, and 14,000 lbs of bone actually carried into New Bedford, where the ship arrived in September of 1854.

Friday the 13th. Roast Beef day.
First part of the men employed on the ship tar[ring] down the standing riging &c, and fixing aft to take the potatoes &c on board. Not much sign of a row last night after all, but the men say that one of their number was unwell in the course of the night and had occasion to go over the head. As he went over he encountered a black boat steerer with an old musket loaded with a blank charge, and horne flint, and that as his wax dropped in the water the boat steerer haid it three times and then snaped the musket at it till he wore out the horne flint. He then put away the gun and went and got his hands full of bread and meat, sat down on the windlass and kow kowd; but I suppose it is all a yarn. Latter part took on board a large boat load of potatoes, beans, lime, cabage &c. At darke illuminated the ship in all parts where a light could posibly be put. The Canida said to day, put nine men in irons before starting. They, like the Awashonks men, wanted to see the girls before going further north. Poor fellows, they only make themselves troubles for nothing, for it is no use nocking at the doors any more, and it is no use nocking at the doors. Let out all your spite on the Bow Heads [bowhead whales]; them are the fellows that we all want. Finale. Paul Pry is round. Look out.

The men: as ship's steward, Jones is quartered alt with the petty officers and idlers (the boatsteerers, cooper, blacksmith, and cook) in steerage, which is just forward of the officers' aftercabin. Technically, he is not one of the men (the crew), who bunk together in the forecastle in the prow of the ship. A low word [row-crew]: "to be in a rage; to scold, reprimand severely: Anglo-Chinese since the mid 19th century (Partridge). Lime: in the manuscript the word is a correction of eqivocal meaning; it could signify lime, limes, or lime beans (see 17 Feb., below). Knocking: since the 16th century, knocking has been low colloquial slang for sexual intercourse and may be so intended here; in any case, "it is no use nocking at the doors any more, and it is no use nocking at the doors" paraphrases the title and refrain of "Who's Dat Knockin' at de Door?", an obscure minstrel song: "Who's dat knockin' at de door, / Oh, who's dat knockin' at de door, / Is dat you, Sam?—no, it's Jim, / You ain't good looking, an' you can't come in; / So dere's no use knockin' at de door anymore, / Dere's no use knockin' at de door." (Negro Singer's Own Book, 24). "Stop That Knocking at the Door," with words and music by A.F. Winemore (Minstrel Songs Old and New, 204), has substantially the same text.

Bound to the Sandwich Islands

Saturday the 14th. Porke & Cabage.
This day has ben an eventful day on board of the old Eliza. At five O clock this morning we were startled by the cry of fire, went forward and found all hands and the Captain in his shirt tail flying round trying to extinguish a fire that some dam scoundrel had set in the fore hold. Luckily it had but just got under weigh, therefore it was easily put out. The Captain examined the men in the cabin one by one, all denied all knowledge of the fire, but it came in the course of the examination that part of them had agreed to refuse duty when the ship was ready for sea. Their reasons for so doing was the same as those of the Awashonks and Canidas men. There was very strong suspicions that John Goss set the fire on account of his looks and actions this morning and conversation at different times since we have been in port. He was put in irons and chained to the mizen mast. The blacksmith, Paterson, and Evans was ironed and put in the bluerom, Holly [Hawley] was ironed and put in the potato house, and Gorman was ironed and put in the water closet. It looks rather bad in haveing difficulty at the commencement of a voyage but I hope it will, like the fire, end in smoke. At noon got under weigh and proceed to sea in company withe the Alice Frazier. Paul is searching for dimonds.

Sunday the 15th. Duff and porke and cabage.
This day strong winds from the southward and eastard, ships course nothe west; gamming with the Alice Frazier. We beat her all hollow in sailing. The Eliza is not a-going to let Alice run away from her, no, no, she thinks to much of her character for that. So ends.

Gaming is whalmen's parlance for any kind of social meeting between two (or more) ship's crews at sea (or even sometimes in port). The noun form is gam; the verb form, to gam, is both transitive and intransitive.
Monday the 16th. Bean day.
This day strong winds from the southard, ships course N.N.W.; pleasant weather. The watches employed in breaking out provisions and other things to numerous to mention. This morning blacksmith, Patterson, Evans, Gorman, and Holly were let out of irons after promising good behavior for the future. Goss sticks by the mizen mast yet. Dount hear much about liberty ashore now, but some of the boys this morning lookd as though they were very thankful for their liberty on board of the ship. Paul Pry was in town again last night, do you take—hands off—nothing in sight. Lat. [ ] Long. 74:8 Temp. A. 66 W. 77.

Tuesday the 17th. Duff day.
Strong winds from the southard and Eastard, ships course N.N.W.; pleasant weather. The watches employed in sending down the cotten canvas sails and washing them with lime water. We are gliding along at a good pace now with the wind nearly in our stern, and if it had not ben for the foolish fellows we should have had a much pleasanter passage than we shall be likely to have now. However, they have the worst of it. Ther is nothing like having peace in a family, but the old adage is then that dance must pay for the music. Lat. 25:11 Long. 75:42

Wednesday the 18th. Rice day. Plums. Strong winds from the southard, ships course N.W. by N. The watches employed in ships duty. Nothing in sight. the end.

Thursday the 19th. Duff day.
Strong winds from the southard and Eastard, ships course N.W., nothing in sight. Goss was taken from off deck and put in the run [?], haveing all the bread and water he wants. The watches employed in various branches of worke; one was making a pump for the scuttle butt, breaking out &c and so on. Sharp look out now for sperm. Lat. 20:32 Long. 77:22 Temp. A. 68 W. 70.

Scuttle butt: "a butt or cask with a square hole in it, kept on deck to hold water ready for use" (O.U.D.); on shipboard, a place of congregating and exchanging information; hence the slang term scuttlebutt[,] meaning gossip.

Friday the 20th. Bean day.
Light S.E. winds and pleasant weather, ships course N.W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty, sending down the new cotten sails and sending up the old ones &c. The mast heads are well man[n]ed about these times, the man at the mizen all the time looking earnestly at the main top gallant sail; once and a while he looks down at the gally, I suppose to see if ther is a going to be any thing good to eat. Lat. 18:5 Long. 78:58 Temp. A. 69 W. 71.

Saturday the 21st. Dumpling day.
Light south east winds, pleasant weather, Ships course N.W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. Had dough boys for dinner: they all eyed them very suspicousely for some time, then rooted them over a number of times and smelt of them; the old man shook his head as though he did not know what to make of them, took a small piece very cautiosly on to his plate; and then what do you think he done—left it. No more room this time.

