F.—APPENDIX: CAPE COD FISHERMEN IN 1862; AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPT. N. E. ATWOOD.

55. FREEMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF CAPE COD FISHERMEN.

The following excellent sketch of the fishermen of Cape Cod is from Freeman's History of Cape Cod, published in 1862. It will apply as well to the men of the present day.

"Cape Cod has, not inappropriately, been called the 'Right Arm of Massachusetts.' Without reference to the topographical outline, the designation is merited, if regard be had to the employments, the nautical skill, the enterprising and hitherto morally upright character of its inhabitants; and it is doubtless to these considerations that reference was primarily intended in the figure employed. The glory of the Cape, we unhesitatingly assert, without the possibility of contradiction, has been the character of the men who settled here and, through successive generations, their numerous descendants. We make this declaration ingenuously, unawed by the fear of an accusation of self-laudation or egotism; for we speak of the community as a whole, not gnoring the few anomalies that might possibly be found, as among all people, to constitute the exceptions that prove the general rule; nor claiming for history the unfinished career of generations now on the stage of action.

"The almost entire population of the Cape has been made up of those who were descendants from the Puritans, perpetuating their names and their virtues; and the races here are generally more purely English than in any other part of our land. The Cape has, at all times, furnished its full proportion of enterprise, talent, genius, learning; and the merit of her sons has been acknowledged in all lands. The moral sense and general intelligence of the people, from the time of the earliest settlements, compare favorably with the inhabitants of any age, clime, or country.

"A large proportion of the male inhabitants ofthe Cape are, as is well known, early addicted to the seas. This is a necessary incident of their locality. As seamen their aim, generally, is to command; and perhaps no one portion of the globe, of similar extent, has furnished so many able commanders of ships. A vague impression, we are aware, has long possessed a portion of the public mind, that a seafaring life is not promotive of virtue; but, that the seamen of Cape Cod are as remarkably exempt from the vices and frailties of humanity as any class of people whatever, challenges denial; and the apprehension to which we have adverted has, whether just or merely imaginary, no support from what is observable here. Our seamen are generally, as before intimated, very soon commanders of ships, rather than ordinary sailors; and such as have not arrived at the distinction are, for the most part, employed in vessels under those commanders or engaged in the fisheries. Their visits to all lands and their intercourse with the wide world give them large views that tend to the formation of a liberal, manly, noble character. Even in their fishing excursions they are, as it were, at home among their relatives and their early associates; and when returned to the land and under their own roofs—whatever privations they may have suffered in the times of peril, or because of national calamities, involving embargoes and wars—their dwellings are pre-eminently abodes of comfort, and exhibit the marks of healthy thrift and enjoyment beyond

the allotment to other sections of our country, so far as relates to the general and equable distribution of the bounties of a good Providence.

"The fishing voyages, it is admitted, are not always conducted without auxiliaries from abroad. For many years there has been a disposition on the part of persons from the interior to place themselves on board these vessels, to participate in the toils and advantages of these excursions. But, after all, the home hands are the majority. Moreover, those from abroad who seek a place on board our fishing vessels are in many instances agriculturists, mechanics, sometimes tradesmen, and clergymen, whose health has required that they try the salubrious air and salutary exercise of the voyage for the restoration of wholesome and vigorous action of the system—an experiment that seldom fails.

"The sweeping remark of Talleyrand, that 'all the qualities, all the virtues, which are attached to agriculture, are wanting in the man who lives by fishing,' has been readily seized by many minds of superficial observation, as if 'A gem oraculous on Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers of old infallible'; but let it be borne in mind that those engaged in fisheries from the Cape are many of them agriculturists. This community is very far from being made up of mere fishermen. Unlike the ancient Tyrus, when in fulfillment of its ruin foretold it became 'the destroyed in the midst of the sea, like the top of a rock, a place for the fishers to dry their nets on,' the Cape embraces an extent of territory without an overcrowded population, sufficiently productive yet, if not to save from famine the two old colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts, to remunerate the homely toils of a few practical husbandmen. Indeed, very few persons in the county are exclusively fishermen; nor are the circumstances under which the fisheries are prosecuted such as to stigmatize any class. Admit that under certain circumstances the exclusive vocation of fishing is not most favorable to mental development, the remark would not be applicable at all to the larger class engaged upon the seas and in other employments, nor to the many occupied in various pursuits. Besides, the constant emigration induced by that characteristic enterprise which leads so many to seek wider fields of action, and which has been populating every part of our country ever since the first settlement of the Cape, leaves ample room, so that none are debarred for want of space of the opportunity of associating with other chosen pursuits that of agriculture, horticulture, or kindred avocations. We readily concede, however, that there is nothing necessarily ennobling in mere fishing; indeed, we are constrained to acknowledge that there is always discernable a marked difference just in proportion to the degree in which certain fisheries engross the time of individuals to the exclusion of a larger acquaintance with the world and the neglect of books. Yet, this difference is not more apparent than in the influence of continual application to other callings everywhere. Lumbering, rafting, boating on canals, &c., are attended with similar results. When the Cape shall have become a community of fishermen alone, we shall have better opportunity of testing the axiom of Talleyrand. The Cape Cod man loves his native home. Wherever he may be, whether in foreign climes, or buffeting the winds and plowing the waves of the billowy deep; whether a merchant prince in some one of our large cities, or located on the fertile lands of some new territory; whether north, or south, or east, or near the declining sun, his thoughts ever turn to his place of nativity with fond delight and peculiar yearning; and he is proud to hail from this garden-spot of creation—for such, to him, in an important sense, it appears, whatever impressions others may have conceived of its sterility and stereotyped dullness.

"Of this parvenu aristocracy of some parts of our country at the present day, the Cape makes no boast. It is plebeian, though it has wealth, and that wealth liberally distributed. What is elsewhere often mere show and empty ostentation, is here, generally, substantial reality. A man's brains are not regarded as lodged in his purse; nor his character and claims as depending on the super-

cilious devotion of sinister and false-hearted hangers-on, nor yet his principles a thing to be determined by the fortuitous chances and mutations of events. Refinement exists, without its sickening affectations and diseased sensibilities; and intelligence, without attempt at the display of the transcendental, unreal, or impracticable. Common sense—we use the term in its good old import—has not so far become obsolete that it is is no longer destined to dwell among the denizens of the Cape, a fixed trait. Do we utter extravagances? Does our delineation of the character of the mass of the people seem to partake of a vain boast? Let the verdict of the whole world in regard to the sons and daughters of Cape Cod be the decision of the issue.

"The diffusion of education among all classes is proverbial. One native-born who cannot read and write as soon as seven years of age, would here be regarded as a phenomenon. And here we are forcibly reminded of that peculiar trait in the early settlers of the colony forever worthy of commemoration—their appreciation of the general blessing of early education, and their untiring efforts to secure it for posterity. The education of all was regarded by them as of primary importance to the well-being of the rising generations, the best good of the state, and the greatest happiness of the human race; and to the furtherance of this end their best energies were directed. It was truly fortunate for New England that so large a proportion of its first settlers were people of intelligence and education; and it may well be a subject of devout gratitude to God at the present day, as it is of admiration, that in circumstances so unpropitious to the support of schools, the settlers just beginning to plant themselves in a wilderness in the midst of many privations; obliged to fell the forests and erect for their protection against the rigors of the climate such habitations as they might; compelled to cultivate the lands for their daily subsistence, and oft to defend themselves against apprehended dangers from the aboriginal race—should, with so slender means, have given so much thought to the subject of education, and especially that their thoughts should have been so directed to the education of the masses. It was not enough that they made it a religious duty to instruct their offspring in the family, to enable them to read the Bible; they must have other and greater facilities—an educated ministry, educated officers of state, and teachers thoroughly educated; and we hazard nothing in saying sacrifices were endured and pains taken to accomplish the noble end which are a monument of distinction to the praise of our forefathers, enduring as eternity.

"Never has there been a time in the history of this or any other country when ministers of the gospel were generally—perhaps without exception—better qualified by education and sound learning to give impulse to such a movement, and never were a set of men more influential than the early settlers; nor was it the ministry alone. However much deference was paid to that class of men, the laity, which embraced very many highly educated and a full proportion besides of those who had a large share of (that to which we have already adverted, too generally at the present day most uncommon kind of sense, called by a singular misnomer) common sense, had minds of large views and well disciplined, nor did they fail to employ their efforts—happily in concert with their religious teachers—in effecting what they conceived to lie at the foundation of good morals, good government, and the public weal.

