

Chapter I Outward Bound

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It was on a pleasant summer day in the month of July, 1856, that I put my name on the articles as one of the crew of the ship *C* bound on a three years whaling voyage to the North Pacific and Arctic oceans and to sail in the course of a month. As this was my first voyage I felt a great responsibility resting upon my shoulders and of course felt very important. So the next morning I started off and bought a second hand sea chest in first rate order. ^{as} I was told and carried it to the shipping office where I was given my outfit consisting of two pair of Putnam Pants two blue woollen shirts two pair of Shirts, drawers, socks, at the same time telling you that you can get plenty of everything on board and informing you of the probable day of her sailing.

At last the eventful day arrived and I ^{being} ~~put~~ farewell to friends and leaving my mother in tears I departed for the scene of action. The ship was lying in the stream with topsails hoisted and colors set and to my eye presented a fine appearance. I soon found a boat going off and got into her and soon found myself on board. As we came over the rail the Captain (who came off in the same boat that brought me) gave orders to the mate to get under weigh and was answered by the mate giving orders to "Man the windlass" and very soon I began to see that she moved slowly through the water. To my eyes everything presented a scene of confusion. Ropes lying about the deck, chests, bags and boxes piled up promiscuously and all the clear spaces filled with people who had come on board for the purpose of seeing us off. But as we began to drop slowly down the lug they began to take their departure one by one till at last the decks were tolerably clear and we