Sunday the 22nd. Duff and Soup day.
Light south east winds, beautiful weather, ships course N.W. This morning saw a number of long faces aft, could not discover the cause at first, thought ther must be some one dead; found ther was not, then concluded ther was another mutiny going on. At any rate, I knew it was something awful. At last the mystery was dissolved (I noticed at first that some appear to be talking over their grievances together) and shure enough that was just it. They sent a commitee of one to me who presented to me, with much solemnity and rueful countenance, a fine large raw Onion withe a request that I would place it on the table, at the same time remarking that it would be enough for all of US. I told him that I thought they did not like raw onions, as I had put them on the table a great many times and they was never touched, and in fact they did not seem to care much about them cooked any way; but he assured me that they eat them when they could get them, and when they could not get them they dident. I received the gift withe all the dignity and gravity the occasion required; at the same time I must admit that I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of my unworthiness and the enormity of my offence in not thinking of them before. I have not received such a shock for a long time; my nerves are not settled yet. It is as good as play to me to have the Capt give me some order in regard to the grub in the hearing of some of them that lives abaat the main mast; their countenances that just before was rather cloudy clears up in a moment, the sunshine of happiness and satisfaction immediately rests upon them and they give vent to their overcharged feelings in a te he he; and if the order is for something good you can hear them for months after say how glad they was to hear the old man say this and that about the grub. But I suppose that some of them expect to do extraordinary great things on the whaleing ground and therefore begin to feel their importance already. Time will show. Nothing in sight. Lat. 15:55 Long: 74 W. none. Temp. A. 74 W. 79.
Monday the 23rd. Bean day.
Light winds from the southard, pleasant weather, ships course W.N.W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in setting up the mizen riging, making spun yarn &c. Every thing went along pretty smoothly this 24 hours, excepting a little talk and enquirey about the Steward: he needs a great deal looking after among the small fry. Lat. 14:44 Long. 89:57 Temp. stands about the same.

Tuesday the 24th. Duff day.
Strong south east winds, pleasant weather; nothing in same as yesterday. Lat. 13:26

Wednesday the 25th. Rice day. Plums.
Strong winds from south east; course, employment, &c the same as before. The cooper was sent forward to day for being insolent. Spoke the Ship Herald of New Bedford, Capt Stevens, 1600 bbls of sperm Oil; she had done well this cruise. Lat. 11:40 Long. 89:52 Temp. A. 75 W. 76.

Starbuck reports that the ship Herald of New Bedford, 274 tons, Captain Dennis Stevens, sailed 15 May 1849, and returned 31 July 1852 with 1305 bbls sperm oil and 12 bbls whale oil on board, having sent home an additional 169 bbls of sperm oil.

Thursday the 26th. Ban yan day.
Moderate south east winds and pleasant weather, ships course N.W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. At 4 P.M. broke out provisions which consisted of flour, sugar, coffee, corn meal, beans, cod fish, mackerel, and soft soap. Great demand for the latter article and ther is plenty in the market for home use. Lat. 11:00 Long: none Temp. A. 76 W. 76.

Friday the 27th. Duff day.
Wind, weather ships course, and employment the same as yesterday, nothing in sight. The third mate Mr Pierce sick. Take Goss out on deck and give him an airing every day now. So ends. Lat. 9:12 Long. 90-11 Temp. A. 77 W. 77.

Clothier Peirce, Jr., who took over Jones's journal in November 1852, eventually left the Eliza Adams while the voyage was still in progress to accept a berth in the ship Roman (1853-54), which, in turn, he left to join a voyage-in-progress of the ship Sea of Warren, R.I. (1854-55). After a stint as first mate in the bark Rodman of New Bedford (1855-59), he commanded the New Bedford barks Marion (1859-63) and Oliver Crocker (1663-64; when Peirce fell ill and left the ship at the Falkland Islands, the voyage was aborted and the Crocker came home without him). His next outing was as first mate under Captain Peleg Cornell in the ship Addison of New Bedford (1866-67; voyage not in Starbuck; see Sherman #113). As master-of-record of the Addison in 1867 Peirce probably made at least one merchant voyage in her before he was given command of the whaling bark Minnesota of New York, his final whaling cruise (1868-72). Born circa 1826, he lived in Dartmouth, Mass., adjacent to New Bedford, and was a sometime shareholder in the New Bedford barks Oliver Crocker, Minnesota, and Lancer. He died circa 1882.

Saturday the 28th. Cod fish day.
Wind, weather the same; ships course N.W. by W., nothing in sight. Pat Goss in the side house for the night, he having the dysentery rather bad. Paul keeps a sharp look out for the steward, he tries hard to get him foul with the Mate. O Paul, how foolish thou art getting to be. I suppose you know what becomes of tell tales. Lat. 7:17 Long. 91:14 Temp. A. 78 W. 78.

Sunday the 29th. Duff day.
Moderate south east winds, course N.E. by N. The watches employed in washing, shaving, changing clothes &c. Not so sharp a look out on Sunday as other days. Skip jacks for supper; Paul has not taken his eyes off them since they was caught. Nothing in sight. Lat. 5:22 Long: none.

Monday, March the 1st. Bean day.
Strong south east winds, pleasant weather, ships course S.W., nothing in sight. White washed the stearage and forecastle. Made one dozen pies to day, the sight of which made Paul's eyes fairly glisten. He walked backward and forward in front of the gally all the time they were baking, stopping once and a while to view them ore and ore [o'Er and o'Er]; and while the skip jacks were frying, the water ran from bothe corners of his mouth, he could hardly contain himself he was so pleased. If you want to claim the attention of some folks, all you have got to do is to mention those magic words, sweet cakes, and pies, then how quick you would be asked, What was that you said? I thought I heard you mention something good to eat. So ends. Good night all. Lat. 4:19 Long. 95:00. thermometer stands at 80.

Tuesday the 2nd. Duff day.
Strong south east winds, pleasant weather, ships course W. S. W.; nothing, nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. The mate bled the Captain pretty freely to day. The man at the mizen is still looking at the center of the main top gallant sail, and the man at the fore has got a pocket looking glass which he takes out every few minutes to see how to squeeze the worms out of his nose. A yankee always looks in the glass when ever he can find one and slicks his hair. He thinks if that is only smoothe and shines he is all right. I have seen them stand for hours and look at themselves in the glass, thinking I suppose, that they was real lady killers, and that no woman could resist them if they should only pop the question. Delay that. Lat. 5:4 Long. 97:41 Temp. A. 80 W. 78.
Wensday the 3rd. Rice day. Plums. Winds, weather, ships course, employment &c about the same, nothing in sight. *Hark from the decks a doleful sound, mine ears attends the din.* The sound is occasioned by the clanking of chains attached to the lower extremity of Goss, who still continues to wear the ruffles.

