

Friday July 1<sup>st</sup> 1854

Moderate breeze and pleasant weather from S.W. all sail set steering W. & gaming with the *Hibernia*, Middle and Latter parts light wind and calm some of the time, at 10 gained with the *Hibernia*, thus ends

Latitude  $62^{\circ} 16'$  North  
Longitude  $174^{\circ} 20'$  West

Saturday July 2<sup>nd</sup>

Moderate from West all sail set on different tacks, gaming with the *Hibernia*, Middle and Latter parts with much the same, the land in sight near Flower Bay, the ice marked off from the shore about 12 miles, spoke the *George* and *May* of New London, thus ends

Sunday July 3<sup>rd</sup>

Moderate breeze from S.W. all sail set heading Westward, the land and ice in sight, at 3 P.M. gain'd with the *Hibernia*,

Middle part fresh breeze and thick fog hands light sails,

Latter part light wind and thick fog thus ends, it has been a kind of a lonesome day, what a curious thing man or men is and women are much more so than men in general, they make fools of them selves and bigger fools of men, but I wish I was at home with some of them, what say you to that  
A. Smith

Monday July 4<sup>th</sup> 1854

Light wind from Southward at 8 P.M. fog let up, set all sail head Westward, saw the land bearing S.W. at 7 thick fog again wore ship to Eastward Middle and Latter parts thick fog fired a few guns, and gaming with the *Hibernia* steering E. & thus ends the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, and it has been a dull day to me, but I hope I may see some pass more agreeable yet, I hope we shall have some whaling to do ere long, to stop this gaming business for I am sick and tired of it,

Tuesday July 5<sup>th</sup>

Thick fog from S.W. all sail set steering E. & gaming with the *Hibernia*, at 3 P.M. lay aback,

Middle and Latter parts thick dense fog lay aback, fog let a little saw the *Hibernia*, thus ends

Wednesday July 6<sup>th</sup>

Fresh breeze and thick fog from South, lay aback head on different tacks, fog let a little saw the *Hibernia*, Middle and Latter parts thick fog at 5 A.M. haul 30 fathoms, used wore ship to Westward, at 10 fog let a little saw the Western Shore and the *Hibernia's* guns, I was in hopes she would get clear of us for I am sick and tired of gaming  
Latitude  $63^{\circ} 30'$  West