

Baigrie Jasper Monday Night Feb 9th 1847 in the Latt
off 33 N South Long 90 12 East 8 months out 25-0-31-54
Furish is was at home lying along side of my wife but
I am here if it was the wind might blow and the
snow might fly and I would turn over and kiss her
and go to sleep with the baby on one side and I
am the other she would be happy but she has got
the baby to sleep with and I must sleep alone at 11
o'clock I must turn out and watch the Deck until 3 and
then in until 7 and so goes the world while I plough
the sea to maintain the rich they beat home
taking comfort with their wives and children while
I tread the Deck of this ship but bearing they
have their reward, so no more to night I will turn
in at 10 minutes past 7 o'clock a cold stormy night
Feb 18th & no whals yet a long ways from home and in low
spirits, but if some fortune favours us we will wait until
she throw a pleasing glance so no more to night, I will turn in
Sunday Night and another week gone and no whals but
every thing is for the best be that made the sea and my
Lama knows what is best so the Leary will be home and
not mine I will live in hope and may I never be cast
away on the rock of Despair so wishing good to all men and
crave the blessing of God on all I will turn in Feb 19th
Feb 23rd this night it blows a heavy gale and I have got 4 hours on
Deck and no whals yet but all is for the best and so it will
turn out I hope I feel as though I would be glad to see
my wife but if by the blessing of God I should live
I hope to see her in 22 months more I am so far from her
as I can be just half way round the world and I often
think with a sigh of the pleasant hours that we have
spent together and the pleasant days yet in store for
me yet if by the blessing of God we are spared to
live March 8th this night Little baby 8
months old if he is living and I am a long time
out and not much wit yet and turn back
discouraging, yet I will not despair of getting
a voyage and I will trust in God the all seeing
and the kind Redeemer

Baigrie Jasper from the Crozells towards New Holland in Jan 1847
Now in the Latt 33 11 South Long 90 12 East with the wind from South
and the course for 64 to 66 to the Island of St. Paul or Amsterdam
fishing on our date to New Holland with 175 whale oil and 90 sperm
oil 144 days out & a long Dist from home but not so far as not
to think of those I have left behind me in fancy I see them by Day
& in my dream by Night she has ever been my goodman angel
when in poverty she took me as the patron of her bosom when
in sickness she has stood by my side to administer to my
wants when they have cast me off she has been by
my side to console and comfort me when in sorrow she would
cheer me and when I have returned home drunk with
cursing and blaspheming on my lips she has wakened
me in the dark hours of Night as the Mother watching over
her sleeping babe and when the fumes of drunkenness have
been slept away then she would administer drink to
my burning frame often has she lighted a candle from
her eyes as she has urged me to refrain from my drunken
revels often has she besought me by the love I bore her
and our smiling babe to leave off drinking but in
vain I gear I passed away in this manner until at last
I was a wreck in my own eyes and saw the broad of
road of ruin which I was fast hastening along and resolved
to make one effort to save my self in it was to late to
return I have tried and thanks be to God I think I have
accomplished my purpose while I tread the plank of this
ship I can see what a scourge I have been to my family brought
up as I was in the fear of God with christian mother and
father used to observe the strictest rules of God but alas how frail
is man life is but a dream and one misstep will often
fling man in to the lowest grades of life & send spirit with
bring him on a level with the vilest beast a rebel
to God and a poor miserable outcast on the face of Gods
earth neither fit to see or love and no hope for the present
nor future he will drag out a miserable existence and
finally go down to the grave unknown and unloved and
mourned for by none not even by the partner of his bosom
or children but it will be long ere they cease to mourn his untimely end
Written by John Winslow on Board Baigrie Jasper
Sunday Jan 31st 1847