

Journal of a voyage from Boston to
Rio de Janeiro on board Ship Franklin
Capt Kennedy - sailed Wednesday 5th Dec. 1842.
arrived

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Friday Oct 1st

Here I am scribbling away in the cabin of the ship Franklin two days out bound for Rio Janeiro. It is difficult to realize that I am so far away from my own land ploughing the blue sea with a gentle steady breeze. But so it is. We have had good weather fair wind and are now entering the Gueph Stream with the hope of crossing it in 24 hours.

On Wednesday afternoon Oct 5th at 3 o'clock our pilot came aboard. He was prepared and we cast off from the wharf to begin our voyage. The brother of our Surgeon (Mr Hooper) and a young man by the name of Bradley went with us to assist in the pilot boat. He was bustling and confusion. The men were drunk more or less and sails had to be set. consequently there was some delay. The shrill voice of the pilot the hoarse "aye aye Sir" of the men the prolonged cry of heave a-h-o-y together with the creaking of spars and the rattling of ropes were all new sounds to me and helped to direct my thoughts from the homeward course they might otherwise have taken. I hung over the side and watched the city which we were leaving rapidly behind us. It was certainly a beautiful sight but my faculties were hardly awake enough to fully enjoy it. I was in this state of comparative stupefaction when I was called into the cabin to take a parting glass with the friends who were about leaving us. I declined at first thinking it might help to bring on the sickness which I dreaded but the reply being "Come come - you cannot refuse us this" I followed reluctantly - to get drunk or sick as the case might be -

I tossed off my tumbler of brandy and watered followed by one of Madeira.
bid my last farewell - and watched the little pilot boat flick
merely away - Hooper and myself then took cigars and began pacing
the deck in silence - As yet I had felt no unpleasant sensation
and began to hope that I might not - Consoling myself with this idea
I took up my quarters on the taffrail to see for the first time the sun
set in the watery horizon - The western sky was perfectly clear - but the
sunset was by no means equal to what I expected or to what I have seen
on land - My hopes vanished also - for I became deadly sick, and
then I was leaning over the side - giving my brandy, Madeira, and
cigar smoke to the ocean in a most remarkable manner - Yet I did
not give up - but as soon as the first storm was over began walking again
to the infinite amusement of the Captain who joked about my not be-
ing on my "sea legs" yet - Soon came on another inward storm
And so I continued alternately storming & walking till between 7
and 8 - when I turned in with all my clothes on - to look about
in my narrow berth - and sleep if I could - The wind blew fresh
from the North East. The vessel was under a press of sail and
pitched woefully - At length I fell into a dreamless yet troubled
sleep which lasted at long intervals during the night - Thursday -
Oct 6th I was sick all day, and did not turn out till late in the
afternoon - Found the sea quite smooth and the cool air refreshing - so
sitting down on a coil of rope - watched the men working in the rigging
and about decks with something of interest - it being all new to me - The
four topmast standing sails were set - and they were ~~light~~ ^{light} being those
on the main mast - It takes some time to set all this gear, and ~~that~~
as the afternoon wore away I was obliged to turn again into my berth without
witnessing our vessel flying along under her cloud of full sail -

Friday Oct 7th Another beautiful day wind still NE. The captain came to the door of my stateroom before breakfast - and advised my getting up and moving about deck - It is hard to take such advice when one is miserably weak with seasickness. but I made the effort and really felt better after moving about in the warm sun and bracing air for a little while - But it was vain to attempt eating breakfast - the very sight of it was unpleasant - though the Mate to comfort me said - if I eat down "that plate of salt beef or hash" I shall be "a strong man by sundown" - At dinner time however the tide changed in my favour - I became very hungry having eat nothing for 2 days - and eat a hearty meal without inconvenience - It is impossible to describe what a different being I felt like - my listlessness and dreamy state made off - and I did laugh & talk & enjoy myself - There were many Mother Carey's chickens following on our track - sitting on whatever fell from the ship's side and then skimming far away over the water - The sunset in a mass of black clouds - a foreboding of an unpleasant morrow - Saturday Oct 8th - As I expected the sky was overcast - The wind had shifted to SE. and we were heeling on close hauled through a heavy sea - The wind increased during the day and by night - fell blow freshly - While at tea "Sail ho" was sung out from forward - A barque had hove in sight on our weather bow - bearing down before the wind directly upon us - The captain got his humpers ready - and we sat or rather perched ourselves on the rail waiting her approach - on she came with Scaffolding sails set at the rate of 90 to Rhoe - she passed within very short hailing distance on our lee quarter - She was from the Mediterranean bound home and most likely reported us "3 days out all well" - A bunk has been fitted up for me between decks as the cabin was too small for