"Private schools were, indeed, necessarily the first resort; but the subject of public schools was agitated from the very first. In 1663 the colony court 'proposed to the several townships within its jurisdiction, as a thing which ought to be taken into serious consideration, that some course be taken in every town that there be a schoolmaster set up to train children to reading and writing'; and in 1670 that which may be regarded as the very germ of our present truly noble and beneficent system of free schools was enacted: A law freely granting 'all such profits as may or shall accrue annually to the colony from fishing with nets or seines at Cape Cod for

mackerel, bass, or herring, to be improved for and towards a free school in some town in this jurisdiction, for the training up of youth in literature for the good and benefit of posterity.' That school was established at Plymouth, the seat of government, and was supported six years by the Cape Cod fisheries; when, in 1687, it 'was ordered,' by the general court, 'that in whatever township in this government, consisting of fifty families or upwards, a meet person may be obtained to teach a grammar school; and that such township shall allow at least £12 to be raised by a rate on all the inhabitants of said town; and that those who have the more immediate benefit thereof, with what others shall voluntarily give, shall make up the residue necessary to maintain the same; and that the profits arising from the Cape fisheries, heretofore ordered to maintain a grammar school in the colony, shall be distributed to such towns as have such grammar schools, not exceeding £5 per annum to any one town, unless the court treasurer or others appointed to manage that affair shall see good cause to add thereunto; and further, that every such town as consists of seventy families and upwards, and has not a grammar school therein, shall allow and pay to the next town that has a grammar school the sum of £5, to be levied on the inhabitants by rate, and gathered by constables of such towns by warrant from any magistrate of this jurisdiction.' This law was in force until the union with the Massachusetts colony, or until about that time. The fisheries were then made free to all persons, and other provisions for schools were made.

"The attention of the community has ever thus been carefully directed to the cause of education. The poor and the rich have enjoyed the means of good education. Hence there are few in New England (and, as we have suggested, it would be difficult to find at the present day any adult born on the Cape) who cannot at least read and write, with, in addition, a competent knowledge of figures; whilst generally the opportunity has been afforded to secure that full amount of education requisite to qualify for successful business. In later years, the Cape has kept pace with the educational improvements of the age, and may point to many of its distinguished sons and accomplished daughters as proof that it has never been greatly derelict in this duty.

"The inhabitants of the Cape are a religious people. The entire freedom of religious opinion claimed by them has led to a diversity of denomination, in almost every village as well as town, places of public worship being reared by differing sects. But it is here disreputable to have no religious belief, and there are scarcely any to be found who do not give their support to some one mode of religious worship and form of faith.

"We may add that health, that greatest of all mere earthly blessings, here waves her wand and crowns the votaries of frugality, industry, temperance, and virtue.*

56. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPT. NATHANIEL E. ATWOOD, OF PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

The following sketch of the life of the veteran fisherman of Cape Cod is given in his own words as told to members of the United States Fish Commission in the summer of 1879. It reviews the life of a man who began fishing in 1816, at the age of nine years, and continued in active service in many branches of the fisheries until 1866, when he became a fish-curer on shore. He said:

My memory is pretty good, and I know in what way I have spent my life. I remember all about my early voyages. I have looked over my notes, going back for several years, so that I know their dates precisely. I know every vessel I have been in and all their voyages from the beginning until the time I quit in 1866, thirteen years ago.

I was born in Provincetown on the 13th of September, 1807. The first that I had anything

* Freeman's Hist. of Cape Cod, Boston, 1862, Vol. I, pp. 741-749.

to do with the fisheries was when I was nine years old. My father quit going to sea, and the next season he was going to take me in the boat with him. That fall he, with some others, got a catch of 250 barrels of sea-herring, and he called me out. He got me in the night to go with him in a boat. I remember it very well, although it was a great while ago, because the boat was nearly full of herring, and I undertook to row, and made a poor piece of work of it. I remember the herring quiddling around my legs. That is the first I had to do with fishing.

The next spring I went, with one other boy, with my father in a boat cod-fishing. We went to Race Point, and used, as the sailors say, to carry our "grub" out with us. Before Saturday night we had to come in and get a recruit. We used a lap-strake boat a little smaller than a whale-boat. The whale-boat rows with five oars, and these had four oars, and we used to call them five-handed boats. There were six-strake boats and seven-strake boats. They were 18 feet keel, and I should think about 5 feet beam, with four thwarts. We sometimes used a small sail, which we made of 9 yards of top-gallant duck, ⅞ wide. The mast was about 12 feet long.

We landed at the Race and hauled the boats up. We had little fish-huts there. My father built his hut there, which was 6 feet by 8. He was 6 feet tall, and had a berth across the end, and could touch his head at one end and his feet at the other. The hut had a wooden chimney. We took such provisions as we could. Some fared better than others. We were pretty poor. I came from poverty and obscurity. I suppose we were there about two months fishing for codfish. During the season a man and a boy, a youngster like, would probably average about 25 quintals to a boat. That is a fair average for the two months that we stopped there.

After this we came off here and set mackerel nets in the harbor, beginning about the 20th of May to catch mackerel for sale fresh. These were sent to Boston market. After the mackerel season was over there was little doing here in the summer, through July and August, but about the middle of September the dogfish struck in on their way south. The dogfish were here in the spring, as they passed by the Cape going north, but we didn't get many of them. We followed fishing for dogfish two months, from about the middle of September till the middle of November. That was the best fishing of the season, as dogfish oil was worth about $10 a barrel. A man and a boy would get some 15 barrels in that time. They were mostly females when they came in, but the last school in November were about all males. The males generally had better livers than the females.

When winter came they dropped me, as I was too small to go winter fishing. Two men went together in a boat cod-fishing. We didn't have any haddock at that time. In 25 quintals of fish we didn't get more than 1 quintal of scale fish (haddock, hake, and pollock). The codfish were sold by the hundred pounds, from 50 cents to $1 per hundred, while the haddock were always counted. One boat would have two haddock and another three, and perhaps two or three boats would have none. Haddock, weighing four, five, or six pounds, would sell for 15 or 20 cents. For many years haddock were altogether higher than codfish, owing to their scarcity. This was in 1817. The business on the whole during the winter helped them out considerably, because there was nothing else to do here. They used clams in the winter altogether for bait. Most of them we dug in the vicinity, at House Point. About the first of March the winter school of fish was over, February being the best month. Then very little was done in cod-fishing until herring made their appearance, which came in generally about the first of April, and when they caught this fresh bait, for two or three days they would do pretty well. We used to catch some few with clams in March.

Now I have told you about what we did the first year, and that is the character of the fishing that we followed right straight along, although some who were able to build pollock seines were

engaged in fishing pollock. They caught them out at the Race in the month of May, but we had no such thing as a seine. We fished every year just about the same from one year to another.

In 1818 I was eleven years old. In November of that year we moved to Long Point and fished from the shore there. Nobody lived there then. I went to school a little while when I was over here, but not much. I was in the fishing boat most of the time excepting a short period in the winter.

In 1819 we carried on the fishery as in the two preceding years. Up to this time I had staid ashore, although I now felt anxious to go to sea, but my father thought I could do better to go with him in the boat and help him. I said I wanted to go to sea, but he would not go to ship me, but said I could go if I wanted to. There was then a vessel fitting out for Labrador, the Dexter, Joseph Sawtell, master, and he wanted a cook. Father said I might go over and ship with him. I asked $40 for the run—that is, for the voyage. I finally traded with him for $37.50 to go to the coast of Labrador as cook.

We sailed from Provincetown on the 6th of June. All but two of the crew belonged there. There is one man of them still living. The rest are dead. We went to the coast of Labrador, but, as it happened, we were unfortunate in getting codfish. Our men were not the best of fishermen, so that we got a very small share. We carried, I think, 160 hogsheads of salt, and we brought back about 30 hogsheads, and were so much short on the fare. I don't know now how far we went north. We went to what was familiarly known to us as Grosswater Bay. It is not down on the chart. On my return home I found that I had made more than any man on the voyage. Our mode of fishing then was to let the vessel lie in the harbor and send the boats out. We at that time had no vessel on the Grand Bank, and but two or three small vessels went to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence fishing for mackerel. All our fisheries were at Labrador at that time. We carried four boats. We used one boat to get capelin for bait. When fish were plenty during the capelin school the bait boat would seldom go fishing. The fishing boats were baited out of her. We had one of the crew to throat, one to head, one to split, and a salter in the hold of the vessel, salting the fish as they came down. On our arrival on the coast of Labrador few codfish were to be caught until the capelin schools came in, and then the cod came in with the capelin schools. The capelin school lasted about three weeks. If you had some salt when the capelin school was over you might get some herring for bait and fish with them. But we picked up fish very slowly after the capelin went away. When the capelin came on the coast the first that arrived were males. You can tell the male from the female by external signs, so as to distinguish the sexes perfectly well. When the males had been on the coast about a week, then came a mixture of females. They look very much like a smelt, and are soft and full of spawn. We did not use them for food. On an average about one-tenth of the capelin were females. When they had deposited their spawn the males deposited their milt and made the whole water white. Then the females went off. Soon after the fishing slacked off, and we used to say they were capelin sick.

On my return from that voyage, having been absent sixteen weeks and two days, I went to Long Point and was very glad to see another house being erected close by my father's, so that we had two families there in the following winter. In the winter I went in the fishing boat, as I was then old enough to stand the winter. The voyage of the Dexter was in the summer of 1820. After fishing through the autumn and winter and in the shore fisheries the next spring, I shipped for another Labrador voyage. My father shipped me on the schooner Favorite, Captain Paine. We had ten shares in all, and I had three-fifths of a share. I thought as I was thirteen years old I would not like to go again as cook, and I shipped as a hand before the mast. One of the principal men had a brother about my age, and he was not willing that his brother should cook more

than half the time and wanted to make me cook half the time. I objected, but what was the use? I finally had to submit to it. We went early that spring, about the 10th of May, to the coast of Newfoundland. We fished with clams on the north side, being ahead of the capelin school, in the Straits of Belle Isle and at Bonne Bay. When it came time to go north to meet the capelin school we left the Newfoundland fishing and went to Grosswater again, and fished in Indian Harbor on the south side of Grosswater Bay. We then fished until we consumed our salt, with the exception of a few hogsheads. We got a good fare of fish, about 1,200 quintals. Then we came down into the Straits of Belle Isle and went to a place called Pinwire, and there we washed our fish out and took them ashore on the rocks to dry. We brought them home green the year before. We had to turn and dry them on both sides, because we couldn't dry them underneath. I think we staid there about four weeks. We then took our fish in and started for home. On our arrival home the fish were not dry enough for market, and we went to Gloucester and took our fish out and dried them over again, and then went to Boston for a market. My share amounted to $83.00. I then came home in October and engaged in the shore fishery and winter fishery, as in years before.

