

A flying fish took a flight on to the deck this morning, it was about ten inches long, with a fin or wing six inches long.

Friday 18<sup>th</sup> More breeze all day than we had yesterday. Bury day, after breakfast, all the boxes were all twisted up out of the hold. I was employed all the morning in making a transfer of dirty and clean clothes, my boots were rather mouldy but everything else was quite dry.

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> The favourable wind still continues. The weather fine. In the evening we held a convivial and harmonious meeting in the cuddy. We have a blacksmith on board amongst the emigrants, a forge has been fixed up for him and he has been at work all day.

~~Yesterday~~ Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> Fine but less wind. Had service on the poop. The wind left us entirely towards evening. A bark just in sight

became like ourselves. Supposed her to be bound to one of the South American ports. We proposed that we should take a boat and see whether we could send letters home by her. But as it was getting late it was decided that it was too far to row that night, and that we should wait and see what the morning would bring forth.

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> Called up before six o'clock to prepare letters to take to the bark in hopes that she would be able to forward them from one of the American ports. All the letters being ready and having had an early breakfast the whale boat was cleared away and in her was a keg of water, two bottles of brandy, two bottles of ale, biscuits, cheese &c also a Telescope and pocket compass. Our crew consisted of Mr. Scott, Messrs. Willock, Duncan, Fleming, Butterfield and myself, also two Sammen