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or document. The text is written in a dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of the 18th or 19th century. The text is arranged in approximately 25 lines, with some lines being longer than others. The overall appearance is that of a personal or official correspondence.

for our accommodation. So below I went and turned into a comfortable bunk down close and dark - nevertheless I fell asleep - and awoke the next morning. The ship was rolling and pitching fearfully. The barrels and water casks stowed in the Stowage near me were creaking and starting with every lurch. I heard the wind howling through the rigging - and perceived a faint streak of light making its way down the Booby hatch. The Steward came down soon after. I asked him what time it was. He replied "up past six better lie still Sir - blowing like the devil on deck". I told him I could not help that - but turned over and closed till breakfast time. Then I had no appetite and lay in my bunk till Hooper came down to say there was a ship in sight which was passed pretty near. I tumbled up on deck - sure enough - it was "blowing like the devil". The Captain and I were sitting on the weather rail. I had hardly joined them before a sea came over the side ~~and~~ ^{striking} the skin as well as throwing me head over heels into the sea scupper. Of course I had to take it all as a capital joke. Though I felt like any thing but laughing - hot and miserable as I was - for the uneasy motion of the vessel was bringing on my sickness again. I jumped up quickly and drove headfirst into the cabin to drink a mug of hot tea and chew some biscuit. I made out but poorly how ever - and a squall coming up soon after - was completely done up and hastened below to find comfort among cheap - fuddy smelling salt fish rotten cabbage bilge water etc. - I eat no dinner or supper - as the storm and my nausea increased.

together. At sunset the wind was lulled. We had to shorten sail and make all snug for the coming night which promised to be a boisterous one. This was a decided touch of ^{English} weather. Stools and chests went sliding about the cabin during the evening - and we the occupants clung stoutly to whatever was stationary to save our heads from being broken. Between 8 and 9 - the sail was taken in, and we lay to under bare poles. What all this was coming to. We did not like to think. The Captain looked anxious and as we went out on deck together he spoke of the rising wind and falling rain with in a howled hurried manner. Sing out every other moment to the man at the wheel to know how close - I had of course never been in such a scene before. and clinging on to the hatch tried to enjoy what was ~~so~~ fearful and grand. The noise of the wind was equal to that of heavy thunder. and the sea rushing over the bows kept the decks continually covered with a sheet of water. To add to our happiness it was "pitchy dark" no moon, no stars. all above dense masses of clouds all below the boiling angry ocean. It seemed no night for sleep. but I went to bunk as the phrase is with a hope which was fully realised for I slept soundly except when the dishes pitching away out of the lockers and the chests heavily banging up against the side of the cabin made crash sufficient to break the slumber of the "ten sleepers" of great renown. Monday when I got up the gale had not moderated. The Captain shook his head and said he had seldom been in such a storm. and the Steward upended the breakfast table ~~could not be set~~ the vessel rolled so heavily. so we had

To drink our coffee as we clid clinging and bracing - and balanc-
ing the mug - With all my care I got the contents of mine safely
stowed away in the bosom of my shirt before I had drank 3 mouth-
fuls. at 11 o'clock the gale abated soon after the wind chopped
round to the NW. The clouds scudded away from the blue sky.
The warm sun shone down. the started rigging was set up. the
sails unfurled and set. and ~~the~~ soon every vestige of the
storm had departed save the tremendous head sea into which
we were diving. Thus sudden are the changes at sea - We
forgot how lately we had been troubled and trembling. and
basked in the warm sunshine with our thoughts sleeping in
the beautiful dream. or sent forward ⁱⁿ with hope ⁱⁿ the future.

