

Bound to the Sandwich Islands

254 days out

Wednesday August 21. 1853

A good breeze from the W. and fair weather steering S.

Our sick men got not better although Vinegar onions and raw
potatoes have still continued to be freely administered

The sick got
no better

At 6 in the morning commenced breaking out the after hold for the purpose of stowing oil. We found a great deal of treasure to hove out consisting in part 30 casks of bread and flour 80 lbs of meat 3 casks of corn 2 of dried apples and 2 of shockheads and hoops. If we stay till we eat all of our provision some of us will probably be gray headed. Lat^d 45.40 W

255

Thursday August 26th

At 8 in the evening finished stowing off the after hold and early in the morning began to break out the blubber room. About 6 in the morning it was reported that Wm Patterson was worse. He had shot a few minutes previous to be turned over. Some one spoke and said he gasped there was not danger of his dying very soon for he was sitting up in his berth yesterday smoking and reading his Bible but in less than 10 minutes he breathed his last. He had been perfectly conscious until ^{painful} ^{sickness of consumption} appeared to die easily after a long ailment. We kept on with our work as if nothing had happened. After breakfast the Mate went into the forecabin and stripped off his clothes and rapped him in his blanket and saved him in canvas where he remained till 12 when he was taken on deck and layed upon the camboos cover and covered with the canvas covering of the tryworks. There he

256

Friday August 26th

Continued our business with great fury and succeeded in making a finish at 9 in the evening and took supper after which we took in Topmast studding ^{Sails} hauled up the fore sail and luffed too with the fore and ^{main} yards aback the ~~decks~~ ^{thru} was layed upon the end of a board projecting over the ships side and a prayer was read by the Lt. Mate when our unfortunate shipmate who left home with as buoyant and as bright hopes as any of us was buried in his Ocean grave after toiling about 30 years all he could carry with him of this world goods was a few yards of canvas and a few pounds of board

257

set up the 5' Bark of sheep head

Early in the morning we commenced taking the bone from the lower hold and filled the cutting tubs and straphuts with salt water and all hands with the exception of myself and my mate turned on a washing it some with cane-af some with pointbrushes and others with coconut-burks and it is a very back sickening job but the weather is warm I cursed myself by getting up and keeping shook for fresh-water Marked A 1 to 14 they were men sent way ago but was never set-up before and the only shook on board without haaps (I believe) Saw a snafish

Weather pleasant and a fresh breeze from the N. Blowing 1/2
Lat 42 40' N Long West

o Porturody August 27th

P.M. A fine little breeze; - steering South.

All hands in the waist scrubbing bone, & few exceptions however, as follows: Capt. Harding ~~does~~ not imbue his hands in the wash, but when it becomes necessary that a man should be damned, he sometimes takes ~~a~~ that duty (3) for the Dec. mate. The Labor does nothing being off duty if we can correctly judge. Cooper & mate are selling up shooks for water. Then there is a certain T. R. O'Brien - not at all covetous, but reserves his share in the police for the rest. With the exception of these - the victuallers ^{officers} & postboys & three cripples aboard, our first statement was correct. Dec. mate steers the main hatch with a mysterious solemnity & bespeaking the special importance of his office. He has the supervision of the whole affair and it lifts him some. He puts one in mind of a cock turkey, baring his glistening, which is often by far and without half the reason or effect.

Crew so well pleased with the spoil that they kept it up all night, watch and watch.

After the cleansing operation, the bones are neatly stored in pens on the grand dock lately built for the purpose by our renowned Chaps.

A. M. At the Forge again hammer and tongs. No water
below I'll warrant. But what care we Mechanics? hand
Mind hands to westward and push on, Pleasure!

Get 39.55

L. Love.