

Journal of A Short Voyage to the Western Ocean

all well

Remarks on board Ship Indent: Monday May 21<sup>st</sup>

Small breeze & fair weather these 24 hours. Caught a whale & cut him in. Searched for more the latter part without success. A number of seals, none of which are breeding. A party of whalers about here the 28<sup>th</sup> of May but the thing is to catch them and the June 50 miles distant, so ends this day's work in one. Lat about 41<sup>st</sup> 40' N Long 129<sup>th</sup> 10' East

Remarks on board Friday May 25<sup>th</sup>

Light breeze & fair weather these 24 hours, employed stowing down the first part, latter part hauled & struck a whale to the LB took him along side & commenced cutting, so ends this day. Lat 41<sup>st</sup> 03' N Long 129<sup>th</sup> 10'

Remarks on board Saturday June 2<sup>nd</sup>

Commenced with fresh winds from the Southward, hauled & struck to the LB killed him & the latter sunk to the bottom four miles from the land spoke the ship brought of N L & whaler this season. Middle & latter part black fog so ends this day. Lat 41<sup>st</sup> 40' N Long 128<sup>th</sup> 20' East

Remarks on board Wednesday June 6<sup>th</sup>

Fair sailing weather first part of these 24 hours, latter part fair weather. Searched & struck a whale at 5 AM to the LB. LB got fast & straved Mr. Sermon cut his hand. I got lost by putting the wrap so lost the whale and a number of whales & seals. So ends this day. Lat 40<sup>th</sup> 11' N Long 128<sup>th</sup> 20'

Wednesday June 6<sup>th</sup> 1847. Lat 40<sup>th</sup> 41' N Long 128<sup>th</sup> 15' East

Sat 11 News

While off in pursuit of a whale this afternoon, I chanced to fall in with Capt. Luce of ship Margaret Scott a man that I have not seen for many long years. But Oh dear, must I recuse the sad tidings which he told for me, as a fact, Oh how oft is such a thing repeated. I asked him if he knew any thing of Brother Fetter thinking possibly he might know whether he was at sea or at home, by speaking a ship a few days since, etc. but can my feeble pen describe those feelings that swept through my singular heart at his answer. Fetter said he & looked down a moment. He is dead died very suddenly of a typhous fever & but I have I can not dwell on this subject, but Oh I can weep as I think of old & say Oh my brother my brother Oh my brother I fear I shall see thee no more, no more. I shall be called to that bourne to which you have passed in the vision of life, & Oh my dear dear brother I thank my heart you are among the blessed, if so our love is your gain, & if such a thing is possible intercede with the Son of righteousness that he may intercede with the Father in behalf of us who are yet on the shores of time. Oh though stranger of earth & happy. How many of my dear friends must have passed through the dark valley since I left my home how many a searching tear must have caused to flow in weeping for a departed friend. But know though the death though cannot not touch them save by his command who holdeth in the hollow of his hand the wild sea & tempest wave.

well well