Friday Oct 15th

Here I am scribbling away in the cabin of the ship Franklin, two days out bound for the Tinian Islands. It is difficult to realize that I am so far away from my own land. Plowing the blue sea with a pencil steady hand.

And thus it is. We have had good weather, fine winds and are now steering the Gagpas Streamer with the hope of crossing it in the bowlderscud. On the 15th afternoon Oct 5,5, at 3 o'clock the pilot came aboard. He was prepared and we cast off from the wharf to begin our voyage. The master of the Spenes (Lee Hopkins) and a young man by the name of B. Bradlee, went with us to return in the pilot boat.

He was jubilant and confident. The men were around him or led and the tide had to be set. Consequently there was some delay. The white hand and head voice of the pilot. The hearty cry and the men. The full prolonged cry of head and mouth together with the cheering of God and the running of the boat. We are all new hands to the sea and helped to drive my thoughts from the homeward course. They might otherwise have taken the galling over the deck and watched the city which we were leaving rapidly behind us. It was certainly a beautiful sight, but my faculties were hardly awake enough to fully enjoy it.

I was in this state of comparative stupification when I was called into the cabin to take a parting glass with the friend who was about leaving. I declined at first, but the reply of the "come come you cannot refuse us this" followed immediately to say chum or sick as the case might be.
I tossed off my tumbler of Brandy and watered followed by one of Madeira bid my last farewell and watched the little pilot boat slip merrily away. Hooper and myself then took coffee and began pacing the deck in silence. Hooper knew felt no unpleasant sensation and began to hope that I might nor console myself with this idea. I rose up my quid on the belfry to see for the first time. the sun set in the waiting horizon. The western sky was perfectly clear. But the sun was by no means equal to what I expected. It to which I have been on land. My hope vanished all. for I became deadly sick and free to the ocean in a most remarkable manner. But I was who give up. but at dawn as the first stone was now began walking again to the infinite amusement of the Captain who joked about my hot burning. my enthusiastic legs. Yet came on another round stone. And so I continued alternately stoning and walking the between 1 and 2 when I turned in with all my clothes on. to look about in my narrow berth. and sleep if I could. The wind blew pest from the north east. The vessel was under a press of sail and pitched hopelessly. At length I fell into a dreamless yet troubled sleep which lasted at best intervals during the night. Thursday. Oct. 15 showed clear and calm. and died down into the heat in the afternoon. Soon the sea quite smooth and the cool air refreshing. So sitting down on a cot of rope. I watched the men working in the lively and about deck with something of vividness of which all new to me. The four topsails studding sails were up. and. They were kept leaving them on the main mass. It took some time for not all this year. and that as the afternoon wore away I was obliged to turn again into my berth. With witnesses of the vessel flying along under her cloud of full sail.
Friday Feb. 15. Another beautiful day! Wind N.N.W. The captain came to the close of my stateroom before breakfast and advised my getting up and having about dinner. If it had to take such advice and really felt better after moving about in the warm sun and bracing air for a little while. But it was now time to attempt eating breakfast. The very light of it was unpleasant — through the Mahi I comforted him. Said, if I seek comfort, there is place for that. “Keep on or back!”