In 1820 we fitted out the first whaling vessels from Provincetown. There were five that went to the Azores and about that region for sperm whales. In 1821 we had twelve vessels from Provincetown in the sperm-whale fishery. My father went as ship-keeper on one of the whalers, and he made a pretty good voyage, so that he felt richer than ever before. In 1822 we fitted out eighteen vessels, and I shipped in the brig Laurel, Cook, master. In the two years previous the whalers, on an average, did considerably better than the cod fishermen, and that was the reason why the whalers increased so fast. We sailed on the 3d day of April from this port, and went southwest out across the Gulf Stream. On the morning of the sixth day from home one man cried out, "Towno!" They now say, "There she blows," when they see a whale. I was below asleep, and the noise on deck woke me. We lowered a boat and went out. There were three or four or half a dozen whales together, but finally they tricked us and got away and we went back to get our breakfast. We saw in the evening a bunch of whales to the leeward, and we got out and struck a small one and held on to her a short time, but she became loose. I saw, however, that she was spouting blood and they didn't throw the harpoon again, but went to work lancing the whales, and we soon had seven spouting blood, and gave them their death wounds very soon. It soon began to look squally, with heavy clouds in the west. The first whale died and the rest moved slowly to the windward, but it blew so heavy that we went back and took the first one aboard and cut her in. It made but twelve barrels of oil. This was south of the Gulf Stream. I could not say just what latitude and longitude it was in, but I think we may have been one-third the way to the Azores. We then run down, without seeing anything more, hunting around until we made the isle of Corvo; and on the following day we went over to the western side of the island of Terceira. We cruised up and down the shore day in and day out. We saw whales once, but they were going very fast. We chased them until night, but lost them. That was the second time we saw sperm whales. Afterwards, in cruising off to the east side of Terceira, the wind came on to blow heavy from the northwest, and we went through the south side and anchored between Port au Pré and Port Angra. I think there were a dozen out of the eighteen of our fleet anchored there. There was a Portuguese boat came down from Angra just to get a list of the crews and a bill of health. All had a bill of health. He boarded the schooner Nero, Captain Miller, of Provincetown, and when he came to call the crew up to examine them one man was below sick in his berth. He says, "I will take you up to Angra;" but the captain didn't like that. Finally he hesitated some and said, "I think I better go up first and get orders." He went off, I

think, two or three miles, and when he got half way up there Captain Miller up with the sails and went off. The boat didn't come back.

The next day the wind moderated, and we all went out, but didn't get to the whaling ground until just at night. The next morning there was the Nero, with a great big whale alongside, and they were cutting her in. We soon struck one. The whale made good play (as the whalemen say), and we soon killed her and took her alongside. She made 28 barrels. That is what I call a small take. We then cruised there some time longer, and our next move was to go north, passing the island of Corvo and Flores, about latitude 42. There we cruised six weeks. When we had been out a week or ten days it was very windy one morning, from the southwest, and we discovered a whale coming up close to us. The captain said, "The wind is blowing so that we will not lower down, but run her down." We reefed the sails and soon the whale went down. We looked around another hour, but didn't see her at all. At the end of that time we discovered a whale as much as five or six miles to the north of us, and we stretched on towards it, the wind increasing all the time. Before we got to him he went down. He spouted some forty times in forty minutes, and then went down and staid as long as that. When we got to about where we thought he went down we luffed to. Pretty soon he came up. We lowered the boats and got quite near him, but he moved off faster than we could. That was all we ever got near to in all the six weeks.

Then we went in to recruit, to get potatoes, onions, and other fresh vegetables. In the morning the wind was from the northwest, with a light, moderate breeze. We discovered a whale a long distance ahead. We got our breakfast as the vessel was heading along that way. We saw the whale when it went down, and we lowered our boats and rowed out to about where we thought the whale disappeared. The captain said we better stop rowing, and we stopped. Pretty soon the whale came up close to the mate's boat, and he pulled on and fastened to it. It was a monstrous great whale. At that time we used what we called "drogues." We took pieces of thick board about 15 inches square, the boards crossing each other, with a square hole through them. Then we had a piece of hard wood with a shoulder to it, and had a rope strapped to it, so that when we threw the harpoon into the whale, having a warp 6 or 8 fathoms long, if the whale took to running she would have this drogue to tow through the water. We worked on that whale for an hour and a half and it never went down. At the end of the hour and a half we had got in six drogue irons. The whale ran on the top of the water very swiftly. We could not get near enough to the whale so that we could hurt it at all. We lanced it above the hump or behind the abdominal cavity. By and by the whale went down and took about 400 fathoms of line. We carried 220 fathoms in each boat and we had put the two together. I think we had 40 fathoms left. At this time the whale was a good ways off. Whenever we attempted to approach him he would start. He went down six or seven times, and the last time the warp parted and he carried everything with him, and we never saw him again till he was miles and miles away. If we had not put in the drogue irons we might have held him up alongside and killed him. The next day we landed at Pico to get some grapes and figs. All the whales we got made about forty barrels of oil. That was all we saw at the Azores.

The captain then conceived the idea of stopping out over winter. As the other vessels were coming home, one spared us a little bread, another a little meat, and so we recruited out of the other vessels. We left the Azores early in September and went to the Cape de Verde Islands. When we arrived there we had pretty good reports. We went down to the Isle of Sal, which is a salt island. There was no very good anchorage there on account of there being some sharp rocks at the bottom, and we had hemp cables. During the winter while staying here we got our cables chafed off several times. We remained here until the 10th of February. The wind was blowing

most of the time, the regular northwest trades. It finally blew so strong that we couldn't hold, and we went into Madeira Bay and lay there two or three days at a time in the heavy wind. When the wind subsided we went out and worked off the windward of the islands. We went out, I think, some time in December, and got off to the windward of the Isle of Sal, and one Sunday morning we were surrounded with whales. We were not in the habit of whaling Sunday. Some of the crew were anxious to go out and some opposed it. Suffice to say the captain was opposed to whaling Sunday and didn't go. But some of them swore a good deal that night. The captain said we were going to have a good spell of weather, and there were so many whales we could get a good many.

The next morning we had splendid weather, but we never saw a whale all day. Then, Tuesday morning we were surrounded by whales. We were only a few miles to the northward of the Isle of Sal. There was the biggest school I ever saw. We lowered the boat early in the morning and went out and fastened to a whale. We soon killed it and took it alongside and went to cutting it in. The captain then thought if more whales came along we would try to get another that day. The one we took made 28 barrels. He sent me aloft to look out. I was then a boy fourteen years old. It was the fall before I was fifteen. I kept looking, and discovered, away to the northward, whale spouts. I sung out, "Towno!" The captain wanted to know where, and I told him off the weather bow. He came up and saw them. He said, "Let me know when they go down." I told him, and he saw what o'clock it was, and by and by he said, "Keep a sharp lookout." Pretty soon I saw them coming up, about half a mile away, and coming towards the vessel—right at it. We then rowed out, and we had not been out more than five minutes when up came one, close to us. We let the boat run, keeping close to them. There were about a dozen of them. Just before we got to them one of them dropped his tail down and brought his head up ten feet high and hung there. Our boat-steerer wanted to go ahead. He was a young man, and the captain said he expected to head the boat himself. But the young man said he wanted to go in the head and to strike the whale. He did so, and we shot up alongside of the whale and threw the first harpoon. We have two; one called the preventer iron. He threw both of his harpoons, and thought the first one went into the whale some, but the second he knew didn't go in. The whale went off about a hundred yards, and out came his harpoon, and away went the whales, and that was the last of them. The next day the wind began to breeze up. We were to the windward of the islands when I discovered a bunch of whales to the east of us. I gave the alarm and we stood towards them. We soon found there was quite a number of them. We got where they were and went out and fastened to one of them, a fifty-barrel whale. She made pretty good play, and I don't remember whether they drogued her or not. I think they didn't put any drogue irons into her; but we lanced her, and pretty soon she began to spout blood. I was in the mate's boat. We didn't have a full crew. The captain said to the mate, "You better go aboard and unbend the cables from the anchor and have it ready to put around this whale's flukes." We set about to go aboard, and she went down as plump as she could. We bent on our warp after she went down and had taken as much rope as she wanted. When she came up she didn't spout any blood at all. We set out to go up and lance her, and as quick as we tried to do it she turned her head at us. We couldn't get any lance into that. The blubber is composed of what is called white-horse. When we got near her she would turn her head around, throw her jaw out, and come up at the boat. We watched her and tried to get a chance at her. Then they threw a drogue iron right into her breast, when she gave chase to us with her mouth open. We backed away, and didn't know but we should be eaten up. Then she turned right around, and I tell you she made the splinters fly. She went off with the head of the harpoon in her. We had a small sail, and just

