This has been rather a squally day considerable rain has fallen, and every body on deck is using an abundant supply of rain water for washing purposes. Having stopped up the "Scuppers" they use the whole deck, for one grand wash-tub. They all, especially the Kanakas appear delighted to get in warm weather again. A fine breeze and the Addison has been going at the rate of seven or eight knots.

8th. This morning we find that the Clipper Brig has beat us again, Another ship in sight. The ship came down after dinner and spoke us. She proved to be the Abraham Barker Capt. Slocum from the Ochotsk Sea, three whales this season. He does not bring very flattering accounts from that region, a few ships have done quite well but the most of the fleet are poorly off. Such news tends to make us feel quite well off. and I do feel that we have very much to be thankful for, it is so much better to go in port in our own ship ~~than to~~ with 700 lbs of oil and 10,000 lbs bone, than it would to have gone in passengers leaving the old Addison's bones in the Arctic, a fate which she very narrowly escaped. Capt. Slocum sent us some coffee from his ship which was very acceptable as we have been without for several weeks.

9th. We have again beat the Victoria, the Abraham Barker and the Addison have kept very near together for the last 24 hours. A fine breeze and the Sandwich Islands begin to look very near on the chart

10th. This is the Sabbath, a day of rest, for which I am truly glad the past has been a busy week. Washing and ironing all the thick clothing that we have been wearing for the season, then washing starching and ironing all the fine clothes which are put by "rough dry" which is no inconsiderable job. besides having the stove taken down, and cleaning in every nook and corner. It all seems to come at once, for they call near warm weather, and when that arrives we are not far from our journey's end. The Abraham Barker still near us, parted company with the Victoria several days since, astern. On another Sabbath, if nothing prevents we can probably attend church. what a privilege we shall esteem it.

12th. Yesterday a sad event occurred which cast a gloom over our whole company. the death and burial of William Kalama a Kanaka. he has been off duty some time, did not complain but appeared to be running down. Samuel gave him medicine and tonics, he had no idea that he was so low until they told us he was dead. he was on deck the day before. I went on deck at sunset to hear the funeral service read before he was consigned to the deep. It seemed rather aggravating after being so long from home to die as it were within sight of it. This P.M. Capt. Slocum made us another visit. The wind has not been fair for several days. we shall not be able to fetch Maui, where Samuel intended to go first and we shall have hard work to fetch Oahu unless the wind hauls. have had no trades as yet.

13th. Saw Oahu this morning, we have been going back and forth all day, beating, and are just about as near now at dark, as we were then. I thought this morning that by this time I should have been made happy or sad by the reception of letters. Another ship has come up here today in the same predicament should we stop here several days with the point as it now is. I expect there would be quite a fleet here.

14th. A.M. Wind changable so that we could get along but very little. P.M. Wind fair. got off Diamond Head about dark lay off and on through the night. The Marengo close by us coming from Maui. Passed the Clipper Ship John Marshall. Victoria Abraham Barker and Majestic close by us.

15th. We were off Diamond Head early this morning. Capt. Howland the pilot came on board. The Steamtug is repairing some of her machinery so that we are now waiting her arrival. Capt. Slocum made us a call this morning as he went ashore. his ship says "off and on". Samuel has gone ashore to procure a boarding place for us and to get letters if there may be any for us, and I await this reception oh! how tremblingly. The Speedwell has just passed us. so we shall probably find Capt. & Mrs Gibbs in port