Letter Second.

My last letter, fragments, brought us to the fifteenth of October—the tenth day from our voyage. We had reached the regular, pleasant weather of a warmer latitude were given up to all enjoyments & occasional enmity. Thus we steamed on for a week at past of favorable winds would drive our slow coach. During this spell of sunshine, nothing of any importance happened. The vessel had to be put into perfect order. I find these few lines in my journal down the bulwarks. "The rigging has been all set up taught & lashed down. The hull is now undergoing the operation of scraping to the water's edge. After which painting will follow. I then the bulwarks sail & wind will pass thru the same process of innovation & then, may then the "old girl" will look quite trim & light—but her sturdy new pettiants. The men often linger on deck from their (scraping) work covered completely with water & paint dust—chests, face, hands, but even their hair covered with
for this bit, which in the hot sun sticks together, it yells. No very pleasant job; you will say, which indeed it wasn't, occasioning more grunting than looks than anything which happened—Besides, the incessant noise was intolerable to us all for myself I should be quite prepared to be dragged all day from to be listened to. My nerves, never very strong, could not (well) bear the sound of a thin nail driven into glass. I thought they would (certainly) go distracted with this eternal rattle—

"While the ship is getting into better trim," so says my journal, "let me write a few lines about the Captain Mattox, one other worthy assistant. Captain Kenny is a young man of 28 or 30 of high respectability from Salem. This is his second voyage as master, but his recommendations are of the first order. The owner of the Franklin have great confidence in him—this confidence is excellent for one if his profession—his pleasant engaging manner makes him an agreeable companion.
I cannot be too grateful that I have so pleasant a person to sail with.

The first mate was formerly a Beverly fisherman - it is a good specimen of that dry eccentric class - he is an excellent sailor having once been master of a ship, which from no fault of his he lost on his first passage, thereby losing his berth - every hope. Piquing it - he is a short, thickset personage of great muscular power. At thirty-five or so - he has a screaming tinpanix voice with the wind, that is extremely funny - the winds the men up, so they try to repay his kindness are very particular to him - Seamen prefer a driving, chauvinizing man for an officer to one who will permit them by leniency - or rather neglecting their duties. The captain trusts to this Mr. Gallup's judgment, smiles at his oddities - I find it very agreable to stand through that few nights without laughing over his expedient joces - The second mate who lights by the way the whole boat - is a young fellow of 3. 4 or 20.
from somewhere down last by the name of Mr. a good man, a bearing his motions of dignity with proper ease. He is rather given to religious talk. I find his views quite liberal. Though his is sometime in dispensation it always insists that he is a great sinner. With certainly go to hell; a comforting idea of his which I don't prefer to meddle with. Such are the officers commanding the ship Franklin. Had you been country as fine as a cabinet to guide the helm of state—what then? Having finished with the cabin occupants, I will now make an excursion into the forecastle. There I find eleven men including the carpenter—a boy who had been taken with fever. I again even know we sailed—among these eleven there are three or at the most of good hand. The others by all accounts are not with their sails. There together with the cook, a steward who leads an awkward hand occasionally from the ship's company. To me the carpenter is the most unmitigated espy.
I must add where and when that after he shamed me with his insolence, it is face, that my dislike for him has become a common theme for mention in the cabin. Two of the crew are Portuguese, quite handsome fellows, the one dark and savage as a pirate, the other blonde and delicate as a woman—but both like ignorants, as their marline spikes. The bright English-Irish boy lad, the excellent singer, the seaman close comes in for a mention—on Saturday evenings, when the works were over, the two watches assemble on the forecastle, and this young fellow regales them all if the Quarterly with the choicest music of the "Bay of Biscay." "The good old English gentleman," another steering long that King George would have stopped to listen; could they have been borne to him over the quarter-deck. There is something in music, even lads at this, but why say that? The youth has a fine tenor voice—sings "fattle"
like a kind -kinds possessing a taste somewhat cultivated in old days to minister the whims - fancies of village girls who patronized the wandering circuses. Then, there is something in music, at night, under, in silence, loneliness, with moonlight - starlight - sullen airs, more charming even than the softest serenade standing in the long, deserted streets for midnight city. A long of Malibans would leap down in no paved elysium under such balmly influences. And now, for our ship. She is a little steamer, as I have said, to exceed eight knots in the jinest breeze that ever blew. Consequently with the light winds we can bliss with, we must move our faster than four or five knots an hour, in the long run. Moreover - the ship is leaking, having been built down east. In a rough sea she sways wonderfully - she had to be pumped out every two hours - at other times every four - that is, during a watch. The owners all have to keep watch. They have done so much to her in the way of unpaid - even
to sailing thoroughly before we started.
A weak ship is worse than anything else - give a master a strong craft and he will voyage to ride out a hurricane. But he shook his head, when in a gale he cannot put out enough on his vessel to keep her steady - such are our efficient men a ship. The painting and shaping are finished. Sails are now to be mended, the long trawls to be put in order, various the nicknackeries to be done which I know little about -

