

South Coast of Terra del Príncipe

Jan 4th Monday, morning calm with ruffled sea off Hope Island. Midday squalls up from south west beset down and stood into Christmas Sound and worked up to Cook's Bay and harboured in a small cove in a small island on the north side of Christmas Sound. Wind violent.

Jan 5th Tuesday Heavy gales with hail squalls from the Westward. Beamed and salted skins. This is a splendid Harbour for all winds. Day ends strong gales.

Jan 6th Wednesday moderating, some inclining northerly. Filled water and collected mussels. Afternoon weighed anchor and worked out into Cook's Bay for Captain's Rocks sea too high for landing. Lay by all night.

Jan 7th Thursday Early morning started the boats for Captain's Rocks but returned at noon without landing. Heavy southern sea rolling onto the coast. Day ends moderate heading across Cook's Bay. At night came too in a sandy cove. In 8 fathoms water good harbour.

Jan 8th Friday morning boats went to search the sandwich group of rocks. returned at noon having visited them all and found nothing. Got underway and stood out, wind dies out and leaves us nowhere all day. Perplexity what is the name.

Jan 9th Saturday increasing breezes from the north. Headed westward for Hair Island afternoon strong gales in squalls of hail and rain from the westward. Day ends fresh with high sea from the westward under short sails.

Desolation Coast

Jan 10th Sunday Stood in off the furies squally weather high sea and too late to effect a landing. Headed westward for the night under reefed sails. Squally.

Jan 11 Monday Wind light and ruffled sea off Kemp's Island. Trying to work up to Hair Island. Day wearisome and trying. Latter part variable. In sight of Lower Rocks. Schooner went sails at all. A canoe with one mast and a jacks at the wheel would beat her to windward. It makes one long to be where there is a shore where storms are brushed where tempests never rage where angry skies and blackning seas no more. With just strength there warning warfare wages. No more Cape Horn. O desolate rocks, — but far from this coast I ween.

But by those shores. Peaceful, shall be brought by those who hope, in heaven and trust in God, I hope.

Jan 12th Tuesday Last night took the boat and pulled up to Hair Island. How far, God knows. And got our anchor lost a month ago. Towed it to the schooner getting on board midnight. also serene. This morning gentle breeze from the eastward ran out to Lower Rocks found no seals up. Stood back to Cape Hair. landed and searched all the rocks and point. Not a seal found. came on board and stood in for Isabelle Island and Kennel Rock. Reached the rock just too late found 12 men from Chilean schooner arguing on the rock. What seal was not killed. They were driving off before we could get ashore. Saw three or four thousand pups. about one week old. we left them and at last went on board and ran for Cape Gloucester. landed but found only Hair seal. went on board in good humour and stayed for Landfall Island said my prayer and turned my head back.