

Journal on board

S.P.O. 1st August 1871

Wednesday Aug 9

Running under double reefed topsails
a jolly breeze course S.E. nothing in sight

Thursday Aug 10

Run under double reefed topsails all day
and at night bore to under close reefed
main so we go and so we stop

Friday Aug 11th

Was running until three o'clock and then
we bore to on the Port tack Juan Fernandez
in sight and soon perhaps we will be
gamining

Saturday Aug 12

Squally. several merchantmen but none
whaler in sight. but no work for us to-day

Sunday Aug 13

"Rich men may dwell in brown stone front
Have all that wealth can buy

Enjoy themselves while here on earth
As fashion suits their eye

I do not annoy any one

For I am contented quite

And pleasure find within my room
With my old Meerschaum pipe"

Monday Aug 15

A gale of wind was bore to under close
reefed main-top-sail. nothing done

Tuesday Aug 16

Very pleasant and very cool. nothing in
sight. Dr - It - Dr - Dr - Dr - Dr -

Wednesday Aug 17

First rate weather for scrimshawing
and that seems to be the rage now
the time passes off much quicker than
doing nothing

Bark Alfred Gibbs

August 1871

Thursday Aug 17

Good weather. nothing in sight. nothing done
a strong breeze. was under double reefed top
sails. Took in more at night

Friday Aug 18th

A gale of wind. was under close reefed top
sails. Two sails in sight. one whaler and one
merchantman. Larious personified their sights

Saturday Aug 19th

Quite pleasant in the morning. at whole
to wind. at noon took in every thing but close
reefed main-top-sail nothing in sight

Sunday Aug 20

Nearly calm. nothing in sight. but sea
birds. clouds. finches and other inhabitants
of sea and none from land though we can
not be far from it

Monday Aug 21st

Calm. and dull. nothing in sight. and no
work I don't know but a little work would
be better. full and by in canvas

Tuesday Aug 22nd

This must be monotonous to read as mine
so as the life it is written about. calm
and the same kind of weather

Wednesday Aug 23rd

A change! a gale of wind today close reefed main
top sail cold. rain. and disagreeable no work
for us our only friends or foes rather was the fog

Thursday Aug 24th

No mastheads. lookouts. or anything save whels
and wind squalls. rain and hail and spray
flying over the bulwarks. but this can't
go on forever some change will come
eight days recorded on one page and what is
it?