

July 3^d - Last night the weather was pretty fair, the ship Monday steering east north east. Nothing of any interest whatever occurred to day and everything went on in good order. weather fair with a favorable breeze the ship going at the rate of five knots.

July 4th Weather fair all night. the vessel going at a good Tuesday rate and steering the same course as yesterday. Today being the great anniversary of our independence, I was naturally led to look back at this same day last year, to think of the difference of position in which I am placed. last year at home enjoying myself rationally. this year on board of a ship ploughing the seas, as exiles as it were from home. I thought of home. I thought of the doings in New York and many a time during the day I wished myself home. I was naturally pretty sad all day. Nothing occurred of any interest. An observation was taken to day at noon and we found ourselves in latitude $40^{\circ} 38'$. We kept by the wind all day.

July 5th This morning opened with fresh winds and Wednesday. rough seas and it threatened to be stormy at seven o'clock we reefed all topsails and set the gaff and spanker. shortly after we close reefed fore and main topsails and at 9 o'clock on came a very heavy squall accompanied by rain. it lasted about half an hour. after which the weather set in quite cold. Latitude to day $47^{\circ} 13'$. steered by the wind.

July 6th The morning dawned with westerly winds, and Thursday it was somewhat squally. we steer east south east. we reduced sail to double reefed topsails being compelled to do so by the coming of a smart squall with rain. we today saw a bird to the north east. strong winds all day. we change our course and steer east north east. Latitude $41^{\circ} 02'$.

July 7th This morning again stormy. thick southerly Friday. winds prevailing. we set single reef topsails and main top gallant sail. experience much rough sea it being very squally and unpleasant and the rain falling in torrents. we today saw some

fly fish, and I was much pleased with their appearance. we this evening set sail for Flores, one of the Western Islands, and expect to reach it to day. we are at present distant about three hundred miles.

July 8th Last night there were pretty heavy winds from Saturday. the south west, and the ship made good headway under fore and main top gallant sails. At eleven o'clock this morning steady south westerly winds prevailed with fair weather and we set all sails. at one o'clock this afternoon the cry of 'Land ho!' was heard through the whole ship. I was then at the wheel and the land seemed like a heavy cloud. still it was land. and I cannot describe my feelings at that moment. all hands were on deck gazing at the land which was just visible. we were then distant about 30 miles. From a distance Flores looks like two islands but on going nearer the main land was plainly seen. an observation was taken at noon and we found ourselves in latitude $39^{\circ} 46'$. We came within a mile and a half of the island before dusk and laid off and on all night. weather pleasant and the sea calm.

July 9th This morning about a mile distant from the island. Sunday at about 8 o'clock the Captain orders two boats to be manned and goes on shore to get potatoes and onions, which he procured in exchange for oil and a few old spars. not knowing how to row extra well it remained on board ship. We were however visited by the inhabitants of the island who came out to see us in boats and brought along with them cheese, oranges and other things to trade off some of the crew were fools enough to trade away a good portion of their clothes, but I kept silent and bought nothing. The people talk the Portuguese language, but I understood them, and made them understand me. I got some information from the natives and as far as I could understand them it was as follows. The island contains about 7000 inhabitants. It has two towns, both on the eastern side. Sta Cruz and Lagen and also four villages. The chief productions are inames, wheat of excellent