

And on the 8th of August we
Up helm and bore away
Run down in 12 and then I spoke
The ruby Capt Day

When we spoke him trees blowing hard
Strong trade and heavy gales
And he told that he had seen
Unnumbered schools of whales

But raged as it was
I was best to take a view
Again we hauled upon wind
To try to see him to

Two weeks we cruised and spoke Sun Ship
The Lima Ark and others
We found the whales there wild and seers
Then mated with the brothers

When we had up and repaired the yards
For Patz we were bound
Steered of N.W. and in N.E.
To have a look around

When we got down as far as
Again we hauled out wind
We cruised thus for several days
But nothing could we find

When in to Puerto we did go
And if I rightly remember
We cast our anchor of the town
The twelfth day of September
Spent days at anchor in this port
Our goodly ship did lay
Cruised the ship and blacked the benches
And Sun recruits did lay

But vegetation was so scarce
And every thing so high
We was obliged to go to sea
Without a full supply

Here is no dreary rap of rocks
Nor neither shores of sand
That will obstruct the Pilot's course
Along the sea-board strand

The breezes here begin to blow
Late in the afternoon
And here these breezes always are
Influenced by the moon

At full and change the breeze is strong
For two three hours or so
In other phases of the Moon
Then lightly they do blow

The hills that here surround this place
Are all quite barren ground
There is not a plant nor shrub nor tree
For several miles around

The barren hills are over dry
For here no welcome rain
Descends from the ethereal clouds
To greet the perched plains

The houses here are built with logs
Their boards is split bamboo
Their roofs are thatched all over with flags
And reeds and rushes to

The logs are stuck in to the ground
Which serves for every stand
The split bamboo to them is tied
And plastered round with mud