after dark we got aboard of the vessel and went into the harbor. There we lay about three days. The next good spell of weather we went out again. We beat to the northward, when we saw something black stretched along out there. We went to it and found it was this whale. She had been dead four days, and had swelled up so much that she was as high as the brig's rail. We made fast to her and secured her. We ran down by the bend of the island, and before morning we were at anchor in smooth water. The captain said, "If we cut this whale, as soon as we cut into the case the oil will run out. The only way we can do is to scuttle the head on the broad side and then get in there and dip it out." We did so, and bailed out ten barrels of liquid oil. It was limpid and clear. Then we undertook to get off the blubber. This was a very fat whale, and when we hooked on to hoist up the blubber the oil would come down faster than any rain-storm I ever saw. We blocked up the scuppers as well as we could and dipped two or three barrels off the deck. After stripping it, we let the carcass go. We staid until the 10th of February. We then ran down to Buena Vista. Then we went to Brava, southwest of the Cape de Verde Islands, and then bore off to the West Indies and went to Martinique. There we found a brig that belonged to New Bedford, Captain Phillips. He was captain when there was no whale in sight, but Captain Warren was captain when there were whales. When we got to Martinique we saw some whales. We lowered a boat and went out and struck a whale—a humpback—and finally killed it and took it alongside the vessel and cut her in. After we had cut up the whale we went and anchored in one of the coves between Saint Pierre and Port Royal, and there we lay and tried it out. That whale gave us five barrels apiece. Then we started for home. On our voyage we had fair weather and were twenty days from Martinique to Provincetown, arriving on the 27th day of March. We sailed the 3d of April the year before. My share was $20. I wanted to go whaling again, but father said, "You can't afford to go," and that wound up my whaling.

The whalers all broke down here then. There was one, Captain Soper, master of the Ardent, who went the next year and coming home he was capsized in a hurricane and four of the crew were washed off. The remainder staid on the brig, and five, after remaining on the wreck twenty-six days, were taken off alive and carried to England. The mate died, but Captain Soper and three men got home. All have since died except one, who is in Fernandina, Fla.

Then I had to go to sea somewhere, and I shipped in the schooner Favorite again, but not with the same captain. They generally hire as cheap as they can. Sometimes the parties who hire crews give them their boots. I got $12 a month and one boot. She was a schooner of 80 tons, Reuben Ryder, master. I think we carried 160 hogsheads of salt, and that multiplied by eight will give the bushels. We sailed from home about the middle of May. We proceeded first to the northern coast of Newfoundland and made a stop at the Bay of Islands, where we commenced fishing with clam bait. We carried the clams with us. You see it was ahead of the capelin school. After fishing a week or ten days we then proceeded northward and arrived at Indian Harbor, the other side of Grosswater Bay. Soon after we arrived, the capelin came upon the coast, and we wet nearly all our salt during the capelin school, which lasted some three weeks. Having some salt left we proceeded homeward, stopping at the Straits of Belle Isle at a place called Henley's Islands. The capelin were gone and we were compelled to fish with sand-eels or lants (*Ammodytes*). There we finished all our salt but a few bushels, left the coast, and proceeded on our voyage homeward. We arrived home about the 20th of September from the voyage, and the fish were brought home in a green state. That ended my voyage. I had earned my $12 a month and a boot, and got my discharge. Then I commenced in the shore fisheries, fishing for dogfish and mackerel in the fall and in the winter fishing for cod. That completed 1823.

After fishing through the winter and spring I shipped again to go another new voyage in the

schooner Independence, of Boston, Capt. Lewis L. Smith. The crew consisted of Lewis L. Smith, master; Daniel Smith, father to the captain, and Lewis and Daniel Smith were his sons. The cook was Daniel, and that was his grandfather's name, and he was on board. Then there were Atkins Smith, the captain's brother, and Job Hill, the captain's brother-in-law. Then there were Ambrose Hill, Job's son, and I. We sailed for the Gulf of Saint Lawrence on the 27th of April. That was too early to get into the Gulf for ice. We first harbored in Barrington, near Cape Sable. Then we made a move eastward and harbored in Liscomb's Harbor. The next move we got to Canso, where we remained several days. The northern part of the straits was filled with ice. After some days of southerly wind, the ice drifted northward and we made another move along, harboring again at Port Hood, where we were detained a few days. We were bound for the Magdalen Islands. We got about half-way, and had to come back on account of the ice. After a few days the ice cleared so that we reached the Magdalen Islands and went into harbor. The vessel went out into the gulf and brought their fish to shore as soon as they got part of a fare, and they were cured by a Frenchman living on the island, who received 10 per cent. for curing them. We didn't fish any to speak of at Magdalen Islands, but we went over to Bank Bradley fishing, also to North Cape, Prince Edward Island. We didn't get more than two-thirds of a cargo of fish, and when it came time to come home we left the Gulf, notwithstanding some 40 hogsheads of salt were not consumed. After taking the fish on board at Magdalen Islands the schooner sailed and arrived home in the latter part of September. When I left the vessel I engaged in the shore fisheries through the autumn, winter, and following spring. This completes 1824.

The next spring I shipped in the schooner President, Ebenezer Atkins master. That schooner was 84 tons, and carried 160 hogsheads of salt. During both of these voyages we fished wholly with mackerel bait, and we could catch as many as we wanted. The mackerel were caught with jigs, there being enough offal thrown over from the decks to keep them on the surface. We nearly always took the spawn of codfish and used it for mackerel toll-bait to keep them at the surface. We fished mostly on Bank Bradley, off North Cape, Prince Edward Island, and along the west shore from Escuminac Point to Point Miscou. We finished our salt and then commenced our homeward passage, arriving home the latter part of September. When we were on the way home I was looking out to see the barren and sterile sands of Cape Cod come into view. After arriving in Provincetown the fish were washed out by the crew and delivered to the owner for preparing for market. I engaged in the shore fishery until the fish were ready for market, when I again joined the vessel. After taking in the fish, we went to Boston for market. The cod-fishermen then went up and tied alongside the Long Wharf. The dock came up to the Faneuil Hall building. Where the Quincy Market building now stands, there was water when I first went to Boston. When I was on the Independence the vessel's jib-boom extended up to North street (Ann street it was called then). Our vessels went up there and hauled up to Long Wharf to wait for a buyer. They kept coming, one after another, until there was quite an accumulation of vessels there. The meat they ate was chiefly sheep, and they would buy them for 12½ cents, but they used to generally give about 25 cents. There was at that time considerable work for the crews in unloading vessels while they were waiting for a purchaser to buy their fish. We sold the fish for $2 a quintal. I made $150.

I was engaged in the following year, during the spring, in fishing for codfish at Race Point. In the winter the fishing was in Cape Cod Bay. I shipped then in a new schooner belonging to Wellfleet, the Aurora, Capt. Freeman A. Baker, master. She was a vessel of 55 tons and was built at Newburyport. We engaged in the mackerel fishery on the New England coast from Cape Cod to Mount Desert. On that voyage the vessel came over from Wellfleet and took me aboard,

also my brother and another boy, and sailed the 29th day of June, 1826. On the first day out, about sunset, we discovered a school of mackerel. We luffed to, threw bait, and called the school alongside, and got some 5 or 6 barrels. That is the first fishing that ever I made jigging. From this we proceeded to Cashe's Ledge and in some two or three weeks we got 150 barrels of mackerel; after which the mackerel ceased biting, and there was ten days passed, and we never got but two barrels of mackerel cruising from Cashe's Ledge to Mount Desert; after which we fell in with mackerel off Mount Desert and soon completed our cargo. We then proceeded for Boston. We arrived in Boston the 2d day of August. We were gone just five weeks. We carried altogether butts, that is, molasses hogsheads, and a vessel of any great size would have four tiers of hogsheads. We took those barrels on deck to strike the mackerel in, to dress them in, and to soak them in. We only carried twenty butts, and the remaining fish were salted and barreled just as they do now. We arrived in Boston and packed our mackerel out. We had 238 barrels: 38 of No. 1, 23 of No. 3, and 177 of No. 2. These mackerel were sold for $4.25 for No. 1, $3.25 for No. 2, and $2.25 for No. 3. Inspection cost us 92 cents a barrel. The inspector hired the butts. After a day or two we packed out and the vessel came home. We were in a hurry to get out. The wind came on from the northeast and kept us ten days, after which the wind hauled to the southward, when we left for the fishing ground. The wind changing to the eastward we bore up for Cape Ann and remained in the harbor of Gloucester for a week; after which the wind changed to the westward and we left the harbor. We arrived off Mount Desert and it came on a storm and we landed in Cranberry Islands. We had got 26 barrels in getting so far on our voyage. After leaving the harbor the next day we proceeded eastward. The 11th of September we got 38 wash barrels, the 12th we got 45, the 13th of September (which was my birthday) we got 51, on the 14th we got 28, and the next day 24. The wind then came on from the eastward and we bore up and went to Cranberry Islands again, with 140 barrels of mackerel. When the weather became good again we went out and found plenty of mackerel, and completed our cargo. We proceeded to Boston, where we packed out 253 barrels. We had 177 barrels of No. 1, 8 barrels of No. 3, and 68 barrels of No. 2. As we were going into Boston we hailed a mackerel schooner that was coming out, and they said that mackerel were worth $3, $4, and $5. Our skipper remarked that if they kept as high as that he wouldn't ask any more. He would get rich enough. The crew made $105 to a share.

