

Journal on board

S.P.O. 14 March 1872

started to windward and took all of our line except one fluke in the small tub. then luckily for us - he started to leeward when we hauled in the line and put in the second iron and then we was in for another ride and a net one too - to windward. at last we got a good chance to lance him and killed him before any other boat could get fast took him alongside and had just got his jaw off as night overtook us.

Thursday Mar 7th

A gale of wind in the morning. at about six o'clock while wearing ship the fluke chain parted and of course let the whale adrift. the old man said "we'll have to let him go" but the mate volunteered to pick him up. he fastened to him and run a line to the ship and after we had him alongside the second time the line parted the mate fastened again. this time the waist boat lowered and after running out two tubs of line had just enough to reach the ship. we then came on board and as it had been raining in torrents the sea grew calm and the wind died away. and left us pleasant weather.

It was about twelve o'clock when we had him alongside the third time. but we kept him on the largest part at least. cut in the body in the afternoon and let the head go. a Chilano had his legs nearly broken by the flukes sliding across the deck. he was apparently to live to get out of the way. but I think if the truth was written the cause of it would be put down with these letters placed as they are S.P.O. & S.S.

Bark Alfred Gibbs

S.P.O.

March 1872

Friday Mar. 8th

We was boiling away merrily and talking of the products of the labor of yesterday and the day before - for without one the other would be useless - when the mastheadman sung out "blows - blows - a school of sperm whales". all hands were called and the Larboard and bow boats lowered immediately and soon after the waist boat lowered. after running off about an hour the mate went alongside of one and just as his boat started he settled and did not get the iron the second officer then went up to one and after the one that raised the whale (Shuman) put two irons in we killed him. he was a forty bbl bell and could use his fluke very well. had him alongside at about three

o'clock. got dinner and at seven he was safe.

Saturday Mar. 9th

All hands were kept on deck today and kept hard at work too. cutting junk bailing the case and boiling. our trimming machine was broken this morning and now we are cutting the old fashioned way. with big knives. gambled or rather Capt. Fenagan of Bark

R. L. Burston of Nantucket came on board the same one we was whaling with Mar. 6th.

Sunday Mar. 10th

Good weather. only now and then a squall of rain passed over us. was boiling steadily all day. then or four whales in sight.

Monday Mar. 11th

Today we finished boiling. and now it is good weather again but I care not what the weather is so long as it is good enough to get and save some oil.