Thus we scudded on for a week or two. with favourable
winds and a cloudless sky. We left cold weather far behind
~~us~~ and ~~was~~ living in the warm air of a southern latitude.
The nights were very beautiful. A new moon appeared soon
after leaving Boston. which pleased me exceedingly. for I had
heard somewhere of moonlight in the tropic sea. Thus I was im-
patient to find my expectation of its beauty realised. I was
not disappointed. While leaning on the rail in the silent
night watched I seemed to be in a waking dream. The moon
never shone so brightly and the stars ^{were} gleaming. shined
so thickly over the deep blue sky. Their reflection on the water
was perfect. heaven seemed above and below - (and home came
near in my thought since the dear ones then were gazing on
a scene the same. although less lovely -) Another beauty of a moonlight
night at sea is to have each sail filled with ^{the} damp breeze. "allup" as the
sailors say. I have often gone forward and sitting on the higher heads

The first of these is the fact that the
 British government has been unable to
 secure the necessary funds to carry out
 its policy of non-interference in the
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~~have~~ watched the white canvas perfectly still and motionless with
very rope and spar pictured upon it by the pale moon - while
not a sound was heard aloft or on deck except the clashing of the
foam under the bows when I was sitting. Duma mentions this in his
book and the remark of the old sailor often occurs to me when in a
similar situation "How silently they do their work" To me it is the
most beautiful and spiritual thing at sea -

During this spell of pleasant weather nothing happened of any
importance. The vessel had to be put into perfect order. The rigging
had to be set up - and tarred down the hull scraped and painted
inside and out. So the crew was set to work in earnest. They
began with scraping the sides to the water's edge - which is no very
pleasant job. as the old paint - and heated by the sun sticks when
you get it. I have often seen the men come on deck from their
work covered completely with this dirt. clothes face hands put
everything was to their hair. This operation of scraping lasted
about 10 days. Then came the painting which is rather pleasant
but nearly ashore work. While the ship is getting into sailing
trim. I will write a few lines about our Captain. Name - and
other worthies about the vessel. Capt. Kennedy is a young man of
28 or 30 - of high respectability from Salem. This is his second voyage
as master. But his recommendations are of the first order and the
owners of the "Franklin" have great confidence in him. His educa-
tion is tolerable - excellent for one of his profession, and his manners
pleasant and engaging proving him to be a perfect gentleman -
I cannot be too grateful that I have so pleasant a person to sail with.

The first mate was formerly a fisherman from Beverly and is a good specimen of one of our very illiterate countrymen - He seems an excellent sailor having been once a master of a ship which he lost on his first passage thereby losing his berth and every hope of again sleeping in it. He is a short thick set personage of great muscular power and has a swearing bragadois manner of talking with the men which is irresistible often times - He works them ~~then~~ up and then to repay his kindness are very partial to him. Sailors always prefer a driving hairy man for an officer to one who will favour them by hesitating or rather neglecting their ^{duties}. The Captain trusts to his judgment - smiles at his oddities and I find it very agreeable to pass part of a night watching listening to this Mr Gallop's long yams and excellent jokes - The second mate which by the way is the worst berth on board - is a young fellow of 30 or 40 and is a good seaman and maintaining his dignity better I shall think that most in his station - his name is Merrill from somewhere down East - I have had some religious talks with him and find him quite liberal in his views. Though always allowing that he is a great sinner and will certainly go to hell. Such are the officers commanding the Ship Franklin. The Supercargo is a young Mr Hooper from Manchester - of whom I shall not say ~~not~~ more than he might be a favourite among the dissipated fashionable of Boston - He brings his wine and other luxuries with him - for which I as his clerk freely pay him. Having finished with the Cabin beer - pants I will now make an incursion into the fore-castle. Then I find eleven men including the Carpenter and a boy

who has ^{been} touched with fever and ague ever since we sailed. Among these eleven there are 3 or 4 at the farthest four good hands the others by all accounts are not worth their salt. These together with ^{the} Cook and Steward form our ship's company. To me the Carpenter is the most unpleasant character aboard - a common drunkard ashore - and not even that aboard - He haunts me with his hideous idiotic face - and my dislike to him is a common theme for joking in the cabin. There are two portuguese quite handsome fellows but as ignorant and dull as their master's spikes - also - an Irish boy an excellent singer and bright & quick about his work. Saturday evening when the week's ~~work~~^{labour} is finished the crew assemble on the fore-castle. Another young fellow plays us with the choice music of the "Bay of Biscay" "The good old English gentleman" and many other stirring songs. And now for our ship. She is a dull sailer and cannot exceed 4 knots in the finest breeze that ^{we} feel a sail. Consequently with the light winds we are blast with we do not sail on faster than 4 or 5 knots an hour in the long run. Moreover she is leaky having been built "down east". In a tolerably rough sea she strains wofully, and has to be pumped out every two hours at other times - every four - that is once during a watch. The board call ~~her~~ almost new - they have done so much to her - even ^{to} caulking ~~her~~ thoroughly just before we started the weak ship is weaker than any thing else. Give a master a strong craft and he will apt to ride out a hurricane. But he will shake his head when in a gale he cannot put enough sail on ~~his~~ vessel to keep her steady - say for me have not been paid the only sail we have met being homebound.

