

Barth Baltic Nov 19th 1856

I took out Mother's letter again last night and read it over. It can hardly seem possible Herman is married (but I suppose it must be so) we are steering a course again S.E. by S. The old man told me he was going in at one of the islands a few degrees south of the line for fruit (breadfruit) he says he means to get Pine Apples, Oranges, Coconuts & Bananas enough to feed all hands on for the next two months.

20th I and a sailor again before the mast - my cabin business is over with. I took my trick at the wheel this morning. Just the first time since leaving B.C. I took the latitude this morn we are within 3 degrees and four miles of the line, our longitude is 104° 15' west, cannot visit us again this in crossing, we poor good hands must through an awful shaking and taring every last time.

21st The thrilling cry of three she Whales was sung oft from the mast head. It was our watch below. The first thing I heard the familiar cry of all hands above. I heard by the Boats. a school of Sperm Whales off the lee beam. We were all out of our bunks in the twinkling of the eye. There on our bows and stern the Boats in less time than it takes to signify it, about 2 miles by the bow of the Ship was a fine school of small Sperm Whales. Every thing was really really in a deck but at last the old mate came out lower away and do not make any noise. The old mate had got

Barth Baltic Nov 22nd 1856

15
a new Boatster at Oahu a Ducky as black as ink. who in expect can never miss a whale as he has been Boatster for the past five years. Well we turned away from the Ship as usual only making more causing the old mate to growl like a dog with a sore head. My set the sail as soon as we got in the Boat four large sail. It was a glorious party fresh from the W.C.E. and after the whales we started at the rate of 10 knots. I sat at the old mate first just holding the sheet, soon we got below the whales and the old mate making all kind of yells. said to the Boatster stand up there you black hawk. up he jumped and soon we were on top of one of these masters of the deep. He threw one of his harpoons and missed it; then the other without touching the whale. The old mate is by no means an amiable man, as you may depend he called the Ducky some hard names; but the whale did not seem to be gallied and after three or started again, we got on top of those whales 4 times and each time Black Hawk darted his harpoons and missed each time. The Boatmen all tried to keep out of the old mate's reach for he was in a really rage, but one of the crew got the lance pole over his head pretty for some small fault at about 3 P.M. in the afternoon the second mate got on one of these whales and the other the Boat-Bully and they did not fasten, but at last got on the whale again and Black Hawk finally fastened one of the whales.