

Barth Balthus Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> 1837

20 But as I must come if the rope does not part  
I had the experiment tried on me, after raising  
New Bedford about one mile. The first and the  
last time I ever want to be hauled too  
It was one midnight catastrophe on Deck of a cold  
disagreeable night on the 7<sup>th</sup> of Oct 1855, when I  
feeling very sleepy I went down in the Forecastle  
and laid me in my bunk (least) and soon fell  
asleep. The first thing I knew I found my  
head on the Forecastle Deck rising up in distress  
that had been spilled there. And the  
leg that had the rope fastened was nearly  
up out of the scuttle. My other leg had got  
loose from its harness the West & some 9 or 10  
lbs stout fellows hauling on the rope & I thought  
they would pull my leg from my body &  
with it everything I should have done in the  
Ship. I got up with my cries. It was something  
I knew nothing about & I could not  
imagine what it was that had me by the leg  
After as I seemed to me nearly as if they gave  
it up as a bad job I went up on the  
Deck & stepped on the leg that fastened to it. I was bent  
up & badly hurt. But you should see  
that the officers & crew all laughing at me  
I expect I must have made a ghastly sport  
of myself but said nothing. I carried the marks  
of that rope on my leg until after marriage on  
this sick of land. And whenever I write as if  
I wanted to go home and sleep I think of my  
getting hauled out of the Forecastle. I have  
succeeded to have many a poor fellow out prize  
them and they make some awful cries. I have  
all the harder they had no money on me  
when I did not know any better. And I  
am not going to now where they are all  
will acquaintance with the result of the ship  
the mind has passed & points of view and  
now heading for home and I am now  
sun is out & the last week says & that will be tomorrow

Bark Baiter 23<sup>rd</sup> / 1857

21<sup>st</sup> Good breeze. Trading same course. Harvest  
 Porpoises under the Row in our midnight watch  
 on 21<sup>st</sup> last night, but could not strike any  
 of them. The ship was going to East of the Channel  
 its deep. A some other good success the Boatmen  
 made. A little fresh Porpoise meat would go  
 finely and that on an entirely out of Portugal  
 and are living on nothing but salt stuff  
 of washed sea weed well filled with tar.

11th as usual has been a fine day. Have leading  
an old group written by Byron has called the  
Mysteries of the People it is very interesting. I thought  
I had ready everything on board. But one of  
the sailors happened to find this at the bottom  
of his box and it is a real luxury. in gaining  
for meeting other ship on always take along your  
stock of provisions and exchange with them so  
that they get new and me too. We had never been  
so long before without a gain consequently our leading  
matter to me is all still.

Commence tarring down the rigging and my hands  
are as black as a negro. The blow was  
sent out from aloft in second dog watch  
Mr Stirling ran aloft and soon said there  
was a storm which in under the beam on square  
the yards and kept off but the sun had  
gone down before he was raised and we did  
not see him again.

Began keeping off before the wind all day coming  
 along the coast. It was if we could not see the  
 sperm whale again but could not  
 took in sail last night. The old brand  
 intrude cruising around here for the most  
 part he says he does not want to  
 get to the islands before the first of August  
 (well I hope we can get a hundred of  
 sperm before we get to the islands