Shall we shine more by luncheon?” dinner time. However, the change in my favour. I became very hungry, having been nothing for days. And eat a hearty meal without inconvenience. It is impossible to describe what a different being I felt better. My life, listen and dining extra made off — and I ate lunch later to enjoy myself. Then was many more cotton cloths eaten following on our track settling or whatever fell from the ship’s side and then swimming farther away over the water. The dinner in a matter of black clouds. It foreboding an unpleasant evening. Saturday, Feb. 16. As I expected the sky was brighter. The wind had shifted to S.E. And we were sailing to close hauled through a heavy sea. The wind increased during the day, and by night I felt blow fresh. While at the “Sail up” was barely two from forward. It began to have more in sight on our weather bow. Having blown before the wind directly upon us. The captain got his trim for ready, and we laid on closer packed on the wind waiting her approach. The came with Shillingwell set at the late of 5 o'clock. She passed within very short sailing distance of our lee quarter. She was from the Mediterranean bound home and most likely reported as “Beau and all well.” A boat had been fitted up for me between checks at the cabin was too small for
for our accommodation. So below decks and landed into a com-
fortless berth. Deep sleep and rest was never obtained. We
were wakened at six in the morning. The ship was rolling and pitching
fearfully. The masts and sails were bowed. The stowed ma-
terials were breaking and leaking with every lurch. I heard the
water running through the rigging and received a smart shock of
lightning. No way down the Borby. Later the binnacle came
down the poop and I caught him. What time it was I knew it
up pass day better lie still lie a blowing like the clams on deck.
Discouraged I could not help that. The times were and close till
dark. When the storm was up on deck. Sun enough it was blowing like the clams. The captain when he
brought in the weather came and I heard hardly. For better best at near the
ship came over the side. They put the ship as well as they
could when we heard the storm gathering. Of course little to
tours to say as a capital joke. Though they were laughing loud and miserable as usual for the destruction of
the vessel was bringing on my sickness again. I jumped up
easily and drove by the head into the cabin to think a little
of hot tea and chew some licorice. Much better but poorly how
can and a quarter coming up soon after. We completely
were up and hastened below to find comfort among cheaply
shivering. Also the wetter carriage bill. Want me etc. I eat
his dinner or breakfast. My sickness increased.
together. To render the wind was gentle. We had to shorten sail and make all sail for the coming night, which promised to be a tedious one. This was a decisive touch of bad luck. The wind was continually to haul one head from being broken. Between 8 and 9, the sail was taken in, and we kept under bare close-reefed sail. What all this was coming to, we were not likely to think. The captain looked anxious and as we went on deck, together he spoke of the living wind and falling sail with in a troubled manner. Even our airy spirits wereomented to the man at the wheel to know from course. There of coarse never been in such a scene before. Once clinging on to the halyards to enjoy what was last, fatigue and despair. The noise of the wind was equal to that of heavy thunder. and the breaking over the bow. kept the decks continually covered with a thick of water. It added to our happiness. It was 'pitching deck' no more, no sound. All above decks must I closed all below the boiling angry ocean. It seemed too right for sleep. And I was to break at the measure it with a hope which was fully realized for I slept soundly after when the decks pitch away over the lockers and the crew heavily stringing up against the wind. The cabin needed each individual to break.
The clumber of the 'ten o'clock' year unknown. Thursday, which I got up the gate had no moderation. The captain shook his head and said he had seldom seen in such a storm, and the Edward reported he break at a table. Our not be lost. Then Belle Cudio so heavily. So we had.
To drink our coffee as we sat clinging and staring, and watching the mingled with all my care for the contents of mine. Thank God it was moved away in the bow of my ship by the change of the wind. We had a climb away from the blue sky. The warm sun shone down. the bluest sky and set up the sails unfurled and set. And soon every vestige of the storm was dispersed save the tremendous head sea into which we were driving. That sudden air the changes at sea. We for the how lately we had been troubled and humbled, and backed in the warm sunshine with our thoughts reposing in the beautiful dreams. We could have been happy in the home air of a southern latitude.

The night was very beautiful. A new moon appeared soon after leaving Boston. which pleased me exceedingly, for that was the domain of moonlight in the tropic sea. That showed imagination to find my appreciation of its beauty realized. There was no disappointment. While leaning on the rail in the silent night, I seemed to be in a waking dream. The moon, redor, white so high, and the stars, clear, dazzling. Shone so finely over the deep blue sky. Their reflection on the water was perfect, heaven seemed above and below. And home came home to my thoughts since the clear ones there were gazing on the scene the same. Although less lovely. Another beauty was a moonlight night at sea. It is to have each sail filled with gale force "all along" astride for the sailors day. I have often gone forward and sitting on the hawsers head.
Washed the White canoes perfectly white and matted with
water above level. Upon picture. A view of the Red Moon, which
was a round red, as it rose, was the first, except the coastline of the
island, when I was sitting on the bow. One mentioned this in his
book, and the remark of the old sailor, often occurs to me, when I am
in similar situations. "You silently, that do their work." So the it is the
most beautiful and spiritual thing at sea.

During this time of pleasant breeze. Nothing happened of any
importance. The bill had to be put into proper order. The gigs
were to be set up and turned down, the hulls cleaned and painted.

