

1: The Mutiny of the Elsinore - Wikisource, the free online library

The Mutiny of the Elsinore is easily one of the most disappointing books I've read in a while. The entire first part of the book is The Mutiny of the Elsinore is about a wealthy man by the name of Mr. Pathurst that decides to join in a journey around the Cape Horn.

Routed out of my hotel on a bitter March morning, I had crossed Baltimore and reached the pier-end precisely on time. On the seat, outside, the driver and Wada sat hunched in a temperature perhaps half a degree colder than mine. And there was no tug. Possum, the fox-terrier puppy Galbraith had so inconsiderately foisted upon me, whimpered and shivered on my lap inside my greatcoat and under the fur robe. But he would not settle down. Continually he whimpered and clawed and struggled to get out. And, once out and bitten by the cold, with equal insistence he whimpered and clawed to get back. His unceasing plaint and movement was anything but sedative to my jangled nerves. In the first place I was uninterested in the brute. He meant nothing to me. I did not know him. Time and again, as I drearily waited, I was on the verge of giving him to the driver. A farewell surprise package from Galbraith, he had arrived at the hotel the night before, by express from New York. Yet he might so easily have been decently like other folk and sent fruit. And with the advent of the terrier the trouble had begun. The hotel clerk judged me a criminal before the act I had not even had time to meditate. And then Wada, on his own initiative and out of his own foolish stupidity, had attempted to smuggle the puppy into his room and been caught by a house detective. Promptly Wada had forgotten all his English and lapsed into hysterical Japanese, and the house detective remembered only his Irish; while the hotel clerk had given me to understand in no uncertain terms that it was only what he had expected of me. Damn the dog, anyway! And damn Galbraith too! And as I froze on in the cab on that bleak pier-end, I damned myself as well, and the mad freak that had started me voyaging on a sailing-ship around the Horn. It belonged to the pilot, he said, and gave instructions to the chauffeur how to find some other pier from which, at some indeterminate time, I should be taken aboard the Elsinore by some other tug. This served to increase my irritation. Why should I not have been informed as well as the pilot? An hour later, still in my cab and stationed at the shore end of the new pier, the pilot arrived. Anything more unlike a pilot I could not have imagined. Here was no blue-jacketed, weather-beaten son of the sea, but a soft-spoken gentleman, for all the world the type of successful business man one meets in all the clubs. He introduced himself immediately, and I invited him to share my freezing cab with Possum and the baggage. That some change had been made in the arrangements by Captain West was all he knew, though he fancied the tug would come along any time. And it did, at one in the afternoon, after I had been compelled to wait and freeze for four mortal hours. During this time I fully made up my mind that I was not going to like this Captain West. Although I had never met him, his treatment of me from the outset had been, to say the least, cavalier. When the Elsinore lay in Erie Basin, just arrived from California with a cargo of barley, I had crossed over from New York to inspect what was to be my home for many months. I had been delighted with the ship and the cabin accommodation. Even the stateroom selected for me was satisfactory and far more spacious than I had expected. When I say that it opened directly into a bath-room, and that, among other things, it was furnished with a big brass bed such as one would never suspect to find at sea, I have said enough. Naturally, I had resolved that the bath-room and the big brass bed should be mine. When I asked the agents to arrange with the captain they seemed non-committal and uncomfortable. Whether it costs one hundred and fifty dollars or five hundred, I must have those quarters. Captain West is in Searsport at the present time, and we will write him to-day. Gray called me up several days later to inform me that Captain West had declined my offer. A day later I received a letter from Captain West. The writing and the wording were old-fashioned and formal. He regretted not having yet met me, and assured me that he would see personally that my quarters were made comfortable. For that matter he had already dispatched orders to Mr. Pike, the first mate of the Elsinore, to knock out the partition between my state-room and the spare state-room adjoining. Furtherâ€”and here is where my dislike for Captain West beganâ€”he informed me that if, when once well at sea, I should find myself dissatisfied, he would gladly, in that case, exchange quarters with me. And it was this Captain Nathaniel West, whom I had not yet met, who