*Hark from the decks...* paraphrases two lines of a "Voice from the Tomb," a hymn by Isaac Watts (1674-1748): "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound! / My ears! attend the cry—/ Ye living men! come view the ground/ Where you must shortly lie" (Seaman's Hymns and Devotional Assistant, New York: American Seamen's Friend Society, 1859). Ruffles: handcuffs, circa 1780-1850 (Partridge); an ironic play on ruffles as a decorative feature of fashion.

Thursday the 4th. Duff day. This 24 hours the wind and weather the same, ships course N.W. by W., not a thing in sight. The Capt and a gang has ben to work all day repairing the Jolly boat. Goss was taken out of iron and set to work. I have sport enough withe Paul in various ways: one is runing round very misteriously as though I had something to communicate to the men. Paul he starts after me making believe he is looking for something; I then stop and speak withe some one. Paul then steals up behind to listen, then I start off below, leaving Paul Pry as wise as ever. The ink is out. The end. Lat. 4:48 Long. 103:3 Temp. A. 80 W. 78.

Friday the 5th. Bean day. Wind and weather the same, course west, nothing in sight. The watches employd in ships duty. Made one dozen pies. Ends. Lat. 4:55 Long: dont know.

Saturday the 6th. Cod fish day. Winds, weather, course, employment, exactly the same, nothing in sight. Made four pies. Thatts all. Lat. 4:36 Long. 109:15 thermometer stands 80.

Sunday the 7th. Duff day. Light south east winds and pleasant weather, course west. I forgot to mention yesterday that I went forward to see how matters and things were &c, when I saw a man a stradel of the Jib boom fishing for skip Jacks; three men were at the fore looking down to see the sport; the man at the main was trying to look over the fore top sail to see what was going on; the man at the mizen was looking at the man at the main and apparently cursering his hard fate in being put where he can not see the fun. The man at the mizen considers himself rather behind the light house. However, the fisherman had no luck, and it is very uncertain about ther being no whales in sight. Sunday is getting to be a sleepy day here; all hands tries to see which will sleep the most. Some will lay their bible or testament by the side of them when they go to sleep to make the old man think they had been reading it, and fallen asleep to dream of heavenly and divine things, when in fact they are dreaming about something good to eat (present company always excepted, of course). Paul is very sedate to day, wonders what is the matter. I hope ther is nothing split more than what is already cracked. At 5 P.M. spoke the Young Hero of Nantucket, Capt Wyer, 16 months out. 300 bbls of oil; had a gam which lasted til half past nine O clock, parted company after wishing each other all manner of greaccey luck, she going east and we west. She wanted some letters bad, and I should have thought that some of our folks would have given them three or four buckets full of them, as we have plenty on hand and no use for them and are continually manufacturing more. High O, the boat man row &c. Good by. Lat. 4:90 S.

The ship Young Hero, 304 tons, Captain Samuel C. Wyer, cleared Nantucket 4 November 1850, returned 27 June 1855 with 1275 bbls of sperm oil. Greasy luck: esoteric whaleman's parlance for a successful and lucrative catch, suggesting greasy blubber and oil, and implying the slang sense of grease as a term for money (as in to grease one's palm); used by whalemen as a noun, adjective, and salutation. The motto inscribed on several celebrated scrimshaw whale's teeth by Frederick Myrick aboard the Nantucket whalership Susan circa 1826-29, is classii: "Death to the living, long life to the killers. Success to sailors wives & greasy luck to the whalers." [High O, the boat man row is the first line and refrain of "De Boatman's Dance," an American minstrel song written by Daniel Decatur Emmett (1815-1904), the author of "Dixie" and "Old Dan Tucker," and popularized by the so-called Ethiopian Serenaders: "Hi ko, de Boatman row, Floating down de river on de Ohio" (Minstrel Songs Old and New. 146f. Chapple, 1909, p. 76, attributes the song to Dan D. Smith; for other citations see Sears; De Charms & Breed; and Havlicek).

Monday the 8th. Bean day. Strong south east winds and pleasant weather. The fore top sail runner was found to be badly cut; how it came to be so is rather a mystery. It was sent down and repaired. At day light saw a large number of whales which were pronounced by competent judges to be hunch backs, a species of whales not much sought for in these digings. Steady as you go. Lat. 4:27 Long. 114:57 Temp: the same.

Tuesday the 9th. Duff day. This 24 hours winds, weather, &c remain about the same. The Capt and carpenters to work cutting the Docters office in to [two] in order to make it smaller: one end was entirely demolished. The docter stands by and sees the work of destruction going on and says nothing but looks volumes. Clear the kitchen. The end. Lat. 4:47 Long: Dont know Temp: Dont care.

"Clare de Kichen" is the title of a ubiquitous minstrel song by Thomas Dartmouth Rice (1808-1860), a New York musical entrepreneur who originated "Jim Crow" (1830) and thus pioneered the blackface minstrel genre, which he exported to Britain in 1836. No doubt Jones thought of "Clare de Kichen" because of the literal relevance of its title to the idea of the captain and crew clearing away the "kitchen" aboard the Eliza Adams, that is, removing part of the deckhouse galley.
Wednesday the 10th. Rice day. Plums. 
Light winds from the south east, pleasant weather and not a thing in sight; ships course N.W. The carpenter busy to work on the doctors place of busines, the rest of the crew painting, scraping, splicing, knotting, parceling, making spun yarn, &c and so on. O where did you come from, knock a niger down. Long. 121:18.

"What Yu Kum From?" is the title of a particularly racist minstrel song by J.B. Harper—a composition richly deserving the oblivion to which it is nowadays consigned. The title and odious racial stereotype quoted by Jones are both part of the chorus: "What yu kum from? knock a niger down!" (Negro Singer's Own Book, p. 411). This song is evidently related to another racist piece, "What Did You Come From? or, Oh, Mr Coon," performed by the Virginia Minstrels (Ibid, 235).

Thursday the 11th. Duff day. 
Light winds, pleasant weather, ships course N.W. by W., nothing in sight, the watches employed in painting the inside of the ship. Lat. 3:20 Long. 129:1.

