

The ground serves them for a floor
Which is composed with clay
A platform covered with an mat
Serves for a place to lay

Their furniture consists of
A table and a chair
The better sort a Sophy has
But that is very rare

For knives and forks they here do use
Fingers at any rate,
And four or five that sitting round
Will eat out of one plate

Just in the middle of the room
Is hung up with a string
A cat for ease and pleasure to
Where you may sit and swing

The on and twentieth of the month
I was fine and pleasant weather
The Dauphin and the Brothers sailed
And stood to see to gether

When we had been to see Sim Day,
A Cruising of and on
We saw a noble shoal of Whales
Quite early in the morn

Our waist and larboard quashed boats
Was from their station lured
We chased the School till we was tired
And then returned on board

But as the sun was fairly down
Sun more Whales bore in sight
We lured and got fast to one
And got him dead by night

Three days from that we saw sun more
By the windard of us Lay
We lured our boats tack along sides
At six o'clock that Day

And after we had got them stowed
Down into the ground tier
We made all sail upon the ship
For Tombos we did steer

October on the seventeenth Day
I was Sunday you must know
A breast of Tombos river we
Our anchor that let go

We fired our sails and moved the ship
And lay a day or two
Before we could our water get
Or any thing could do

At length the bar it grew quite smooth
A watering we did go
Three hundred barrels we got off
And stowed it all below

The river where we water here
Is beautiful and fine
Five leagues in length this river runs
Crooked and serpentine

Upon the margin of the stream
How beautiful the scene
Here sturdy trees their branches bend
And dip the silent stream

The warbling birds from spray to spray
Do swell their tuneful throats
And make the lofty woods resound
With their melodious notes