

"Continued"

along side the Pilot. Hails us, with orders to steer E. N. E. - and
wishing us a prosperous voyage. The little Tug. turns her bow homeward -
leaving us to pursue our voyage. - About one quarter of a mile from us
on the right is the Clipper ship Garabaldi bound for San Francisco -
She lies on board. Freight destined for St. Louis. From our New York agent
of Hayden & Son. This fact makes me notice her more than otherwise.
Our vessel and the Garabaldi are both making sail, and are
fast approaching one another. We have left up to get in the harbor.
The Tug. has just dropped - and there is danger of both ships
coming together. - But now we draw ahead of the Garabaldi -
having got on our knees - and we feel have the G. astern -
On our left is another ship - which has just left N. Y. - we are
all bound for Sea in company. - As far astern as the eye
can reach lies the Highland of Jersey - now fast disappearing -
and all beyond is the open sea. We are now running before
the wind - and going 12 miles per hour. - 2 P.M. we are called
to dinner. and having the decks. We sit down to our first dinner
on the Sea - the first of a series. The Capt. says we will be
115 days before we reach Valparaiso - if so - this dinner is
only an out of the large dinner ahead. - As yet no sea sickness
has been felt - owing to the ship moving off so steadily before the wind.
So we all sit down to a very good appetite. - But, thoughts of the
coming sea sickness and now and then a sudden lurch of the
vessel - brings them to realize something of what is coming. - Dinner!
through - we all repair to the open cabin - where the stove, gives out
a good heat, and makes us feel home like - we are now all
packed in the cabin. - From the stateroom windows I can see the 2 vessels