**On the line, Bound to the Sandwich Isles**

Friday the 12th. Bean day and Soup. 
Winds and weather the same, course N.W. by N. The watches employed in painting the inside of the ship. Had some Bruila and soup for dinner; some of our folks call it Bully soup. The gally was painted to day; it will soon be ready to be occupied now. At four O clock raised spouts in all directions. Some was grampus, others were fin backs, hunch backs, and black fish; in fact, saw most every thing but sparm. At sun down hauld up the courses and backd the main top sail for the night. Helm is alee. Lat. 2:25 Long. 125:2 Temp. stands about so so.

Bruila: meaning uncertain; probably a form of bralye (bralye), derived from broil; meaning a fry or disturbance (O.E.D.) in the sense of imbroglio and embroil, and, as such, either unrecorded slang or a pun on broiled beef. Bully soup: possibly so called from the bully (bully-beef) "pickled or tinned beef"; in this instance, salt beef—used in its preparation. While the O.E.D. indicates a somewhat later date (1833) for the earliest appearance of bully-beef in print, the term was almost certainly employed earlier in a nautical context, perhaps as early as 1843 in connection with the provisions of Sir John Franklin’s celebrated Royal Navy expedition to the Canadian Arctic, which, with tragic consequences, was the first to rely on tinned meats (see Owen Beattie and John Geiger, *Frozen In Time*, New York: E.P. Dutton, 1987; and Pierre Burton, *The Arctic Grail*, Hammondsworth: Penguin; and New York: Viking, 1988).

Saturday the 13th. Cod fish day.
Winds and weather &c the same. This morning saw the same kind of critters that we saw last night and nothing else. The watches employed in painting ship; the gally was painted again to day; it is not ready yet to receive the doctor and all his fixins. We have no place left to loaf now, the doctor and me I mean. Ease off head sheets. Lat. 2:17 Long. 125:57.

Sunday the 14th. Duff and Soup. 
Gentle zephyrs from the southward, course W.N.W. and not a thing in sight. This had been a very long day; the Seniors fast asleep, the Juniors practising navigation. Made a small batch of pies and knocked off cald at half a day. *Let go and haul, let go the main top bowline.* All gone. Lat. 1:05 Long. 127:1 Temp. about 80. The great sea serpent has shed his skin.

*Let go and haul... the main top bowline:* this is both an old shipboard command and a phrase that appears various forms in "Haul on the Bowline," reputed to be one of the oldest English chanteys: "Hoist on the bo'lin, the fore and main-top bo'lin, / Haul on the bo'lin, the bo'lin haul" (Shay, 27; also Colcord, 42); and Fugill, 354-7). The great sea serpent: Widely circulated reports of giant sea snakes in the English Channel and coastal waters near Gloucester, Mass. in the 1840s and 50s fueled interest among sailors in such comic songs as "The Great Sea Snake": "Perhaps you have, all of you, heard a yarn. / Of a famous large Sea Snake, / That was once seen off the Isle of Pitycairn, / And caught by Admiral Blake: / Now list not to what land lubbers tell, / But give an ear to me, / And I'll tell you what to me befell, / 'Cause I'm just come from Sea" (Ashton, 1891, 266). In a shipboard commonplace book kept aboard the whaling ship *Europa* of Edgartown, Mass. during 1868-70, seaman George W. Piper transcribed the text of "Jack and the Whale," a genuine sailor-made parody that specifies the direct connection in whalermen's lore between the great sea-snake and The Greatest Whale You Could Ever Imagine: "About the great sea snake you have heard in a rare astounding tale / So now I will tell you what occurred / with a monster South Sea whale" (Piper MS, Frank, 1985, #180).

Light winds and pleasant weather, nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty, all of the mechanics driving away on the gally; they have got it most ready, drove about 150 lbs of nails into it to day, calculate for it to be a first class cook shop. In the home. Lat. 00:20 N. Long. 127:47.

Tuesday the 16th. Duff.
This 24 hours light winds and first rate weather. Saw a bone shark, nothing else. The watches employed in ships duty, the carpenter slashing away on the gally for dear life. It is most done now. Over the left. Lat. 00:26 N. Long. 130:2 Temp. A. 77 W. 75.

Wednesday the 17th. Rice.
Light winds and pleasant weather, and of course nothing in sight. At 6 P.M. got the gally in working order, and commenced business by baking a batch of pies; got them done about nine O clock. The watches employed in ships duty. *All in my eye.* Lat. 00:32 Long. none. Temp. the same.

*All in my eye: in full, all my eye and Betty Martin:* in modern form, *my eye*: an expression of skeptical negation or incredulity, meaning nonsense! — in this case probably from a version of the popular Yorkshire comic song "My Eye and Betty Martin" (e.g., *American Songster*, 92). Note the whalermen's parody transcribed by George W. Piper circa 1868-70: "In New Bedford I got on a lark, / I shipped myself on board of a bark / For to plough the waters dark, / To go on a voyage a whaling / [Chorus:] Oke Walker, / Done me up for sartin / Does your mother know you are out / Sure I and Betty Martin" (Piper MS; Frank, 1985, #173).
Six Months Outward Bound: John Jones. Steward, 1852

Thursday the 18th—withe Duff. Light southerly wind and pleasant weather, ships course N. by W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. It has been quite a still day with us to day, nothing stirring worth speaking about. So stand from under. Lat. 2:15 Long. 131:47 Temp. A. 79 W. 79.

Stand from under: theatrical rhyming slang for thunder.

Bound to the Sandwich Isles and no mistake

Friday the 19th and Beans. Light winds from the south hard with the pleasant weather and nothing in sight, course N. by W. The watches employed in ships duty. Made a batch of pies, and they do say ther is nothing the matter with them. Gass. Lat. 4:13 Long. 132:12 Temp. A. 80 W. 80.

Saturday the 20th. Banyan. First part light airs from the south hard, pleasant weather, course N. by W. Latter part no wind but a smart shower of rain. The watches employed in ships duty, the carpenters to work a planing off the heads of the nails and spikes in the forward cabin floor. Thats all. Lat 6:22 Long: none Temp. A. 81 W. 80.

Sunday the 21st with the Duff. Strong breezes from the north hard, ship heading N.W., squaley weather and nothing in sight. All hands washing, shaving, shirtng, greasing hair, polishing teeth, &c as usual, saying nothing about the time that is set apart on this day for sleep. The rest of the day and evening is devoted to sacred music, or, in other words, to playing and singing peney royal tunes. You dont. Lat. 6:52 Long: none Temp: no alteration.

