

and you would take him to be one of the B'boys with his eye teeth cut to some purpose and one not likely to be easily taken in. He is the oldest and shrewdest of our foremast hands and requires more notice. He is not over remarkable for cleanliness however and my description of him though it is Sunday may be applied through the week as well. The rest of them have got washed and shaved up except a few beardless youths and are now sunning themselves in a clean suit apparently indifferent to every thing about them. Perhaps they are wandering back in imagination to scenes of long ago and their many friends. Let them indulge in such dreamy reflections. I find much pleasure in these frequent delusions.

I must not pass over this day without noticing our good dinner of roast turkey which far exceeded anything of the kind we have had down to since our first and never to be forgotten one that day we sailed though we have had no small share of fresh since which has usually been served up in the most agreeable manner possible under circumstances necessarily contracted at sea.

Reading has however been our chief occupation and as fancy dictated I have perused various sacred, humorous and passionate writings. The best of answers to while away some of the hours which now and then begin to have a tone of monotony at the *spicy* varieties of

a sea life are fast wearing away. No wonder that I felt myself quite contented when I had digested certain passages in *Supper's Poetical Philosophy* wherein he says: "Contentment is the temperate repast flowing with milk and honey" and fair contentment's angel face is rayed with winning smiles" ~~uttered~~ On such days as this with nothing to disturb falling into a reverie I lean for a while on these "pillars of felicity" and as often my imagination strays and with delight I recognise each familiar face at home. But the veriest trifle shades the picture and I find myself within the narrow confines of a vessel in all its realities with a long time before us before we can be freed from the tempests and calms which as a consequence are the lot of sailors. But hope is the anchor we cling to. As pleasant as it came in the day ended. Lat. $3^{\circ}21'$ Lon. $14^{\circ}47'$

Oct 17th

Slight changes in wind weather ^{aiming} same Course S. W. by S. Lat. $2^{\circ}25'$ Lon. $15^{\circ}42'$

Oct 18th

Wind from S. E. quite fresh S. S. W. Course Saw 2 sails also blackfish and near night Caught a porpoise. Lat. $1^{\circ}13'$ Lon. $17^{\circ}6'$