

Presented to Mr. L. A. Parsons
by Alice H. & Mary S. Smith.
Nov. 11, 1931.

Monday, July 1, 1844. Journal of a Whaling Voyage (commenced
July 1, 1844) — (in the Lark North America)

This day we set sail from New London Harbor for N. Coast. Mr. Trotter and several acquaintances accompanied me out of the harbor. I was in good spirits all day but towards night I began to be sea sick. This is the most disagreeable feeling that ever I experienced. We passed Montross Point about the middle of the afternoon and a short time after the pilot left us. After supper all hands were called aft in order that the mates might choose their respective watches. I am in the mid watch or starboard watch; "turned in" at 8 o'clock until 12; then I stand watch until 4, and then in again until 8.

July 2. Sea sick about all day and ate scarcely anything. To day the mates and boat-stewards are engaged preparing their boats for whaling.

July 3. Feel pretty much the same as yesterday. Had all the afternoon. Towards sundown it cleared up and we had a pleasant evening. Plenty of "Noddy" (Cary's) chickens around the ship, and whilst looking over the side of the ship I saw a Portuguese man of war floating along upon the water. It is a very beautiful thing and looks like a Nautilus; read a letter which my father gave me before I came away; it contains excellent counsel, and I hope that with the help of God I shall be able to follow it.

July 4. As pleasant a day as ever the sun shone upon us. I had no watch below to day, all hands engaged setting up rigging. Not very sick and towards night am almost entirely well making only about 3 days that I have been sick, being much less than I expected. I have not been home sick yet, and hope I shall not be; had duff for dinner to day liked it much, and ate with a good appetite. Mr. & Holt our passengers come on deck nearly every day, he looks much better than he did when he first came out.

July 5. I have 4 hours below this morning which I shall devote partly to copying my Journal, free from sickness; not much wind.

July 6. Raised a school of black fish this morning and all the boats except the Captains went in pursuit.