Mr Welder Emerson

N B Oct 1 1871

To Sebe & Rec'd

Dear Mr Emerson

It is windy and I
thought unpleasant yours Sebec to Rec'd

Name	Age	date of Age					
Sadie J. Whittle	9 years	27th of Nov.	/	/			
Eddie J. Allen	7 years	in Oct.					

Journal of a Voyage in the Ship

Condor from New Bedford to the Pacific and North west coast commanded by Capt Jacob Fabes begun July 7th 1846

N Bull

Tuesday July 7th 1846

This day commences with fine weather and light winds from the North at 6 A.M. we took our anchor and spread our canvass to the wind set every sail to ketch the breeze and steering our ship down the bay leaving the fine harbor of New bedford far behind and all our friends that are near and dear to us and leaving our own native shore to ride upon the stormy wave and to face every storm of the sea perhaps leaving every thing behind that we hold dear to us and hear we are tossed about by the mercy of the waves and only that arm to protect us that is ever stretch out to the help of us all how little do we think that it is him that is a going to watch over us while upon the stormy sea no but our minds we suppose something that we think leads to our happyness hear we are now out of sight of our own native shore and nothing but the blue waves a roling round us no eye can we see but those that we long expect to be with us and though we are strangers as yet we shal soon be acquainted but when I look around and se so many new faces and can see none of those that I have left behind then oh then my eyes are turned back on the path we have come to se if I can ketch a glimps of some one behind but no they are all hid with the sun beyond the blue wave that rowles between us and as I turn round again and se that I am enclosed by a few peaces of timber and have got hear to remain the lord knowes how long perhaps for years I know not and when I look ahead and think what we have got to go through I some times ~~think~~ wish that I had never been born and then I say tis all for the best for it will all come round right in time and has I said before how small the place is that we are enclosed in and how many storms we have got to encounter and tossed as it where from billow to billow and encounter every gale that comes along and still weather them all and think nothing of it, and how little we think of it perhaps the first storm we have may sink us down to the fathomless deep where thousands poor sailors have gone and had cause we such wicked creatures as we are think that we shal weather all the dangers of the sea and return safe to our friends can we think that fortune will smile upon us yes we think so we are so harden in sin that we think of nothing but the present time and that shames our own weakness I will now close for to night and write a few lines on my night feelings