had now kept me freezing on pier-ends through four miserable hours. The less I saw of him on the voyage the better, was my decision; and it was with a little tickle of pleasure that I thought of the many boxes of books I had dispatched on board from New York. Thank the Lord, I did not depend on sea captains for entertainment. At the first glimpse I knew that he was no more a sea captain than the pilot was a pilot. I had seen the best of the breed, the captains of the liners, and he no more resembled them than did he resemble the bluff-faced, gruff-voiced skippers I had read about in books. By his side stood a woman, of whom little was to be seen and who made a warm and gorgeous blob of colour in the huge muff and boa of red fox in which she was well-nigh buried. Harrison, when engaging passage, that the one thing I could not possibly consider was the skipper of the Elsinore taking his wife on the voyage. Harrison had smiled and assured me that Captain West would sail unaccompanied by a wife. His wife died over a year ago. They say that is what sent him back to sea. Long, lean, in his face a touch of race I as yet could only sense, he was as cool as the day was cold, as poised as a king or emperor, as remote as the farthest fixed star, as neutral as a proposition of Euclid. So curiously was I affected by this first glimpse of Captain West that I was aware of expecting to fall from his lips I knew not what words of untold beneficence and wisdom. Yet he uttered most commonplace regrets at the delay in a voice provocative of fresh surprise to me. It was low and gentle, almost too low, yet clear as a bell and touched with a faint reminiscent twang of old New England. It was discomfiting, that cool, penetrating, searching gaze. It was not that it was challenging, but that it was so insolently business-like. It was much in the very way one would look at a new coachman he was about to engage. I did not know then that she was to go on the voyage, and that her curiosity about the man who was to be a fellow-passenger for half a year was therefore only natural. Immediately she realized what she was doing, and her lips and eyes smiled as she spoke. I found him hovering about my luggage, wedging my dressing-case securely upright by means of my little automatic rifle. I was startled by the mountain of luggage around which mine was no more than a fringe. I was too angry to return to the cabin, and paced up and down the cold deck biting my lips with vexation. The last thing under the sun I desired in the pet quarters of a ship was a woman. For two cents I was ready to throw the voyage over and return on the tug to Baltimore. By the time the wind caused by our speed had chilled me bitterly, I noticed Miss West coming along the narrow deck, and could not avoid being struck by the spring and vitality of her walk. Her face, despite its firm moulding, had a suggestion of fragility that was belied by the robustness of her body. At least, one would argue that her body must be robust from her fashion of movement of it, though little could one divine the lines of it under the shapelessness of the furs. I turned away on my heel and fell moodily to contemplating the mountain of luggage. A huge packing-case attracted my attention, and I was staring at it when she spoke at my shoulder. When I made up my mind to come, I telegraphed Mr. He did his best. It was the fault of the piano house. Having satisfied herself, she was starting back, when she paused and said: So quick was the look she gave me that I knew she had in that moment caught all my disgruntlement and disgust. I know what is the matter with you. Please know that I do not need entertainment. I never saw the longest voyage that was too long, and I always arrive at the end with too many things not done for the passage ever to have been tedious, and. I knew too little about ships to be capable of admiring her lines, and, besides, I was in no mood for admiration. I was still debating with myself whether or not to chuck the whole thing and return on the tug. From all of which it must not be taken that I am a vacillating type of man. The trouble was that at no time, from the first thought of it, had I been keen for the voyage. Practically the reason I was taking it was because there was nothing else I was keen on. For some time now life had lost its savour. I was not jaded, nor was I exactly bored. But the zest had gone out of things. I had lost taste for my fellow-men and all their foolish, little, serious endeavours. For a far longer period I had been dissatisfied with women. I had endured them, but I had been too analytic of the faults of their primitiveness, of their almost ferocious devotion to the destiny of sex, to be enchanted with them. And I had come to be oppressed by what seemed to me the futility of artâ€™a pompous legerdemain, a consummate charlatanry that deceived not only its devotees but its practitioners. In short, I was embarking on the Elsinore because it was easier to than not; yet everything else was as equally and perilously easy. That was the curse of the condition into which I had fallen. That was why, as I stepped upon the deck of the Elsinore, I was half of a mind to tell them to keep my luggage where it was and bid Captain West and his daughter good-day.

2: The Mutiny of the Elsinore () - IMDb

The Mutiny of the Elsinore is a novel by the American writer Jack London first published in After death of the captain, the crew of a ship split between the two.