Then we made another trip, the third, fishing between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, on what is called Stellwagen Banks. During fall we got 225 barrels more that we packed. About 190 barrels were No. 1, and the rest No. 2. The last day we were wide off shore from Marblehead, on the 20th of November, and caught 20 wash barrels. Then it began to snow and we came into Boston Harbor. The next morning there was ice over the wash barrels. We went up then and quitted the voyage. I made $200 for the three trips. That following winter and spring I engaged in the shore fishery.

Early in June I went to Boston and took the schooner Missouri, 33 tons. She wasn't very big. This was my first trip as captain. After fishing about a month for codfish we abandoned that and fitted for the mackerel fishery on the New England coast. We had two men beside myself, and two small boys, and got about 200 barrels of mackerel during the season. We closed up our fishing about the middle of November. We jigged the mackerel and sometimes picked up a few barrels with a gaff. When we fitted in the fall I bought a quarter of the vessel, for which I paid $100. The next spring I started codfishing in our bay about Cape Cod. About the 1st of May we left off fishing there and fitted for the Gulf of Saint Lawrence cod fishery. We carried 45 hogsheads of salt. I don't know what time we left the Gulf. We wet all our salt. On our arrival

at Cape Canso we were short of provisions, but I supposed we would not be more than a week, but we were fifteen days, so we were half starved when we got home. After landing our fish we fitted for the mackerel fishery, and I was employed in that until the middle of November, 1828. In the winter I engaged in the winter fishing in the same vessel. We went to the north shore off Lynn and remained there six weeks. I made $12. We came home and the vessel was laid up until the next season.

By going four months out of the nine, exclusive of the winter, we obtained a bounty at the rate of $4 a ton on the vessel's measurement. We commenced early in March and fished until about the 1st of June for codfish; after which we engaged in the mackerel fishery until November on the coast of Maine and Massachusetts. Then we went bounty catching about a week or ten days. We called it bounty catching because we shouldn't have gone if it hadn't been for the bounty. After spending the winter at home I was still in the Missouri, and in the spring engaged in the halibut fishery along the shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket Shoals. At that time it took only a small quantity to glut the Boston market with halibut. The most we got was 3 cents a pound. I have carried 2,000 weight, and when I got to Boston would let them (the dealers) come into the hold and pick out 1,000 weight which I would sell for half a cent a pound and throw the rest overboard. Some vessels could'nt sell their cargoes at all. The reason of this was because Boston was small in population. Ice never had been used for icing halibut; but was used only in the city of Boston, and that was as far as they could be carried without ice. Gloucester was not engaged in the halibut fishery at the time, so that we, particularly Wellfleet, supplied the Boston market with halibut. The halibut season commenced in March and lasted until July. When mackerel got fat there was no sale for halibut.

Early in June, 1830, we fitted for the mackerel fishery. We went first off about the vicinity of Cashe's Ledge and fished from there to Mount Pleasant Rock. We got a trip of 100 barrels and were absent four weeks. I think we made $30 to a share. There were three men, including myself, and two boys on board. It was the custom of mackerel vessels to carry stone ballast in the bottom and stow the barrels on the top of the stones. We threw out the stones and only took in and headed up 12 barrels of stone, and stowed the vessel full of empty barrels and salt.

We sailed from Provincetown the 1st day of August. On the following day, at 9 p. m., it commenced to blow a gale from the northeast. We were just near the western edge of George's Bank. It blew so hard the vessel could hardly stand up, and lay over on her side, and we were pretty scared. The gale moderated, however, the next morning. When we had been out a week we had 2½ barrels. The vessels fitted out for short voyages, from one to six weeks. When we were out two weeks we had 16 barrels. It looked pretty blue. One-third of our time was gone and we had caught only 16 barrels. We then ran eastward down off the coast of Grand Manan, and when three weeks were out we had 60 barrels. Afterwards, for some ten days, we caught very few mackerel, and proceeded westward. When off Mount Desert hills, bearing about northwest, we fell in with plenty of mackerel and filled all our barrels. We arrived in Boston after an absence of about six weeks, with 127½ barrels. We had 83 barrels of No. 1, and the balance No. 2. There were only about 2 barrels of No. 3, and we didn't pack them, but kept them for grind bait and toll bait. We shared clear $103. We got about $6.50 for No. 1, and $5.50 for No. 2. Our outfits were very light. The vessel drew one-quarter.

We then fished in Massachusetts Bay between Cape Cod and Cape Ann and got about 75 barrels, which closed the year's fishing. We thought that was doing pretty well, and the owner wanted me to leave the vessel and take a larger one. He bought a new vessel on the stocks for me, of 75 tons, but he had no written contract and the fellow backed out because the price raised and

wouldn't sell. I went to Boston in March, expecting to have that vessel. About the last of March the schooner Mary arrived from the West Indies and I took her and fitted for the Grand Bank. We sailed from here the 11th of April for the cod fishery. We depended at that time more particularly on mackerel fishing. All the Provincetown Bankers came in early so as to be ready for the mackerel fishery. This was not the case with Plymouth and Marblehead, which were engaged exclusively in the cod fishery. That April, May, June, and half of July were spent on the Banks fishing for codfish, and on the return the vessels fitted for mackerel fishing, and in the fall at the close of the mackerel fishery they put in the remainder of the four months in cod fishing in order to secure the bounty. We had eight men and a cook, so that we fished half and half, having four for a dress gang; one to throat, one to head, one to split, and one to salt. They exchanged places every watch of two hours. The fishing was all carried on from the deck of the vessel. We carried salt clams for bait and generally took about 20 barrels. We returned home about the middle of July; after which we engaged in mackerel fishing on the coast of New England from Cape Cod to Mount Desert. During the summer we caught 400 barrels of mackerel. We quit fishing in the early part of November, 1831, to make out the rest of our time to obtain the bounty. We made $163 to a share. We could live very well with a family then on that, if the family wasn't too big. I staid ashore that winter and didn't go fishing.

On the 2d of February, 1832, I sailed for the West Indies as captain of the Mary, although I had never been engaged in the coasting trade and knew nothing about it. We were bound for Ponce, Porto Rico. After landing the cargo we engaged a freight of molasses for New York. We arrived there about the first of April, and from there we went to Murfreesborough, North Carolina, in ballast, after a cargo of white-oak pipe staves for Boston. We arrived in Boston with our cargo and then proceeded to fit for the mackerel fishery. That year the mackerel were poor and scarce and we made a small voyage, only making $10 apiece. We left the vessel in the fall.

In January, 1833, I had a new schooner called the Caroline. We loaded on the owner's account and went to Ponce again. After discharging our cargo we loaded with sugar and molasses for New York and returned without incident. Then we chartered to go to North Carolina and load with red-oak hogshead staves for Falmouth, Jamaica. After discharging cargo we went up the river to Tobasco, Mexico, in ballast and loaded logwood for New York. After having an ordinary passage to New York we took in ballast for Boston. This year it was so late that all the good men were employed, and I preferred to leave the vessel and go fishing with my brother, who was then on a cod-fishing voyage. So I went with him mackerel fishing on the schooner Nelson. We sailed about the middle of July and ended about the first of November. We made $120 to a share. There were seven men in the crew, but three of them were hired. These were paid about $10 or $12 a month. The owner wanted me to take a schooner called the Lucretia, on shares, and go to North Carolina and get freight, and I took charge of her. She was a vessel of 77 tons. I sailed the 26th of December. I started to go to Ponce again with red-oak staves and cypress shingles, and then I agreed to return with a cargo of molasses for the same parties. I staid at Ponce twenty-nine days, and subsequently loaded with molasses and returned to Edenton, North Carolina. On my return I received instructions from my owners to purchase a cargo of red-oak hogshead staves, which I did, and returned to Boston for the fishery. I gave up the vessel in Boston. It was an unprofitable voyage. I lost my time and $50.

Then I shipped again with my brother to go mackereling on a schooner called the Lucy Mary. We had five on shares and the rest were hired. After going out and spending some three weeks, and being off the coast of Grand Manan, my brother was taken sick with fever and we brought him home. We only got half a dozen barrels of mackerel. On our arrival home I then took

charge of the vessel. First I went to Chatham and found nothing, and then went into Massachusetts Bay and fished on Middle Bank, and in about three weeks got a trip of 160 barrels. We went into Boston and packed them out. We fished a second trip in the bay, between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, and caught about 150 barrels more. At the end of the season, 1834, we hauled the vessel up.

I sailed in the schooner Lucy Mary on the 28th of April, 1835, for the Grand Bank, and was absent 11 weeks and 3 days, obtaining 600 quintals of fish. The Lucy Mary measured 59 tons O. M. (about 38 N. M.) We carried three sharesmen, and three men and a cook, hired at a cheap rate, and made $200 to a share. On our return we landed our fish, which could not be cured at that time of year, salted them in kenches, and put them in the store to wait for cold weather. After this we fitted for mackerel fishing in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. We shipped one more sharesman and sailed August 2, fished for a while about the Magdalen Islands, and returned home about the middle of October with 180 barrels of mackerel. We fished for the rest of the season for cod and mackerel in Massachusetts Bay, making $220 after the 2d of August. After the end of the season we carried our codfish and mackerel to Boston and sold them, the codfish selling for $2.75, the mackerel for $7 and $8. I spent the winter at home. I didn't feel like going fishing, and went to building dories, which, at this time, were just coming into use. (See account of dory business elsewhere.)