the first of the year. The second was the first of the year. The third was the first of the year. The fourth was the first of the year. The fifth was the first of the year. The sixth was the first of the year. The seventh was the first of the year. The eighth was the first of the year. The ninth was the first of the year. The tenth was the first of the year. The eleventh was the first of the year. The twelfth was the first of the year. The thirteenth was the first of the year. The fourteenth was the first of the year. The fifteenth was the first of the year. The sixteenth was the first of the year. The seventeenth was the first of the year. The eighteenth was the first of the year. The nineteenth was the first of the year. The twentieth was the first of the year. The twenty-first was the first of the year. The twenty-second was the first of the year. The twenty-third was the first of the year. The twenty-fourth was the first of the year. The twenty-fifth was the first of the year. The twenty-sixth was the first of the year. The twenty-seventh was the first of the year. The twenty-eighth was the first of the year. The twenty-ninth was the first of the year. The thirtieth was the first of the year. The thirty-first was the first of the year. The thirty-second was the first of the year. The thirty-third was the first of the year. The thirty-fourth was the first of the year. The thirty-fifth was the first of the year. The thirty-sixth was the first of the year. The thirty-seventh was the first of the year. The thirty-eighth was the first of the year. The thirty-ninth was the first of the year. The fortieth was the first of the year. The forty-first was the first of the year. The forty-second was the first of the year. The forty-third was the first of the year. The forty-fourth was the first of the year. The forty-fifth was the first of the year. The forty-sixth was the first of the year. The forty-seventh was the first of the year. The forty-eighth was the first of the year. The forty-ninth was the first of the year. The fiftieth was the first of the year. The fifty-first was the first of the year. The fifty-second was the first of the year. The fifty-third was the first of the year. The fifty-fourth was the first of the year. The fifty-fifth was the first of the year. The fifty-sixth was the first of the year. The fifty-seventh was the first of the year. The fifty-eighth was the first of the year. The fifty-ninth was the first of the year. The sixtieth was the first of the year. The sixty-first was the first of the year. The sixty-second was the first of the year. The sixty-third was the first of the year. The sixty-fourth was the first of the year. The sixty-fifth was the first of the year. The sixty-sixth was the first of the year. The sixty-seventh was the first of the year. The sixty-eighth was the first of the year. The sixty-ninth was the first of the year. The seventieth was the first of the year. The seventy-first was the first of the year. The seventy-second was the first of the year. The seventy-third was the first of the year. The seventy-fourth was the first of the year. The seventy-fifth was the first of the year. The seventy-sixth was the first of the year. The seventy-seventh was the first of the year. The seventy-eighth was the first of the year. The seventy-ninth was the first of the year. The eightieth was the first of the year. The eighty-first was the first of the year. The eighty-second was the first of the year. The eighty-third was the first of the year. The eighty-fourth was the first of the year. The eighty-fifth was the first of the year. The eighty-sixth was the first of the year. The eighty-seventh was the first of the year. The eighty-eighth was the first of the year. The eighty-ninth was the first of the year. The ninetieth was the first of the year. The ninety-first was the first of the year. The ninety-second was the first of the year. The ninety-third was the first of the year. The ninety-fourth was the first of the year. The ninety-fifth was the first of the year. The ninety-sixth was the first of the year. The ninety-seventh was the first of the year. The ninety-eighth was the first of the year. The ninety-ninth was the first of the year. The hundredth was the first of the year.

