

What served to cheer our spirits up
In hopes that these the great
Such luck would still continued on
And better days appear

We cruised on the shore ground
About four months I lie
Fine weather all the time we had
No any where had seen
But the season being far advanced
And few Whales to be found
Our Captain thought it best to go
Upon the northern ground

I was then we sailed with the Hope
From Boston the 1st of May
We steered of west and WNW
In hopes to find sum whale

A week from that at their abatto
Our Captains did agree
The Eliza Barker of New York
To take in company

We to the westward bent our course
With S & trades and blest
And got the Sandwich Islands then
All three of us did steer

I was on the fourteenth day of March
Quite early in the morn
The Island of Mowee ahead
We plainly did discern

The wind it proving very light
Our little ^{Whaling} Squadron
A cloud of sail did spread
And WNW we all did steer
So clear the northern head

The wind it proving very light
In the late part of the day
At sunset we all hove aback
And then all night did lay
At daylight on the fifteenth day
We all then bore another
And round the western point we steered
All three of us to gather

At six P.M. at their abatto
After tedious tow
The water sixteen fathoms deep
Our anchor we let go

And now our decks with girls was filled
Of every sort and kind

And every man picked out a wife
The best that he could find

For here the girls including all
Do speak it rather civilly

None amorous wants they will surely
And think they honoured highly

Their houses here are built with poles
That stuck in to the ground

Sum sticks across to them are beds
And thatched with straw all round

The houses are built very low
And then so low their doors

That when you enter in at them
You must go upon all fours

One man is all they ever have
The ground with Mats is spread

Which serves them for a place to sit
And likewise for a bed