Pennyroyal: "A species of mint... formerly much cultivated and esteemed for its supposed medical virtues... [Also] Applied, usually with qualifying words, to other aromatic labiates" (O.E.D.). Hence Jones’s characterization of the hymn tunes as associated with (questionable) healing powers; or, at least, as aromatic (we might say sickly-sweet or, in a more modern configuration, saccharine). Jones’s implied disparagement is particularly ironic in light of the later additions to this very journal by Clother Peirce, who filled much of it (and several others) with the most aromatic maulin appeals for God to grant him salvation and greasy luck; the following is typical “Oh Lord thou knowest how important this Voyage is to me. If favored to get some Oil I will devote my future time to seek & serve thee in a proper and acceptable manner: Forgive, Heavenly Parent, my past Sins and transgressions & Oh, Lord, Bless us soon to get One Whale is my Earnest Prayer.”

Monday the 22nd and Beans. Squalls and showers of rain, ship heading about N.W., not a thing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. At sundown took in the top gallant sails and hauld up the courses for the night. So hurry up the cakes. Lat. 7:46 Long. 152:47. Temp: the same.

Tuesday the 23rd with Duff. Squaley, rainey weather, nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty. Lat. 8:00 Long 133:25 Temp. A. 80 W. 80.

Wednesday the 24th and Rice with Soup. Light winds and pleasant weather, no particular course; cruising. Raised a school of blackfish; lowered all four boats but did not get fast. The watches employed in ships duty. Broke out water. Made a batch of pies. Lat 8:46 Long 134:58.


Friday the 26th and Beans. Strong nothe east winds, pleasant weather, nothing in sight, course N.W. by W. & W. The watches employed in ships duty. I wonder if ther is any place about here for fishing. I see a number diging worms out of their noses and phisogs, dont know what they want of them anles for bait. It will never do to give it up so. Lat. 9:18 Long. 139:50.


Sunday the 28th. Duff & Soup. Strong northe east winds, pleasant weather, course N.W. by W. Some commenced scourcing teeth this morning at daylight, getting ready for a glorious singing scrape to night. They sing and play all parts: one sing the air, another sings terrible, and another plays horrible, and among them all they make out to make a most damnable noise; while they are singing in the cabin, I am bound to glory; they in the steerage are singing hurra hurra for old marm dinah. Nothing in sight. Lat. 12:58 Lon. 145:28 Temp. A. 78 W. 77.

Hura hura for old marm dinah: quoted directly from the chorus of the American chantey "Sing Sally O!": "O hurrah! hurrah! My mommy Dinah, Sing Sally O; Fol-lol-dey" (Colcord, 1938, 60); "Sing, Sally-O! an' a fol-lol-dey! Hurraw, hurraw, me bully boys./ For ol' Mdder Dinah, /Sing, Sally-O! an' a fol-lol-dey!" (Hugill, 1966, 318; see also Frank, 1985, #154).

Monday the 29th and Beans. Wind moderate, weather fair, course N.W. by W., nothing in sight, employment the same, amen. Lat. 14:55 Lon. 148:11
Tuesday the 30th with Duff. Strong N.E. winds and pleasant weather, course N.W. by W., nothing in sight. The watches employed in ships duty, making mats, spun yarn, braubling sennet, painting, carpentering, blacksmithing, cooking, eating, and stewardizing. Considerable enquiry about these times to know if there is going to be any liberty next port; I tell them God Almighty knows, I don’t. Lat. 16:42 Lon. 150:22.

God Almighty knows; I don’t: Partridge characterizes this as a 19th/20th-century colloquial expression, of which the 16th/18th-century form is “God Himself tell you, I cannot.”


Ship Eliza Adams, F.C. Smithe, Master Off the Sandwich Islands

Thursday. April the 1st. Duff. Strong nothe east winds, rainy weather. This forenoon passed the Island of Owhihee [Hawaii], and are to night off the Island of Mowee [Mau]. At four P.M. round up the cables and got the anchors off the bows. Expect to drop the mud hook [anchor] in the morning.

Friday the 2nd. Banyan. This morning the Capt and boats crew went on shore, after putting Goss, Holly, and Evans in irons and chains. Lots of sweet potatoes and pumpkins was brought on board in the course of the day. At dark the boat came on board minus the Captain. Fifteen ships in port [Lahaina], all giving liberty; some of them sent on board for letters. Blast this laying off and on.

Saturday the 3rd. Roast Beef. Laying off and on at Mowee, a number of ships doing the same. The watches employed in breaking out provisions and coopering it with the intention of landing it. One boat and picked crew all the time going and coming from shore, transmitting orders back and forth, acting as a sort of Aidecamp [aide-de-camp] to the Captain. All the men that they consider dangerous are in chains. What is to become of them at last is yet a profound mystery.

As an idler, Jones is not assigned to a whaleboat and does not participate in the actual whale hunt, hence his ex officio exclusion from consideration for the captain’s boat’s crew.

Sunday the 4th. Roast Beef. Still laying off and on, hell is to pay among [ ], they begin to tremble for their [ ]. The Splendid was set on fire last night; the bells were rung, and a terrible hue and cry raised. The Captains of the different ships hastend on board and succeeded in putting it out. The man that set it is in good.

Two key words in the entry were later deliberately deleted, perhaps by Jones himself or perhaps by his successor, Clothier Peirce, Jr., a religious fanatic, who may have taken offense at Jones’s remarks. However, remnants still visible despite having been inked over and scratched out seem to indicate that the words are tyrants and lives, harmless enough. The Splendid that was torched at Lahaina was almost certainly the ship Splendid, 392 tons, of Edgartown, Mass., Captain Fisher (sailed 1 Oct. 1851; returned 1 Mar. 1854; 112 bbls sperm oil, 1853 bbls whale oil; sent home 15,400 lbs bone). The ship Splendid, 473 tons, of Pompond, Mass., Captain Smith, was also in the Pacific at the time (sailed 15 Oct. 1851, returned 12 Apr. 1853; 2359 bbls whale oil, 34,200 lbs bone).

Monday the 5th. Duff day. All hands breaking out provisions and coopering the same. At 10 A.M. come to anchor off Mowee, landed the provisions which consisted of Beef, Pork, Flour, Molasses, and Bread. They say Rum is plenty on shore at twenty five cents per glass only. Come take something.

