

71 January 1852

Thursday
Sally
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Commenced with strong winds from the westward steering by the wind to the southward under all sail saw perhaps they come under the bow but will not stop long enough for us to strike one the brig still in sight crossed mid on top gullant your our lamp oil is getting very scarce we have but 2 gallons in the ship but we are in hopes of getting a whack ere long I think it rather hard for a whole ship to be on a short allowance of oil but such seems to be our hard fortune and we must abide by it at 4 o'clock the main topmast at a blowing fresh from N.W. furled the top gullant sails and at 10 o'clock had her under close reefed fore to fore double main and reefed fore sail Laying by by the wind on the starboard tack heading S.W. one of the boatsteers sick in my watch he complains of a lame leg It is a common thing for some men to be taken sick in bad weather he has had several spells of his complaints since we left home and always in bad and stormy times I wish we had a medicine that would tell when a man is sick or playing possum at 5 o'clock p.m. furled the fore topsail we have heavy squalls of wind and rain the wind has hauled S.W. and very unsteady at 8 p.m. reefed and set the main and it blowing winds and heavy gales squalls finished the day these are hard winds for us they are driving us off to the eastward and we are very anxious to get to the westward

Friday

Commenced the same as the last day left off blowing a gale from S.W. with heavy squalls of wind hail and rain close reefed the main topsail and returned up the waist boat making all ready for the night when the boat struck still keeps below

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Oh ye landmen I wish I had some of you here to enjoy the sight that we have before us at the present and I could stow my self by one of our comfortable piles and have your feather beds to rest my bones on until the seaman called me to breakfast but in the stead of these common comforts that the landman scarce by feels thankful for we have our provision half cooked as the ship labour so heavy we cannot heat it on the fire and all sleep if sleep it might be called we lay out selves down and commence to roll from one side of our berths to the other and if we chance to close our eyes in sleep we are startled by some frightful dream that makes us think we are in some other place of misery and when we awake we find the dream more truth than fiction or perhaps we may close our eyes in something of a quiet slumber dreaming of friends and loved ones on shore perhaps of some fair maiden that has promised to be your better half when you return when all of a sudden you are roused by the hoarse cry of all hands to save the ship you spring for your life half naked you find yourself on deck and you think a knot to secure some load or perhaps the ship has sprung a leak you mash the pumps but find the water gains on you and you know that heaven or hell is soon to be your doom and the most of sea faring men are better prepared for the latter place than the former that is judging them by myself but with all these hardships before us there is what a happy clod of mud on earth than the sailors