

we concluded to keep in tow of the other boat in case of accident. The whale still continued running. In the other boat all was confusion. Their boatsteerer had been carried overboard by the line and with difficulty rescued, and they had lost three of their oars. We passed them an oar to steer their boat, also the whaling gun, being in hopes that a bomb lance, well aimed, might bring the whale to. The gun was fired at him, but whether it hit him or not, he did not mind it as he kept straight on. The sharpest eyes had long lost sight of the ship, and looking like an ugly night, the 2d mate, after bending a dory to the line, cut and let him go. After a half hour's hard pulling the third mate espied a light which we knew must be the ship's. We lighted our lantern that the ship might see us, set our sail and got aboard about 42 past 9 o'clock, shortened sail and stood N.E. Light wind during the night.

25th Light wind - beautiful weather. Made sail at sunrise, and just before breakfast a sperm whale was raised on our weather beam.

We lowered after breakfast, the whale being a little to leeward. After sailing about a mile the boats hove to, and shortly after the whale came up between the boats, they being in the shape of a triangle. The mate being in behind him, went up and struck him. He sounded deep, taking both of the mate's lines and part of a third from the 2d mate. In the meantime our boat pulled hard in the direction of the whale and when he came up we fastened to him, hauled the boat up, wood and black skin, till the 3d mate killed him. He was the kindest whale we have taken the voyage, and died like a martyr. We got him alongside and commenced to cut him in. We got his jaw and a few small blanket pieces on deck by sundown. This whale's jaw was the largest I ever saw or heard of, measuring 17 feet 8 inches in length. Just before sunset we spoke the Milton. Capt. Jones came aboard. They had taken 200 this season, and had not seen sperm whales since the 10th of July. She had spoken the Gas