In 1836 I was still in the Lucy Mary, my brother, John Atwood, master, and we started in the spring for the Grand Bank. We sailed the last of April, and after a short passage of six days anchored on the Grand Bank. In the first two or three weeks we caught between 4,000 and 5,000 fish. Then it came on to blow heavy from the north and northeast. We were at an anchor, and as many as twenty vessels—square-rigged French brigs and American schooners, all catching some fish—were around us. The blow lasted nine days, and when it was over there was not a vessel in sight, all having drifted away or been obliged to change their berths. The wind brought down hundreds of great icebergs, which were floating all around us. We got our anchor and ran for the eastern end of the Bank, but we met a vessel which said that it was full of ice there, so we ran to the north, and there, on the edge of the Bank, between latitude 45° and 46°, through the whole voyage, when it was clear, we could see twenty icebergs or more floating all around us. We were frightened almost to death all the time, particularly when the fog shut down thick, but none of them came foul of us. The ice was there as long as we were. When we got home we had been gone eleven weeks and three days, and had on board 572 quintals of fish. This year my brother and I had fitted the vessel and hired the whole crew, paying $18 apiece a month for three men, $16 for one, and $8 for a cook. We made $460 to a share. On our arrival home we discharged all our crew, and my brother and I landed all our fish ourselves and put them in salt. Then we got on board the salt and the barrels and everything for the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. We sailed on the 1st of August, and on our arrival we could not hear of any mackerel being caught. We spoke vessels from Bank Bradley and Prince Edward's Island and Gaspé, but they all said there was no fishing. So we bore up and went to the Magdalens. When we got there we found that they had been catching mackerel the day before off Black Land, near Tantenore, off the northwest coast. So the next day we went down there. We found nothing till we got to the east end, and there we caught a few. The wind blew up to the northwest heavy and drove us around to the west of the island, where we anchored under the lee. The next day the weather moderated, and then we could get no mackerel at all. Then we bore up and went to Newfoundland. We went as far as Port au Port, and never caught a mackerel—not a mackerel. Then we went back to the Magdalens as quick as we could get back, and fished there for the rest of the voyage. We returned home

about the 10th of November, and packed our mackerel—192 barrels of No. 1 and 33 of No. 2. After packing the mackerel out we took them in and carried them to Boston. They were then worth $7.31 and $8.31. We concluded not to sell, and brought them home, and laid up the vessel alongside the wharf to wait for them to raise. In February we went up to Boston, I think, again, and they had raised $1 a barrel, so we made $225 by keeping them. From this trip we netted $430 to a share, or $890 for the whole voyage. This was a big year for us.

In the spring of 1837 the owner of our vessel sold out to go into the commission business. He had a large packet called the Tam O'Shanter, a brig; and when we were in Boston to sell our mackerel in February he asked me to take charge of her. So I shipped in the brig, and came down home to get my clothes. The first voyage was to Savannah, with an assorted cargo. I hired at $50 a month. We left the 27th of March, and returned to Boston with a cargo of cotton. This was the time of the panic, and we could get no freight, so we chartered to go to St Thomas to look for freight there. There was no freight there, so we went to the island of Bonaire and loaded with salt for Boston. We loaded deep and came out through the Mona passage. The next day came a hurricane. What a time that was! It blowed away my sails, split off seven stanchions, water-ways, and the bulwarks, and it was all we could do to keep her afloat. She was leaking badly, and the crew could not leave the pumps. I lost my mainsail, and had to lie to under a close-reefed foresail. Then it died away a flat calm and held calm six days. Then it breezed up fair, and we came up to Boston. We left home early in September. The brig was next chartered to go to Port au Prince. My folks would not let me go, because it was sickly there, and I engaged for the rest of the fall in fishing for dogfish and mackerel, and that winter I went winter fishing until March, 1838, at which time we had got into the habit of going fishing in dories.

In 1838 my brother John and I bought a pink-stern boat of 46 tons, called the Orlando. She was an old cheap thing, but we thought she would do to putter around the shore in. So we let our schooner out to go to the Grand Bank. We fished around the shores of Cape Cod and on Nantucket Shoals for cod and halibut, and carried them to market. Then in May, when the dogfish began to trouble us, we came inshore to fish for mackerel, which were plenty along the Truro shore. We fished until June, and then went to the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. Our sails were so poor we did not stay there long, and we got only about 20 barrels. We returned home, and fished along our bay for the balance of the fall. That winter I didn't go fishing. I didn't feel very well, for I had hurt my knee in the summer. The folks over on the Point had got disappointed in their school-teacher, so they got me to teach school, and I got sick enough of it. I had about thirty scholars.

In the spring of 1839 we got another man to take the Orlando, and I took the Lucy Mary and went to the Grand Bank with one sharesman and a cheap crew. I didn't go very early, for I fished on the backside of Cape Cod the first part of the season, and sailed for the Grand Bank about the 6th of June, returning about the middle of September. That was one of the years when mackerel were scarce. As the prospect looked so bad for mackerel we concluded to wash out the fish and lay up the vessel. So John and I cured up the fish. We could do better at that than to hire them cured and go mackereling. When we arrived home with 557 quintals, fish were worth a good price, $3.50 a quintal, but when we got ours cured they had fallen to $2.50. We concluded we wouldn't sell them, but keep them until spring. In February, 1839, we took the Lucy Mary and went fishing for halibut in the gully between the cape and the middle grounds at a depth of 20 to 30 fathoms. We fished there in the spring, and then went down the backside of the Cape after halibut and cod. After the season was over I took in my fish and carried them to Boston, and could hardly sell

them at all. I sold 300 quintals at $2 a quintal to one dealer in Albany, and another Albany man took half the rest on condition that I would ship the remainder, which I did, and got $1.71 a quintal for them. So on that Grand Bank voyage I made only $50.

In 1840 mackerel were extremely scarce. People who had been whaling at the Azores said that they were plenty there, and large ones, so I conceived the idea of going to the Azores in search of mackerel. We fitted out the vessel and I went there with a crew of five men, all sharesmen. We found no mackerel there, but a sort of bonito, probably the *Auxis rochei*, so I got home as quick as I could. So we hauled up until winter and then we fished in the gully for halibut. Only one other vessel, the Adrian, was fishing there, and we did very well. We had the monopoly of the Boston market, for at that time the Gloucester vessels did not begin the halibut fishery until the 1st of March. Sometimes we got 10 cents a pound for the fish.

In 1841 I was still in the Lucy Mary, and in the spring we went off Monomoy and Chatham and fished for shad. This was a new kind of fishery. Years before, when I used to go there for bait, I saw a man catching shad, but could get no information from him, and it was evident that he tried to be shy. In 1840 we mistrusted they were catching shad there, and two or three vessels went down there from Provincetown, and fished with others from Chatham and got a good many. In 1841 great preparations were made for catching shad, and vessels went there from Connecticut, Rhode Island, and all around. A petition was sent to the legislature to prevent out States folks from fishing. The law passed, but the fishermen came nevertheless. The law must have scared the shad away, for none came there that year. We found no shad at Monomoy, so we went over to Nantucket. We got a few in the course of our absence of three or four weeks, or we should have made a broken voyage. The Lucy Mary was high boat, for we ventured out in rougher weather than the others. We had four boats and eight men, and made about $60 to a share, my brother and I. Shad were worth about $7 a barrel, and weighed 3 or 4 pounds each. They came late in May and early June, and were not there more than a fortnight. When fishing for them we went out in small boats and drifted, each boat carrying about 800 yards of gill-net, which we made ourselves on purpose. The year before everybody had done well. After the shad had left we returned and engaged in the mackerel fishing. This year, before the nets were set, mackerel had been seen outside the cape, and we concluded to drift for them as we had for shad, and made a good thing of it. We used common mackerel nets, each boat setting ten nets of 60 yards each. We used to put them over and let them drift all night, and in doing this we found an everlasting sight of whiting, which were very troublesome. We sometimes had to draw in our nets for fear that we should catch so many whiting we couldn't haul them out the next day. We used to get tons and tons of them. They had always been plenty and staid until the bluefish tipped them out. We made perhaps $100 in mackerel netting, sending them to Boston fresh, and paying a quarter for carrying them. After the spring mackerel net-fishing was over, we fitted the Lucy Mary for the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. We shipped a crew of seven men, all sharesmen. This was one of the awful scarce years for mackerel, and only 55,000 barrels were packed in the whole State. We went direct to the Magdalen Islands, fished down to the eastern end and staid there and kept catching a few on the ledges. They were good mackerel what we did catch. We kept hearing from the west shore of the gulf that there were no mackerel there. We staid until October and then came out with 100 barrels. That was as well as we could have done at anything, for mackerel were considerable high. We got a good price and made about $100 apiece. In the winter we went halibuting again.

