

**JOHNNIE
QUICKSTEP'S
WHALING VOYAGE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649289899

Johnnie Quickstep's whaling voyage by George Paul Goff

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE PAUL GOFF

**JOHNNIE
QUICKSTEP'S
WHALING VOYAGE**

© 1897

PRICE, - - - 50 CENTS.

JOHNNIE QUICKSTEP'S WHALING VOYAGE.

OAKLAND PUBLISHING CO.,
470 FAVARIS STREET,
OAKLAND, CAL.



BY GEORGE PAUL GOFF

Gift of the University of California
478 100 1004
1894

JOHNNIE QUICKSTEP'S

Whaling Voyage

BY GEORGE PAUL GOFF

AUTHOR OF "SAN ANTONIO AND ENVIRONS," "THE HAUNTED
ISLAND," "NICK BABA'S LAST DRINK," ETC.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
1894.

835

1.1-

612j

~~64626~~

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1893, by
GEORGE P. GOFF
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Gift of H. L. Simms.

80662

BERGROFF LIBRARY

TO MY SAILOR BROTHER,

HARRY N. MORSE,

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.



CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
Chapter	I.—How I Came into the World.....	7
Chapter	II.—A Funeral	14
Chapter	III.—An Amateur Tramp	20
Chapter	IV.—I Fall into Bad Company.....	33
Chapter	V.—I Decide to be a Sailor.....	43
Chapter	VI.—Whales and other Things.....	53
Chapter	VII.—I Sign Articles.. . . .	62
Chapter	VIII.—Off to Sea.....	71
Chapter	IX.—Boxing the Compass	80
Chapter	X.—The Ship's Carpenter	92
Chapter	XI.—The Cook's Monkey.....	106
Chapter	XII.—The Fish Liar.....	119
Chapter	XIII.—A Storm at Sea	130
Chapter	XIV.—The Cook's Monkey again.....	138
Chapter	XV.—Chasing Whales.....	149
Chapter	XVI.—Capturing Whales.....	157
Chapter	XVII.—Cutting In.....	166
Chapter	XVIII.—Mysteries of the Sea.....	174
Chapter	XIX.—Whale-boats.....	182
Chapter	XX.—Around Cape Horn,	189
Chapter	XXI.—I am Promoted.....	199
Chapter	XXII.—Off for the Arctic	210
Chapter	XXIII.—Mermaids.....	217
Chapter	XXIV.—"There She Blows".....	224
Chapter	XXV.—In the Ice.....	230
Chapter	XXVI.—The Loss of the Peri.....	235





CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME INTO THE WORLD.

THE story which I am going to tell is a part of the events of my youth, when the cares and trials of human existence had settled down upon my broad shoulders, sending me forth upon the journey of life with but few years and no experience at all.

I first saw the light in the great city of New York and came of well-born and well-bred parents, neither of whom inherited anything of this world's desirable things except energy, good manners, independence of character and industry. I had never seen my father except in a photograph, for reasons which will appear as this story progresses, but which to me were eminently satisfactory. The love and devotion of my mother to my father, and to his memory, was one of those beautiful episodes that belong to the scheme of matrimony, but alas, which seldom accompanies that theoretically blissful condition of life. She never tired of telling me all that concerned the author of my being, how he looked, how he carried himself, why I had never seen him, what he said, and much more that I do not think it important to relate at this time. In this way my love for him grew and increased into almost hero worship just from hearing his virtues

spoken of day and night from my earliest recollection.

It was during the absence of my father, who was serving his enlistment in the armies of the war for the Union, that I was solemnly ushered into this breathing world. I had no agency in bringing myself here, and so became *nolens volens* a factor in the battle of human life—a scheme which seems to me now to be fuller of thorns than of roses.

My father was a small merchant at the time he enlisted, and had a thriving business, which, could he have devoted himself to it, would have made a competence in time and enabled him to have supported his family in ease and comfort. The family comprised father, mother, and the humble individual who is telling this story. My father had good reason to believe when he departed for the seat of war that another member would be added to his family, and was apprised in due time by letter that a son had been born to him. That was all he knew about it, for he was killed in one of the first battles of that sanguinary fratricidal contest.

My real name was not Quickstep, but on the contrary quite a high sounding one, my father being descended from one of the old Knickerbocker families. But he was disgraced in the eyes of his aristocratic relatives, and cut off from family communion in consequence of having committed high treason by marrying my mother, who possessed his heart, and who was the one being in all the world to me, having patience, goodness, virtue, tact, education,