

think I am so near Java's Isle, "where spicy breezes blow". We have been kept busy all night trimming sails. The air is very cool and bracing. I feel very contented. I have four hours below and will employ them reading and sleeping.

May 9. For the last five days we have had nothing particular to disturb the monotony. The wind is abeam. All the weather studding sails are set. We are going nine knots. I have just been at the wheel and my arms are nearly pulled out of the sockets, the wheel gripes so.

May 10. The day is cold but pleasant. I have been getting some sole leather from the Captain and our Jack-of-all-trades is going to half-sole my coarse boots for me. This man is a good sailor, sailmaker, tailor, shoemaker, etc., and cannot read nor write.

May 11. Braced sharp up and making nine knots, which is good work in a headwind, but our ship will go ahead if she only has wind. Things appear to go on very well. We have a few grumblers but they only serve to pass away the time when there is nothing else to talk about.

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