

1849 Feb 20th on board ship Concord in the Whallens
sea on the coast of China looking for whales
but none to be found so away she goes out
of this into the Lappow sea to try her luck
thence March 16th in the Lappow sea we have
been 12 days to day and got nothing yet it is now
blowing a gale of wind from the east and hear we are
under a lost paper which top sail a small insect at
9 months and a half out and only 40 lbs of spermac
oil but we have hopes if we see in disposal
April 21st in lat 37° 15' N long 135° 30' W a gale of wind blowing a sea and far different from
one year ago at this time on Sunday we but we take
the better with the sweet sea and 3 months out with
250 lbs of oil have taken 3 whales in months in the Lappow
sea and I hope we shall get in this month Oh that we shall
have good luck this season for I long to get home

Feb 31st 1849 Sunday some times and
some sick Oh that I had never been born
to go a whaling Oh how I want to get 200 lbs
more of oil if the Lord is willing that I want
and then I will go home and bid adieu to whaling
and live my luck at something else if it is nothing
but hanging string baskets what do you say to that
~~Oh~~ I think we can get a living at that or something
worse Oh had I had been out here away from
every body and worse than that I wish you would
come aboard and stay all night and as much longer
as you please I think I should be more contented
and sleep more comfortable Oh ~~what~~ what
is the cause of talking I must go and deck
and walk the deck 3 or 4 hours to pass the time
away Oh what an unhappy man I be

Feb 13th 1850 Wednesday this is gloomy times
board home and not board home for we want some
more oil and have took in sail to night to try to
get some but the prospect looks small for we
have seen one whale to day and it proved that
they did not want me much by these actions
but never mind every thing will come out right
in time I live in hopes of better luck to morrow
this day blowing a gale of wind from the north
and no luck for me but never mind I shall give
it up yet not till last days of February
to go it. Lat 49.30 Long 154.15
Green water and hard luck

Thursday Feb 14th 1850 North of the Bulchin^{Lat}
Gloomy weather and sorry times hard luck
and sour looks all round the house but never
mind plenty to eat and a good ship and I don't
think of home had as lives stay out 17 years
as one week all in this life when it is done
there will be the time for trouble only prepared
for that Oh that I had never been born but
I must now make the best of it as there is
no other way but give me 100 lbs of oil
and a fair wind and I will be thankful
for this time Lat 49.31 South Long 154.0

Saturday Feb 16th James
So sorry times and nothing
to help it but hard looks and wry faces no one
speaks unless he is spoken to and hardly then
but I care not for that it only makes me ugly
as the devil and twice as wicked but every thing
will come out right by and by so go a head for
the old Concord is here and will stay till I get ready
to go and not before for tis oil I want and I
shall try hard to get it if I want I shall go
with out it so the Lord have mercy on us all
poor wicked creatures