Jan 19, Mike Robbins rated it really liked it I first read this book as a young man, and loved it. Coming back to it after nearly 40 years, I still do. But it does raise questions about Jack London and what was going on in his head when he wrote it. It is March and a successful but world-weary young playwr I first read this book as a young man, and loved it. It is March and a successful but world-weary young playwright, John Pathurst, seeks refreshment and inspiration by going round the Horn as a passenger on a windjammer from Baltimore to Seattle. He has paid highly for his passage, and is accompanied by his manservant; he intends to be comfortable. But the rounding of the Horn is drawn-out and dangerous, and the ship is nearly lost. Moreover the regime aboard the Elsinore is harsh, and the crew are a bunch of no-good lowlifes who will eventually mutiny against it. It helps that London does a fair job of evoking what life in a windjammer must have been like. He can do this because this book was drawn, at least in part, from life. In March London and his second wife, Charmian Kitteredge London, took ship in Baltimore on a windjammer, the Dirigo, bound westward on the same route. The windjammers came into service in the last quarter of the 19th century. They were the last of the age of sail; iron- or steel-hulled, they were designed to carry bulk cargoes that were not time-sensitive and could be carried more cheaply than by steam, by using the prevailing winds. The Dirigo was one of the finest, built in Maine in to an English design. London and Kitteredge boarded it in Baltimore very much as Pathurst does in the book, and Kitteredge later described the voyage in a memoir of London that she published a few years after his death. One or two are major. For example, in the novel, the captain dies on passage off the Horn. The captain and mate in the book also seem to match those of the Dirigo. The captain, according to Charmian Kitteredge, was: The calm kingliness of his character was in cool contrast to that of the Mate, Fred Mortimer, hot-hearted, determined, all-around efficient driver of a crew that was composed, with a few exceptions well along in years, of landlubbers and weaklings. The latter board in Baltimore: These were the worse for liquor, and a more wretched, miserable, disgusting group of men I had never seen in any slum. Their clothes were rags. Their faces were bloated, bloody, and dirty. They were merely filthy and vile. They were vile of appearance, of speech, and action. There was something wrong with all of them. Their bodies were twisted, their faces distorted, and almost without exception they were under-sized. Bit by bit the Elsinore seems to appear a microcosm of a divided, unfair society. Is this what Jack London was trying to say in this book? Pathurst is the narrator, and his sense of superiority expresses itself in a belief that the Captain and the Mate are superior beings, and the crew scum. His class is thus destined to dominate. Moreover a number of the crew meet with nasty ends even before the mutiny. During it, two die quite horribly, torn apart by giant albatrosses: And yet, somehow, I was not very profoundly shocked. These were the men whom I had seen eviscerate [a] shark and toss it overboard, and shout with joy as they watched it devoured alive by its brethren. They had played a violent, cruel game with the things of life, and the things of life now played upon them the same violent, cruel game. Men born to rule over their inferiors, and nature red in tooth and claw. Jack London was a socialist all his life, but was there also a whiff of fascism about him? George Orwell thought so. Rather, he thought these traits made London better able to understand the nature of the ruling class, and that far from espousing fascism, he understood its dangers before it existed The Iron Heel, published in , describes a fascistic dystopia. It is more likely that London is using Pathurst to warn how the ruling class really think. Still, the earliest Nazis were pretty good at appealing to a certain type of person on the left as well as the right. Reading The Mutiny of the Elsinore, you do wonder whether, had London lived into the Fascist era, he might have been swept up in it all. That apart, The Mutiny of the Elsinore is quite a book. To be sure, he takes time to ramp up the tension before the mutiny, but that works. The description of the ship as it fights to round the Horn is also excellent, bringing forth a picture of a great steel ship, its sides streaked with rust, burdened by a cargo of thousands of tons of coal, wallowing in the huge seas as the sun comes and goes behind fast-moving, hostile clouds. The crew are also well-drawn. Now and then they do get close to caricature, but most work

well. By the time the ship reaches the Le Maire or Lemaire Strait at the southern extremity of Argentina, several of the crew have gone mad, or killed themselves or someone else. But life on a windjammer was indeed hard. To compete with steam, they sailed on small margins; the crew were paid little, the food was bad and the ships were sometimes worked with too few men. London is not exaggerating about the difficulty of rounding the Horn, either. Now and then a skipper just gave up, turned round and sailed east around the world instead. You can still see the Tall Ships, as they are now called; a number have survived as training ships for navies, and every now and then they foregather somewhere and are a tourist attraction. New Yorkers can see two moored at the South Street Seaport. But their time as trading ships was really over by The Mutiny of the Elsinore is a striking account of how it must have been. Maybe it raises doubts about how London saw his fellow-man. In any case, London is not the only person whose attitudes now look suspect because of events that he pre-dated, and would not have condoned.

3: The Mutiny of the Elsinore | David Duke Online

The Mutiny of the Elsinore is an allegory of the rebellion against established order and civilization led by Jewish Supremacists, the false trail created by "Socialists", the mistakes made by the ruling elite, and the hidden inner power of upright and honest people when their inner strength and reserves are called upon. It is a towering.