Sunday 23rd October - We have been sailing pleasantly for a fortnight in the North East trades - finding the weather hotter every day as we approached the line. This morning a sail was in sight, bearing towards us - about noon the vessel came within hail - she proved to be a frigate from Havana we gave her to Havana - we wished her a pleasant voyage - in French style to keep off to our country, happy that the monopoly of the West Indies has been thus broken. It is a very grateful accident to speak of
reach in mid ocean. A man is but generally happened with us to be so
fast on a Sunday, we are bound to
consider it in a peculiar End - and
to be proportionately grateful.

To those who have lived always on shore
it may seem strange that so trivial
a circumstance as falling in with
a vessel thousand miles from land
should be productive of much hap-

But I allow them that the
life of a human face divine, even
a stranger, beyond that of whom they
must daily, under the same roof, if
separated from their kind by any
closely or misfortune, would they
be a good which they could not will
estimate. Upon the long waste of
water think then, how interesting must
be the knowledge, that you are not
utterly alone, that over the same
convex earth, you are about to plough
another vessel, freighted with human
life, has lately past - so that the longer
a good fortune incident to you overshad
by others of your fellow beings & never
mix with a properly more to be met again.
24 Oct. - This afternoon I was lying half asleep in my hammock between, below, and above a cry of "sail ho!" caused me to start up quickly on deck. A Dutchman from Rio swept along like she was bound home to Antwerp, heavily laden with wheat. As she filled away I could not help noticing how different was her appearance from that of the Frenchman we hailed yesterday. She was heavy below - above showed some of the lightness of grace which marks the latter craft, whose sharp bows, long, delicate spars, and rich mahogany almost bespok her a picture. The characteristics of either nation were apparent in the cut of their jibs - while making this comparison, the ship from Amsterdam, which Irving has so immortalized as first threading Flushing, in his history of New York, is the one I supposed the Dutchman involuntarily came into my mind. In less than fifteen days of the time the breeze started, slid away, the water came smooth and glassy - we lay becalmed for 10 days together beneath a burning sun in a clear sky, making no progress except
As morning is evening when a light wind would fill the sails for a couple of hours then leave them to flap heavily during the rise of the night a day - Despite of the expectation it causes most mains I like a calm - under an evening breeze in lesser time a monument on can keep quite cool - comfortable even in the tropics - Then the sea waves such a lilac sloppy aspect, stirred only by the flight of flying fish or broken by the gleaming fin of a shark or spout of a whale - The night is bright and still with the golden clouds are the cross in the southern hemisphere - familiar stars sinking lower lower to the north while new constellations beam (out) overhead which the waters almost reflect with the quietness of a minor.