Tuesday the 6th. Roast Beef. All hands to work, some breaking out stops, and others with the cooper are getting a raft of casks ready for water. A number of ships touch here every day, stop a few hours and are then off. Old Dignity in the Triton was round yesterday, could not get a sight of the criter. We lay off here, looking at the shore. This afternoon towd the raft ashore and the spare spars.

Stops: personal goods and supplies, in the way of clothing, knives, tobacco, and other useful items, purchased wholesale by the owners at the commencement of a whaling voyage and offered for sale on board, in post-exchange or commissary fashion, as a convenience for the crew and at substantial profit to the owners. Purchases from the stop chest during the voyage—usually at exorbitant prices well above retail cost ashore—were charged to the individual seaman’s stops account maintained by the captain or mate, to be deducted from his wages at the end of the voyage. Old Dignity: from the nautical expression dignity men, a reference (not necessarily disparaging) to “the higher ranks and ratings of coloured seamen” (quoted by Partridge from Frank Bowen, Sea Slang, 1929). The ship Triton (331 tons, of New Bedford, sailed 24 Sept. 1851 under Captain Lyman R. Maynard, who, for reasons unspecified, was later relieved by the mate, George White. White was evidently an African American, hence Jones’s reference to him as Dignity. They had been shipmates in the Marenigo, where White had been second mate. Unfortunately, the records of the Triton voyage are corrupt; though she is reported to have had 650 bbls of whale oil and 7000 lbs of bone on board when she cleared Honolulu under Captain White on 22 Oct. 1852 (The Friend, 7:2, Honolulu, Dec. 1852, 93), oddly, Starbuck reports that she returned only 280 bbls of whale oil when she arrived at New Bedford on 22 May 1854, with no record of additional cargo sent home. It could not have been too great a disaster, however, as George White was appointed master of the Triton on her next voyage (1854-58). (Not to be confused with another New Bedford ship Triton, 300 tons, Elihu Fish, sailed 22 Aug. 1850, returned 3 June 1853; 1600 bbls sperm, 50 bbls whale, plus 650 bbls whale and 9918 lbs bone sent home.)
Wednesday the 7th. Pork, Cabbage & Beans. All hands employed in breaking out flour and cooperating it; sent some on shore, took on board the water, sold some slops to the John Wells, distribute[d] large quantities of Valpiriaso beans round among the shipping. Evans was taken into the cabin at his request and gave the Captain some information in regard to the ships being set on fire. The conference ended by putting an extra chain on Holly. Captain Fisher of the Omega and Captain Fisher of the General Scott spent the evening here: had a lunch at 10 O clock which consisted of hot coffee, pumpkin pie, mince pie, ginger bread &c., and, soon, they are going to stop all night; put them two in a bed, and Capt Smithe on the sofa. It has been a very warm day.

Ship John Wells, 366 tons, of New Bedford, Captain Franklin Cross, sailed 18 June 1850, returned 25 Apr. 1854 (317 bbls sperm oil, 1,639 bbls whale oil, 25,000 lbs bone; sent home 1/2 bbls sperm, 34,874 lbs bone). The two visitors commanded whalers out of Fairhaven, Mass.: Jared Fisher, ship Omega. 305 tons, sailed 12 Oct. 1850, returned 22 May 1854 (599 bbls sperm, 1,192 bbls whale, 7,000 lbs bone; plus 121 sperm, 970 whale, 5936 lbs bone sent home); and Alexander P. Fisher, ship General Scott, 333 tons, sailed 1 Oct. 1851, returned 30 May 1855 (30 bbls sperm, 1,434 bbls whale, 10,700 lbs bone; 19,000 lbs of bone sent home).

Ship Eliza Adams, F.C. Smith, Master In and Off at the Sandwich Isles

Thursday the 8th. Roast Beef. The watches employed in ships duty. Launched the jolly boat and one of the new whale boats & took them on shore. The rest of the time was spent in mending sails &c. Three Captains here to breakfast this morning: one boat and crew ashore most of the time. The men that are allowed to go is the second Mate, third Mate, four boat steers, and three Portuguese. They have a fine run of it ashore. A number of my old ship mates came on board to night.

Friday the 9th. Pork and Cabbage. First part all hands employed in mending sails; sent the rest of the Valpiriaso Beans on shore; latter part Holly was taken out of iron & chains and put on the beach without any of his clothes but the trousers and shirt he had on. We then took our anchor, made sail, and went to sea in company with a number of schooners. Evans was taken out of iron and sent to duty. Their was an addition ad[d]ed to our number to day in the shape of four kanackers: one of them I recognize as a former shipmate on board of the Marengo.

Kanaka is the Polynesian word for the Polynesian people; in this case the Kanakas are almost certainly native Hawaiians, who very frequently shipped as seasonal crew on American whale ships, usually on mutual condition that they be returned to the Hawaiian Islands before the vessel headed home to New England. Marengo: this is almost the only clue in the manuscript regarding Jones's past life. Named for a great battle of the Napoleonic war, the ship Marengo, 426 tons, was built at Medford, Mass. in 1831 for the merchant carrying trades out of Boston and New Orleans, and was added to the New Bedford whaling fleet in 1845. Jones shipped as Able Seaman on her second voyage, to the right-whaling grounds on the Northwest coast under Captain ZebedeCCR. D. Devoll, 1 Aug. 1848 to 16 May 1851 (158 bbls sperm, 4,080 whale; sent home 150 sperm, 290 whale, 15,480 bone). He had received his Seaman's Passport at New Bedford in December 1843 at age 21, and had already made two or three earlier voyages on unidentified whalers (the first may have been in the Minerva Smyth, Captain Jared Fisher, Jr., 1844-45).

Saturday the 10th. Roast Beef. Laying off and on at Wahoo [Oahu]; nothing else going on but working ship. Broke out water, thats all. The boat went ashore after breakfast with the Capt and returned at night without him. Had a pleasant gam to day with an old ship mate of mine who is second officer of the ship Good Return. Goss is somewhere in the lower hold in chains and double irons, has one pot of water & one cake of bread per diem.

Ship Good Return, 376 tons, of New Bedford, Captain Benjamin F. Wing, sailed 2 Sept. 1851, returned 6 Apr. 1855 (2,825 bbls whale oil, 22,800 lbs bone; sent bone 223 bbls sperm, 1,440 bbls whale, 26,431 lbs bone).
Sunday the 11th and Duff.
Laying off and on at Wahoo in company with a number of Ships. No boat left the ship to day. The watches busing tacking and wearing ship. Bad work this laying off and on. I am heartily sick of it; it is worse than Cape Horn. The only way we make a live [life] of it, is to draw any quantity of corks. You understand.