Chapter L[edit] In the past twenty-four hours many things have happened. To begin with, we nearly lost the steward in the second dog-watch last evening. Through the slits in the ventilator some man thrust a knife into the sacks of flour and cut them wide open from top to bottom. In the dark the flour poured to the deck unobserved. Of course, the man behind could not see through the screen of empty sacks, but he took a blind pot-shot at point-blank range when the steward went by, slip-sloppily dragging the heels of his slippers. Fortunately it was a miss, but so close a miss was it that his cheek and neck were burned with powder grains. At six bells in the first watch came another surprise. His voice shook as he spoke. And there in a row were our three pale-haired storm-waifs with the topaz eyes. And, heavens, they purred! At least, the inarticulate noises they made sounded more like purring than anything else. That these sounds meant friendliness was very evident. Also, they held out their hands, palms upward, in unmistakable sign of peace. Each in turn doffed his cap and placed my hand for a moment on his head. Without doubt this meant their offer of fealty, their acceptance of me as master. I nodded my head. Tom Spink groaned protest when I told Louis to take them below and give them blankets. I made the sleep-sign to them, and they nodded gratefully, hesitated, then pointed to their mouths and rubbed their stomachs. Feed them up, Louis, all they want. But he was unconvinced. The very quantity they had eaten was a suspicious thing, and, further, he had heard of a kind of ghost that devoured dead bodies in graveyards. Therefore, he concluded, mere non-eating was no test for a ghost. The mutineers called for a truce; and when Nosey Murphy, the Maltese Cockney, and the inevitable Charles Davis stood beneath me on the main deck, their faces showed lean and drawn. Famine had been my great ally. And in truth, with Margaret beside me in that high place of the break of the poop, as I looked down on the hungry wretches I felt very strong. Never had the inequality of numbers fore and aft been less than now. The three deserters, added to our own nine, made twelve of us, while the mutineers, after subtracting Ditman Olansen, Bob and the Faun, totalled only an even score. Breakfast is ready and waiting. At least not now. Suppose all hands get sail on her just to show good intention. The latter debated, as if gauging the measure of his weakness while he stared aloft at the work involved. When every sail is stretched and every yard braced, and all that mess of gear cleared up, food for a good meal will be served out. There were some too feeble to go aloft. In passing, I must note one delicious miracle that was worked before our eyes. They were hoisting the mizzen-upper-topsail-yard by means of one of the patent deck-capstans. Although they had reversed the gear so as to double the purchase, they were having a hard time of it. Nosey Murphy held the turn. Margaret gurgled low laughter in my ear as she caught the drift of the episode. The sea-lawyer looked at the other in amazement ere he answered: For a space neither spoke. Davis seemed to be giving the matter judicial consideration. Under such circumstances the decision Charles Davis gave was eminently the right one, although even then he offered a compromise. The sea-lawyer made no mistake. He knew in all absoluteness that he was choosing between life and death, and he limped over to the capstan and found his place. And as the work started, and as he toiled around and around the narrow circle, Margaret and I shamelessly and loudly laughed our approval. All of which must have pleased Nosey Murphy, for, as he continued to hold the turn and coil down, he kept a critical eye on Davis. And Davis, with a startle, visibly increased his efforts. This was too much for our fellows, who, Asiatics and all, applauded with laughter and hand-clapping. And what could I do? It was a gala day, and our faithful ones deserved some little recompense of amusement. So I ignored the breach of discipline and of poop etiquette by strolling away aft with Margaret. At the wheel was one of our storm-waifs. I set the course due east for Valparaiso, and sent the steward below to bring up sufficient food for one substantial meal for the mutineers. You can choose your own watches any way you please. He groans all the time. I made a selection of things from the medicine-chest for the acid-burned gangster; and, finding that Murphy knew how to manipulate a hypodermic syringe, entrusted him with one. Then, too, I practised with