Such are our officers, men and ship. The painting is finished. The
rigging is now to be hauled tauter. Sails mended. the long boat to be
put in order. and various other necessaries to be performed which
I know little about. - We have been sailing pleasantly for a fortnight
in the N.E. trade, finding the weather hotter every day as we approach
the line! On Sunday 23rd of Feb. a sail was in sight. bearing
towards us she proved to be a french brig from Marie de Grace
bound to Havana. We wished them a pleasant passage. and
Kept off to our course again. pleased that the monotony of the work
had been thus happily broken. It is a very grateful accident
to speak a vessel in calm weather. - and since it nearly
always happens on Sunday that we are so blest. - It is bounden
upon us to consider it a Good God and be sufficiently grateful.
The next afternoon the 24th another vessel swept across our stern
within hailing distance. a Dutchman from Rio bound home.
She was heavily laden and wished to be reported.
and here within 15 days of the line. the breeze died away.
The water became smooth and glassy. and we lay becalmed
for 10 days beneath a burning sun. - and a clear sky. making
no progress except at morning and evening when a light wind
would fill the sails for an hour. then leave ^{them} motionless
again. I like a calm. - With an awning over the decks. and
dressed in loose thin clothes. one can keep sufficiently cool.
then the sea wears such a silent sleep aspect. - ruffled
only by the wing of a passing bird! - and the nights are so
bright and still. with the Mayan clouds overhead and

beams ~~cut~~ through a beam over the quiet surface of the sea.
To a landman every change is pleasant from sunshine to
storm - from storm to calm - while the sailor grows at his
evil fortune - talks of falling to leeward and throws out
curses with every puff from his blackened pipe -

On Sunday afternoon Nov 20. heavy banks of clouds ap-
peared on the horizon - which soon covered the heavens in
a black mass. between five and six - the rain poured down
in torrents giving us an opportunity of filling up the ~~water~~ casks
with pure fresh water - I remember the mate paddling about
the decks in tarpaulin - his cloth jacket hoisted round above
his knees filling the buckets from the house spout - screaming
all the time because the rain did not come "in the whole
business" as he had often seen it. "Ah" you will catch it on the
line" speaking to me - "drops big as this water bucket. Knock
you right into the scuppers - how you like it? That's all -

It rained most of the night - but the next morning
was clear and still calm - On Thursday Nov 24. The
captain and Hooper had timed in about 10 at night - The
mate and I were talking he leaning over the side. Suddenly
he started up flung off his pea jacket and diving off our
combing I did not hear rushed forward - I immediately
jumped up to the side not knowing what under heavens
was "the row" just below the surface of the water there appeared
long vivid streaks of light - glancing about by the side of the
vessel - It struck me they were occasioned by porpoises.
as with any commotion the water is always brightened with
little sparklings - I rushed in after him the Capt and H.

and then sallied to the bows to see the fun - as the whale
was then pitched out on the martingale with harpoon in
hand already to strike some unfortunate gentleman if any
such made his appearance near enough. But fortunately for
him they were wary and kept at a distance till the end of
following - they drifted off in a different direction - That
night there were many meteors seen one or two very brilliant
lighting up the ocean with an infernal bluish light - and having
their long track visible for a ~~long time~~ ^{moment's space} - This was the time for such
appearances and we charged the officers of the watch to call
us if any thing happened - but our sleep was not broken so
we shall have to wait till another year - if time does not run
before then -

A few nights before I had been called out to see
a whale blowing near us - a Spout - was proving about within
2 miles - the moon was clear and bright - so we thought the chance
of the sea monster waking on the morrow was rather slim -
The next morning the whale was in sight enveloped in smoke
The bulk of our fish was undergoing the operation of boiling
and clearing - The water was covered with streaks of oil showing
the winding track of the New Bedford - On Friday morning
another vessel was seen on our weather beam - We drew near
enough to show colour during the day - her own Dutch - She
was an hermaphrodite brig - and a tolerable sailer - Saturday
morning was very beautiful - At young noon was lighting us on our
way - the wind blew gently and very mild - Every thing had been
placed in perfect order for the coming day of rest - The sailors were
gathered in a knot on the fore-castle listening to feed the kids boys