To draw any quantity of corks: refers to mischief, quarreling, and fighting among the crew — the kind of general unrest that might be expected when two or three dozen men, cooped up within sight of the Paradise Islands, are perpetually frustrated in their desire to go ashore and sample the pleasures of Solutown. Eugene O'Neill explores a similar shipboard scenario, in an analogous tropical setting, in *Moon of the Caribbees*. Partridge limits his definition to a rather more literal sense, saying only that in early nineteenth-century paguistic slang, to draw cork (draw a cork; draw the cork of someone) is "to make someone's nose bleed."

Monday the 12th. Porke & Cabbage.
Still laying off and on at Wahoo. After breakfast sent a boat ashore with the third mate, to see if ther was any thing split more than was already cracked before, and also to ascertain if possible how much longer we have to bang about off here. Half past two P.M. all looking anxiously for the boat. At 6 P.M. the boat came off without the Captain. Ther was some whisperings after the boat came on board; and immediately after, Goss was taken out of the lower hold, the cooper, blacksmith &c were cald aft with their tools and set to work taking off the fluke chains and big shackles from Gosses legs. Goss was then put in the potato house with his other irons still on. The boat crew comes on board at night and tells the men what fine times they have had on shore. It makes the green hands (who have come a whaleing to see the world) think that they are not going to see the whole of it this cruise. Poor devils, I pity them, but it is for the best that they should not go this time on shore. Ther is time enough for liberty yet, boys; get some Oil first, that is the best way. Set him up.

Ship Eliza Adams, F.C. Smithe, Master
Bound North on a Cruis for Whales

Tuesday the 13th. Roast Beef.
Laying off and on. This morning after breakfast as usual the boat went on shore in charge of the second mate. Goss had the rest of his irons knocked off and was ordered to go in the boat on shore. At half past 5 P.M. the boat came along side with the Captain and a quantity of mellons. Goss was left on shore, sail was immediately made and the ship put before the wind, heading W.S.W. with a strong breeze.

First part strong winds from the N.E., Ship heading N.W. by W. and pleasant weather. All hands employed in getting the boats and craft in order for whaling. At sun set nearly calm, the ship between the Islands of Atoo and Onehehow (how the last word is pronounced is more than I can say). Sent the cables below for the present and got the anchors on the bows. Yours in haste.

Atoo and Onehehow are the names by which Kauai and Niihau, respectively, were known to mariners and cartographers from the time of Cook until the latter decades of the nineteenth century—similarly to the earlier forms (noted above) of Oahoo as Wahoo, Maui as Mohee, and Hawaii as Owayhee (see illustration, p. 34).

Thursday the 15th. Pork & Cabbage.
Dead calm and pleasant weather, ship laying off the west of Atoo close in. First part all hands painting the boats, latter part the watches doing the same.

Friday the 16th and Duff.
Light winds and pleasant weather, nothing in sight. The watches employed in breaking out water, slops, provisions &c. Course N. by W. Lat. 23:19.

Saturday the 17th. Pork & Cabbage.
At 5 A.M. all hands and the Cook were cald out to take in sail. It was blowing a *Jimmy cane* from the northward. Put the ship under close reef top sails, carried away the spanker gaff. To night the wind increases if any thing. The watches has been employed in ships duty. Ship heading to the westard, nothing in sight. Lat. 24:20 Long 161:11.

*Jimmy cane*: a strong wind, evidently combining *hurricane* and *Jimmy*, a nautical slang name (originally from Royal Navy usage) used to familiarize occupational ratings as nicknames. Thus, *Jimmy Bungs* is the ship's cooper, and *Jimmy Ducks* is the rating in charge of ship's poultry, who in this case would be Jones himself (in connection with which, note his second epitaph, quoted above: "God curse the owls/ That picked these fowls/ And left the bones/ For poor John Jones."). (See Partridge) The seamen's usage of Jimmy Bungs and Jimmy Ducks is analogous to the more common *Chips* (referring to a carpenter) or the more modern *Sparkz* (a radio operator).
Sunday the 18th and Duff. Blowing a gale all day from the northward and eastard, the ship under doubble reefd man top sail, and close reefd fore and mizen. At 4 P.M. set the fore sail. Nothing stirring to day, nor no singing to night. Lat. 24°42.

Monday the 19th. Porke & Cabbage & Beans. Strong N.E. winds. At 8 A.M. sent down the mizen top sail and set the main sail. The watches employd all day in mending the mizen top sail. At 5 P.M. sent it up, and set it single reefd, and also set the crotchet sail. The ship pitching like the devil. Nothing in sight. Eight men. Lat. 25°38 Long. 163°89 Temp. A. 70 W. 71.

Tuesday the 20th with Duff. Strong winds but hauld more to the eastard, ship heading somewhere in the vicinity of north. Sent down the main sail this morning and the watches have ben to work on it all day repairing it. I made a batch of pies to day, and the old man and the carpenter knocked blue blazes out of the caboose cover. Lat. 27°8.

Blue blazes: slang expression defined by Partridge as referring to Hell, but here (as often elsewhere, at least in American usage) more accurately signifying with great speed or energy — probably in the sense of with great heat, from the intensely hot blue portion of a flame (blue); or from the sense of blue fire, “a blue light used on stage for weird effect; hence attrib. sensational” (O.E.D. 1943, #13). Partridge is certainly too conservative in dating the expression from circa 1870 only.

Wednesday the 21st and Beans. Moderate norther east winds, ship heading N. by W. under all sail, nothing in sight. The watches employd in mending sails; finishd the main sail and set it about 7 bells A.M. Made a batch of pumpkin pies. The Capt showd me a letter to day that was sent to the Consul while we were at Mowee. The letter stated that ther had ben difficulty on board, the ship set on fire, &c, and that ther was a number in irons on suspicion, and that some of them might be innocent, and wished him to look into it. The letter was not signed by any one; the Consul gave the letter to Capt Smith. O feesh it is all boys play.

Oh, fish! It is all boys' play: Jones's parting shot is an original pun, combining Oh, fish!, a euphemistic oath; with fish, meaning a seaman (late 18th-century / 19th-century slang), and possibly also fish in the derogatory sense of an ordinary fellow, an ordinary Joe (as in poor fish or odd fish); and probably also fish as a colloquial nautical term for a whale (see Partridge).
Appendix: Ship Data and Crew Lists

Ship Benjamin Rush of Warren  
Source: Starbuck; Rhode Island Ship Registers.

