

1st day - from N.Y.

Sunday December 7th 1862

A cold beautiful day - ~~over~~ ^{very} early - and ~~impending~~ ^{impending} for sea - at 9 AM. everything was ready
Barnes at the door - good bye to the Chorus and we are off - ~~Pete~~ ^{Pete} ship is our place of
residence - and then we find Mrs. Henry - her 3 sisters - Mr. & Mrs. Salliman - have taken us going
accomplished and having our friends to send them way back to the Hotel and home - the little tug
backs out from the pier and heads for the ship - The Cold is intense and ice makes fast & coming
the Baiting we shoot out for the ship now laying - near Bedlow's Island - As we look back
many pleasant associations crowd thick and fast on our memories - And the surroundings - look
familiar and dear than ever - to the West lies Jersey City - and Newark can be seen in the
distance - from which memory with us takes its departure - Do they miss me at home -!!
10^{1/2} - we are along side - and all on board - the little tug makes fast on ~~position~~ ^{position}
to tow us to sea - the Pilot gives his orders to the crew - and they are now heaving
up the anchor - to a merry tune - from my station on the quarterdeck I can see and hear
everything - it is so cold that I occasionally take shelter in the Cabin where I must soon
write a few lines to those I have left behind - now the little tug steams us up to the
anchor - the Pilot is ~~stationed~~ ^{stationed} and we are ~~on our~~ ^{on our} - open way - Several
vessels.

Sunday December 8th 1862

Like ourselves are under way - and some far ahead in the distance. The topsails are
now set and we are going down the harbor at the rate of 9 miles an hour Staten Island
is on our lee - and Fort Hamilton close by - The wind is blowing fresh and we will
have a rough time at sea - 12th The Pilot calls for letters and I am obliged to finish
abruptly - I had I have been writing - (Col. M. Porter... and Father Bennett) with a sketch
of the Island - he is on board of the tug - leaving orders for the ship to follow after the tug - I
now have a chance to look around - "The land line is broken" and the little tug - glides
along ahead - stretching out as she goes the Tug's Cable - that is to assist her in towing
us far to sea - As far back as we can see lies N.Y. - the outline just discernable in
the distance - to the left we have just passed Coney Island and its white - residence
houses is scarcely seen - with the little twinkling houses - I say to myself when shall I
again revisit you - as of days gone by when on the Thomas P. May we took our
way thither & to return - but now our way - is past and onward - and we
can look far out on the Ocean - and then mark out our way - Sea waves
we can discern 2 large vessels outwards bound like ourselves - they are
now some abaft for their Pilots to leave - ~~of the~~ ^{of the} little tug has dropped
our anchor - at times the sea being so rough and the wind increasing so
much made it difficult for the tug to keep out of our way dropping