The sea rides a boat in these low latitudes with great splendor - light clouds gathered along the horizon, low thin salt coloring on mountain groups to assume a new hue of brilliant red yellow a violet vice branch out in most fantastic - even causing shapes as -
coming to the fancy of the beholder, who can realize all the visions of battles and the beauties of a paradise whether it be thronged with hordes or occupied by one just parents—who can build gigantic castles, or raise the graceful structure of fairy land—leaving arms against arms in manifold confusion with the whole magnificent but baseless fabric gradually disappearing as at the slow moving flame enchanted vessel the landsman every change is equivalent from sunshine to storm from calm to turbulent while the sailor grows at his howl rich in fortune a heaped out heaps of curses with every puff from his blackened pipe.

This is one portion of my life however in these parts which is not the most comfortable—between 8 bells at midnight & 8 bells in the morning. This interval is usually spent in sleep, by stem asples, alas! who are not gay constraint, but I am not of this number, not yet am I entitled to a rank with the last. I do not sleep because I can’t—no, because I won’t. Mark the difference here for it is
mavellous. I have before described the place assigned to me for residence. It was backw washed then under the auspices of autumn, cold, dampness, darkness and cabbage perfume. But it is worse now. Summer if it ists. The smell of a sturgeon - the handkerchiefs of my friend the carpenter, not so genteel as a watchman's boy in the moat. The indifferent calaboose dispensed a night or two after my occupation by into wade's and other vermin - was evacuated sometime ago. The mate, by good luck, had brought with him a cot, which differed from a hammock only by being stretched into shape on a frame - a mosquito net, both of which were kindly placed at my disposal. These articles were piled up, in my fate for the future was to be rocked to sleep, like a new-born infant, in this coffin-like cradle, swinging from a beam like the lantern. Once in it I was pretty well, but the mischief was how to hit the centre of the couch without being carried over to lanud. My first trial was a complete failure.
for my time had not been well spent, for whilst the roll of the vessel my mind
spring carried me down over the crew
I laid me flat back to back with the deck. My second attempt proved no
better for I rolled out on my face
from the life I was entering, but
at length after numerous futile efforts
I knew limits, my awkward en-
emys were covered with blood, I
found myself face a square on the
water smooth, clinging to a post
like a bird on a branch.

But the mosquito net, when was the
need of that? I must double here, like a
bore in this narrative - or in these
circumstances - I must even go without
the limits of this authentic journal -
carry myself back to the deck at New
Orleans when four months ago this ship
the Franklin lay. It is a sultry July
day, i there is no sign of life on board
banged along the pier stand a dozen
or twenty water casks, which a herd
of Negroes are filling from the river.
On the passage thence to Boston - the
company drank very little, for a
quantity of them including the captain's wife and child. The second mate had been committed to the long-boat if the yellow fever. The remainder were absolutely new, for reasons known only to themselves. Now this wrote it consisted of the best quality, works itself up especially to remain clear a month to the end of the longest voyage. Thinking a sufficient quantity for our outfit — we were led advised to make a voyage on the Mississippi. The river had doubled. The cisterns, cisterns, cisterns, been made. Now, step with oars that keep in mind to the kit of one of these cisterns, cisterns, cisterns, cisterns. I will throw up a lead-light for your better sight. Now then, am I have got a cloud of something in my face. Yes. They are only mosquitoes. Those 10 casks are full if them in a dormant condition. Raise a bug — they fly out like smoke to fill the sunshine — multiply according in compliance with heaven's command. So you perceive the use of the mosquitoes? If you ever camped out in a Florida swamp...
I killed mosquitoes by hundreds, big as hotha you will perfectly comprehend the mighty misery to which I was subjected.