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is not a uniform whole. It is
 made up of many different parts, each
 with its own characteristics. These
 differences are not only in the physical
 world, but also in the human world.
 The human world is made up of many
 different peoples, each with its own
 customs, traditions, and ways of
 thinking. These differences are not
 always understood, and this leads to
 misunderstandings and conflicts.
 The second of these is the fact that
 the world is not a static whole. It
 is constantly changing, and this
 change is not always for the better.
 The human world is made up of many
 different peoples, each with its own
 customs, traditions, and ways of
 thinking. These differences are not
 always understood, and this leads to
 misunderstandings and conflicts.
 The third of these is the fact that
 the world is not a perfect whole. It
 is full of many different problems,
 each of which needs to be solved.
 The human world is made up of many
 different peoples, each with its own
 customs, traditions, and ways of
 thinking. These differences are not
 always understood, and this leads to
 misunderstandings and conflicts.
 The fourth of these is the fact that
 the world is not a simple whole. It
 is full of many different complexities,
 each of which needs to be understood.
 The human world is made up of many
 different peoples, each with its own
 customs, traditions, and ways of
 thinking. These differences are not
 always understood, and this leads to
 misunderstandings and conflicts.
 The fifth of these is the fact that
 the world is not a whole that can be
 controlled. It is a whole that is
 constantly changing, and this change
 is not always for the better. The
 human world is made up of many
 different peoples, each with its own
 customs, traditions, and ways of
 thinking. These differences are not
 always understood, and this leads to
 misunderstandings and conflicts.

singing. I was stretched in the stern sheets of the long boat smoking
and the captain and I were sitting on the rails. I never had
felt the witchery of the sea so deeply as I did that evening. I
could hardly believe the now clear sky had ever been darkened or
the still waves moved into mountains of curling foam by the
wind playing so softly on my cheek. I know not how long my
reverie might have lasted had I not been startled by the Capt's
calling me loudly from the taffrail. I started to the spar
and saw a little way astern - a round mass of flame floating on
our track. "What's all that?" I cried. With my eyes half shut
again as if to lure me back into my late dreamy state.
The wonder was soon explained. A barrel of an old tar barrel
had been filled with ~~tar~~ junk dipping and other combustible
matter. This lighted and lowered into the water to drift down
to the little hermaphrodite flying dutchman behind. We watched
it burning for an hour and a half and imagining the amuse-
ment of Myrthen Vanderbeek and his Roping off - from the sharp
unearthly phantom. I prepared to sleep on deck wrapped in an
old sail. but some dark clouds hurried up. it began to rain and I
was forced down to my cot swinging the horrid noisome stercor.

Sunday the 6th A fine day. Very little wind from no particular
quarter - the big tide in sight. It rained again at night with bright
lightning but no thunder. Monday - A very rainy day southerly
wind. There is nothing more tedious than a quiet stormy day
at sea on the wide ocean. The men stand like statues about the
decks in their oil suits and South wester. The cabin is damp

and close. You feel very much wanting to read take sleep or
Rup awake. it far surpasses a land storm. One of the
Portuguese caught a large one in the rigging in the morning. how
he got there nobody else imagines without he had sailed
away from the coast of Africa. To afford some amusement
the capt threw his cat at the frightened bird - but they
would not show fight. both appearing astonished and dumb-
founded at the new situation in which they found themselves.
placed. At last we were so cruel as to throw them into
a barrel together. and poked them into a state of excitement.
The bird was finally killed and thrown overboard. the cat
tired out with the conflict chuckled down below to again
be wound by resting on an old sail. At the day
was away. the storm increased with much rain and fresh
wind. The big was still in sight. at sundown I began to feel
quite sick again. for our canvas was spread over to by the
and being close hauled on a wind. the old ship was very
merry as she pitched at the will of & blew into the heavy
head sea. But soon the Captain prudently reefed topsails.
for our craft did not bear the strain without leaking woefully.
I was quite gratified to find a friend in misfortune in the
mate - who rolled about decks feeling almost as dim as myself.
It is a mistaken notion that sailors never feel sea sick. In a
fresh breeze the Capt is always more or less troubled. and
for the first two or three days, was seen leaning over the rail
nearly as often as I was. I did eat no supper. but lay on the
capt's chest with my pea jacket for a pillow. how long I remained
there I do not know. I was aroused from the drowsy state which

had come over me - by the second mate's singing out for me to
come on deck - I was alone the others had turned in - the cabin
lamp was burning dimly - and the man at the wheel was faintly
seen in the dull light thrown from the binnacle - I hurried out
and was told to look aloft at the main mast-head and report
what I saw - There was what appeared a bright star hanging di-
rectly over the head - or even resting on it - "That's an thing
they call a ~~com~~ ^{com}." - I watched it till it disappeared
and then walked out and cramped with my hand resting place
turned below and slept soundly till day break when I went
- on deck to take my morning watch at the wheel - The clouds
gradually floated away beneath the influence of the warm sun -
and two sail appeared on the horizon rising in the same direc-
tion as ourselves - They were a ship showing American colors
and a brig with an English cross at her peak - In the afternoon
the American hoisted anchor but the distance was too great for them
to be made out - At dark she was disappearing over our weather-
bow - leaving our distance as completely - The Dutch brig was
standing across our stern at a wide distance having come down
on another tack - but the next morning we had parted com-
pany and saw no more of her much to our satisfaction - for
in sailor fashion - our calm tones and head wind had all
been laid to her infernal influence - without how much
justice I cannot say - though to me she looked as innocent as
hulk and cannibal could -