Vehicle came out. So the crew were due to work. We came down the
beach, desiring the lead to the water's edge. Which it was a
pleasant job. On the deck, and having the bow painted when
it was placed. I have often seen the men come on deck from their
work covered completely with their shirts. Their hands, with
every thing went to their hair. I was a little of dressing it
about 10 days. Then came the painting which is the most pleasurable,
but hardly an honor work. While the ship is getting into sailing
time. I will write a few lines about the Captain, Lewis, and
other written about the vessel. Captain Kennedy is a young man of
26 or 30 of high respectability from Salem. This is his second boat
as master. But his recommendations are of the first order and the
owners of the "Franklin" have great confidence in him. His education
is tolerable, excellent, for one of his profession. And his manners
pleasant, under engaging knowing him to be a perfect gentleman.
I cannot be too grateful that I have such a pleasant a person to sail with.
The first mate was formerly a fisherman from Beverly and is a good specimen of our countrymen. He has one excellent quality above being once a member of a ship which he lost on his first voyage thereby losing his berth and everything else. After sleeping in it, the ship's doctor put him on a diet of potatoes and later, having recovered his health, he was very partial to him. Sailors always prefer a climbing haring man for an officer to one who will forsake them by leaving or other indecent behavior. The captain trusted to his judgment and, I think it was very advantageous to have a black man among a white crew. He was a quiet fellow of 30 years and a good seaman, and, maintaining his dignity, he used to think that more in his station. His name is Miame from somewhere above the Cape Verde Islands. He has had some religious talks with him and finds him quite liberal in his views. Though always allowing them, he is a very kind and will certainly go with them. Even our officers commanding the ship Franklin. The supercargo is a young man from London. He is the most liked by the English merchants. He is a good officer and a good mate. Having finished with the cabin, he went to the forecastle to see eleven men including. The carpenter and a boy...
who had knocked with pen and paper in vain we sailed. Among their names there are few as the fastest four good hands the others by all accounts are not worth their salt. With配上
time andclimaxed from our ship's company. To me the cam-
planter is the most unpleasant character aboard - a common-
drum and a show - and this even that afloat - he hands me
with his ridiculous idiotic face - and my dislike to him is a
common theme for joking in the cabin. They are two portugese
quit handsome fellows but as ignorant and dull as their sailing
spikes - also an Irish boy an excellent dancer and right quick about his work. Saturdays evening when the world
is finished the crew assemble on the forecastle. An old friend
your fellow says we write the choice music of the Barge
Kicker. "Who's for the English gentleman?" and many other
dancing songs. And how for our ship. She is a great sailer
and can throw speed 4 Knots in the finest breeze. But to
sail - consequently with the light winds we are almost wet
we do not deal on water than 2 or 5 Knots an hour in the longrun.
Moreover she is leaky having been built "clown sail". In a friendly
tough day she comes topsail, and had to be pumped out every
two hours. As other times - every four. That is once during a watch.
She then calls her almost dead. They have done so much to
her - even caulking thoroughly just before we started. The
weak ship is weaker than any thing else. Give a massive
thirty crafts and he will again be driven onto a hurricane.
But he will. Make his head when in a few hurricanes put
ten to forty sails on his vessel to keep his steady. Supposing we
have just been 

the only sail we have met with hordes.
Such are the officer men and ship. The painting is finished. The rigging is now to be handled longer. Daily mending, the long boats to be kept in order, and training the men to be prepared when I know better about. We have been sailing pleasantly for a fortnight in the NE gales, finding the weather boisterous every day as we approached the line. On Sunday, 23rd of Feb., a sail within sight. Sailing towards us she proved to be a French ship from Havanna, who was bound to Havanna. We wished them a pleasant passage. We押 the long boats again pleased. Then the monotony of the work had been thus happily broken. It is a very grateful accident to have a vessel in calm weather and line. It nearly always happened on Sunday that we were so lucky. It is fortunate when we to considering it a very great and be sufficiently grateful. The next afternoon the LFB Austrian vessel sighted us, and with mending and anchorage. A Dutchman from Brest, whom we had heavily laden and wished to be reported. They were writing 15 days over the line. The trade went away. The water, streams smooth and placid, and we lay because we 10 days before a heavy wind and current. When a light wind would fill the sails for an hour; then leave the mizen mainsail again and come a calm. With aewing over the decks and checked in loose time. Cloth and sea keep sufficiently cool. Then the sea wear down a delicious slumber. Waked up by the wing of a feeding bird. The nights are so bright and still. With the Mayellan clouds overhead and
The calmest and most pleasant moment was when the wave, just before it broke, would break into a mass of white foam. The sailor, with a pipe in his mouth, would raise his arms and throw them out behind him, while the wave would break over him. The captain would then throw his arms up in the air and shout, "Hurray!" The men would then jump up and down in excitement. I remember one stormy night when the wave was so large that it seemed to cover the entire sea. I watched in amazement as the wave crashed over the ship, but I was relieved when it subsided and the sea calmed down. I don't think I have ever felt more alive than when I was out on the deck, feeling the wind in my hair and the salt spray on my face. It was a moment of pure joy and freedom that I will never forget.
and then decided to the bows to see the fur - astern whale was then pulled out - on the mantlings with harpoon in hand already to drive some unfortunate gentleman if any drive made his appearance. Dear enough I but fortunately for him they were wary and kept up a considerable distance the time of following. They scattered off in a different direction. That night there were many medusas seen on or two very brilliant lightning up the sea with an intense blue light - and leaving their long tracks visible for a long time. This was the little green appearance once we chased the officers of the watch to call us if anything happened - but our ship was now broken so we made hopes to work till another year. If time allowed me before then.

