

Journal of W. Thompson

Saturday October 22

Just back from the north being 2 1/2
of fine fair day in town. Miss Johnson and
Miss in the morning. Johnson and
of the ship and the ship of the ship
and look like a sick Bonker hanging
on a Lee Back Day. William Thompson
my wife is sick a ship. I thought
sickness was continuing. For John
Hawley has his rum bottle. His bosom
friend in low spirits, he parted with
it very affectionately - like a mother
from her son. He is of course and
a kind of gallant. Stant said Mr. Remnick
not quite over the storm. Getting better
by small pieces thinks he won't be long
but it is only a little bit of the blues
Lat 38. deg N. by Account Long 52.30 W.

Sunday October 23.

Margate houses from the
N.W. Steering S. by S. Great quantities of
Gulf Weed saw a great many land birds
then continue very busy at whale gear.
The sick hands getting better fast. Most of
them were able to eat their allowance to
day. find the Carpenter to be a great
broody. Bill Smith thinks the living
not good says he had better and
cheer every day at home. The wind halled
round to South gradually during
the night. latter part of the day doubled.
reefed the Topsails, Lat by Obs 38.42 N.
Long by Chron 59.12 W.

Sick leather went up to reef Topsails to
day for the first time a little bungling
could not make a reef knob but
got on very well after all. Poor
Bill Smith still thinks about
his butter and cheese & fresh

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for the first time on board of a whale ship that I have
Sunday, the 24th a Sunday, such one I
never did spend in my life before. Spent the
greater part of the day in cleaning up the
deck of the previous week took a Latitude for
the first time, had a hearty dinner and talked
pigeon with the Carpenter at tea time. Who
is a member of the Church. I found fault
with my tea not having milk, shops for
retailing that article being rather scarce
in this part of the Country. The Carpenter
said I ought to be thankful for what I had
for I would come to salt junk yet but
away with melancholy day I.

Monday October 24

Wind still at the South blowing
rather fresh, Close reefed Topsails, find the
William Thompson sails well on the wind all
hand getting well and building Caples in
the air on the Profile of the Tripp, poor
Tools Counting Chickens before they are hatched
Bill Smith says if he makes 2000 he be
blowed if goes whaling again but will
settle down farming. I wish he may
get it - The Poor Carpenter says he would
give all the Profits of his Tripp if he were
only on Terra Firma once more
Latter part of the fine weather wind having halled
to the S. S. W. set all sail, Remnick is prophesying
that the horrors thinks he is going to die, but I
tell him he is worth two dead men yet he frightens
all the rest three men came off to for sales
It is a most unaccountable fact that Sailors
never can tell what is the matter with them
If you ask them they will scratch their heads
and I don't know Sir, but I have got a
kind of feeling here, they will always
place their hand on their belly - abdomen
I mean - Lat 38.38 N.
Long 55.40 W.