Wednesday Nov. 9th

Sunday Nov 13th A fine day. We have had but one unpleasant Sunday
thus far after leaving Boston. A vessel was in sight. Keeping off. We luffed
up into the wind as much as possible. in order to speak her. We came
together at noon. and hailed the craft. She was a Salem brig the "Sylvan".
Canfield Master. bound from Bangor to Rio with a load of timber. We
were much amused at ^{HER} appearance. The Captain had no glass or telescope
but bellowed through his hands in Yankee fashion. The Mate standing
by in a "digger loaf" beaver. Taking a sight. We exchanged civilities
then filled away leaving the clown East as far astern.

Monday 14. We have been in the S E trades for two or three days
with temperate pleasant weather. Began painting ship inside of a
light straw color. the Monkey tail black. the tops of the masts
green. the tops deep yellow. Tuesday 15. Spoke early in the day.

"Ship Fincelon" bound from Rio to Antwerp - 15 days out. The coat of
paint put on - making things look very neat and pale compared with
the dirty green shade that enveloped them before. Sunday. Nov 20.
Everything has gone on smoothly since Tuesday. The wind has held
fair and fresh. Ship Franklin has therefore made fine headway.
Bringing us to within 4 days sail of Rio. The painting is finished
and we shall go into port in fine order.

Wednesday. Nov 23rd Monday came in with rain. which has
continued ever since. The Captain has taken no sight for 3 days.
So that our whereabouts is hardly known. Though the land is thought
to be very near. At sundown there was a decided appearance of
land ahead. but no soundings could be found in 80 fathoms.
While on this was sitting in the Cabin about 9 in the evening

a cry of "light ho!!" came ringing along from forward. I picked
over a ~~stone~~ in my way - and made for the deck. Then I saw
a deep red light apoint on our weather bow. It all appeared
but 2 ships length ahead. It was a startling sight. To have
the clouds rise for a moment ~~to~~ ^{and} show our proximity to a rocky
shore - but there was no time given for wonder. The deep tone
of the Captain's roundel immediately in my ear - as he shouted
"put up helm down!" "About ship!" "weather around!" in a few
moments we had the dreaded ^{eye} on our quarter making a
southerly course ^{with} to know where - "Cape Trio light by 9 -"
cried the Capt. - So then we perched on the weather rail
watching it revolve - until the clouds settling again shut
it from view. - No more ship for us. The gally was
opened - a pot of coffee made - and preparations were made
for wearing the night away as comfortably as possible. With
land on yr lee. One can feel too anxious to turn in par-
ticularly when you do not know yr latitude, longitude, or
any thing else. - It felt a calm toward morning. Then sud-
denly the wind heaved round dead ahead - blowing freshly off
shore. - Both ships course was turned inevitably - but there being
no land in sight we did not gumble much. Then followed
a wondering what that light could have been. Perhaps another
vessel showed it was suggested, all at once, imprecations
were hurled against the unknown perpetrator and all hands
turned into sleep away our anger and dissatisfaction. -
After dinner on Thursday I was called from below by the Capt.
to see the land which was really in sight. - Cape Trio loomed
up distinctly at the distance of 30 miles on yr quarter - "Well"

We comforted ourselves with thinking "the light will certainly be visible tonight" - And so of a truth it was - and a miserable thing it proved - being visible 3 seconds and eclipsed 10 minutes. This is what the Portuguese call a looking light.

Friday Nov 25th

After a good night's sleep - which was well needed - I feel bright - and pleased to find Cape Rio 7 miles away - It is very high land - looking like a mountain rising out of the water and the sides being mostly composed of white rock. In the dawning morning sun - it seemed as if covered with snow - The wind when little there is it blows right off shore - and we sail along very slowly - beating our way up to Rio - which we shall not reach for two or 3 days if matters and things continue as they are now -