A few nights before I had been called out to see a whale flowing near us. A Spout was forming above within 2 miles. The moon was clear and bright. So we thought the chance of the dear monster looking on the hunter was rather slim. The light - morning the whale was in sight and people inshore. The watcher of the ship was undertook the operation of boiling and cleaning. The whale was covered with streaks of oil showing the winding track of the New Bedford. On Tuesday morning another vessel was seen on our watch. We could hear enough to know colors during the day - herring schools. She was in her masthead - rigging and a tolerable sailor. Saturday morning was very beautiful. The young moon was lighting us on one way. The wind blew freely and very miles. Every thing had been placed in perfect order for the coming day of kill. The sailors were gathered in a room on the forecastle listening to read the lines.
lying I was the first in the stern deck of the long, flat, moving and the captain and it was sitting in the cabin. I never had felt the whirl of the sea as sharply as I did that evening. I knew not how long any movie might have lasted had not been touched by the Captain calling the men loudly from the forecastle. We crowded to the forecastle deck in a little way and over a corner where the furnishing on the floor. "What's a man," I cried, with my eyes fixed straight again as if to have me back into my late dreams, "This wonder was soon explained. The force of an old beef had been filled with pumps, hooks, and other combustible matter, the lightning and smoke into the water to drift down to the little hms, of hms, flying about man, flying "We watched up burning for on hour and a half and imagining the appearance of the beef, and the beef, and his wonderful ship - from the stern, unbelievably, phantom. I supposed to keep the crew supported in another. But, some dark, cloudy up, it began to rain, and I was forced down to my car. Living in the hms, Northome, literary, Sunday, the 6th. A fine day. The little rivers from no particular quarter. The big, black, in sight, heained again at high with high lightning, into and themselves. Monday, the 7th. A rainy day, and the wind. "There is nothing more terrible than a quiet storm, don't you the wind, ocean. The men turned like statues about the deck in their oil suits and cotton clothing. The cabin is damp.
and close. You feel less motion wanting to reach land steep or
Rup awake. It far surpasses a land storm. One of the
fortunates, caught a larger part in the rigging in the morning. How
he says 
He never feelsinclining without his head leaning
away from the coast of Africa. To afford some amusement
the crew threw his cap at the frightened birds, but they
were not show faint-both appearing astonished and amon
found at the new situation in which they found themselves
pleased to lead we were so much as to throw them into
a band together, and pack them into a state of surprisement
The boat was finally hauled and thrown overboard. The et
find our way; the Confidence chucked down below to regain
her wavelike voyage by laying on another deck. It the day
wore away. The storm increased with much rain and fresh
wind. The two was little in sight, as seldom. They ran to feel
quite sick again. For our canvas was spread down to log on
and being close, hauled on a wind. The old ship was very
nearly as she pitched on the lee way & on into the heavy
wind was fresh. But down the captain presently it was
for our canvas was not the strain with the leading lossfully.
was quite pleased to give a friend in the fortunate in the
vain - His visited about deck feeling almost as dim as myself.
It is a mistaken notion they feel no. He feel better. In a
flock broke the cap. It always more or less trouble. And
for the first two or three days was not been leaving over the rail
nearly as often as lived - I close cap no happen. He lay on the
capo's chest with my head forward for a pillow - how long. I remain
than I do not know. Died wonder from the story wrote when.
