

April 1st on Board Ship Pacific 1854

Hear we are in the Japan sea no whales and
lonnson times and every body looks cross
but we live in hopes like every body els but
the chance looks slim but never mind I shall
try to do the best I can and hope the lord will
smile on me this season and let us get what we
want Oh I long to get home and see the girls
once more and I think I will stay with them
the rest of my days and try my luck at home
for whaling I do not like so hard will be an end
of it Oh what sorry times and no one to it give
me a hut in the woods and live a hermit among
things but going a whaling yes driven honey cut
Sunday April 23rd off the Straits of Sanger with the
wind east and blowing a gale Oh what loannson
times give me anny wheal els in the world or on
terrafermwa and I will be contented to stay
give me a board to sleep on potatoes and gunny
cake and I shall be happy as a king But no
I must stay out here and grin and bear it like a
dog to a bone so go away trouble and grief it is no
no cause to grouse no fret it will not help the
case Oh whales we want to ease our minds and take
the thoughts of home away but no we cannot get
them Oh god lord smile on us and let us get some
Oh every thing is for the best but if we would
only think so but no we are so wicked that
we cannot see beyond our nose that is why
we no but little, but go it while your young
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How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection recalls them to mind
The orchard the meadow the deep tangled willow
And every loved spot that my infancy knew
The wide spreading pond and the mill which stood by it
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell
The spot of my father's dairy house
And even the rude bucket which hung in the well

That moss covered vessel of toil as a treasure
So often at noon when returned from the field
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure
The purest the sweetest that nature can yield
Wound about I seized it with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell
Then gourd with the emblem of death overflowing
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it
As poised on the cork it inclined to my lips
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the sweetest that Jupiter sips
And now far removed from the love situation
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well

The old oaken bucket the brown bound bucket
The moss covered bucket which hung in the well