

watch was called, and it is not customary to give up the helm until your watch is ordered below. This is the first time I ever had the wheel while we were tacking. There are a great variety of birds flying about, from the size of a swallow to the albatross.

May 2. Calm and pleasant. The sails are slatting against the mast and we are not going an inch. I hope such weather will not last long, as calm weather is more tedious than stormy and sails and rigging wear out faster than if there was plenty of wind. This afternoon the wind came up aft and put motion in the good ship again. Her bows begin to dash the white foam from them and she ploughs through the blue water as if anxious to make up for the lost time.

May 3. It has been blowing a gale all night and still increases. We have made several attempts to set the top-mast studding sail, but before it is up, something carries away. The waves break over the topgallant rail and pour through the port holes, and if the cabin door is left open, the water rushes in without respect to Captain's cabin or anything else. Everything is upside down. I am obliged to brace up against my berth and trunk to write this.

May 4. The wind on the quarter. We are expecting to be at Java soon and I look forward with feelings that cannot be described, to