November 31st

We are still among these infernal islands, and likely to be — The immense high land that surrounds us on all sides, turns our monotony more than the usual, it seems to exclude every breath of air either for us to sail with, or breathe — that enough upon my soul I really think, to waste a good big slate — then are thousands of sharks now following the ship, we sometimes pass an hour catching a fellow and putting an end to their ferocious life — the other night we had a thunder storm we fell in with a Boston ship the Edwin Pubble bound to Canton — she sailed five days before us — and proved to be the American ship that we exchanged Colors with about three weeks out — we come three five days in sight of each other but have not spoken — until to day — and after sailing four months —

December 1st the Ed. Pubble has again left she has gone into one of these Islands where there is a Dutch Settlement for provisions and water, we anticipate on and as we have at last got a little breeze I am in hopes we will get through these Islands into the Pacific Ocean in a day or two — We sighted a point of land the other day.