In 1842 I got a letter from Dr. D. H. Storer, of Boston, saying that he was preparing a book on the fisheries of Massachusetts, and asking about the torpedo, which he had heard occurred on

our shores. I knew all about it. I supposed, having been a fisherman so long, I knew a good deal. He was a doctor of physic, and I thought I would aid him without any pecuniary pay, and he accepted. After I had answered questions about thirty-two kinds of fish he sent me his report, and said that was all they knew about fish and anything I could do would be important. I looked over it and found that I could do a good deal, and this was the beginning of my acquaintance with scientific men.

In 1842 I was fishing for halibut and cod on the backside of the cape, but left off soon enough to go shadding again, a second time, at Monomoy, from the last of May to the 20th of June. We had our nets already made and could go without any additional cost of outfit. We were unsuccessful and made only about $20 to a man, the crew consisting of eight men. There were probably fifty sail of vessels off Chatham fishing for shad. After this was over we commenced mackerel dragging in the bay, and continued it until the middle of July. Then we fitted for the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, sailing the latter part of July. We fished altogether at the Magdalens and got only 60 barrels; but this was a good share compared with other vessels. There were very few Provincetown vessels in the mackerel fishery that year, they being engaged mainly in the cod and whale fishery. There were a few from Cape Ann in the gulf with us. We returned home late in the fall, and our profits were very small.

In the winter, from the 1st of February, 1843, to May, we fished as usual in the gully for halibut, and went to Boston eight or nine times, sometimes carrying 5,000 or 6,000 pounds of fish sometimes not more than 2,000. About this year we began setting trawls for halibut, as has been described elsewhere. Before we began trawling we carried ten dories and eleven men, one man staying on board while every other one of the crew took a dory and went out to fish with hand-lines at various points within sight of the vessel. After trawling began we carried only five dories and sent two men out in each of them. When we first began fishing for halibut in the gully the fish would weigh on an average about 135 pounds. This was in 1838; but after we had fished there three or four years they didn't average more than 75 pounds. We used haddock for bait. After we got through halibut fishing there was no encouragement to fit for mackereling. Our vessel was old and would not pay for repairing, so I went to Saint Pierre and sold her to the French for $600. I ballasted her with brick, which also brought a good price. That wound up the old Lucy Mary.

In the spring of 1844 I commenced to fish in a little old sloop which my brother had bought. It wasn't good for anything, and was called the Mars. We had a crew of two men and a boy. We fished on what we called Mill Ledge, not more than a mile from Highland light, in from 14 to 25 fathoms of water. We caught about 500 or 600 weight the first day out, and as we couldn't get them into the well alive we struck them with a club as big around as my arm, and then put them into the well dead. The wind sprung up and the next morning it was still blowing fresh. We started to haul our dead halibut up to dress them when to our surprise every one of them was alive! We hit them as hard as we could. On this trip we made $100 to a share.

After the spring fishing was over we then engaged in the mackerel net fishery for the season. The mackerel came in here to spawn the latter part of May and through the month of June. We didn't use the sloop in this fishery, but had a boat.

The plaice, *Platessa oblonga* of Storer, was extremely abundant here then. At that time there were a great many squid, and the plaice fed on them. We caught 2,000 plaice in one afternoon. We sold them in Boston for turbot. Here and there we could find a marketman who would buy 150 or 200 pounds, but generally there was no demand for them. So we gave them away very frequently. After we went two or three times to Boston with plaice we found it wouldn't pay at

all. We could catch enough, but couldn't find a market for them. When bluefish came they became very scarce.

After we got through carrying plaice to Boston we went out in the bay and fished for cod and hake, and whatever we could catch, until about the 1st of September. We didn't like the sloop very well. We got tired of pumping. Hearing of a sloop for sale at New London I went there and bought the smack J. Sawyer, 33 tons. After buying that smack we brought her around in the fall of 1844, and commenced fishing in her, and fished into 1845. The 1st of January we were fishing for codfish. We had a crew of five men and carried four dories. The men were all on shares. We fished for cod in our bay and on Mid Bay Ledge, 7 miles from here towards Sandwich, the first of the winter and into January, 1845. Subsequently the fish left the ledge and we went out into deeper water off Race Point. After fishing till spring, about the 1st of April we went on to Nantucket Shoals with that smack for halibut, and I think we stocked about $400 while we were there. We went four trips, about five weeks altogether.

Then we stopped at home to engage in the mackerel net fishery, and let our smack out to a man who carried the fish to Boston market fresh and got a quarter for carrying them. We fished in our boats in our bay, drifting for mackerel.

After that mackerel season was over there was no prospect of doing much here and we came to the conclusion to go down to the coast of Maine. We went to Monhegan, and the fishermen there said we couldn't catch mackerel in nets; but we went out in our dories and set our nets in the night. We were gone from home four weeks and made $90 to a share. We thought that was doing pretty well and went down again, but the next time there were so many sharks that we couldn't do much and came home. The sharks would get in and tear the nets.

After returning home in the fall we set nets in our bay. We set them in the night and would draw them in the morning if the weather would permit. We fished in this way till about the middle of November and then fitted out for winter fishing in Cape Cod Bay. We fished for codfish in the bay and carried them alive to Boston market. In the spring of 1846 we engaged in halibut fishing as the year before. Then we let out our smack for a man to go in her to run mackerel while we fished for them in the bay. Then, after we got through with that, which might be about the 1st of July, we went to Monhegan as the year before. Several others went that year. We didn't do much. Returning home we fished with mackerel nets (gill-nets) here in the fall, until about the middle of November, when we commenced winter fishing again. (See Storer, Fishes of Massachusetts, pp. 58–174).

During the winter we had carried to Boston 3,999 cod, which weighed 51,263 pounds, and we stocked $734.18. In the spring we caught 2,205 cod and stocked $240.43.

We went cod-fishing in the winter until May 8, 1847. Then we went dragging for mackerel. This year we concluded not to go to Monhegan, so two of us took the smack and took two loads of lobsters to New York. We didn't do much with them. They died, for we didn't know how to take care of them very well. After returning, about the 1st of August, from New York, we commenced fishing for hake and pollock and fished way into the autumn. We didn't save the hake sounds then.

After that fishing was over we set mackerel nets until late in December and then commenced winter fishing again.

In the spring we went halibuting, fishing down on Nantucket Shoals until May. Mackerel catchers didn't do much, so that I didn't go at all to set mackerel nets. After the spring halibut fishing was over I commenced to carry lobsters to Boston. After the Boston trade fell off we then made five trips to New York with lobsters. We brought home fruit to sell. We bought the lobsters

here. We stopped about the 1st of September, 1848, and then commenced fishing for hake and pollock again. We did better at lobstering than we could at anything else. In the fall we set mackerel nets, but did not do much and fitted out for winter fishing as usual.

In 1849 we were in the J. Sawyer still fishing for cod in the winter and halibut in the spring. We had contracted to furnish lobsters to Boston, but we heard of cholera being at the south and the dealers backed out.

During the spring of 1849 I was in Boston selling codfish. We were accustomed to take our livers to Boston, and we sold them for 25 cents a bucket. Some parties came and offered us 37 cents. I made inquiry and found they wanted them for medicine, but I thought it was pretty coarse medicine. I was acquainted with doctors, physicians, and chemists, and I inquired about cod-liver oil, and they told me that it had been used in France for some years and was getting more common every day. Afterward I made a little oil and they said at Boston it was just as good as they ever saw.

I conceived the idea of going to Labrador to get cod livers, and Prof. Jeffries Wyman, Horatio R. Storer, and Frank H. Storer went with me. We started in pursuit of objects of natural history and the manufacture of medicinal cod-liver oil. It was late in the season, and most of the cod-fishing was over. I carried two dories. I got 300 gallons of cod-liver oil. We then returned home, and resorted to setting mackerel nets through the fall. My wife died while I was absent that voyage. This was the commencement of my manufacture of cod-liver oil, and I have been engaged in it ever since. I sold my smack when I came home, and in the spring of 1850 I bought the schooner William Gray, 58 tons, and fitted for Labrador. The main object of the voyage was to procure cod-liver oil. I carried 200 bushels of salt which I consumed on the codfish of my own catch. We got 20 barrels of medicinal oil. Then I returned home about the middle of September.

During that fall our fishermen were fishing for hake and pollock, and I commenced buying them. I didn't fish myself. I made $200. My schooner was hauled up at this time. My brother had a schooner, the Ned Buntline, and I went fishing for cod in the bay with him in the December of 1850. We fished for halibut, and did very well. After I left the Ned Buntline there were some men who wanted to go halibuting, and I told them if they were a mind to get the schooner off I would go. They got her off and I put a new suit of sails on her and started about the early part of April. I shipped my crew upon their own hooks. Every one had what he catched. I got 2,000 weight of halibut and went to Boston and sold them for 2½ cents a pound. We then went to Nantucket Shoals, and we caught 67 halibut that day and they weighed 6,000 pounds. This was Thursday, and the next day the wind struck us northeast and we went to Edgartown. Monday we came out and by night we were off Chatham and we tried to get up by the Cape. The next morning it blew heavy and I run down and run in after sounding on the shoal ground of Stellwagen Bank. Finally we got here and anchored in Herring Cove. The wind increased that night and the next morning the schooner dragged her anchor. Then I put on another and she dragged that too. Finally I put out the chain anchor and that held her till the gale was over. That night Minot's Ledge Light was blown over. I then went to Boston and found halibut in good demand. The first sold for 6 cents. Then I sold some for 5 and sold the last for 1 cent a pound. We stocked about $120. I owned the whole vessel and drew a quarter for her, so that I made a considerable good trip. After recruiting with bait we started out again and the first day we caught 67 again, and the next day we caught about 60, and the third day about 20 and started for Boston. Where I fished was in about 18 fathoms, Chatham Light bearing northwest by west. We went to Boston and sold our halibut for 5 cents right through. My share was $175. We were gone five days. Then we went one other trip down there and got about $100. Then we came home and fitted for the Bay Chaleur, Gulf of Saint Lawrence.

