

it is rather a poor affair and not worth the time spent in reading it. - 7. PM. - "Christmas Eve" - last year I was at home - and was out looking for boys for "Charles". This Christmas Eve finds me here. "Out on the Ocean sailing and many a long mile from home and friends. But nevertheless although it is a stormy sea that is blowing - and the vessel is laying. Over on our sides so as to make swatting rather hazardous. A bright moon is shining - with Charles in my arms - and going - under the manuscript as it swells out with the force of the wind. He looks up and discovers the "moon" - and wants to go and draw Malina: see it. He looks at it with a dreamy look and maybe his mind wanders back to the time when on shore he remembered some incident connected with the same moon. But what are our friends about to night? - In different ways I imagine they are passing the eve of a merry Christmas. If we could only be at home in Coventry to night and sit by the old log fire, and tell stories of by gone times and anticipate tomorrow dinner prepared by the hands that have done this same thing for many a year - but whose sands of life are now nearly spent. Shall we again meet? - Time will tell. - With many such reflections we sit and pass this evening - as we said Malina: on our song.

9. PM. when the moon shines - we are not much influenced by signals - we are going at the rate of 10 miles per hour - and now only Charles has long since gone to sleep and all quiet. Leaving all with the officer of the deck we now leave of the deck - knowing not what the morning will bring forth.

So ends this day -

W.B.

While turning the ground down for the mate - Mr. Lee has this had out of his room and with force looks demanded who in it - we were taking off this probably was checked from a remark made by me. that this watch - Many the Mate was more quiet than the other! and that there was not for many sons of B. in it. Many a general speech that was always used by the 2nd Mate.

19 days from N.Y.

Latitude.

Longitude.

Christmas, Thursday, December 25th 1862

7 bells!!!. First intimation is wish you a Merry Christmas - from Camille as she put her head out of her bunk and gave me a gentle push - that would do honor to one of the masculine gender. - Having rubbed my eyes - and arranged myself to the fact that it was really Christmas. Afloat - as well as on shore. I got up and prepared myself for the occasion - going on deck. Saw nothing that would make one recognize that this was the fact - except from hearing the men say "Wish you Merry Christmas" from their little assembly. - The ship had been steadily going through the night with a 10 knot breeze - and heading from W by S to SW - as breakfast is ready we hurry through it - and prepare to put the ship about on the Starboard tack. - This is soon done - and we are now heading E by S. and E. S. E. - decks are cleared up - and the watch on deck amuse themselves by reading and otherwise - as this is a real Christmas on the Ocean - and no work is done excepting what is necessary in making sail - &c. Mrs. Macey and Newman with the Captain are in the Cabin! The rest of us are on deck. The sun occasionally peeps from beneath a cloud - as if to look down on us and give us a sight of him to cheer us. - We suppose him to be looking down perhaps on our Native homes - and perhaps (obscure) he is behind some falling storm now raging in all its fury. Be it as it is here we are - going but a small distance on our journey - and hoping for a fair wind. - 8. PM. - we have had our Christmas dinner. Not exactly "Turkey" with all the vegetables - but. Chicken - & Potatoes - &c. &c. - making a very good dinner - on the whole. - Have spent the day in reading and looking over letters - &c. &c. - Have been on the lookout for vessels - &c. but have seen none.

Thirty of absent friends - and the home are left behind. - take leave of this Christmas - with the thought of where shall we be the next.

- Good night -