When the steward prepared the cut every morning's son I am inclined must be swallowed as the met tucked closely in - I when I again to this cockpit from my long weary watch, home after the cabin expenses have natural. I have to lift the sheet as little as possible, just so as to let my body into its ease position, live in like an arrow, after a good shake outside. - tuck up, a proceed to sleep, which time I grasp a little for air then let my living in motion a lie low for sleep. But the jack would be worn to tuckly - I must baffle myself. -

The lantern lived within arms length enveloped with hanging lamp and preserving out from its hanging blanket like a wild's twilight from surrounding pest. - bush. - The countless king in turn one by the other, just as they please, complimenting or blackguarding each other, but all look upon harrassing me, to the top of their beings. In the top of principle of them the minister the every man of them
Dwelling the chorus "Rock the infant\n
I am not only

- - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - -

that is affection (not conveying my meaning). Who Lucy is I cannot make out. There is no one of the name. I wish there were. If she would be good to come a living me as a certain Lucy did, when I was an usher -

An hour had gone - I am not awake now, but I am fast losing them, by thunder! I am bit - yes bit, there is no mistake - I am not the only prisoner in this mesh. You feel to sound it. I have killed him. The epidemic fever has seized Lucy or Morphine (which is it?) among I raised my thermometer to fever heat. What with singing, a giving utterance to various expiatory ejaculations of vitiation, I have trampled up to another hour - you back to the cry "Eight bells! call the watch! pump ship!" given by the mate with great gusto.

Then they go - bang - bang - bang - bang -

those outrageous drums that the deck half a dozen feet from my head. This is too much! With another exclaim
I commence issuing under my delicate
curtain— with another make a plunge
from under them — with another life
dash it on deck — a yarn at the stand
who, to make the matter worse, are
all writhing with laughter at my
afflictions. But this movement of
their never fails in the end of putting
me into good humour — wrapping
myself in an old saw bid to escape
being camped a flag by the heavy ten-
le in the shadow of the spanker to
escape being moonstruck. I am at
length, let on the right track — am
now dreaming of the day that saved
me in my childhood —
Of such experience: we are in a week
but for two months, probably, are not
even to wear some flesh off a man's
bones — there is no truth in De Sombolys
at least on ventilation, early venturing
etc.

The above long upchuck will, from
my diary will let you a little into the
spirit of the impressions I received in the
(wood) almost unawed. I led on the topi-
cal verse. The monotony of a kick turn
is indescribable to those who have been
were accustomed to
engaged in active pursuits. But the
monotony of the sea is very different
than the strength taken for granted, then
in no earthly nature why a man can
mental relaxation should wear even
on board a slow ship or in a running
calm. Hardly a moment passes without
bringing something to attract the atten-
tion. It be bird or Portuguese man of
war along side.

"On Sunday afternoon October 30th
many banks of clouds appeared on the
horizon, which soon was covered
the sky. Between five and six o'clock
the rain poured down in torrents, af-
fording an opportunity of filling up
the casks with pure fresh water.
The mate paddled about the deck in
tarpaulin..."
It rained most of the night, but the next morning was clear, with a slight wind. Thursday, Nov 3. The captain and crew had turned in about 10 o'clock last night. The mate & I were spinning yarn on the spinning wheel in the cabin over the monkey rail. Suddenly he started up, flinging off his frock jacket, and clanging out something. I did not hear, rushed forward. I immediately jumped up to the deck to discover what was in the wind. Just below the surface of the water there appeared long, vivid streaks of light, glancing backward and forward, describing all manner of hieroglyphics. The mate and I thought they were occasioned by purp站着, as with any the slightest commotion caused by the pin of a fish in the trail. If a fish in the water on the trail if a fish in the water and shining, white phosphoric sparkles would cause to call up the ships — then sailing to the bows to see the fish. The mate was packed out on the mizzenmast with harpoon in hand, ready to strike any unfortunate gentleman who came within reach, but fortunately for their shining backs they
were too many for us to keep at a safe distance the third of playing would be
tracking, a halting one, and endless digits — they darted off — disappeared with
a flash, like burning lightning.

The late Challenges returned to their
berths as the mate and myself at our
old post. There stood watching for
meteors which fell in great numbers
that the Southern Sky — Some very
brilliant, lighting up the ocean with an
infernal brilliance, leaving trails of
long, glowing trains visible for mo-
ments' space. This is the time of
year for such, meteor showers. We
change the officers of the watch
every night to be sure to call us
if anything remarkable happens.

