

12 July 1864 Tuesday  
 Last night was the most frightful  
 night I ever passed, sea after  
 sea washing over the decks, and  
 not knowing a moment that we  
 might call our own. The sheep  
 house got adrift for a short time  
 but we managed to secure it  
 before it did any damage,

13 July 1864 Wednesday  
 In the morning watch we were  
 able to make some sail and  
 go on our course again, last  
 night we all lay down in our  
 clothes, not to sleep but to wait  
 a call, once or twice the water  
 on the main deck was 3 or 4 ft  
 deep, towards evening we were  
 under full of sail with a heavy  
 sea but little wind  
 Houch caught a cape pigeon  
 Wyatt's bunk came away last night so  
 he now sleeps on the stretcher in our room