We sailed about the middle of July, 1851. We went down the coast of Maine and tried to get some menhaden but didn't catch much. After arriving in the gulf we went to the Magdalen Islands to fish and fished there until about the middle of September, when we went to Prince Edward Island. We took a heavy squall from the northeast. There were six vessels in company with us. We could see where the harbor went in, and I had a man aboard who had fished there before and who said he was just as well acquainted there as with Provincetown Harbor. One of these other schooners was half a mile ahead and one was behind. Then it got dark and I lost sight of these vessels. I saw a tremendous breaker ahead and I put Nat, my little boy, below and hauled to the north and luffed, and I hadn't run but a minute when I saw a sea coming from the other quarter. When that sea came along midships it broke right over us. The next sea that struck us didn't strike us so hard. She came working over till she came to the main beach of the island. She was up so high that the tide didn't wet her keel. I stripped her and sold her there. She brought most as much as she was worth. I was there a week. I went aboard another Provincetown vessel that was coming home and got off at Saint Peter's that night, and there came on what was known as the Yankee gale. I think it was the 4th of October, 1851. We hauled off that night and the next morning it was blowing a gale of wind. We sailed on till nearly night heading up northwest, and I saw a big breaker ahead. A sea struck us and took off our jib and flying jib and the boat off the stern. We were carried right up on the north part of Saint Peter's. I had twenty barrels of my mackerel aboard, which I saved. Then I finally came home in another vessel. I made pretty well that voyage. She was insured for $600, and I got my mackerel out and shipped them for home. We made $40 to a share on our mackerel, and did tiptop.

My brother was building a vessel at Northport, L. I., called the Golden Eagle, 80 tons. In the spring of 1852 I went fishing for halibut on Nantucket Shoals and took them to New York. Then we came here for mackerel fishing and this vessel carried them to Boston. Then we went to George's Bank for halibut in June, and carried our halibut to New York. We went two trips. After the two trips we fitted for mackereling—salt mackereling. We went off east of Cape Ann, and subsequently in the bay, and fished until the 1st of October, and then came home, and my brother took the vessel and went packeting to Boston and I set mackerel nets. In those winters I made cod-liver oil, but that didn't stop me from dory fishing.

When we returned from the George's in August, 1852, we stopped at Provincetown and took in 2,000 lobsters. There were three sharesmen and we each took our wives and children to New York to the World's Fair. There were eleven of us, and we stopped a week in New York.

In 1853 I was in the Golden Eagle on Nantucket Shoals, and afterwards went to George's Bank until the 1st of September, as the year before. In autumn I fished with gill-nets in our bay. I bought 200 quintals of hake and pollock.

In 1854 John, my brother, left, and I took charge of the schooner and fished for cod and halibut on Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank as the year before, and afterwards fished for mackerel from the shore. Then my brother-in-law took her and went mackereling.

In 1855, in the spring, I commenced dory fishing for cod, and preparing for catching mackerel with nets. I built a new boat, called the Ichthyologist, which cost $240, for a drag-boat to drift with nets in the bay. My son Nat was going with me and seemed to think that there was small chance for me to be high boat, until I undertook to explain to him why I thought I should be. I said to him, "I know what the mackerel come here for. They come here to deposit their spawn. They spawn in the head of the bay, in 7, 8, or 10 fathoms of water. If you go up to the spawning grounds you will find them more numerous." Accordingly, we got our boat ready and on the 20th day of May we left and went up the bay into about 10 fathoms of water. There we put over our

nets just as it was dark. All the rest of the fishing boats went out southwest from the Wood End to pick up those scattering mackerel, except one that chased me. When we drew our nets in the morning I think we had 2,050 mackerel, when we returned home. The other boat, the one that chased me, got 3,000. We then put them on a schooner and sent them to Boston and paid one-quarter for carrying. Of the boats that went off the Wood End the high boat got 140. My brother thought it was strange that he didn't get more; that he got his best night's work out there the year before, but he didn't remember at what time of the year it was. The following night it was still pleasant, and *all* the boats went up the bay. One of the vessels was afraid if they didn't haul their nets that night they wouldn't get any fish, so they drew their nets at 9 o'clock, and only got 1,500. When I hauled in in the morning I had 3,500. When I arrived I found that the vessel that took mackerel was all full, and I landed at home and salted them, and E. S. Smith & Co. gave me 2 cents apiece for them, so I got $70. After the mackerel deposit their spawn in the head of the bay they want something to eat, and I thought that where there is the most bait is where the tide running into Cape Cod bay meets with still water. I went there and got a full fare. At the close of the fishing we were high boat. We stocked about $320, which was about $100 more than any other boat. After the fishing season was over, which terminated about the middle of June, I shipped in the schooner Wave Crest, Captain Doane, and went to Monhegan to catch mackerel with nets, and took my boat and nets with me. We fished with gill-nets, drifting off the island. The fishermen there took a great fancy to my boat and I sold her for $240.

In the spring of 1855 I built a new boat. In the summer I went with that boat to Monhegan for mackerel, returning home the 1st of September. Then I fished from the shore for mackerel until late in the autumn. In the winter I engaged in fishing and making cod-liver oil.

In the spring of 1856 I built another boat and commenced about the 20th of May to drag mackerel nets, which lasted until about the middle of June. The 1st of July I received an appointment as commissioner to inquire into the expediency and practicability of the artificial propagation of fish. I located at Sandwich to watch the habits of the trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) during the spawning season. I had two colleagues on the commission with me, Hon. Reuben A. Chapman, of Springfield, and Dr. Henry Wheatland, of Salem. In the following winter we made our report, which terminated the commission. In November I was elected a member of the State house of representatives, which took me away from the fishing here.

When it came January of 1857 I went to the legislature, which was in session one hundred and forty-six days, and did not return home until June. On my return home I took the sloop-smack Federal and engaged in buying lobsters and carrying them to Boston until September, after which I was engaged in the shore fisheries in autumn, and the mackerel fishery.

The following January, 1858, I was returned to the house. After the close of the session I joined the sloop Federal and engaged in the lobster and bluefish trade, sending the fish to Boston until September. In the autumn I engaged in the shore fishery.

In 1859, in January, I was winter fishing, and in the spring I joined the sloop Federal again and engaged in the lobster and bluefish trade again, as the year before. In the fall I engaged in the shore fishery and mackerel net fishery.

The next spring, 1860, I again joined the Federal and went in her until about the 1st of June, when I went to Plymouth and there I swapped this smack for a better one called the Wave, by paying $400 to boot. I continued in the same business, fishing and buying lobsters and bluefish when I could get them, and selling them in Boston, until the 1st of September. In autumn I engaged in the mackerel net fishery and later in winter fishing.

In the spring of 1861 I took the sloop Wave and commenced fishing for cod and halibut, after

which I engaged in carrying fresh mackerel and lobsters to Boston until September. In the autumn I was fishing for mackerel with gill-nets in Massachusetts Bay.

In 1862 I did not go fishing in the winter—only occasionally. In the spring I was fishing for cod and halibut again, and in the summer for lobsters and bluefish. In the winter I engaged in the manufacture of cod-liver oil; in fact, I did so every winter. In the fall I set mackerel nets.

In 1863 I was in the sloop Wave, and engaged in fishing the same as the year before.

In 1864 I was in the Wave off Cape Cod in the spring and carrying mackerel and bluefish to Boston until September. In the winter I engaged in the manufacture of cod-liver oil.

In 1865 I was still in the Wave, engaged in cod and halibut fishing in the spring, and carrying fresh mackerel to market that we caught in gill-nets here, which lasted until about the middle of June. After that I engaged in carrying bluefish to Boston and fishing in the bay for codfish. In the autumn I fished for mackerel with gill-nets. In the winter I made cod-liver oil.

In 1866 I was in the sloop Wave, halibut fishing, as in springs before. After which carrying mackerel to market until June; and through the summer I engaged in the bluefish and dogfish fishery. In September I sold my vessel. That is when I coiled up my lines and quitted going vesseling.

Ever since that time I have been engaged in the manufacture of medicinal cod-liver oil and in smoking halibut brought from the Grand Bank.

In 1866 I bought 250 quintals of halibut, but was about three months smoking them, and the price fell, and I lost all my labor and $500. The next spring I received a notification to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, which I gave in the winter of 1868.* I smoked 400 quintals of halibut for Boston parties. In 1869, 1870, and 1871 I was in the fishery. Each and every year we smoked from 400 to 700 quintals of halibut, until the last three years. Last year we smoked 130 quintals, but the manufacture of cod liver oil has been my main business.

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* The lectures delivered by Captain Atwood at the Lowell Institute in 1868 were largely attended and very successful.—*Editor.*