

Ship D. Wood on her passage to Oahu. '55.
Monday December 10.

Calm. 4 took a light breeze from N.E. by to N.W. 1 ship in sight. Laying aback on diff. Tacks. A.M. daylight. Made all sail. Calm. stored meat below. Kainai & Mooro in sight.

Tuesday 11. Lat 20.55 N Long 157.32 W. Light wind from N.E. by on diff. Tacks sent down the Old Main Topsail which was bent forward. and bent the Fore Top in its place. Ripped it up. 1 ship in sight. Saw Oahu, bearing N.E. by N. Light breeze from N.W. by to N.E. A.M. do working up to windward.

Wednesday 12. Fine S. winds and clear weather. 3. The Captain left the ship 10 miles from reef and went ashore. Off and On. A.M. do 1st. Lat 20.30 N. Long 157.32 W. Off and On until

Saturday 15. Sunday 16. P.M.

The Captain came off and went on board the Rambler. stood off in company with her. fine S breeze A.M. do do saw 2 ships

Monday 17. Fresh from S.E. double reefed. Rainy. A.M. do do

Tuesday 18. Fresh from S.E. by to S.W. under 2 Reefs nothing in sight. Rainy. A.M. do do

Wednesday 19. Fresh from E. with squalls. by to S.E. under 2 Reefs. 1st & Main sail. A.M. do do making sail. Various employed. squally.

Lat 16.50 N Long 159.20 W

Thursday 20. Fine from E.S.E. by to S.E.

July 23rd 1856
(Kornel Simons)
wondering about
inside of them, even the spotted whiteness of the
death is seen of them; and who speak with
an hidden in a secret breath, whose bridge is
me from those they pass a society, whose bridge is
which you cannot but must lead; but have
them of his little back, and show the plank
me the space, who unfold the black flag, em-
that with the hands, as well as the black, for
does along the highway with flashing weapons
should find me the field beyond, who turn-
Of course toward world-
of mortality not
knowing the heart of humanity, think, or the other
reaching for freedom in every form, and all
black blood, and the ingestion of death,
they are a multitude no man can number
like, brought upon the dead. Who are they
make to show the blood of innocence and hymn
shaken by motion, and unconcerned by
in the by force of death, with dagger tongue
minding of addition of affliction, who look
world of (mortal) import. Who are they, the
don of life, (mortal) in unknown tongues,
who go with thousands of faces in the forest
who are they, the mortal, the mortal, the mortal
"The day, the day, the day"