But at last our sleep has not been
broken. So, we may have to wait till
another year — unless Father Mills
proves a true prophet a time too
comes to an end before then —
It is strange what an effect has pro-
duced upon the most illiterate class
by this most of one about the last day
of the judgment — Some of our crew
are not untrite to believe this is the last
voyage they shall make before landing into eternity at the brink of snow. Even I confess to a strange sentiment of awe when hearing the subject endlessly discussed forever, a driving the moment's impulsion made upon a strong man who had been the sport of superstition from his childhood. I love all disposition of jest with the wild, wicked tricks which are abroad.

Thursday (last) night I had just popped into my est when the office came from to tell me there was a whale blowing. My chance of sleep was so poor, that I immediately slipped into a pair of Chinese work up stairs. Sure enough within a short time three black monsters spouting every few moments as if for recreation. A whale was hovering in the distance and the moon was full - bright so we thought other appearances were against the Leviathan's working on the moon. — This morning the "Spoutin" was in sight and enveloped in smoke. The blubber of our fish was properly undergoing the operation of boiling.
If the impending danger. The water was
shaken for a man with oil - showing
the winding way of the New Bedford.
About noon another vessel was seen
on our weather beam. We knew
enough to each other to show colors
during the day - this were Dutch.
She was an Hermaphroditic brig -
- a tolerable sailor, that is to say if
we were lay claim to being curved
for the hat, kept even pace with
us, and a bit - till night next.
I have before spoken casually of a youth
in the forecastlale who had been touched
with fever &ague shortly after we
left Boston. In my journal I found this
mention of him -

"I have been much intrated today
in the story of a poor boy on board, who
had fever & encephalcat from had won
my sympathy long before - having occu-
pation to turn upon my chest of clothing
in The Storge. I found myself in company
with this lad who was mending
a kindling stick - this littlest - depic-
ted air touched me - - giving my own
feelings a curiosity vent. I asked how
he did today in a kindly tone - this
life with mine for a moment with an
unusual beam of pleasure. Then fell
heavily upon his work (while), again, while
he answered—” Really sir! I nearly des-
pair of getting over these shocking fits.”
The expression of his tone I am indesi-
able melancholy urged me to say some-
thing more—”But John, the captain's
was help you don't stay? ” he smiled
a little as he answered, “on
me sir. I don't see that they so— he isn't
much of a doctor—” he went with
his work—slowly to be done—but with
the manner of one who was unwilling to
complain even when the opportunity was
present—I saw that if I wished to learn
anything about the fellow I must make
this first advance—put him pretty close,
so leaning my chest towards him—pretend
to be very busy overhauling my
groan clothes—I gradually led him into
easy conversation I drew his little story
from him—It was one of happening
honorable—he was left an orphan in the
country at an early age—Being a boy
of spirit he soon tired of a farmer’s life
he made his way to Boston to make his
fortune—Groping about the wharfs one day
he saw a fine ship getting under weigh for
the East Indies. Without any reflection he
jumped aboard with his bundle offered him-
self as a hand - the seafarer strong and
masterly - the captain took him without hesita-
tion - hardly prepared for this new
kind of life. The duties sub jockey upon
him for a time - he regretted the week-
less temper that had thrown him adrift.

But before many weeks were over he
began to be a good sailor. "For" he said,
"I saw there was no help for it, it went
to work with a will. Determined to work
a better better berth known or later, for
I had got a little book leaning at a village
school in the winter. I knew the value
of a hand to my name. I meant to be
a captain, he knew, before I was done."
his pale face flushed - his eye gleamed
again.

By the end of the "voyage, as I could gather,
the boy had conducted himself, that he
stepped ashore no longer a poor stripling
but a rising man with a purse in his
pocket - this good name went about.

The owners of the East Indiaman offered
him a place in a ship bound to New Orleans
with the promise of a second - to the
voyage.