Built at Philadelphia in 1814 and engaged in the China trade and other merchant services from Philadelphia and Baltimore, the Benjamin Rush entered the whaling fleet of Warren, R.I. in 1831, completing eight voyages from that port (1831-56), primarily to the North Pacific and Northwest Coast grounds. On her ninth cruise (sailed 1856) she sent home a substantial cargo of oil and bone, went into the guano trade, and was ultimately sold to Honolulu owners. She was rigged as a bark and sent on two final whaling voyages to the Sea of Okhotsk (1860-61). The voyage commanded by Anthony Gifford of Westport, Mass., on which Dean C. Wright served as a boatsteerer, was her fourth: sailed 31 July 1841, arrived 13 May 1845, returned 1000 bbls of sperm oil, 600 bbls of whale oil, 6000 lbs of bone (baleen).

Measurements: 384 3/5 tons; length 106 ft, breadth 28.70 ft, depth 14.35 ft; 2 decks, 3 masts, with a man figurehead.

Crew List 1841-1845  
Source: Dean C. Wright manuscript

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anthony Gifford</td>
<td>Master</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles H Hussey</td>
<td>Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel R Eddy</td>
<td>1st Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George L Blood</td>
<td>2nd Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William G Manchester</td>
<td>3rd Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Williams</td>
<td>4th Mate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean C Wright</td>
<td>Boatsteerer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas F Gilman (1)</td>
<td>Boatsteerer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willbr P Manchester</td>
<td>Boatsteerer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Hayes</td>
<td>Cooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Bliss (2)</td>
<td>Carpenter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Cutts</td>
<td>Blacksmith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. Brown or Saml. Tuke or Took</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bloomfield Thomas</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Roberts</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goerge Cobsall</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Burns</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Hooker</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederic Williams</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Jacques, Jr.</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Fettle, M.P.</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jousiff A Palmer</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Rousmaniere</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Sargent (4)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen A Briggs</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benjamin Morgan (3)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander MacAsky</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Williams (5)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samuel Fowler</td>
<td>Cook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joel Howard (6)</td>
<td>Greenhand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benjamin Hanson (7, 3)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Brown or Thos. Stillman (7)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Thomas (7)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert H Price or A.H. Prindle (8)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Hawley (8, 9)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Johnson (8)</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Wright (8)</td>
<td>Steward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen Gifford (the Captain's son)</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(1) Discharged in Callao  
(2) Discharged in Payta, sick  
(3) Run (deserted) in Timbnez  
(4) Run (discharged) in Callao  
(5) Died 8 Oct. 1842  
(6) Sent home from sea sick  
(7) Shipped in Callao  
(8) Shipped in Paita  
(9) Made Boatsteerer 21 Jan. 1843.

Ship Eliza Adams of New Bedford  
Source: Starbuck; New Bedford Ship Registers.

Built at Fairhaven, Massachusetts for the whale fishery in 1835, the Eliza Adams made five whaling voyages from that port (1835-49) and three from New Bedford (1851-87). During 1849-51 she was evidently engaged in the Gold Rush Era trade to California; and after 1887 she remained in registry for a while, and was eventually broken up, in 1897. The voyage commanded by Francis C. Smith and partly chronicled by Steward John Jones commenced 3 November 1851; she arrived home on 23 September 1854 with 184 bbls of sperm oil, 1220 bbls of whale oil, and 14,000 lbs of bone, having sold 130 bbls of sperm oil at Valparaiso in 1852 and sent home an additional 457 bbls of sperm oil, 1400 bbls of whale oil, and 12,624 lbs of bone during the remainder of the cruise; in the aggregate, a very impressive catch.

Measurements: 402 3/5 tons; length 112 ft 8 in, breadth 28 ft 3/4 in, depth 14 ft 1/3 in; 2 decks, 3 masts, billethead.

Outward Bound Crew List 1851  
Source: New Bedford Port Society Crew Lists

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Francis C. Smith</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvanus Cleveland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clother Pierce</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John L. Pease</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aha Smith</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis Lamas</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin Luscomb</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Jones</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ameno Joseph</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Antoine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antony Francis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Silva</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John D. Loisa</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert H. Carley</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warnn W. Jackson</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Cornell</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Bruddy</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Smith</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herman Kattenborn</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Gasman</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John J. Goss</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Noonan</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos Pierce</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. F. Carter</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles F. Kimball</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter M. Patterson</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Hawley</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Lang</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Evans</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence, Rhode Island</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Acknowledgements
I am grateful to Paul Cyr and the helpful staff of the New Bedford Free Public Library, and to Virginia Adams and Judith Downey of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, who graciously facilitated access to manuscript materials; to Gare Reid, Ellen Hazen, David Crutters, and Sarah Hays of the Kendall Whaling Museum staff, who assisted with various aspects of collation, photography and proofreading; and to Mary Malloy for a thousand things.

Stuart M. Frank  
15 September 1991
Bibliography

Manuscript Sources

Anonymous journal of a whaling voyage to the North Pacific in the ship Marengo of New Bedford, Zebedee A. Devoll, master, 2 Aug. 1848 to 16 May 1851. [New Bedford Free Public Library.]


Index of Whalesmen and Seamen. [New Bedford Free Public Library.]

Jones, John (n.d.). Fragmentary journal of a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship Eliza Adams of New Bedford.

Captains Francis Cottle Smith, London, 1 January through 22 April, 1852. [The Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Mass.]

New Bedford Port Society Crew Lists. [New Bedford Whaling Mus.]


References — Whales and Whaling

Beale, Thomas (Surgeon). 1839. The Natural History of the Sperm Whale... Rise and Progress of the Fishery. London: Jan van Voorst. (Forster #5)


Forster, Honore. 1911. The South Sea Whaler: An Annotated Bibliography of... material relating to whaling in the Pacific Ocean in the nineteenth century. Sharon, Mass.: The Kendall Whaling Museum; Fairhaven, Mass.: Edward J. LeFKowiec, Inc. (Forster #191, #292)


Hegarty, Reginald B. 1964. Addendum to "Starbuck" and "Whaling Masters", New Bedford Customs District. New Bedford Free Public Library. (Forster #119)


Olmsted, Francis Allyn. 1840. Incidents of a Whaling Voyage.... Repr., New York: Bell, 1969. (Forster #76)


References — Music, Philology, and Folklore


Sears, Minnie Earl, ed. [1926-34.] Song Index... and Supplement. 2 vols. in one. Repr.: Hanford, Conn.: Shoe String Press.
