

Private Journal.

Sunday March 5th 1848.

Since my last days work, we have had a continued head wind some times so much that we could show nothing but close reefed topsails. These 24 hours we have light high long winds from N.W. as usual & going for a fairer wind we bid you adieu.

Monday March 15th

Light breezes from the North & N.W. all last week & day. We were trying to get to the N.W. plenty of fine fast weather.

Sunday March 19th

Fine fresh breezes from the N.E. These 24 hours employed about various ship duties crossed the line the 18th bound to Kantschick. Oh when will the day arrive that we shall cross it bound to the N.E. coast of America. I do truly feel thankful for past Mercys bestowed on me this far on this fearful voyage. & Humbly implore that Guidance which alone can steer us through this gloomy world unseen say in the language of the poet Guide me O thou Great Jehovah

Petition through this barren land. The day is past and gone
The evening shades appear
O may we all remember well
The flight of Death draws near

Steering N.W. by N. Lat 41.18 North
Long 173.22 West from
Greenwich

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Remarks on board Thursday March 23rd 1848

Fine fresh breezes from the East all these 24 hours. Steering N.W. by N. at 7 PM shortened sail & lifted to the wind with the main yard aback. Kept off at daylight. Made all sail standing W by S for Baffers Island. Lat 41.35 N Long 173.20 W

Sunday March 26th Fine breezes from the East & N.W. by N. all these 24 hours with fair weather. Steering N.W. did not find the Island we calculated to. so here we go again. Crossed the Meridian of Longitude this day bound to Kantschick. & I hope in the space of 6 months to cross it bound to the N.E. with a full ship. But Oh how dear such a wish looks to me now now dim the prospect. But still it may be possible. All things are possible with God. I have said & still hold to my promise, that if we could get full this season I never would plough this Ocean again in a Whaler. & now I could fall on my knees and weep tears of blood if I may so say, did I think it would hasten the period of our arrival home. ———
God alone knoweth what is for us Oh may the in His great Mercy guide & protect us through all trials & cross in this our strange time return us to our native shore. This voyage appears long to Oh how soon will it have passed away. Oh how soon will all sublunary things have ended & close. Now oft so I think of these things and may I so think that they may do me good