the sextant and think I fairly caught the sun at noon and correctly worked up the observation. But this is latitude, and is comparatively easy. Longitude is more difficult. But I am reading up on it. All afternoon a gentle northerly fan of air snored the Elsinore through the water at a five-knot clip, and our course lay east for land, for the habitations of men, for the law and order that men institute whenever they organize into groups. Once in Valparaiso, with police flag flying, our mutineers will be taken care of by the shore authorities. Another thing I did was to rearrange our watches aft so as to split up the three storm-visitors. Margaret took one in her watch, along with the two sail-makers, Tom Spink, and Louis. Louis is half white, and all trustworthy, so that, at all times, on deck or below, he is told off to the task of never letting the topaz-eyed one out of his sight. In my watch are the steward, Buckwheat, Wada, and the other two topaz-eyed ones. And to one of them Wada is told off; and to the other is assigned the steward. We are not taking any chances. Always, night and day, on duty or off, these storm-strangers will have one of our proved men watching them. It was after a council with Margaret. As we tried to forecast it, their plan is to desert the Elsinore in the boats as soon as we fetch up with the land. For scuttling a ship is surely as ancient a practice as mutiny on the high seas. So it was, at one in the morning, that I tried out our strangers. One I left beside Margaret, who kept charge of the poop. On the other side of him stood the steward with his big hacking knife. And not only did the old steward, with signs emphatic and unmistakable, pledge himself to perform the execution, but we were all convinced that he was eager for the task. Wada, the two sail-makers, Louis, and the two topaz-eyed ones accompanied me. In addition to fighting weapons we were armed with axes. Here were the first boats we began work on; but, first of all, I called in the lookout from the fore-castle-head. He was Mulligan Jacobs; and he picked his way back across the wreck of the bridge where the fore-topgallant-yard still lay, and came up to me unafraid, as implacable and bitter as ever. Do you get that? I know your game. The only night watch we keep is the lookout. Go on with your work. Robbers of the toil of men. I like them little. I like you and your fathers not at all. You can hang some of them. Play hell to the top of your bent. Mulligan Jacobs might have been an artist, a philosophic poet, had he not been born crooked with a crooked back. And we smashed the boats. With axes and sledges it was an easier task than I had imagined. On top of both houses we left the boats masses of splintered wreckage, the topaz-eyed ones working most energetically; and we regained the poop without a shot being fired. The fore-castle turned out, of course, at our noise, but made no attempt to interfere with us. And right here I register another complaint against the sea-novelists. And yet this score of men did nothing while we destroyed their last chance for escape. This question he has asked me every day since the first day Mr. Pike began cudgelling his brains over it. I wonder, had I asked Mulligan Jacobs the question, if he would have told me?

4: The Mutiny of the Elsinore Quotes by Jack London

The Mutiny of the Elsinore By Jack London. 2 THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE BY JACK LONDON. 3 CHAPTER I
From the first the voyage was going wrong. Routed out of my.

5: The Mutiny of the Elsinore (film) - Wikipedia

THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE. NY: Macmillan, First edition, first printing. Hardcover. Orange pictorial cloth with title in white and gilt, cover illustrations in blue and gray; pp. + 6 pages ads at rear, color frontispiece.

6: The Mutiny of the Elsinore Part 1

The Mutiny of the Elsinore is a American silent action film directed by Edward Sloman and starring Mitchell Lewis, Helen Ferguson, and Noah Beery Jr. It is an adaptation of the Jack London novel *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*.

7: The Mutiny of the Elsinore

THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE [UNABRIDGED-MP3 CD] pdf

LibriVox recording of The Mutiny of the Elsinore, by Jack London. Read by Tom Crawford. This is the story of a voyage of a sailing ship from Baltimore to Seattle, east-to-west around Cape Horn in the winter.

8: The Mutiny of the Elsinore by Jack London

Directed by Roy Lockwood. With Paul Lukas, Lyn Harding, Kathleen Kelly, Clifford Evans. The story of a surly crew, an honest God-fearing captain, a hardboiled-but-loyal Scotch mate, a scoundrelly second-mate, and then a mutiny, the fight and the final voyage to a safe harbor.

9: Mutiny on the Elsinore : John Argyle : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

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Ordinary Language Criticism Technique Practice of Object Mission in Todays World Sites for seniors The I dont eat (but I cant lose weight loss program Gleanings after time Avanti beginning italian 3rd edition A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects and Doctrines: Volume 4. Part 1 State University of New York Farmingdale (College History) George Washingtons country Codex craftworlds 8th edition A users guide to PILOT The Taos Pueblo and its sacred Blue Lake The gay metropolis, 1940-1996 Review of Marshall McLuhans Understanding Media The Uyghur of China Dru C. Gladney Writing sentences, paragraphs, and compositions, level C (The MCP writing mastery program) Speaking of Writing The Jesus way study guide The Tenant of Wildfell Hall Volume II [EasyRead Edition] Impossible country Canadian writers guide Best tablet for taking notes on Boundaries of Her Body Normal matrix and pathological conditions NRSV Standard Catholic Ed Bible Anglicized (Tan/Red) The throne of the Eternal The Dream Provides Peace New Shoes (Parents Magazine Play Learn) Scientific management, job redesign, and work performance Issues in economics today guell Natural theology and noetic effects of sin The Healing Power of our Inner Warmth Bodyweight exercise revolution Yr Key Suc Law Sch A continuation of letters written by a Turkish spy at Paris. Wowakita Reservation Recollections Collecting costume jewelry 101 Synaptic Plasticity and Transsynaptic Signaling The Times Atlas of the World (World Atlas)