had come over me - by the second deck - singing out for me to come on deck - lived before. The other had turned in. The cabin lamp was burning dimly. And the man at the wheel was finally down in the cabin. I saw the man. Was it a dream? Was it hanging directly over the head. Or was there something - the man was a thing - they call a ghost. I watched it to the disappearance and then I walked out and exclaimed with my hand held up. Put my head down. Like clay brake when down. On edge to take my morning bath at the winch. - The cloud gradually floated away beneath the influence of the warm sun. And two sail appeared on the horizon, shining in the same direction as ourselves. They were at ships, showing American flags and a brig with an English cross at her head. - In the afternoon, the American hoisted anchors and the distance was too great for them to be made out. To dark, the man was disappearing on the horizon - having our distance discompletely. The sister brig was standing across the sea at a wide distance, having come down on another tack. But the high morning we had parted company and saw no more of her. Much to our dissatisfaction, for it failed fashion. Our calm woman and her man have been laid to her influence. Without how much justice I cannot say, though to me she looked as innocent as he and I could.
Sunday, Nov 13th. A fine day. We have had two or three unpleasant Sundays that fail after leaving Boston. It rained, was in sight keeping off. We slipped up with the tide as much as possible in order to decrease her. We came together to room and headed the craft. She was a strong one the "Sally". Careful Master. Bound from Banjo to Rio with a load of timber. We were much amused at a appearance. The captain had no glass of rum, but walked through his hands in Spanish fashion. The boat beating up in a deep long "beaver" taking a light. He exchanged civilities then filled away leaving the cloth. East for Astoria. Monday 14th. We have been in the S. E. headed for two or three days with pleasant weather. The Master began painting ship inside of a light green \#10. The Monkey tail lashed. Two rods of the house green. Tops stays yellow. Tuesday 15th. Sprayed early in the day. Ship forward home from Rio. Two children 15 days old and look comrade with the daily green tobacco. Enveloped them before. Sunday 16th. Everything has gone on smoothly since Tuesday. The wind had been fair and from ship from Rio had taken much fine headway being us to within 4 days S. west of Rio. The painting is finished and we shant go into port in fine style. Wednesday 23rd. Monday came in with rain which lasts. Continues even now. The Captain had taken his rights for Banjo to their own where abouts is hardly known. Through the land it thought to be very near. He省市 there was a decline appearance of land ahead but his bound what it be found in S. west bound. While we. This was sitting in the cabin about 9 in the evening.
A cry of "Light! light!" came ringing along from forward. I checked the wheel in my way and made for the clock. Then I saw a ship's light set on a distant point on our weather bow. It appeared very dim, and a ship's light of course the beam - and there was no chance to hold the wheel, I made a hard turn. "Drop your helm down!" I shouted. "About ship!" "Weave her around!" in a few moments we had the beam left on our quarter, making a head-wind for Cape. A ship's light by 9 o'clock. The clock showed the ship's - then we pitched on the weather side and watched it move until the cloud settled again. Then we were in the middle of a sea cut, and it could be seen in the distance. No moon sleep for us. The sea was getting - a sea of coffee, and the measures were made for seeing the night away as comfortably as possible. With land on our left. One careful to avoid, the turn in front. One steady, when you do now know up left, then down, or any third one. To feel a calm towards morning. Then in. Clearly the wind headed, signal clear ahead. Moving quickly up - shore, the ships course was turned inevitable - but then being no land in sight, we did not give the signal. Then followed.

Wondering what these lights had been. Perhaps another vessel1 showed it was deserted. All at once, impression were heard amidst the unknown purpose and all hands turned into ships away our angry and starboard-timbers. For the heavy on Thursday. It had been from below by the Cape. To see the land which was really in sight. Cape. This seemed as distant as the distance of 20 miles on up quarter. "Well"
we conducted ourselves with thinking "The light will certainly be visible tonight." And so, on a brisk, it was - and a miserable thing it proved. Being visible to descend and elevation 15 minutes.

Friday Nov 26th

After a good night's sleep - which was well needed. Such bright and pleasant to find Cape Hedo mild away. It is very high land, looking like a mountain rising out of the water. And the islands being mostly composed of white rock in the dazzling morning sun - itsdunes crisp covered with snow.

The wind which little before it blows little after and we steered along very slowly - beating on way up to the which we shall now reach next or 2 days of Matter and things continue as they are now.